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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1881.

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Fig. 1,—Visiting Dress,—Cut Pattern, No. 3123: Coat-Basque, Over-Skirt, and Round Skirt, 20 Cents each.

Fig. 2.—DINNER Day

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES,

No. 93 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued August 9, opens with "Picnic Sam," a poem by WILL CARLETON, author of "Farm Ballads," etc., illustrated by ROGERS. The number also contains interesting articles on "Sea-Weeds, and How to Preserve them," and on "Swimming," both fully illustrated; Chapter II. of " Tim and Tip," illustrated; the second part of MISS SARAH O. JEWETT'S White Mountain story, entitled "A Bit of Foolishness," illustrated; "Jim, the Ferry Boy," a story from Virginia, with a full-page il-Instration; and much other instructive and entertaining matter.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a large and rich variety of Ladies' Wateringplace, Sea-side, and Mountain Costumes and Wrappings; Girls' School Suits and other Dresses; Ladies' Fichus, Collars, Caps, etc.; Work-Stands, Chair and Sofa Backs, Table-Covers, etc., designed by Madame Emilie Bach and Madame Beeg; and various pretty and useful fancy articles, with choice literary and artistic attrac-

BY RAIL AND ROAD.

H OW hard was the way of the in those times just entering into for-OW hard was the way of transgressors getfulness, when one lumbered from town to town in the heavy stage-coach, taking all day for this morning's trip of two hours! how hard was the way, unless it were a short one, and the passenger had the front, top, outside seat beside the driver—in which case transgression of all sorts is likely to be easy. How little do we appreciate now the disagreeable and familiar contact, the forced acquaintance, the cramped weariness! how little we realize the horrible condition of the seasick passenger, who sat with her back to the horses all a long winter's day, while the crowded air steamed the closed windowpane! We look back on the old conveyance, and recollect stories of the way it used to dash down the turnpikes of an evening, with the lamps just lit, the whip snapping, the horns tooting, the horses prancing, and half the populace turning out for the city news; and then we regret all that as if the day of the picturesque and romantic were gone forever with the stage-coach. Yet that speed has not diminished the interest in the travelling world is seen when to-day the mailtrain comes snorting into the station of any country town and off again, and the confusion, the racket, the crowd, exceed those of the past generation by all the accelerated and accentuated excitement of the increased speed and freight between the two conveyances.

Yet in that old day if any one had told of the fiery dragon that drags us now, belching flame and smoke, and flying on steel ways at the rate of half a mile a minute, it would have seemed the height and top of mediæval monstrosity. In fact, we have often thought that those old conveyances by no means monopolized the poetry of travel, but that there is a positive poetry of its own in any great car full of all sorts of people, rich and poor, good and bad, as if it were another cosmos on a small scale; and no one who has seen the great emigrant trains of the West and Southwest will deny that they are not really erammed with sentiment, as they bear on, with a comet-like rush, the sturdy Old World farmer, his gray-haired father and mother, his weary willing wife and her babies, to their fates and fortunes in a new land; nor will one deny the sensation of a certain poetry of another sort, that is found when travelling on a hot summer's night in a long train of sleeping-cars, the doors open from end to end of the train, and one feeling him-self the centre of a tearing, racing, roaring pandemonium of noise and heat and speed and diabolism and danger.

It is, perhaps, only when one is in the embrace of a sleeping-car's berth, curtained in from the night, that one has any just cause to regret the old stage-coach, although even then one could renew much of the stagecoach effect, were it wished, by taking a seat in one of the chair cars usually attached to a train, and sitting up all night. For what the tormentors of mankind may yet invent with a more superlative degree of discomfort than a sleeping-car can afford, it would be troublesome to imagine: the narrow space; the air breathed over and over again, till one's oppressed brain, full of half-delirious fancies, imagines that it is thick enough to cut like cheese; the furious efforts to secure privacy, and yet make one's self ever so little easy for the night, ever so little respectable for the day; the dreadful minutes in the stifling little dressing-room, knocked

from side to side, and washing off cinders and smoke and dust that are gathered again on the moist skin in the very act of removal, the cinders if the window is open, the suffocation if it is not, and every horror multiplied a thousandfold if it is peradventure the upper berth of the section which one occupies!

And yet, when morning comes, and we are at the end of our journey, when the week is over, and we have swept across half a world, from port to port of the continent, how radiantly we look at one another, and ask was there ever anything like modern travelling! how did people live and move about without the comfort of sleeping-cars? what a factor in the development of the country have these long day and night trains been, since without them the great South and Southwest would still be sealed wildernesses! how easily we have made the journey, and how gladly-for bitter things slip out of memory-we shall remember it! And we are ready to take the

journey again the next time opportunity offers, forgetting all about the vexations, and thinking only of the excitements of the way, and the end to be attained.

But it is not impossible that travelling y rail may yet be made a very different thing from that which it is at present, and where there will be hardly anything else than poetry about it. If the electrical force as a motor really prove a success, as it is now reported to do, what can not our travelling become! what magical slipping through space! The electric force will be the St. George that overcomes the dragon anew, the great monster of an engine will be exterminated, and its roar and rattle, and heat and cinders, and dust and smoke, will torment us no more. One can imagine travel becoming in time only the easy, halfconscious sliding along on wheels made so as to yield a minimum of noise, and the car very likely supplied with means to lay the dust before it as it slides from water-tank to water-tank. Doubtless then, with that ideal rolling through woods and hills, over plains and rivers, swift, uniform, cleanly, half noiseless, and altogether luxurious and delicious, there will be passengers who will complain that the track is still laid on the earth, and does not run among the stars.

SHABBY GENTILITY.

THERE is something almost pathetic about the shabby gentility of people who are always trying to put the best foot forward: who on very insufficient means make a respectable appearance; who have the old bonnet pressed into the new fashion, or dyed to escape neighborly recognition, and the old gown restored to look like new; who darn the old laces till they resemble works of art; who preserve the traditions of elegance and plenty in the face of poverty and privation. Everybody knows they are poor; they do not flatter themselves that they deceive any one; but, shabby or splendid, gentility is a blessing which their rich, vulgar friends would pay handsomely for possessing. Their worn carpets; their faded hangings; their cracked china; their cheap luxuries; their tables spread and served with scrupulous nicety, but with little else; their efforts to keep up to the standard of good housekeeping—these things are all subjects of mirth to the immature and unreflecting, who see in the pride and anxiety of such individuals nothing greater than a silly ambition; who seem to think that a person who has nothing but pen-ury as her portion ought to give up the contest, and be content to eat her pottage on the kitchen table, to feel at home with bare floors and patches, rather than demand that the table be swept between the spare courses, and the pewter smartened to look like silver; but this aptitude for piecing out domestic short-comings, and diffusing an atmosphere of gentility in the most un-promising circumstances, merits more consideration than it deserves. If it is a weakness. it is one that leans to virtue's side; it shows at least a regard for such refinements as are within reach; and if the shabbygenteel body is provokingly particular some-times about her associates, if she reckons certain non-essentials as the sinews of respectability, do not even the members of the "best society" the same, and the people who point their wit with her misfortunes? If Mrs. Grundy is her fetich, to whom she sacrifices ease and strength and time, before whom she burns her drops of incense, for whose approval she schemes, is she very different from the rest of womankind? Is the apostle of Mrs. Grundy any wiser or less absurd because her silk is not shiny?—because she does not feel obliged to stint the fire or the table in order to compass a shabby gentility in those particulars which are most exposed to the public? The woman of wealth may wear her old clothes without fear of being suspected of having no better; she may refuse a charity without being

charged with anything more contemptible than meanness; she may do her own work without being accused of anything but eccentricity; but her shabby-genteel neighbor can not afford to follow the good example, but must compromise her comfort and peace of mind in order to purchase an imaginary position in society.

THE ETIQUETTE OF INTRODUCTIONS.

No doubt the subject of introducing two ladies to each other, both of whom are residents of the same city, is one on which there may be two opinions. There are often grave reasons why a leader of society may not wish to know a pushing and vulgar and pretentious interloperand there are always these two classes in every city. The stern interpreters of the laws of fashion have therefore decided that one lady shall not introduce two other ladies who happen to meet in her parlor if the parties are both "at

home" in the same town.

This law, of course, should prevail to some small extent, as at a five-o'clock tea or at a large reception; there are many reasons why a hoster can not be introducing any one except her daughter, sister, or her guest for whom the party is given. There are many exclusive people who, because they know Mrs. Brown, hesitate to know Mrs. Smith; and there are excellent women who if they go to Mrs. Brown's, and are introduced to Mrs. Smith, will never go to Mrs. Brown's again.

These ladies forget, however, the admirable

Continental fashion of speaking while in Mrs. Brown's parlor to Mrs. Smith even, and of dropping her immediately after if they wish to. In Curope the roof-tree is considered as an introducer, and every one while under it is in duty bound to host and hostess to make himself as agreeable as he can be while he is a guest. At a dinner party in stiff and formal London a gentleman steps up and begins to talk to a lady who is an utter stranger, and often takes her down to dinner, without an introduction. The ladies chat after dinner with the freedom of old friends. The next day the same people may meet (if there has been no introduction) as strangers in the Park, and pass without a bow.

This is as it should be. But the very great awkwardness occurs in the United States often of one lady speaking to another and yet receiving no answer. A conspicuous example of this rudeness happened last winter in a private parlor in New York, where the company was seated to list-en to a professional concert. "Pray can you tell en to a professional concert. "Pray can you tell me who the pianist is?" said a leader of society to a young lady near her. The young lady look-ed embarrassed, and did not reply. Having seen a deaf-mute in the room whom she knew, the lady immediately concluded that this young lady also belonged to that class of persons, and was very much surprised when, later, a lady brought up the young lady and introduced her.

"I could not speak to you, because I had not been presented," said the young lady, "but the pianist is Mr. B——,"

I, however, could speak to you, although we had never been introduced," said the older lady, "and from your not answering I supposed you were deaf and dumb." This rebuke was very much deserved, for if the young lady did not know better, it was time that she was taught.

There are hostesses sufficiently brave to introduce two ladies, however, even Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith, and one such, preferring to ignore etiquette rather than that two people should be uncomfortable in her parlor, will introduce them. She knows very well that they need not bow. As they go down her steps, the introduction can be ignored, but she has a respect for the social atmosphere of her own salon, and feels desirous that it should not be chilled by any false or ignorant interpretation of the great law of hospi-

Society depends upon its social soothsayers for all that is good in it. A disagreeable woman can always find precedents for being formal and chilling; a fine-tempered woman can always find plenty of reasons for a benediction rather than curse to her acquaintance. Etiquette can be widely interpreted.

In the matter of dinner parties and evening receptions we hold it proper for the lady to introduce her friends to each other. So long as mauvaise honte, or the mistake made by the young lady mentioned above, who would not answer a civil question—so long as these mistakes and others may be made, and the result is general stupidity, and a party silent and thumb-twist-ing, instead of a party gayly conversing, as it should be—so long as people do not come together easily, it is manifestly proper that the hostess should put her finger on the social pendulum, and give it a swing to start the conversational clock. All well-bred people recognize the propriety of speaking even to an intimate enemy at a dinner party, although they would not rec ognize him an hour later. The same principle holds good, of course, if in the true exercise of her hospitality the hostess should introduce some rson who is not one whom we would later like to take into our circle of friends.

There is an embarrassing situation sometimes for a hostess when a pushing sort of a man gets into a parlor, and then demands to be presented to the most agreeable and distinguished woman esent. It may be a very awkward thing to say no, but a woman of tact will contrive how to do it; or, if driven into a corner, she can subsequentexplain to her friend her position; and there are very few women of the world who can not be conveniently blind when they meet the obnoxious individual again.

There should be great care taken in presenting dubious foreigners to young ladies. Here a host-ess is excused if she positively declines, or if she

says openly, "I hardly think I know you well enough to dare to present you to the young lady; you must wait until her parents or chaperon will

But the numbers of agreeable people who are waiting to be introduced are many. The woman of literary distinction and the possessor of an honored name may be invincibly shy and afraid to speak, while her next neighbor, knowing her great fame, may, while anxious to know the genius, misconstrue shyness for pride—a masquerade not uncommon for bashfulness to play—and so two people, with a volume to say to each other, remain as silent as fishes, until the kindly magician comes along, and by the open sesame of an introduction. unlocks the treasure which has been so deftly hidden. A woman of fashion may enter an as-sembly of thinkers, and find herself dreaded and shunned, until some kind word brings to her relief the most recondite of them all. In the every-day social entertainments of New York people prefer those evenings where the hostess introduces, that is certain.

As for forms of introduction, the simplest are A gentleman is always brought to and presented to a lady, and a younger person is presented to an older. "Mrs. Brown, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones," is as good a form as any: the simple mention of the names is considered all that is necessary. A lady should always introduce her husband as "Mr. Brown" (or what-ever it may be), not as "my husband," although she is permitted to say "my son," or "my daugh-If her husband has a title, she is expected to give him the advantage of the "Captain," or "Commodore," which our simple form of titular propriety allows. To address the President, we say "Mr. President," and his wife should always say, "Allow me to introduce the President to you." The modesty of Mrs. Grant, however, never allowed her to call her many-titled husband anything but "Mr. Grant," which had in her case a certain sweetness above all etiquette.

Introductions in the homely German fatherland are universal, everybody pronouncing the name of the lady to whom he is talking to everybody else; and among our German fellowcitizens we often see a gentleman convoying a lady through a crowded assemblage, introducing her to everybody. It is a simple, cordial, and pleasant thing enough, and we can not see how a bow and smile can injure anybody, particularly as the acquaintance can readily stop there.

But no person of any heart or of much mind need feel afraid to talk and make herself agreeable, whether introduced or not, at a friend's house. Even if she meets with the rebuff of a deaf-and-dumb neighbor, she need not feel heartbroken: she is right, and the silent one is wrong.

If a gentleman asks to be presented to a lady, she should signify her assent in a pleasant manner, and pay her hostess the compliment of seeming pleased with his talk. Our American women are sometimes a little lacking in cordiality of manner, often receiving a new acquaintance with that part of their conformation which is known as the cold shoulder. A brusque discourtesy is bad; a cold indifference is bad; a very effusive and a very low bow, an overwhelming and a patronizing cordiality, are worse. The proper salutation lies exactly between these extremes, as the juste milieu is the proper thing always.

In seeking introductions for ourselves, while

we need not be shy of making a first visit or asking for an introduction, if there is no "blot on our 'scutcheon," we should not advocate "push." There are instincts in the humblest understand-ing which will tell us where to draw the line. If a person is socially more prominent than ourselves, more distinguished in any way, we should not be violently anxious to take the first step. We should wait until some happy chance has brought us together, for we must be as firm in our self-respect as our neighbor is in her exalted position. Wealth has very little power in this country to give a person an exclusively fashionable position. Character, old family, breeding, culture—all must help. An aristocrat who is such by virtue of an old and honored name is a power in the newest society, as in the oldest; but it is a shadowy power—felt rather than described. Education is always a power; and there is a third power, known in large cities, composed of those who have wealth, position, and considerable cruelty; who are known as the "fashionable set"; who can form a sort of alliance, offensive and defensive; who can give balls and parties and keep other people out; who are too much courted, feared, and dreaded. If those who desire an introduction to this circle strive for it too much, they will be sure to be snubbed, for this circle lives by snub-bing. If they will wait patiently, the fashion-able set will come knocking at their doors, if indeed as a set it holds together for a suffilong time, for such sets disentangle easily. L'art de tenir salon is not acquired in an hour. It takes many years for a hostess to surmount all the little awkwardnesses, the dubious points of etiquette, which come up in every evening's entertainment; but if she sees shyness or humility on the faces of her guests, she can very well afford to introduce them. No one loses by a modest and serene courtesy, a civility which never flags, a willingness to put the very best interpretation on the conduct of society.

A lady who is fully aware of her own respect-

ability, who has always lived in the best society, is never afraid to bow first or call first, or to introduce any two people whom she may desire to make known to each other, knowing that politeness should be enumerated amongst the virtues, and feeling sure that if one of the ladies assumes an air of lofty disdain, she is the illbred person of the two. If a person, on being introduced, shows arrogance, pretension, displeasure, we call him a snob.

There is a movement toward the stately bows and courtesies of the past in our recent impor-tation of Old World fashions. A lady silently



courtesies when introduced, a gentleman makes a deep bow. We Americans have had the jolly habit of extending the hand when introduced, and a very cordial good custom it is. But the latest fashion for a ceremonious introduction forbids it. A delicate, graceful courtesy is very picturesque, particularly in a ball-room or in a large assembly. As a gentleman carries his crush hat, and a lady has her fan, and perhaps a bouquet, hand-shakings are not altogether convenient. However, if a person presents a hand, the truly well-bred person will not fail to take it cordially, and respond to the greeting in the key-note of

Introductions at watering-places of course take a local coloring, and are far more easy and less formal than those given in society. They carry the same limitations with them, however, and no one is bound to know a mere watering-place acquaintance later, unless both parties wish to

NEW YORK FASHIONS. AUTUMN STYLES.

WHILE the summer season is still at its height, merchants and modistes are preparing for the autumn. The first importations of woollen and silk dress goods show stripes, moirés, and ombré grounds for their leading fea-tures. The striped stuffs are meant for trimmings and for combining with plain fabrics, especially as skirts and as pleated flounces for trimming skirts. There are lengthwise and crosswise stripes, narrow stripes and wide ones, even stripes and irregular clusters, bold, well-defined stripes and the vaguest pencilled lines, ombré and watered stripes, brocaded stripes, satin, velvet, and plush stripes. Perhaps the greatest novelty of all is the introduction of line stripes that are the merest threads of gilt or of silver in woollen stuffs of ordinary quality; it is claimed that this gilt and silver will not tarnish, or they would not appear in fabrics meant for general use. Sometimes only the smallest stitches of the tinsel are used, but these arrange themselves in stripes, and give tone to the stuff. New Cheviots in stripes of olive, bronze, copper red, blue, and green have dashes of red gold given by single threads, while chuddah-like woollens of solid myrtle green, leaf brown, or brick red have raised lines and double lines of gold, either red gold, the yellow of Roman gold, or else the bronzed gold shade. Dull soft hues still prevail in the Cheviots, and these are sometimes brightened by stitches of silks of flame red, bright blue, or jonquil yellow. In many Cheviots the colors, though disposed in bars and lines, are so well blended that the effect of a solid color is given, while others of heavy clothlike texture really have but one tone of any of the dark artistic shades, especially the copper reds and bronze or olive greens. For twilled woollens of lighter weight there are gay contrasts in the stripes, such as claret grounds with pale blue, olive, or rose lines, while others have several colors in one stripe, such as red, gray, olive, blue, and yellow together. An ombré-striped ground of copper red with light écru or blue pencillings has a pretty effect when the narrow lines are of silk. The woollen goods on which moiré tribes are con a control yearly settines with the twills stripes are seen are usually satines, with the twills so closely woven that the surface is as lustrous as satin; among these are old gold watered stripes an inch wide on black, blue, or seal brown grounds. A great many shades of brown are shown in the new stuffs, some with golden tints, and others as dull and dark as dead-leaf shades can be; there are also a variety of stone, mode, and drab shades with blue and with pink tints put in odd contrasts with the dull red and greens now in vogue. All the wool fabrics shown are soft, flexible, pleasant to the touch, and excellent for drapery. Twilled surfaces abound, and are shown in the fine cashmere twills, the smooth lustrous twill of satine, the regular "diagonals" of serge, and in the rough-finished camel's-hair twill. The flannel and cloth finished goods, smoothly and evenly woven, mark an entirely different class of woollens. Some new effects are given to plaid goods by making the ground ombré, and having the bars of but one or two colors. Thus olive green om-bré grounds are barred with many lines of pale blue or of gold, or a few red lines are added to these. The red ombré plaids are shaded down to black in the centre of each plaid, and barred with olive or brown; two shades of blue with gold lines have ombré drab for a background; shaded purple is relieved by gold bars. A favorite contrast is copper red with one of the yellow-green shades, and to these are added tinsel lines through the green bars. Some bright Jacqueminot red is sobered with gray and green, and this arrangement of colors is seen in both stripes and plaids. The solid-colored twilled wools, both in cashmeres and serges, represent all the colors seen in the stripes and plaids, and these solid colors are to serve as the principal part of the dress, or at least as the over-dress and wrap. For instance, new French plates for autumn have a polonaise and pelerine of olive or copper red cashmere, with a short skirt on which are from three to six flounces of striped wool, pleated so that the stripes which are the color of the polonaise will be on top of the pleats, and a lighter stripe in contrast will be under each pleat, and only disclosed by accidental motions of the wearer. A plastron of the stripes made crosswise extends down the entire length of the over-dress, and the pelerine, which is round and clinging, or may be shirred in Mother Hubbard style about the neck, passes under this plastron in front. The front or sides of the polonaise are brought together low down at the end of the plastron, and are knotted there with hanging ends. This is seen with leaf brown cashmere for the over-dress, and striped brown and gold for the skirt; or else copper red for the

solid color, with stripes of red and green, or red and blue, or deep red with pale rose; myrtle green has sage green and écru stripes, while olive green over-dresses have stripes of gold, red, or light blue.

SATINS, MOIRÉS, SURAHS, ETC.

Silks are satins this year, for no new plain gros grains are shown thus far, and even the watered silks have glossy satin stripes. For plain self colors satin de Lyon or satin Surah will be chosen, and the only gros grains are the cheap repped silks that now form the foundation of most dresses, but which are concealed from view even in the simplest wool suits as carefully as a paper cameric foundation would be. Stripes prevail in silk fabrics, but are usually more massed in colors than the rainbow stripes of wool goods, two tones of one color, or at most two or three contrasting hues, being oftenest used. A watered stripe two inches wide with a satin stripe of the same shade and width is a design that will be popular, because not conspicuous, but more showy designs are two-inch stripes of copper red moiré alternating with dark blue satin stripes of the same width; or else old gold moiré with claret satin stripes, or drab satin with myrtle green moiré, or the elegant leaf brown with old gold. Similar contrasts are shown in stripes of different widths, varying from one inch to three in breadth. Sometimes the watered stripe is also ombré, and this produces a very striking effect, especially when pale green watered stripes are shaded and contrasted with solid stripes of myrtle green, or écru-shaded moiré alternates with leaf brown satin. Above all others, the white moiré stripes separated by stripes of black satin are considered most promising by the merchants, as black and white has been a favorite combination with elegant women for the past year, and will probably now become the popular thing with the million. When relieved by facings of Jacqueminot red, and worn with black and white laces, this dress is becoming alike to blondes and brunettes; ladies with gray hair find it most effective when touches of clear blue are added, or when the en-tire toilette is confined to black and white. The over-dresses of rich suits will be made of plain satin Surah, velvet, or plush, or watered silk, with the stripes arranged in pleated flounces, plastrons, panels, and facings. For very gay trimthere are inch-wide stripes of raised cords of red with yellow separated by black satin stripes; tinsel cords are on dark blue, green, or red satin. Corded stripes promise to be largely imported, and these will correspond with the satin cords that figure in the new passementeries. Ombré stripes of satin are also shown separated by cross stripes that have all the tones combined in the ombré stripes; sometimes diagonal stripes are on the mixed long stripes, and some brocaded figures appear.

For evening dresses are wide brocaded stripes of floral pattern on a moiré ground. This is very handsome in pale blues that are almost green, in lightschaudron tints, pink coral, salmon, jonquil yellow, and white. A single color is used in the brocaded stripes, and the flowers are the blue corn-flower, thistles, bachelor's-buttons, asthetic lilies, hollyhocks, daffodils, dahlias, and big sunflowers. Darker brocades for day costumes and dinner dresses are stately enough for any dowager, yet their satin grounds are the softest Surahs, and the brocaded stripes are of dull artistically blended colors that have been copied literally from the designs made by Morris and other English artists for the rich stuffs used for upholstery. Persian colorings with no defined pattern are copied from rugs, and will illuminate the dullest of the new dull hues.

PLUSH.

Plush of long thick pile will rival velvet for parts of costumes, and many dresses will be made entirely of plush, as its clinging effect is liked for the trains of the richest æsthetic toilettes. A trained dress of old silver plush, with shirred satin Surah fronts, and a wired Medicis collar of old silver beads, sleeves of the silver beads, and fringe of the same at the foot of the shirred front, is a successful Parisian blending of the artistic and fashionable. A short costume of black satin Surah, with pointed vest front and paniers of black watered silk, and wide borders, collar, and cuffs of black plush, is an indication of what walking dresses for next winter will be. A novelty for trimming is ombré stripes of plush of very long pile on satin Surah ground of a contrasting color, of which only slight glimpses are seen, as the long pile of the plush falls over on each side of the stripe, and nearly conceals the space between. Thus ombré red plush stripes half an inch wide have leaf brown satin Surah for the foundation; shaded olive plush stripes are on blue Surah ground, and gold on black. But the newest plush goods are not confined to stripes; instead, they have balls, olives, or oval-shaped leaves lapping over each other, and the pile of the plush trimmed or flattened so that the upper part of each figure has short pile, while the lower part is long and overlaps the figure below it. Velvets are shown in similar designs, and in wide stripes alternating with moiré silk or with satin. great deal of velvet, both plain and figured, will be used this season. The plaid velvets are shown for trimmings in gay Madras colors, and there are also ombré velvets and plushes for enriching plain wool or Surah dresses.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Satin cords in passementerie are the new feature in dress trimmings for autumn and winter. These cords add the lustre that dull silk passementerie needed for trimming satin fabrics. They are made of satin in rolls like piping, and are disposed in arabesques, vandykes, leaf and flower designs, and they hang straight like fringe, with a satin or jet drop at the end of each cord. Sometimes there are rows and rows of the cord in blocks and bars, with similar rows of cut

jet beads between. Very elaborate designs are shown for passementerie, some of which are in floral patterns, and others are geometrical. All of these trimmings are wide, and the patterns are large, especially the lily patterns. A great deal of crocheted passementerie is shown with thick cords like ropes, made of two kinds of smaller cords twisted together. Jet beads are imported in many costly galloons of solid jet, with scalloped or pointed edges that dispense with fringes; there is also a great deal of fringe and of vine passementerie with jet, notwithstanding the rumor that it would not be used again. The most expensive ornaments for cloaks have fine cut jet in them also; these consist of a large piece for the back of the garment, frogs and but-terfly ornaments for the front, with beaded collar and sleeve pieces. The satin-finished cord passementerie is newer than that with beads, and may supersede it, but the solid bead trimmings are too rich to be easily relinquished; large faceted beads and pear-shaped pendent beads are very effective on the new fringes. A great deal of chenille trimming is shown, also marabout ruches like the moss trimmings of long ago, and jet beads are combined with most of these. Frogs are of jet and satin cord together. Great crocheted lilies have long pistils and stamens of jet beads, or of satin cords tipped with jet. Chenille netted headings of fringes have a bead in each mesh, and a pear-shaped bead at the end of each chenille strand of the fringe. Colored beads are shown again in ombré effects, and a great deal of amber, bronze, and copper red beading is imported. Both white pearl and black pearl trimmings are shown A great deal of embroidery on net and on mousseline de soie will be worn on rich dresses; this may be had with beads or without, and is shown in narrow bands for garniture, and in wide flounces to be put on plain across the front and side breadths, forming double tabliers These embroideries come in black, white, a single color, and in combinations of many colors. For simple wool dresses military braids and new chenille braids will be used. Frogs of braid or of passementerie will trim plain dress waists.

The buttons for dresses are of two sizes, and in designs and colors are as handsome as jew-elled brooches. They come in faceted steel entirely, or else set round with rims of jet, and in colored pearls and metals of every hue. The ombré pearl and metal buttons are shown to match dress goods; the gilt and silver buttons have color introduced, and are etched in quaint designs, or else have raised figures showing flowers or dragons, and tiny nail-heads of cut steel or jet on the edges. Enamelled buttons in Watteau designs repeat all the colors of the dress

For information received thanks are due Messrs LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & CO, AITKEN, Son, & Co; and A. SELIG.

PERSONAL.

An Italian gardener has added a perfume to

An Italian gardener has added a perfume to the violet by succeeding in raising fragrant camellias. They have a delicate rose tint.

—Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian statesman; began the study of law when fifteen years of age, and was in practice at twenty-one.

—Mrs. White, of Ardaroch, wore a toilette, at the last Queen's ball, of gold brocade, with sage green velvet train, decorated with cascades of amethysts.

—Dr. Schliemann claims to have discovered.

-Dr. SCHLIEMANN claims to have discovered

—Dr. Schliemann claims to nave discovered the altar of Zeus on Mount Ida during his recent explorations. He says he was first incited to his Trojan campaigns by the reading of Homer.

—Major Ben Perley Poore has in his famous collection of curiosities and antiquities at West Newbury, Massachusetts, the handle of the old custom-house door where Hawthorne wrote the Seatle Letter. the Scarlet Letter,

—Preston Powers's marble bust of John G.

—PRESTON FOWERS'S marble bust of John G. WHITTIER has been placed in the East Room of the Boston Public Library, and represents the poet in a musing mood, with head slightly bent. The same artist's bust of President Garfield was begun in his studio at Florence on the day

was begin in his studio at Florence on the day of the attempted assassination.

—A veteran who fought under the great Na-Poleon in Germany in 1804, Georges Lessard, and who only three years ago married a wife of sixty summers, is living at Montreal, in his one-hundred-and-fifth year, and in full possession of his faculties. his faculties,
—Medallions of roses on the walls, alternating

with hanging baskets of ferns, were the late ball-room decorations of Mrs. NAYLOR LEYLAND, of

At a recent review of the Austrian cavalry by the Emperor and Empress, a small child ran directly in front of the horses as some thirty the field, when a soldier in the front rank, with wondrous presence of mind, disengaged his foot wondrous presence of mind, disengaged his foot from the stirrup, clung to his flying horse, and seized the child as he swept by. When the ap-plause had subsided, the Emperor took the cross of the Order of Maria Theresa from his own neck

of the Order of Maria Theresa from his own neck and hung it upon that of the rescuer. —The fortunate wife of M. André, née Mile. Jacquemart, is to have the tapestry, tables, and chairs from the room which was made ready for the Queen of Navarre, at the Château of Chambord, by her brother FRANCIS I., to furnish her

-Mr. Dorton, who has a terrapin farm in Alabama stocked with twenty thousand specimens, fattens them on crabs at a dollar a dozen in summer, while they usually eat nothing in winter, and he sells them at a dollar apiece in New York.

—BRIGHT EYES, the eloquent Indian girl, has just married Mr. TIBBLES, the Ponca advocate, a widower of forty-five, with two incumbrances.

—During his journey round the world, Mr CYRUS W. FIELD was entertained at the house which King CHARLES built for NELL GWYNNE, and from which HORACE WALPOLE dated many of his letters—a place occupied by Mr. PENDER, the head of the cable system of the world.

—By glancing over Studies of Assassination, by the United States consul at Cardiff, Mr. Wirt Sikes, which starts with Catherine de' Medi-CI, and proceeds by way of GUY FAWKES and

CHARLOTTE CORDAY to WILKES BOOTH and SOPHIE PEROVSKY, it will be seen that lovely woman has borne her part in these bloody

snuff-box owned successively by Ellisand Sothern is now the property of Mr. McCullough, the actor—and is not to be

It is said that Musurus Bey, in whom all od lovers are interested, will soon be a Cathand regain his bride. Should he ever apostanze, however, let his mother-in-law look out
for a sack in the Bosporus.

—The grand cross of the Legion of Honor has
been presented to Mr. Pasteur, one of the scientists who disheliage in the doctrine of the sci-

entists who disbelieve in the doctrine of "spontaneous generation."

—According to Mr. T. A. TROLLOPE's recent essay, GUIDO'S "Cenci" has no connection with the famous BEATRICE, who, it seems, was by no means the injured saint we have been taught to

-DUVERGNIER DE HAURANNE LITTRÉ and DUFAURE have left three vacant seats in the French Academy.

-THOMAS MORAN, the artist, is to make Brooklyn, New York, his future home, having taken a studio there.

—The Countess Dufferin gave a reception lately at the British Embassy at Therapia, where refreshments were served under the lime-trees, with the beauty and youth and fashion of Pera in the foreground, and the blue Bosporus in the distance. The secret of the success of the Dur-PERINS seems to lie quite as much in their imperturbable good-nature as in their talent.

—HENRY CLAY is said to have won the paint-

ing, by a Dutch artist, representing an old wo-man stirring a porringer, and now hanging in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, from JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, in a game of cards, when both were Commissioners at Ghent in 1841.

—Dundreary often made three thousand dollars a week. But as Dundreary was fearfully extravagant, he left only eighty thousand dollars. The Queen once spun enough yarn, from flax grown on the estate of the Earl of Caledon,

to be woven into a table napkin, which was lately on exhibition at a fair in England.

—At a ball in Algiers, given by the Governor, M. Albert Grévy, seven hundred glasses were

-Authors are generally accused of bad hand-—Authors are generally accused of bad hand-writing, but the poet John James Piatt must take the palm among them all, he having just been discharged from the Cincinnati Post-office, where he was a money-order clerk, on account of his illegible penmanship.

—While her husband is making a tour through Spain, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is studying painting in Paris

Spain, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is studying painting in Paris.

—The first picture of the military artist M.

DE Neuville was accepted at the Salon, although painted without instruction.

—The King of Bavaria is having a royal time on Lake Lucerne, where he has a steamboat for his private use at one hundred and twenty dollars a day, and spends the nights on the water, while a number of virtuosi on the Alpine Horn at different points about the lake wake troops at different points about the lake wake troops

of echoes.

—Marie, the daughter of Fechter, is to mar-—MARIE, the daugnter of FECHTER, is to marry M. Bosquin, one of the tenors of the Grand Opera in Paris, after which, if she pursues the even tenor of her way, she will have a better time than do the wives of most tenors, according to the state of the s

ing to report.

—A Bohemian attended the great Slav recep-—A Bohemian attended the great Slav reception at the Vatican recently, attired in a suit of red cloth with gold embroidery, and a cloak of white fur hanging from his shoulders. The Slavs from the late Turkish territories wore Oriental costumes, with silken scarfs in many colors, gold-braided jackets, and strange weapons in their belts, while the peasants in long white or gray linen robes relieved the blaze of color.

—In six weeks Herr Barnay, of the Meiningen Court Company, has learned to speak English enough to make a speech at the entertainment lately given by Mr. Toole to the company.

—A silver-mounted sword was bought for seventy-three dollars, at the Beaconsfield sale, by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett.
—The King of the Sandwich Islands hopes to coax a thousand laborers to emigrate to Hawaii, but the laborers, remembering through force of association a song about the King of the Cannibal Islands, beginning

bal Islands, hesitate.

—The most of the "artist's proofs" of Mr. SIMMONS's plate of "Monarch," the lion painted by Rosa Bonheur, have been sent to this country.

—The one-hundredth birthday of DANIEL WEBSTER is to be celebrated on the 18th of next January in Now Homeships

January, in New Hampshire.

—The body of Joseph Severn is to be removed from the new cemetery at Rome, and buried near that of his friend Keats in the old

—A young lady just twenty is the author of Cape Cod Folks.

—A copy of one of Dickens's earliest and rarest books, "Three Ways of Spending Sunday, by Timothy Sparks," was sold the other day in Manchester, England, for about thirty dollars.
—Professor William Dwight Whitney has

received from the Emperor of Germany the Order of Merit made vacant by the death of Mr. CARLYLE.

—Mrs. Julia Anne Estep, of Virginia, is, at

ninety-one, the mother of twelve children, the grandmother of eighty-six, the great-grandmo-ther of one hundred and forty-six, and the great-

ther of one hundred and forty-six, and the great-great-grandmother of ten—a total of two hun-dred and fifty-four descendants.

—MARY ANDERSON spends her afternoons at Long Branch, when not fishing or sailing, in the grounds about her cottage, which is embowered in wistaria and honeysuckle. In the mornings she canters about on her favorite mare, but nev-

er indulges in sea-bathing.

—President Garrield has been added to Ma-

dame Tussaud's collection in wax.

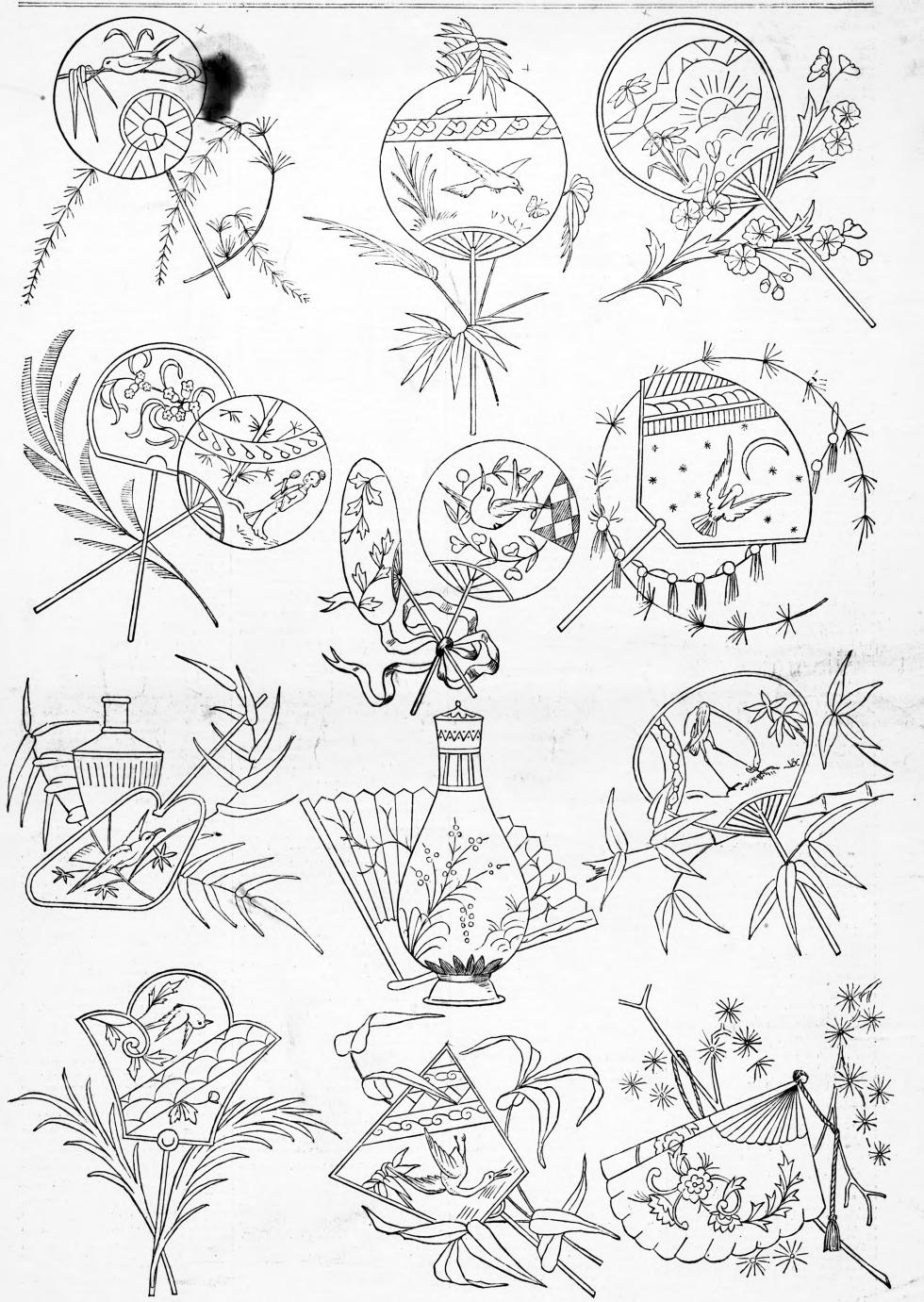
—Madame Elizabeth Jerichan, the Danish artist, who married a pupil of Thorwaldsen's,

is just dead. It is twenty-one years since VICTORIA was seen at a state concer

seen at a state concert.

—A portrait, by HANS CALCAR, of the Princess BARBARA RADZIWILL, who married SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS, King of Poland, and was poisoned by her jealous step-mother, BONA SFORZA, of Milan, in which the forehead of the princess is radiant, after the manner of TITIAN, while characteristics of the German school are seen in the treatment of the jewels and velvet, is in the gallery of MY MARTIN COLNAGUE at London. lery of Mr. MARTIN COLNAGHI, at London.

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FIGS. 1-12.—JAPANESE FAN DESIGNS FOR DOYLEYS.—FULL SIZE.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

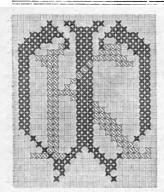


Fig. 1.—Monogram.—Cross STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Border for Window-Shade. Cushion Stitch.

This border, which is used to ornament the silk window-shade illustrated on page 516 of Bazar No. 33, Vol. XIV., is worked in cushion stitch with maize filoselle silk on a cream-colored foundation of woven netting or of coarse eanyas grenadine. The design figures are edged in the manner shown in the illustration with short stitches of bright-colored

Batiste Aprons.-Figs.

1 and 2.

The white batiste apron, Fig. 1, is trimmed across the bottom and below the second of the two deep tucks across the middle with torchon lace two inches and a half wide. Similar lace edges



Fig. 1.—BATISTE APRON.



Fig. 1.—India Muslin Dress.

the strings, which are five inches wide, and proceed from the upper of the two tucks. The bib is trimmed at the top with two rows of torchon lace an inch wide, the straight edges turned toward each other, with an intervening narrow bias strip of batiste, and with a bow of the latter material.

The bib and the front breadth of the gored apron, Fig. 2, are composed of horizontal bands of embroidered insertion three inches wide, and are edged at the bottom with two batiste side-pleatings three and four inches wide. The latter also extends

Fig. 2.—Grenadine Dress.

across the side breadths of the apron, where it is headed by a tucked band of batiste an inch wide. The bib is completed by tabs made of two rows of embroidered edging an inch wide.

Summer Dresses.-Figs. 1 and 2.

The dress Fig. 1 is of plain and flowered India muslin. The skirt is trimmed with a narrow pleating of the plain muslin, surmounted by a flounce twenty-two inches deep of like material, which is shirred in clusters at intervals of six inches at

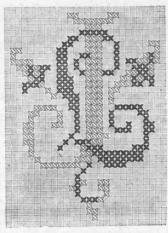


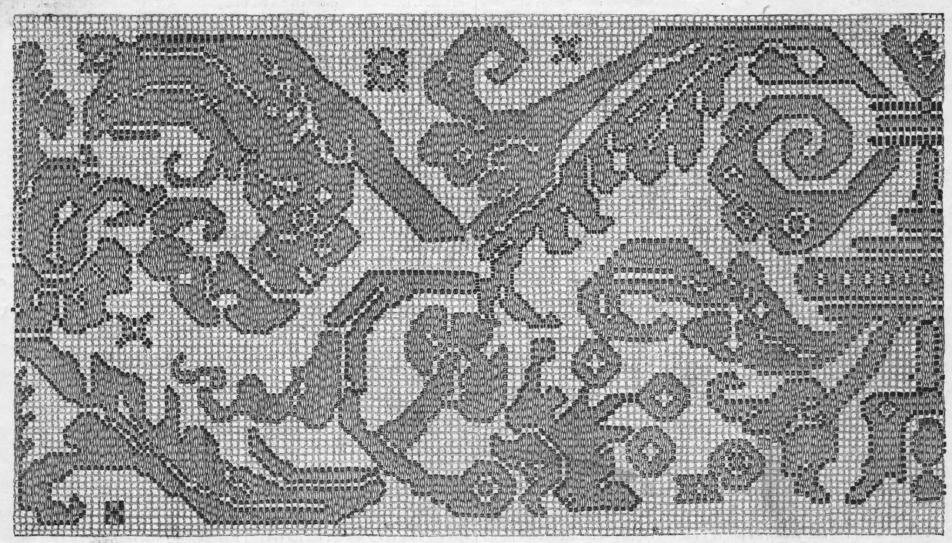
Fig. 2.—Monogram.—Cross STITCH EMBROIDERY.

four inches from the top and eight inches from the bottom, and is edged and bordered with white lace. The flowered muslin over-skirt, which is fastened on the skirt, is open in the middle of the front, and edged with lace. The basque is short and pointed in front, and long and full in the back. The dress can be cut from Figs. 202-28 in Supplement to the last Regar. last Bazar.

The skirt of the light blue grenadine dress, Fig. 2, is trimmed with five narrow side-pleatings, which are edged with lace, and arranged in fourfold pleats at intervals of two inches, and with a box-pleated



Fig. 2.—Embroidered Batiste APRON.



BORDER FOR WINDOW-SHADE.—CUSHION STITCH.

flounce five inches deep, made of the satin-striped border woven into the material. The over-skirt and the long basque are trimmed with similar borders and with satin ribbon bows. The latter has cuffs and a collar made of Spanish lace.

Monograms.-Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 549.

These monograms, which are used for marking bed and table linen, are worked in cross stitch with embroidery cotton in contrasting colors, or in two shades of a single color.

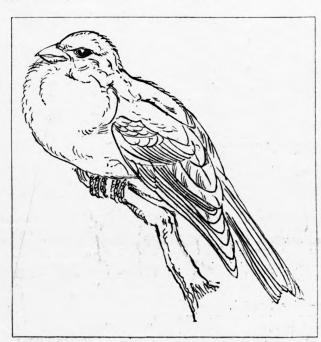
CANARY-BIRDS.

TREATMENT FOR INVALID BIRDS.

THE old lady who labored long and earnestly I to find a canary-bird raised from the seed, in order that she might be sure of having the pure breed, was hardly more ignorant, in one way, about the pet she desired, than are a great many who own birds as to the treatment and care they should receive when sick. That dainty little body, capable of producing six times its proportionate volume of music, is one that should be cared for very tenderly, and any one who, owning birds, does not study their wants and requirements, is guilty of culpable negligence.

The average life of a canary, killed by mistaken kindness as he is too often, is about seven years; but with proper care there is no reason why that age should not be doubled. There is in New York city a male German bird which still retains its voice at the age of sixteen years.

As with any other pet, and perhaps even in a greater degree, the health of the bird depends upon the food given. It is far from being a kindness for his mistress to give him anything or everything which she herself thinks a dainty, for he is an inquisitive little fellow, who will peck at any-



A CONSUMPTIVE CANARY.

thing given him, and the result of injudicious feed-

ing is his death or hopeless injury.

The best authorities on birds, and the experience of those who have lived in daily companionship—for a canary may be made a real companion—with these tiny mites, all music and feathers, is that a plain diet of rape and canary seed, with now and then a bit of green food in season, is all that should be given, save when breeding or moulting. Such food will keep both voice and feathers in good condition, while almost every-thing else is liable to work injury. A few hemp seeds, if one is perfectly sure the bird needs fat-tening, may be given without injury, while millet, poppy, oats, oatmeal, sugar, cake, bread, or other such enemies to the bird will spoil the taste for his natural food, not only making him feeble and sickly, but so unfitting him for the moulting season that he can not survive it.

The most important thing in the care of canaries is to get fresh, clean seed, for very much that is on sale has been kept until it has grown musty. Rape-seed will not only must by age, but by hav-ing been kept in a damp place, and one should e before purcha it, rejecting that which is bitter. The best is the German summer rape, which is more full-flavored than the English. Good canary-seed should taste sweet, look glossy, and be heavy in weight, and it may be mixed in equal proportions, or three-quarters rape, if the bird shows a preference for that seed.

Use plenty of washed gravel in the bottom of the cage, keep a piece of cuttle-fish bone where the bird can always get at it, and take care that the drinking-water is changed often. Give the bird a bath every morning, and keep him from a draught or the full glare of the sun. It is always well to let the little prisoner have plenty of fresh air; but when the day is cold or hot, protect him as you would yourself.

It is essential that the perches be kept clean, and the entire cage should be thoroughly washed with boiling water each month. Once in a while it is well to examine the bird's feet, and if they are dirty, soak and cleanse them with lukewarm

This much by way of preface to the treatment of invalid birds, and if you are careful to fill all the conditions of care while healthy, the pain of seeing the bird sicken and die will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be spared.

The most critical time in the life of a canary during the moulting season, usually September October, and then it is that every precaution should be taken that he suffer from lack of nothing. It is a natural condition of the bird to moult, and yet is generally accompanied by disease. They should be kept in rather a warmer place than usual, since the loss of their feathers renders them more liable to take cold. Give them all the space possible in which to fly about, so the feathers may be dropped easily, feed a few hemp seeds each day, and put some flour bread soaked in milk in the cage. Hard-boiled egg chopped fine with pounded cracker can be given alternately with the bread, while a rusty nail in the drinking-cup affords a solution of iron which will strengthen the invalid. Some fanciers rec-ommend pulling the wing and tail feathers out by hand in case they do not drop readily; but unless one is so well acquainted with bird life as to know exactly when they should be shed, it is better not to attempt it. Observe the bird carefully for symptoms of a cold or constipation, and in from two to four weeks, if you have cared for him roperly, he will be ready again to serenade you at all hours of the day.

The canary is more susceptible to colds, thus bringing on consumption, than almost any other kind of bird, and prompt treatment is necessary It is hard to say exactly what the symptoms will be, they vary so much, a bird owned by the writer having recently died from consumption without exhibiting the usual signs. The most frequent way in which the bird shows this disease is by a queer little noise not unlike a cough, it acting at the same time as if something had lodged in its throat. Frequent shaking of the head, with a desire to sleep in the daytime, is one of the symptoms. If the feathers remain ruffled, and the eyes look heavy, the body having the appearance of being swollen, or if there is a drooping and quivering of the wings, accompanied by

frequent opening of the mouth, it may be concluded that the little fellow has consumption. Give him plenty of green food, such as lettuce, fruit, chickweed, or cabbage—never feeding sour apples — stale bread soaked in water and mixed with cream, and put a rusty nail in his drinking water. Keep him in a warm room and if the night be at all chilly, cover the cage with flannel.

When a bird has the asthma, there can be no mistaking the symptoms, for they are almost the same as in a human being. This disease is brought on by keeping the little fellow where it is too warm, or the air impure, for his lungs are very delicate. A small piece of smoked bacon-cut out the lean, leaving the rind and a thin layer of fat—hung in the cage for him to peck at is the best medicine. Some fanciers prescribe plantain and rape-seed soaked in water: others, thin linseed tea instead of water; while some think boiled bread and milk

suffices. Experience has taught one bird-fancier, however, that the bacon is preferable.

Constipation is dangerous, and should be attended to at once. Of fresh castor-oil put one or two drops down his throat, by holding his bill open with a small piece of wood, if it is an extreme case. If in the first stages, molasses in the water, or green food, should relieve it. But if these latter remedies fail in three or four hours, give the oil, lest he become too feeble to recover.

If the little volume of music gets hoarse, put powdered rock-candy in his drinking water, and he will sing clearly enough in a few days.

Give no cake and sherry, as some recommend, for even if it does not kill, it leaves the patient in a sickly, delicate condition.

There are other ills which the flesh of the canary is heir to, but it is not safe to lay down any general rule for the treatment of them. In case the symptoms differ from those of the ordinary diseases, the better way is to take the invalid to some bird-fancier, since any attempt to treat the case by rule would prove almost as fatal as utter neglect.

Above all, avoid the nostrums sold by the bird dealers; in some cases they may be good, but to give them to your bird when you do not know the cause of his illness would be like giving a sick child any one of the numberless patent medicines in hope that it might chance to be beneficial to the patient.

Small red insects often cause the death of birds, and such death should be chargeable upon the mistress of the little fellow, since they are almost always the outgrowth of uncleanliness. the bird pecks itself often, and acts generally as though its skin was irritated, boil the cage, perches, cups, and chain in water for ten or fifteen minutes three or four consecutive days. The presence of vermin may be readily detected by throwing a white cloth over the cage at night, and examining it very early in the morning, when, if there are any insects in the cage, minute red specks will be seen on the fabric.

For the benefit of the helpless little pets who are confined in a gilded prison all their lives it is well to repeat what has been said. By devoting a few moments each day to the care of the songster, and by judicious feeding, all rules for the treatment of invalid birds will be useless, since then there will be no invalids.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

The heart-sickness of hope deferred was not slow to lay hold on Helen Rhodes. When the week for which she knew that she must wait for Frank passed by and there was no word from him to break the monotony of her existence, she fell into a condition of extreme alarm. She had borne the silence and the watching throughout those seven days with patient misery, and on the termination of them she was greatly excited.

"He will come to-morrow and explain, and all will be well," she said to herself, and she made such little addition to her plain mourning dress as was in her power without departing from her resolution to expend no money until she should be Frank's wife; and she told Delphine with a smile that her husband was certainly to come

He did not come, and when the night fell, and Helen was left alone, a deadly fear took possession of her. Was Frank dead? Beyond that horrid possibility she could not look. She never thought of herself as the lost and forsaken creature she must be if the fear that had suggested itself indeed proved true; that fear seemed to paralyze her, to confine all the resources of thought, and

fix them in the production of itself.

When Delphine came to her in the morning, the look in the girl's eyes, the dumb unfathomable fear of it, frightened her.

Helen did not ask her a question; she only raised herself on her pillow, and gazed at Del-

"No, there are no letters for madame to-day any more than on the other days; but, mon Dieu, madame must not be so much alarmed; it is only a day after the time, and who knows, monsieur may be on the road this very hour." "Thank you," said Helen, gently; "I think I

will not get up yet, I do not feel quite well." Then she turned away her face, and lay still

and silent for several hours.

The days went on, and Helen suffered all the varied agonies of suspense in their utmost inten-sity; the restlessness, the torpor, the concentration of the mind on one absorbing subject, and the uncontrollable straying of the mind from it, with the quick pain of recurrence to it; the physical irritability, the deadly sickness, the thrilling and starting of the nerves. It was strange that she did not succumb to the mental suffering of that time, and lose at least a portion of it in severe bodily illness; but her youth and her hitherto untried, uninjured health aided her, if aid it could be called. And although her color faded, and the bright girlishness departed from her aspect never to return, she was not attacked by illness. Though every leaden-footed hour was weighted with pain, and needed an effort to live through, the time was never afterward entirely clear in her memory; she could recall a part of it in a broken way, shaking the incidents or the feelings of it together like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, but long lapses of it escaped her altogether.

In a fitful way she strove to occupy herself, and found in needle-work the resource that it has afforded to many unquiet minds. It was only rarely that she could read during the hours of the day that succeeded to the vain watch of the morning for the letter that did not arrive, and before the restless agony of the vain watch of the evening had set in; but she knew nothing afterward of what she had read. In the days to come the mere sight of certain books would recall the qualms and terrors of that wretched time.

At first, while she did not admit any doubt of Frank Lisle, while her only attempt at explaining his absence and his silence was the dreadful supposition of his death, she did not leave the house at all. What if she were to go out, and the news were to arrive, and she not there? suggested her terrors; what if he, Frank himself, were to arrive, and she not there? suggested her feeble, expiring hopes. All day she would sit by a window which commanded the turn of the highroad, and pushing the hangings back behind her chair, would watch every vehicle as it came up and passed, working fitfully the while, with long intervals of listless idleness and down-hanging hands. But as time went on, and the beautiful spring advanced into the supreme loveliness of that season in Paris and its environs, Helen began to feel the want of air, and a desperate longing to go out. She would not disregard the lightest word that Frank had said to her; she never turned her steps toward Paris; she would not even go to the entrance of the Bois, their old meeting-place; she would walk sedately about Neuilly and the shady roads adjoining, closely veiled and evading notice, but feeling the soothing and strengthening influence of the fresh air. She took no notice of the human life about her: it seemed to her that she was a being apart, shut out from her kind. Her solitude was rendered complete and overwhelming by the falseness of her position: this mere girl, as inexperienced as a child, was living utterly alone, and living a lie!

By degrees it became evident even to her unsuspiciousness and inexperience that she was the object of curiosity but little tempered with sympathy both to Delphine and her mother; and that the veneer of respect and observance with which the venality of Madame Moreau had covered her native coarseness and hardness was wearing off. Helen felt sure that Delphine had not revealed what she knew to her mother; but she had no greater faith in her on that account: a cold and cruel curiosity showed itself too often in the hard,

handsome, sensual face that watched her unsparingly; and there was a relaxation in the small attentions with which Delphine had at first surrounded her that Helen's quick sensitiveness recognized at once. She did not care for these things, she had not been used to much personal observance, but she knew as well as the wisest, by the instinct of her gentlewomanhood, what the omission of them meant. What did Delphine be-lieve concerning her? That she was Frank Lisle's wife and he had deserted her, or that she was not his wife at all, and in either case a person whom there was little honor or profit in serving? In her dread and perplexity she had said to Delphine that he was dead, she was sure he was dead; but the shrewd answer which Delphine made warned her to be on her guard against self-betrayal.

"It is impossible," she said; "the friends of monsieur would send the news at once to the wife of monsieur; she would have the first right: nothing could be done without her. No, monsieur is not dead; something has happened, but it is not that." A little later this was followed by a hint that if madaine was not altogether "well" with the family of monsieur, there must be friends of his to whom she might apply. How was she to meet this? The question itself forced her for the first time to realize that she knew absolutely nothing of the family or the circumstances of the man into whose hands she had given her future. He had never talked to her of his relatives; she did not even know whether he had parents living. She had reason to believe that her own existence was utterly unknown to any one connected with Frank Lisie; she knew, although she dared not admit the knowledge, that he might be lying dead anywhere, and the intelligence never reach her, in consequence of his own precautions for the keeping of their secret. The name of his friend, he on whose account secrecy toward Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore was indispensable, had never escaped his lips; she had no notion where this friend was; of late they had never talked about him. Of what had they talked, indeed, except of the sweetness and the bliss of their own young love and hope? And now almost the worst part of what Helen had to suffer was the shrinking from the remembrance of that happiness, because it was becoming terrible. When memory impor-tuned her with the dear words and the eloquent looks that had made the wilderness of her unloved existence to blossom with the roses of paradise, and fertilized it with the waters of life, she was seized with dread; she felt as if they were something from which she must fly-a phantom to haunt and terrify her.

At first, when the days passed and no word

from Frank Lisle reached her, Helen had been sorely tempted to go in search of Jane Merrick, notwithstanding her lover's prohibition, but she had refrained; and then, as the dreadful sense that, let the cause be what it might, she was forsaken and desolate, grew upon her, despair came up to her on that side also, and asked her in its sinister, voiceless way what story she would have to tell to her friend. At the question her poor pretense of courage gave way, and she laid her head upon her outstretched arms and cried until her tears were all exhausted. This was followed by a stage of dull, stupefied suffering, in and after which Helen ceased to wish for Jane's presence and help, ceased to think about her, was simply crushed under the weight of her sorrow.

At this time that sorrow might perhaps have killed her or deprived her of her senses, had she not been roused from it, to a certain extent, by the presentation of another aspect of her position in a direct and irresistible manner. Madame Moreau had been dishonest in her dealings with the helpless and ignorant girl from the first, even when the daily expected return of Mr. Lisle might possibly expose her to detection—perhaps because she regarded such helplessness and ignorance as a providential intervention on her own behalf, and would not be so ungrateful as to allow it to take place in vain—and she became in-creasingly bold with the extension of Helen's solicreasingly bold with the extension of Helen's solt-tude and suspense. The little store of money in the table drawer, the "slice out of their fortune," as Frank Lisle had said jestingly, had diminished with alarming rapidity under the demands made upon it. The Moreau family, husband, wife, and daughter, were all of one mind with respect to Helen, although Delphine had the advantage of her parents in point of information. They had ceased to believe in the story of the marriage, and they had arrived at the conclusion that madame would see no more of monsieur.
"Those English are originals," remarked Mo-

"He has seen somebody he likes better, and reau. has planted her there... Well, that does nothing to us, provided she pays."

They took care she should pay. And such her helplessness, such was their cupidity, that Madame Moreau would furnish her with a pretended account, in which were set down things that Helen had never had, at prices which even she knew to be exorbitant, and she had no courage to dispute them. What would it avail? she would ask herself, ruefully; they would only deny the truth, and quarrel with her, perhaps ill-treat her, and she was entirely in their power. In all the great lonely terrible city there were no familiar faces, no voices that she knew, except the faces and the voices of these three people, whom she came to regard with a ceaseless but secret dread. Delphine had been inclined to like her at first, but the simplicity, the simple-mindedness, of Helen bored and wearied the French girl, who would have been a first-rate confidante for an intrigante, and she became so provoked with her patience and her reserve that it was only occasionally she softened toward her, and that contempt was mitigated by pity. She helped her mother to pillage the poor girl, who would sometimes timidly appeal to her as to whether she did not think money went very quickly, and they got very little for it; but she was not so stolidly unimaginative as Madame Moreau, and she indulged



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in a good deal of speculation as to what was likely to become of Helen eventually in case Mr. Lisle actually never did turn up. What would happen when, for instance, the six months for which the apartment was taken should have expired, and madame must find some other place to live in, and money to pay the rent? Well, Delphine made a forecast of what would happen by the aid of a proverb. "Qui a bu, boira," this knowing young woman would say to herself, and she would reflect with candid envy upon the good fortune of a woman who could count upon opportunities of drinking again of the sparkling spring of pleasure, admiration, and what she call ed love. The position was triste for the moment certainly, and it was madame's way to make it all the more triste, but when the money-drawer should be empty, and all hope of Mr. Lisle's re turn gone, she would have to look about her, and to console herself like another. It was this rea sonable conclusion that unconsciously to herself infused into Delphine's manner, as the period of Helen's agony of suspense prolonged itself, a certain disdainful familiarity—something that conveyed to her that Delphine understood that the etense of the marriage was dropped on the one side, and the affectation of believing in it abandoned on the other. From her perception of this Helen, on whom her forlorn position was produ cing the educational effect of years, shrank with intolerable shame and pain; and day by day her manner became more timid and embarrassed, and the keen vulgar eyes that watched her noted the dread they inspired, and exulted in it. The money-drawer was nearly empty now, the time was coming fast when that terrible question of old haunting memory, "What is to become of me?" must whisper itself remorselessly in Helen's heart by day and night.

She had never spoken to Delphine of the past time at the house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne since the day of their mutual recognition and her brief explanation of her position, and she had never gone near the house. Delphine re sented this reserve; it would have been a pleasant way of breaking down the barrier between them if she could have led Helen to talk of the English people who had been so mysteriously at once something and nothing to her; but Helen vas not to be led into any confidences. Delphine told her one day that the house was again let to English people, but Helen took little heed of the information. She was busy, as usual, with her

work, and she did not pause or look up from it.
"An English gentleman with a strange name even stranger than most English names—I can no say it—has taken the house. He is there, but not for long; he is going to Italy, and when he comes back, his sister and her children will come with

Indeed," said Helen, absently, answering only to avoid offending Delphine; "from Italy?"
"No, from the Indies—the Indies of the East."
"The Indies of the East!" Helen paused now

and let her work fall, while her eyes filled with quick and painful tears. She had almost forgot ten her father; the new love and the new an guish had obscured the old, but into the desola tion of her brooding thoughts at that moment they came rushing back, and so agitated her that Delphine eyed her with surprise and suspicion. She was sorry if she had said anything to offend madame.

"You have not," said Helen, gently; "only I had not heard India mentioned for a long time, and it was there that my father died."

"So far away! Madame had, then, made the

voyage?"

Helen explained in a few words that she had never been in India, and then the matter dropped but she thought of it again in the evening, and asked Delphine to ascertain the name of the English gentleman who had taken the house in the Avenue du Bois.

"You could say it very well if you would only try, Delphine," she said, "for you are getting on wonderfully with English; you "the lan-guage much better than I can speak French, after all the teaching I had at school."

Delphine's eyes sparkled at this compliment, which was sincere and well merited, and she took care to justify it by telling Helen on the following day that the English gentleman's name was "Warrender," and pronouncing it correctly.
"I never heard the name before," said Helen.

"You are right, it is a hard one."

She had had a vague unreasonable hope that the name might be one that had been mentioned

in her father's letters; so profound was her soli-tude that the mere idea of some one who might, under other circumstances, na a friend by her, gave her a faint kind of relief, and its extinction caused her a pang of disappointment.

How she hated herself for the dullness and indifference to her father's memory that had been creeping over her! Could it be possible that all this time she had hardly thought of him, being so absorbed in her love and her misery?

It seemed all the more incredible when she recalled the fact that it was the accidental discovery of the link between Frank and her father's memory which had led to the prolongation of her accidental acquaintance with Mr. Lisle. How she had indulged her romantic fancy with the hope that the beloved father who was hidden from her had still a share in her life, and knew and loved Frank! and how utterly she had parted with that idea when the dread and the suspense of all these weeks had come upon her! An accusing sense of faithlessness to the memory of her beloved dead shot a fresh arrow into

the girl's stricken heart.

"She looks very ill," said Delphine to her mother that night, seriously. "She has not touched her dinner or spoken a word, and I think she has cried all day. She will have a great illness if something is not heard of monsieur soon."

The following day was Sunday, and Helen went

but her head ached badly, and she was forced to put her veil aside that the air might come to her tired eyes and aching brow.

There were a great many people about, for the day was beautiful, and the holiday-makers were enjoying it as only Parisians do enjoy fine wea-

ther; but Helen was perfectly regardless of them. She walked on, her eyes fixed straight before her, and her head bent with the weary air that was now habitual to her.

As she was passing the Memorial Chapel erected on the spot where Queen Marie Amélie watched the last moments of her darling son Philip, Duke of Orleans, a favorite resort of Helen's, but not on Sundays, because other visitors were frequent there on those days, the old retainer of the Orleans family who has charge of the chapel opened the gate for the exit of a party consisting of an elderly gentleman, an elderly lady, and a young but staid-looking woman with a pale, plain face, and magnificent black hair.

The three turned into the pathway, and came straight toward Helen, who, on seeing them, shrank back, giddy and trembling, and laid her hand upon the railing. In an instant the young woman sprang forward, with a cry of, "Good Heaven! it is Helen!"

And the fainting girl was in the strong clasp of Jane Merrick's arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTES OF BIBLES.

N view of the recent publication of a revised I N view of the recent publication of the New Testament, it may not prove uninteresting to glance at the many curious vicissitudes which have befallen the early translations and editions of the Bible; for the ea ly editions of the Book which should always have commanded the most auxious solicitude were not even favored with the care and attention now bestowed on a halfpenny newspaper. In the early days of printing, the necessity of carefully revising the printers' work could not have been realized, for it seems to have been a difficult matter to get a book through the press, particularly a large book like the Bible, without a great number of errata. Small books even were not so exempt from blunders as we might suppose. A thin octavo volume of one hundred and seventy-two pages, entitled *The Anatomy of the Mass*, was published in 1561, which was followed by fifteen pages of errata! The pious monk who wrote it informs his readers in the preface to the errata that the blunders in his little book were caused by the machinations of Satan!

During the Commonwealth, and even a short time before Charles I.'s execution, the printers, in order to meet the great demand which then existed, sent out Bibles from their presses as quickly as they could, regardless of errors and omissions. One of the Harleian Manuscripts relates that the learned Archbishop Usher, while on his way to preach at Paul's Cross—a wooden pulpit adjoining the Cathedral of St. Paul's, in which the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday morning—went into a bookseller's shop and inquired for a Bible of the London edition. He was horrified to discover that the text from which he was to preach was omitted. This formed the first complaint to the king of the careless manner in which Bibles were printed; and as one of the results, the printing of them was created a monopoly. A great com-petition then arose between the king's printers of London and those of the University of Cambridge. The privilege of printing Bibles was at a later date conceded to one William Bentley; but he was opposed by Hills and Field, and many paper altercations took place between them. The Pearl Bible of Field, printed in 1653, is perhaps the most blundering Bible ever issued. A man-uscript in the British Museum affirms that one of these Bibles swarmed with six thousand faults. In Garrard's Letter to the Earl of Strafford, it is said, "Sterne, a solid scholar, was the first who summed up the three thousand and six hundred faults that were in our printed Bibles of Lon-don." The name Pearl given to this book by collectors, and a copy of which is to be found in the British Museum, is derived from the printers' name for a diminutive kind of type. It must not be supposed that those many "faults" were all printers' errors only, for it is well known that Field was an unscrupulous forger. He is said to have been paid fifteen hundred pounds by the Independents to corrupt a text in Acts, vi. 3, by substituting a "ye" for a "we," to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. Two errata may also be mentioned. In Romans, vi. 13, "righteousness" was printed for "unrighteousness"; and at First Corinthians, vi. 9, a "not" was omitted, so that the text read, "The unright-eous shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Before and during the civil war, a large number of Bibles were printed in Holland in the Eng-lish language, and imported to England. As this violated the rights of the "king's printers," twelve thousand of those duodecimo Dutch Bibles were seized and destroyed. A large impression of the same smuggled Bibles was burned by order of the Assembly of Divines for errors such as the following-the words in brackets being those in the Authorized Version: Genesis, xxxvi. 24, "This is that ass [Anah] that found the rulers [mules] in the wilderness"; Luke, xxi. 28, "Look up, lift up your hands [heads], for your condemnation [redemption] draweth nigh." It may be added, in the case of the passage from Genesis, that the correctors as well as the corrected were wrong. Anah neither found "rule." nor "mules" in the wilderness, but simply "warm springs," as our future Bibles will have it. The Vulgate, or Latin Bible, notwithstanding its other faults, has the passage correct, "Iste est Ana qui invenit aquas calidas in solitudine." Anah who found warm springs in the desert.)

Anthony Bonnemere printed a Bible in French at Paris in 1538, in the reign of Francis I. He says in his preface that this Bible was originally printed at the request of His Most Christian Majesty Charles VIII. in 1495, and that the French translator "has added nothing but the genuine truths, according to the express terms of the Latin Bible, nor omitted anything but what was improper to be translated." Yet the following is interwoven with the thirty-second chapter of Ex-odus at the twentieth verse: "The ashes of the golden calf which Moses caused to be burned, and mixed with the water that was drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it; by which they appeared with gilt beards, as a peculiar mark to distinguish those which had worshipped the calf." Another interpolation of a similar nature was also made in the same chapter: "Upon Aaron's refusing to make gods for the Israelites, they spat upon him with so much fury and violence that they quite suffocated him." We may also note the fact that the three thousand men stated, in the twentyeighth verse of Exodus, xxxii., of the Authorized Version, to have been slain, is increased by the Mohammedan commentators of the Koran to seventy thousand; and in the Latin Bible known as the Vulgate the number is stated to be twentythree thousand.

The Vulgate of Pope Sixtus V. comes near to, if it does not equal, Field's Pearl Bible in the multiplicity of its errors. This pope, who ascended the chair in 1585, was resolved to have a correct and carefully printed Bible. He specially revised and corrected every sheet; and publication prefixed to the first edition a Bull excommunicating all printers who in reprinting should make any alteration in the text. book so swarmed with blunders that a number of scraps had to be printed, for the purpose of being pasted over the erroneous passages, giving the true text. The heretics, of course, exulted in this flagrant proof of papal infallibility! A copy of this "Scrap-Book" was sold some time since for sixty guineas.

There are several "Treacle" Bibles known to book-collectors. The edition of May, 1541, of Cranmer's Bible, at Jeremiah, viii. 22, asks, "Is there no tryacle at Gilead? is there no phisycyon there?" There also appeared a "Rosin" Bible, in which that word was substituted for treacle; and a "Bug" Bible, because that unpleasant insect was said by the printers to be the "terror by night" mentioned in the fifth verse of Psalm xci. The "Vinegar" Bible, printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1717, is so called from the twentieth chapter of Luke's Gospel being said to contain "The Parable of the Vinegar" (instead of "vineyard") in the summary of contents at the head of the chapter. It was looked upon as a good joke in the times of political corruption when Matthew (v. 9) was made to say, "Blessed are the *place*-makers." The "Breeches" Bible, printed at Geneva in 1560, said at Genesis, iii. 7, that Adam and Eve "made themselves breeches." This version is as old as Wycliffe's time, and appears in his Bible. Some curious changes in the uses of words have taken place even since the date of the Authorized Version. For instance, the word "prevent," which in the seventeenth century meant, and ought still to mean, "to anticipate." It is derived from the Latin *prævenire*, "to come before," and in the Authorized Version never means "to hinder." Shakspeare uses "prevent" for "anticipate" in Julius Cæsar, v. 1; and Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." A printer's error in the Au-Saturday Night." A printer's error in the Authorized Version, which has been allowed to remain, may be noted in this place: the letter s has been prefixed without authority to the word "neezed" in Second Kings, iv. 35. It is printed correctly (neesings) in the only other place where it occurs, at Job, xli. 18. "Neeze" is also to be found in A Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1.

In 1616, some revision and correction was at-

tempted with partial success; but the two Cambridge Bibles of 1629 and 1638 were the first which were printed with tolerable correctness. The edition of 1638 is said to have been revised at the king's command by several learned men of Cambridge, such as Dr. Ward, Dr. Goad, and others. Buck and Daniel, the university printers, were so confident of its correctness that they challenged all Cambridge by a bill affixed to the door of St. Mary's Church, in which they offered a copy of their Bible to any scholar who would find a literal fault in it. The first person who publicly noticed any of its errata was Dr. William Wotton, who in a sermon preached at New-port-Pagnell, Bucks, noticed an error ("ye" for edition printed at Oxford in 1711 is remarkable for a mistake at Isaiah, lvii. 12, where a "not" is omitted. And the Oxford Bible of 1792 declared that Philip, instead of Peter, would deny Christ before cock-

Great difficulty was experienced by the early translators with the enumeration of the articles composing Jacob's present to Joseph (Genesis, xliii. 11), as little was known at that time of the botany of the Holy Land. Tyndale was not far wrong in his version of the Pentateuch in 1530, although "a curtesye bawlme," etc., looks quaint nowadays. The Genevan of 1560 and the Douay of 1609 had "rosen" where we now have "balm." Dr. Geddes introduces "laudanum" among the presents; but in his manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, Wycliffe translates the first on the list "a lytle of precious liquor of sibote," slyly in the margin that this "precious liquor" is "ginne." A printer's widow in Germany thought to secure the supremacy of her sex by secretly altering the last clause of the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis. By substituting the letters "Na" for the first half of the word Herr (lord or master) it made the word read "Narr"; the altered text reading, "and he shall be thy fool." It is said this attempt at "improving" the text cost the good woman her life. The translation of St. Paul's Epistles in the Ethiopic language was full of errors, which the editors good-naturedly excused by the following plea: They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us, and we helped them, as the blind helps the blind." Dr. John Jortin, in his Remarks on Ecclesiastical History (1754), notices a Gothic bishop who translated the Scriptures into the language of the Goths, omitting the Book of Kings, lest the wars recorded there should increase their inclination for fighting.

Dr. Alexander Geddes, already referred to, resolved to undertake a new translation; and in 1780, as a preliminary, he published a sketch of his plan under the title of an Idea of a New Version of the Holy Bible for the Use of the English Catholics. In 1786 he published another Prospectus; in 1787, An Appendix to the Prospectus, containing "queries, doubts, and difficulties relative to a vernacular version of the Holy Scriptures." In 1788 and following years, he issued Proposals for Printing, and several Answers to the advice he had received. After all these pre-liminary flourishes, in 1792 the first volume appeared of a translation which was never completed. Christians of every description rejected it; and the Catholics, for whose benefit it was intended, were forbidden to read it. Yet another Address in defense the following year, and the project ends. In what he has translated Geddes introduces us to Hebrew "constables," and the Passover is rather humorously translated "the Skipover."

From these blundered editions let us now back to the first complete printed Bible—that by John Fust, or Faust, printed at Mayence, in Germany, in 1455. This magnificent work was executed with cut metal types on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves, some of the copies on fine paper, and others on vellum, and is sometimes known as the "Mazarin Bible," a copy having been unexpectedly found in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is also called the "Forty-two Line Bible," because each full column contains that number of lines; and lastly, as Gutenberg's Bible, because John Gutenberg was associated with Fust and Schöffer in its issue. It was print-ed in Latin; and the letters were such an exact imitation of the work of an amanuensis that the copies were passed off by Fust, when he visited Paris, as manuscript, the discovery of the art of printing being kept a profound secret. Fust sold a copy to the King of France for seven hundred crowns, and another to the Archbishop of Paris for four hundred crowns, although he appears to have charged less noble customers as low as sixty crowns. The low price and the uniformity of the ettering of these Bibles caused universal astonishment. The capital letters in red ink were said to have been printed with his blood; and as he could immediately produce new copies ad libitum, he was adjudged in league with Satan. Fust was apprehended, and was forced to reveal the newdiscovered art of printing to save himself from the flames. This is supposed to be the origin of the tradition of the "Devil and Dr. Faustus," dramatized by Christopher Marlowe and others.

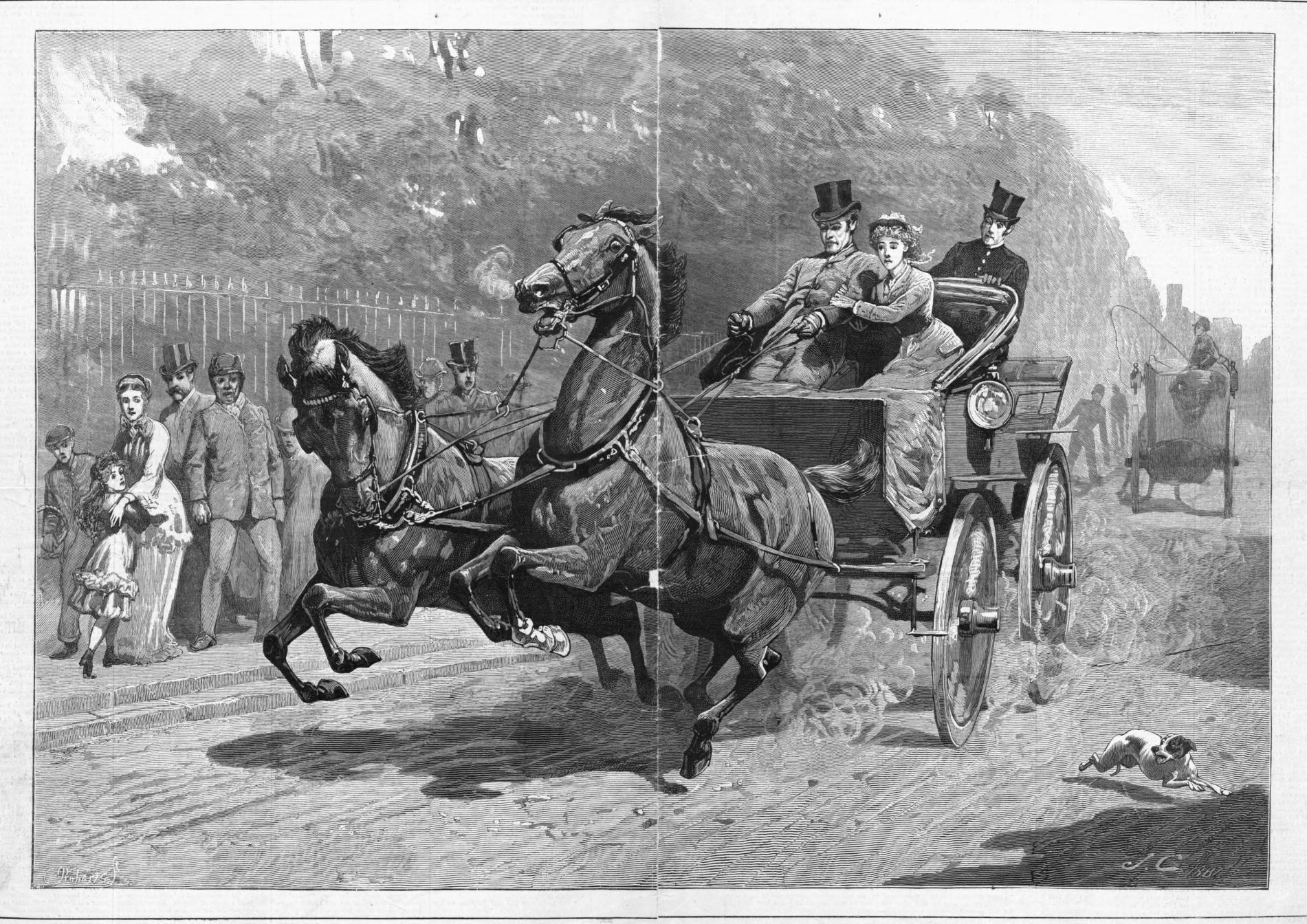
One of the highest prices—if not the highest—realized by any book was for a copy of this splendid Bible, at the sale of the Perkins Library at Hamworth Park, on the 6th of June, 1873. A copy on vellum was sold for £3400, another on paper for £2690. This large price is rather surprising, for there are about twenty copies in dif-ferent libraries, half of them belonging to private persons in Britain. Before this sale, the most expensive book was Boccaccio's *Decameron*, printed at Venice in 1471, which was bought at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1811 by the Marquis of Blandford (Duke of Marlborough) for £2260, although its value fell afterward to £918 in 1819, when Lord Spencer became its purchaser

When Dr. Castell was engaged in the preparation of his Polyglot Bible, he was much patronized by Cromwell, who allowed the paper to be imported free of duty. It was published during the Protectorate, and dedicated to Cromwell in a respectful preface. At the Restoration (1660), Cromwell's name was omitted, and the republican strains of the preface toned down. ferent editions are known as "Republican" and "Royal" among book-collectors. At that time there was a mania for dedicating books to some-

body—a celebrity, if possible. Before types were invented, printed pictures from engraved wooden blocks were accomplished in the fourteenth century. Books were made of engravings of the most remarkable incidents in ie Gospeis, and A they were called Biblia Pauperum, or Poor Men's Bibles. Fair copies of these have brought £250, and the very worst rarely less than £50. The rare edition of the Biblia Germanica, published in 1487, contains many colored wood-cuts remarkable for the singularity of their designs; for instance, Bathsheba is represented washing her feet in a tub, and Elijah as ascending to heaven in a four-wheeled wagon. The Bishops' Bible—so called from the fact that most of the translators were bishops-was published in 1568. It contained a portrait of the Earl of Leicester, the great and powerful favorite of Elizabeth, placed before the Book of Joshua; whilst another portrait, that of Sir William Cecil-also a favorite of the queen-adorned the Psalms. In the edition of 1574, a map of the Holy Land, and the arms of Archbishop Parker, the chief translator, were substituted.

Our last story is from an American newspaper of 1776. A printer in England who printed the Book of Common Prayer, unluckily omitted the letter σ in the word "changed" in the following sentence, "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." A clergyman not so attentive to his duties as he should have been, read it to his congregation as it was printed, thus: "We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye."

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STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY.

A SUMMER ROMANCE.

THE beauty of Marion Marlborough had a certain stately guise to it, despite her youth, that made her seem like a young queen, while its chief charm was her complete unconsciousness of it. That she had a lover in almost every youth who was brought within her sphere was a matter of course, but that she chould fail to be attracted by any one of them herself was perhaps slightly a matter of wonder. Her mother, indeed, thought it very much so, and often allowed Marion the benefit of her opinion, and of her opinion in especial concerning a girl who had it in her power to be of immense benefit to her family, and resolutely ignored the possibility.

"When Amelia Tanhurst was married," Mrs.

"When Amelia Tanhurst was married," Mrs. Marlborough would continue, "there were few poorer than the Tanhursts were; and look at them now! Her marriage put all the sisters into a society where they also married rich, instead of having to earn their own living or starve, and both of her brothers are in first-class business, and on the way to millionairedom."

"I suppose all this means, mamma, that if Mr. Adriance Desmond should throw me his hand-kerchief, you want me to be as eager and alert as the rest of—"

"I want you simply not to take it for granted that he is a wretch of the blackest dye, but to treat him with civility, and let him take his chances." "Very well, mamma, I will treat him with civil-

ity. I hope I treat every one so."

"You are fearfully toploftical to some of them,
Marion" said her second sister Charlette

Marion," said her second sister, Charlotte.

"Well, I hate them all. I hate men who are looking you over, and taking their fancy to a

handsome cheek or a rich color—"
"There, there, there, Marion! People will
think you a shrew instead of a beauty. And as
for Adriance Desmond, he is a charming fellow,
for I know him of old; and when he brings his
yacht here next week, you may be as ready to
own it as anybody. I'm sure if you, or Charlotte,
or Emily, or Anne, should marry any one half so
agreeable—"

"Which means," whispered Marion to Charlotte, with sparkling eyes and color, "any one with half so much money."

"—would marry any one half so agreeable, it would be a godsend for your family." And all the rest of the week Mrs. Marlborough

And all the rest of the week Mrs. Marlborough was cutting and fitting, and getting her "goods ready for sale," as Marion indignantly called it. For the Marlboroughs had just enough income to get along with narrowly, and some of the gauds and glories of the wealth to which she had once been accustomed the mother longed that her children should have, if she might not have them herself; and she made a good deal of moan to herself that her choice child, Marion, the beauty of the whole Marlborough race, should be such a rebel in the matter, and aunts and cousins and intimates one and all agueed with her.

It was, however, the only thing where Marion was rebellious. Anybody sweeter, gentler, more helpful, than she, it would not be easy to find. She declined to be sold—that was her only fault. It was Marion who made the old low parlors bowers of bloom; it was Marion who sat up if one were ill; it was Marion to be relied on in the provision of jellies and sweetmeats; and it was Marion's taste, applied to inexpensive articles, that made the mother look like a dowager duchess on occasion, and the aunts and cousins like distant connections of the royal family. Her laugh, her voice, her step, were music; she was a sunbeam wherever she went; her little world felt it would be a desert if Marion were taken from it, and yet felt that the queen must have her kingdom, let what would happen—in other words, must marry, and marry well. And of course they had all been interested when they heard that the Desmonds-Adam and his halfbrother Adriance-were to bring the steam-vacht round to Parvisport, and spend part of a season on the water there; for Adam himself was a capital fellow, and would make almost any girl a good husband, although the vast wealth belonged to Adriance, who had inherited it from his mother, and they were both a sort of cousins by marriage. There had always been more or less correspondence in the family, and they really knew each other, although, owing to the long European residence of the Desmonds, they had never met. The brothers had seen Marion's picture, at any rate, and she had been set up in a

shrine, as it were, by one of them at least. The last ravelling of the dressmaking had just an gathered from he carpet, when Aunt saw the yacht at anchor directly beneath the windows, with her flags flying, and a boat putting off to shore. You may be sure she had her hosts marshalled before the new-comers could mount among them; and if Marion, in her half-indignant sense of the barter and sale that Mrs. Marlborough and her aunt Anne were making, was the last to present herself, it only made the effect the more vivid when she did. The other girls had been like a garden of flowers, but here was the rose herself. Such damask on the velvet cheek. such velvet in the blackness of the eyes, such blackness in the shadows of the hair whose ripples took the sunshine on their crest such sunshine in the smile that did not come at once! "Helen of Troy," thought Mr. Adriance Desmond

—"Helen of Troy could not hold a candle to her."

But for her part, she did not look at either of the Desmonds—at least not consciously at Mr. Adriance. What prejudice she could possibly command in their favor she felt for the younger and poorer brother, cut off by a whim of fate from the good luck of the other; and she was glad when she found herself, after the whirl and hurry of preparation that followed the invitation, pacing the deck by the fair fellow's side, while she used some strong language in her thought concerning the dark, stern master of the yacht, standing surrounded by a servile throng.

And then she laughed at her strong language, and looked her companion over, and decided that his erect shape, his noble air, his bonny face, with its laughing blue eyes, its Greek contours, its frame of yellow curls, were all a combination far superior to his brother's looks; and so, she had no doubt, were his mind, his heart, and his whole nature; and the rebel in her rose again, and with the thought of how angry mamma and Aunt Anne would be, she turned a trifle more toward her companion, and leaned a trifle more heavily on his arm as she walked. Giving one hurried glance at her guardians, she was for a moment puzzled at their satisfied fronts, till she bethought herself that they considered her simply finessing and coquetting that the other brother might be aroused; and then she forgot all about them, for Mr. Desmond was explaining the nautical terms to her, and showing the exquisite appointments of the yacht, and she forgot, in fact, about Mr. Desmond himself, as the life at sea seemed to open to her like a new condition on another planet, while she looked up the dazzling height of the bellying sails, and out at the great jewel-like cup of the waters, and felt the wind of their speed rushing past them. For the Marlborough girls were used to dories, and that was all.

Take it altogether, that was a delicious day, Marion thought, as she and her companion, who had scarcely left her side, climbed the bank to-gether at night-fall, a great star looking at them out of the dull red gates of sunset; a novel and delightful experience, and her guardians letting her alone all the time, and never once reminding her that it was her duty to make a circumspect marriage, and provide for the family. They two lingered out-doors a long while after the lamps were lighted in the old Marlborough mansion, they two together on the seat under the old willow, till the stars looking through the dancing leaves tipped them all with flame, for one thing led to another, and before she knew it she was singing to him in an under-tone the air of this song and of that, of which they spoke, and he was reciting to her some verses that his mother had taught him once in a storm in the dark mid-seas; and then, in the midst of the pleasant intimacy, Aunt Anne's voice was heard calling Marion—for it was one of the good lady's cardinal principles that you must not throw your goods at the buyer's head, and that he was far more likely to set price on your treasure if he saw you set price on it first yourself. "It seems as if I had known you for years," said Mr. Desmond, as they parted. And so it seemed to Marion. But when she went into the lighted room, and felt her mother's approving and patronizing hand on her shoulder, and saw Charlotte and Emily smiling rosily, it occurred to Marion that there was mischief affoat. "You are a good girl," said her mother. "You could hardly have done anything to have pleased

To have pleased her more! Marion was at once aware of what that meant. Why couldn't they have left her to enjoy this innocent little friendship without poisoning it by such thoughts? It was apparently a part of the maternal programme to be pleased with the name of either of the Desmonds on her bill of sale. She would have nothing more to do with any of the name.

Easier said than done. Every time she tried to drive the thought of her day's companion away, every time some charming sentence that he had uttered, some daring bit of originality, some fresh sweet wholesome thing, some graceful deed that he had done, would recur, and would set her to thinking of him more than before; and the moment that she closed her eyes she could see that bonny bright face of his as if it had been painted on her eyelids. She fell asleep looking at it; she woke with the sensation that something very pleasant lay before her that day, till all at once she remembered the family look on the evening before, and her own resolution, and proceeded to act on it.

It had been arranged that the Desmonds and their friends, who lived on the yacht, should come ashore for the Marlboroughs, and for those they had pleased to add to their number, and put out at once for sea, returning when they pleased, by noon or night, having ample accommodations and ample chaperons. Judge, then, of the wrath of the household when, coming down in full yachting array, Marion was found in a morning print, not going out, but curled up in a corner of the sofa, with a novel and a toothache.

"A toothache indeed!" cried her mother—

"A toothache indeed!" cried her mother—
"you with a mouth full of pearls! without an unsound tooth in your head!"
"I didn't say I had a toothache," said Marion.

"I didn't say I had a toothache," said Marion.
"Aunt Anne said so, and of course I shouldn't contradict her. All that I said was that I was not going out in Mr. Adriance Desmond's yacht, toothache or no toothache."

Mamma Marlborough opened her mouth, but just then caught sight of something in the window, and paused with it still open, and then, suddenly closing it with a snap, she shouldered her parasol, reviewed her little army, and marched them from the room.

Twenty minutes later, as Marion saw the sails of the yacht go soaring round the point, a face appeared through the vines, and a gay voice crying, "May I come in?" was followed by its owner, and the object that Mrs. Marlborough had caught sight of in the window made its entrance there, and was advancing toward her with outstretched hands and radiant smile. "It was so unfortunate to be left behind!" he said. "And now to find, when I thought I had lost you for the day, that here you are! I may stay, may I not? You need not tell me you are tired, I will let you rest—that you have a book to read, for I will read it for you, and I have a nicer one besides—nor that you are not going to have any dinner, for there is nothing so delectable as bread and milk, and I saw plenty of that on the dairy shelves as I came by. So you see it is all settled, and you can't forbid me,"

"If it is all settled, it would be of no use to forbid you," said Marion. "But indeed it would never do. Mamma and my aunt would—"

"Think the world was upside down? Well, let us startle them with a glimpse of Chinese Tartary. And besides, why should they ever know anything about it? What is that book you are reading? Dryasdust? Here is the new book of poems—music run mad, but sweetness enough in them to make a sweet day sweeter. Will you And his hat was on the floor, and he sat on a cushion at her feet, and melody and beauty filled the morning with his book and his voice. Then by-and-by she went to the other room, and opened the piano, and sang to him song after song of music more melodious yet; and at noon old Margaret-who had had her hurried private word from Mrs. Marlborough when sailing out, parasol on shoulder—bade them to the little dinner where she had done her best, and over which they lingered long. And after dinner there was strolling in the garden, and then more singing, and talking all the time thrown intalking on his part as Marion had never heard before, such on hers as made him wonder why he had not thought all women as sweet and fresh and innocent as this; and at length a supper of the delectable bread and milk on the piazza in the sunset, and the day winding up with a ramble out to the cliff's edge to watch for the yacht, which did not come, although the dew and the evening breeze did. And he folded the little wrap round her in the dark, and longed all at once to fold his arms there too, and felt as if he had committed a profanity in the longing. But they staid there, leaning on the old stone wall, side by side, almost cheek by cheek; and just before midnight the yacht came sliding softly and silently along, every one on deck too tired for singing or laughing. "Now you must go," she said. "If Aunt Anne—"

"Found me here? What a bugbear you make of the dear old lady! She would give me a welcome. However, I obey. Do you remember I said last night that I seemed to have known you for years? If I had, I should not perhaps have seen so much of you as in this whole long happy day all to ourselves. Has it been a happy day to you? Do you know, I have half the mind to say, Now I have known you, not for years, but from the eternities. I can't seem to remember the time when I did not know you. Till to-morrow, then." And he was gone, and she had crossed the field, and ran into the house, and torn off her lendings in a hurry, and was lying on her pillow, with all her bright tresses streaming over it, when the rays of Mrs. Marlborough's kerosene gilded them.

Mrs. Marlborough was thoroughly fatigued, and when that was the case, the conscientious chronicler would have to state that she was thoroughly cross as well; but to Marion's surprise she was beaming as placidly and brightly as her lamp. It was not the face that Marion had expected to see.

"Well, my dear," said her mother, who, after all, and meaning no disrespect to mothers in general, was not the woman of most discretion in the world, "so fate got the better of you, and you had Mr. Desmond to yourself for the day. Or did you arrange it all beforehand, child? You needn't think we are displeased with you."

A disastrous speech for her purposes. Profane hands laid on the holy of holies injured it past valuing for Marion. If she had been made by the happy day to reverse and forget her resolutions of the night before, this remark lit them up like a torch in the darkness, and she determined, in dead earnest this time, that if she could not go away and visit her aunt Emily, she would at any rate have no more to say to either of the Desmonds.

But, as she might have known, she found on the next morning that she would no more be allowed to go to her aunt Emily's than to the moon, and that it would be nearly as difficult to pursue her other intention, as the whole yachting party was to spend the day with her mother, and one must be civil in one's own home.

"Two days together!" said her yesterday's friend, approaching her gayly as the party landed, with his hands full of water-lilies.

"I am afraid you will find it such a bore," she said, and took his water-lilies as a matter of course, and moved off to speak to Mr. Crayshaw, and left Mr. Desmond inquiring if this were the gracious creature of yesterday, or a twin sister of different temper. A little piqued, he thought he should like to discover. But it was in vain: scrupulously civil, she was distant and cool as the white and rosy top of Mont Blanc. "You are a person of surprises," said he, when he at last had her where she could neither go forward nor retreat, by his side at the dinner table. "Yesterday we were the old friends of years; to-day I should think I had never met you till the night before last."

"Well—and did you?" she said, quietly.

"Have I offended you?" he asked, low-toned, bending forward and looking at her so that her own eyes fell.

"Why should you imagine such a thing? Have I been rude to you?" "By Heaven! I wish you had. Then you

would be sorry for it. Anything would be better than such confounded indifference."

If she colored and paled in swift succession, she fervently hoped that no one else saw it, but she knew that her companion did; and she turned to the deaf Mr. Craddock on her other hand and devoted herself to him with a charitable assiduity of which Mrs. Marlborough never conjectured when she placed the personages at her table. "I never dreamed of an ideal of caprices," murmured Mr. Desmond, as he held open the door for her to pass through; and then he thought he saw a sudden tear spring to the lovely eye, and reproached himself for a brute, and strode after her to tell her so; but she was not to be found, and he was not certain, after all.

But here they were only in the beginning. The Desmonds and their gay yachting companions were to be about Parvisport the whole month, and in one way or another she would be obliged to meet them daily, for her family were-determined to make the most of the festive season, and so the path she had chosen to walk was thorny. There seemed, then, to be but one method of putting a stop to the whole business of barter and sale which her mother and Aunt Anne were carrying on, and that was to select the most ineligible member of the party, and conduct such a flirtation with him as would make her elders wish they had never been born. And this idea the wicked beauty straightway carried into action. It never occurred to her that Mr. Crayshaw might take the affair seriously, and so complicate matters; she rode, read, walked, and talked to Mr. Crayshaw and wondered what her sister Emily ever saw in so frightfully dull a man, when one day Emily carried him off in triumph before her

Meanwhile the young gentleman who, as Marion half acknowledged to herself, if his name had not been Desmond and his brother had not been a millionaire, might have been found delightful, watched her proceedings at first with pain, and then with anger, and finally with amusement. It did not take him long to find out that, however deeply Marion was engaged with Crayshaw, she vet knew every movement of his own; and that when she sat with her down-dropped eyes and folded hands while Mr. Crayshaw read to her from his learned book, it was not Mr. Crayshaw's voice to which she listened, but his own, in its gay badinage or eloquent outburst. She gave his dark-bearded brother many a more kindly look than she gave himself; she gave Mr. Craddock and Mr. Burns and Captain Synes the very dances she refused to him: but Mr. Desmond began to see what it all meant, with that instinctive wisdom of lovers; and on the day when Crayshaw ignominiously left her for Emily, he took advan-tage of the situation, and replaced him before Marion could help herself.

It was on the occasion of a dance on the yacht, and no more charming scene could have been painted than was made by the masts and cordage, the colored lanterns stringing every rope and spar, the flowers, the music, the glancing shapes, the swelling sails and the open seas, the starlight and the vast outer night, all lending the time the sensation of a delightful dream, till now, when they had come to cast anchor among some weird black rocks where fishermen had kindled a fire, making fantastic images of themselves in the red light against the dark and oozy background, as they prepared some witches' broth of a chowder, after securing to the upper shore the great cable that helped to hold the yacht broadside on.

"This is the end of the third week since we have been here," said Mr. Desmond, as he took

"This is the end of the third week since we have been here," said Mr. Desmond, as he took his seat, "and the sweet girl, who was so kind to me on the first and second day of my stay, has never yet come back."

But to this she made him no reply. She could not get away as he sat, but she could be silent.

"Really," he went on, "you remind me of some fairy story. Has any one turned you to marble? You seem to be flesh and blood to Crayshaw, but when I approach and ask for bread, you give me a stone. Will you not tell me the reason?"

Suddenly it seemed to her impossible to endure any longer. "The reason?" she cried. "Yes, I will tell you, if that will end it. The reason is because your name is Desmond."

"No," said he, gravely. "that will not end it.

Is not Desmond a good name? Why does that debar me from your favor?"

"Because," she cried again, in desperation— "because I am not for sale."

He stood up before her then and laughed.
"By George!" he exclaimed. "How do you know that I want to buy you?"

A hot surge swept over her.

"They are trying to sell me, all the same," she replied, swiftly.

"In the slave markets of Stamboul?"
"Of Parvisport. And if your wealthy brother could not be secured as purchaser, why you, as next of kin, and heir at law, and in the way of the rich man's crumbs—"

"Well, this is fine. And you will not be made goods and chattels. Tell me, now," he said, "if I were not my wealthy brother's brother, next of kin, and heir at law, and in the way of the rich man's crumbs—if I were just a poor student like Crayshaw—would it have made any difference for me with you?"

"What is the use of talking of impossibili-

"What is the use of talking of impossibilities?" she said, and rose to walk away. But he walked beside her; she could not escape; and she paused and leaned far over the taffrail to draw a full breath, burning up as she was with anger and shape.

"Come down here," cried Emily and Mr. Crayshaw.

aw.
"Come down," cried Mr. Craddock.

And she saw a group of the yacht's company, who had gone down the other side of the yacht unnoticed, and were moving over the rocks among the fishermen. She did not consider that they were lifting their arms in play, trusting to her common-sense to undertake nothing so perilous. But supposing that the others had done the same thing—or, in fact, in her excitement, supposing nothing, but seeing a means of escape—she mounted the rail, and gave a spring, just as a big receding wave lifted the yacht and swung the stern off shore, and Marion hung one moment in midair, and in the next the black water had closed above her, and Mr. Desmond had sprung after her.

He was immensely strong, and he knew there was no real danger: he would have done the same if there had been. He had clasped her as she rose, and was holding her on one arm easily, his other arm twisted about the great cable that hung loosely now again between the yacht and the shore. "Come," he said; and between her

Hosted by **GOO**

late fright, and the roaring of the waters in her ears, his voice sounded to her like the voice of the archangel at the last day-"come; you will answer me, or we will both go down in these black waters. If you care nothing for me, Marion, I had rather go down than not. And as for saving you to be the wife of some other man-

Perhaps it was surprise that thrilled him as much as passion then, there in the heaving water of the dark shadow of the ship, as he bent his head over the face upon his breast, to feel two warm and tender lips that met his own, and answered them. "By Heaven!" he shouted. "Be answered them. "By Heaven!" he shouted. quick with that boat there! This way!" and in five seconds she was in the boat, Desmond swimming along beside her with one hand on the edge, then she was handed drippingly on board; and he followed her, and strode away to his quarters, while Aunt Anne and a howling chorus took Marion in charge, and tucked her warmly away for an hour, and then brought her a dry bathing suit and a big boat cloak, and allowed her to come on deck.

Desmond was already waiting there, and he took her in hand, and led her exultingly away. "I suppose you will demand a marriage ceremony," he whispered, in provoking glee. "But, for my part, that kiss, with death gaping for us in the black water, was-"

"Hush! hush!" murmured Marion.
"Indeed not. Why should I? You have had your day-I am going to have mine. I haven't thought best to lose any time in fixing an uncertain element; and everybody on board knows that you and I are engaged to be married, and that the wedding day is set for the last of August.' "How can you triumph over me so?

"Because I am victorious, and I fought a hard fight; because I loved you the first time you parted your lips; because you are my own, my dar-

What a night it was again! They sat there in each other's alone in the shadow, trembling in each other's arms, sailing along the coast and up the river, the sweet warm wind blowing in their faces, the great sails swelling out above them. What a night with stars, with violet heavens, with fragrances of salt sea and flowery shore, and with the future throbbing with all its unknown hap-

"Oh, Marion!" said her mother, as they stepped "To think that after all my anxiety it ashore. was going on just as I—" And she became so hysterical that Marion paused to look at her, a new light breaking in on her mind just then, as Aunt Anne landed and joined the group, saying

to Mr. Desmond:
"Now I can call you by your name, I suppose. I saw that the girl thought you were your brother all the while-'

"Do you mean," said Marion, "that-

"We mean that I am Adriance Desmond, at your service, and not his brother at all," said her lover, still holding her fast, as if afraid she might

"And there is to be no love in a cottage and life on a crust, no idyls of poverty turning into tragedies, but you are going to be the rich Mrs. Desmond in spite of yourself," whispered Emily. "I don't know about that," laughed Marion in

"Is there anything binding in a promise made under duress?'

OUR CONDIMENTS AND FOOD FLAVORINGS.

THE use of condiments with food is universal among all peoples who are at all civilized, and notwithstanding this custom has been at times severely denounced, the consumption and the variety of them steadily increase. With the exception of salt, they are all, when unadulterated, derived from the vegetable world, and few if any of them are injurious to health unless taken in undue quantities. The evil they do is not so much in themselves as in their rendering plain food more toothsome, and thereby inducing over-eating, with its attendant evils. On the other hand, their judicious use is very economical, as it enables us to use as food many articles and portions of animals which without them would be insipid, if not unpalatable. It is in this judicious use that French cookery excels in producing both savory and economical dishes.

Condiments may be divided into two classes compound and simple, both being alike used to stimulate the appetite, and to give agreeable flavors to our food. The first are made from various articles whose several flavors harmoniously unite to produce one especial flavor combining those of all the articles entering into its composition, but in which the flavor of any particular one does not predominate and produce a gustatory discord. To a person whose nerves of the tongue and palate are in their normal healthy and sensitive condition, a discord of this kind is as apparent and disagreeable as is a musical discord to the ear. an unpleasant odor to the nose, or inharmonious forms or colors to the eye. Simple condiments are those which we use in an uncombined state, such as pepper, salt, mustard, etc., either in their crude state or in extracts for flavoring.

As an example of compound condiments, we will enumerate the ingredients entering into three or four of the leading sauces used in cookery Soy is composed of an East Indian species of kidney-bean, bruised wheat, and water. Bengal chutney is composed of red peppers, mangoes (an East Indian fruit), tamarinds, sugar-candy, ginger, raisins, salt, and water. Indian curry con tains coriander seeds, turmeric as a coloring mat ter, ginger, cinnamon seeds, black pepper, poppy seeds, garlic, cinnamon, cardamom seeds, cloves red pepper, and grated cocoa nut. The celebrated Worcestershire sauce contains wine vinegar, walnut catsup, mushroom catsup, Madeira wine, soy, sugar, salt, red pepper, allspice, coriander, chutney, cloves, mace, cinnamon, asafætida, brandy, hog's liver boiled, and water. In preparing all compound condiments, the articles of which they are composed have to be weighed, measured, and compounded with the same precision as a physician's prescription, in order to preserve the due proportion of flavors to make up the one distinctive flavor of the compound.

Allspice, or pimento, is produced by a tree closely allied to the myrtle, and is a native of the West Indies, from whence it has been introduced into the East Indies. The berries as they come to us in commerce are gathered when green, soon after the trees have blossomed; if left to ripen, they are more moist and glutinous, and therefore more difficult to dry, and become black and flavorless. When gathered, they are dried in the sun for seven or eight days, in the drying losing their green color, and becoming of a reddish-brown color. The smell and taste of them resemble a mixture of cloves, nutmegs, and cinnamon whence their name of allspice. It is a warm, aromatic stimulant. The tree grows from twenty to thirty feet high. Besides being known as all-spice or pimento, it is also called Jamaica pepper.

Asafœtida appears to be a curious substance to use as a condiment, as its taste and smell are so offensive, yet when used in small quantities it gives a flavor of garlic or onions, in a much milder form than that of either of the latter, without affecting the breath. We have known epicures to put two or three drops of the tincture on their plate under a broiled beefsteak, or rub the warm plate with a small piece of it, and thus enjoy beefsteak and fried onions without any of the unpleasant after-effects produced by onions. Asafætida is a gum procured from several species of giant fennel found in Persia, and also in Afghanistan. The plants generally grow five or six feet high, and have a thick carrot-shaped root, and leaves like a peony. They belong to the same natural order, botanically speaking, as the carrot, parsnip, and celery. The gum is obtained, from roots four years old or more, in the following manner; at the season of the year when the leaves begin to decay, the earth near the top of the roots is cleared away, and the stems and leaves are twisted off, and used as a screen to keep off the action of the sun from the top of the root. It is left thus for forty days, when the screens are re moved, and the top of the roots cut off smoothly and transversely; it is again screened for forty-eight hours, when the secreted concrete juice is scraped off, and the top of the root is again sliced off, and screened for another forty-eight hours and thus the juice is obtained seven or eight times from the same root, being afterward ex posed to the sun to harden. Its fetid smell is due to a peculiar sulphur oil which it contains. Used in compound condiments, it acts as a stomachic, being a remedy for flatulent colics and some forms of dyspepsia.

Coriander and cummin seeds are also the products of plants belonging to the same family of plants as the asafœtida, and are used partly for their flavor, and as stomachies in compound sauces Both were used in ancient times, as may be seen by reference to Exodus, xvi. 31; Numbers, xi. 7; Isaiah, xxviii. 25, 27; and Matthew, xxiii. 23.

Cinnamon is the inner bark of a tropical tree closely related to our sassafras and the camphor-It is a native of the East Indies, but has been introduced into Brazil, the West Indies, and other tropical countries. The tree is somewhat remarkable as thriving best in a soil composed of over ninety-five per cent. of pure quartz sand. The bark is obtained from trees from four to eight years of age; beyond the latter age the bark they yield becomes of increasing inferiority, until at eighteen years of age the bark is good for nothing. The barking commences early in May, and continues until late in October. Branches about three years old are lopped off with a knife or bill-hook, and a longitudinal incision through the bark is made on both sides of the shoot, so that it can be gradually peeled off. The bark is then tied up in bundles and allowed to undergo a slight fermentation for twenty-four hours. This permits the outer epidermis, or skin, with the green pulpy matter underlying it, to be readily scraped off the inner bark, which is then carefully dried, and assumes a quill-like form; the smaller quills are put inside the larger ones, which are then tied up in bundles ready for sale. It is an astringent, cordial, and tonic, as well as a flavoring substance. The roots of the cinnamon-tree yield oil of camphor, and the leaves an oil which is used as a substitute for oil of cloves. What are known as cassia buds are the hexangular fleshy receptacles of the seeds of the cinnamon-tree. Other closely allied species yield the cassia bark, which is so largely used as a substitute for cinnamon, on account of its comparative cheapness; they so vield cassia ouds; but neither the bark nor the buds are equal to those of the true cinnamon in flavoring qualities. Most of what is sold in our common grocery stores as cinnamon is cassia bark Cinnamon and cassia were well known to and used by the ancients: frequent reference is made to both in the Bible.

Cloves are the unexpanded flower buds of a tree of the myrtle family closely allied to the pimento, or allspice, and were well known to the Arabians under the name of garunfel, which the Greeks altered to caryophyllon. From their resemblance in shape to a nail they were called close by the French, from whence comes the name of cloves in English. The Spanish call them clave , the Italians, chiodo; the Germans and Dutch Nagel-all meaning a nail. Originally they came from the East Indies, but are now grown in all tropical countries where the soil and climate are suitable for their growth. They are tonic and stimulating in their effects, but are dangerous to persons of a bilious habit.

Nutmegs are the seeds or nuts of an East In-The berry which incloses the nut is fleshy and smooth, with a leathery skin when dried, which then opens on one side. Inside of this is an arillus, or cover to the nut, which is

commonly known as mace. It is fleshy, leathery, reticulated, and of a reddish-saffron color. Beneath the mace are two shells, the outer one thin and brittle, and the inner one membranaceous and adhering very closely to the kernel or nutmeg. Three crops are gathered annually, although it takes nine months for the fruit to ripen. first crop, which is the best, is taken in April, another in August, and the last in December. When the nuts are gathered, the outer rind is first taken off, and then the mace, which is carefully separated and dried in the sun. The nutmegs, with the inner shells, are then exposed to heat and smoke for three months, when the shells are broken off, and the kernels or nutsthrown into a strong mixture of lime and water, from which they are washed, then dried, and are ready for packing. This is done to preserve them. For the same purpose the mace is immersed in salt and water. There are other species of nutmegs besides the true one, which are sometimes substituted for it, but they are seldom or never brought to this market, as they are very strong and acrid, and do not retain their flavor long. The South American species yield a large amount of oil, and a fatty matter which is used in medicine and in making odoriferous candles. Nutmegs contain a narcotic principle, and should only be used in small quantities, as otherwise they will produce headache, delirium, and even apoplexy. Mace is much safer to use, as it does not have deleterious qualities to the same extent.

E3355

The mango is a most delicious fruit, which is as much esteemed in tropical countries as the peach is with us. It is often brought to our mar-kets from the West Indies. The fruit is some-times as large as a man's fist, kidney-shaped, and when fully ripe of a yellow and reddish color, and full of a fine agreeable juice; it contains a large lens-shaped seed. There are almost as many varieties of it as there are of apples or pears with us. The unripe fruit is used as a pickle and as an ingredient in table sauces in tropical countries. Nearly ripe peaches would probably answer the

same purpose with us, Ginger, turmeric, and cardamoms are all products of closely allied tropical plants, all of them aromatic carminatives. They somewhat resemble our common calamus in appearance, although they do not belong to the same family. The com mon ginger we use is the roots of the plant, taken up when the leaves begin to fade, washed, and then scalded in hot water, and dried; this is called black ginger. White ginger is the roots washed, scraped, and then dried, without being scalded. Preserved ginger is the young roots taken up and well scalded, and then put into syr-Turmeric has similar roots to ginger, but of a bright yellow color, and is also of a starchy na ture. It is chiefly used as an ingredient in curries. Cardamoms are the seeds of several species of the same genus of plants, and are brought from Ceylon, Malabar, and Madagascar.

Soy, or sooja, as it is called by the Japanese is prepared from the seeds of a kidney-bean which they call miso, and of which they are very fond. preferring the soy made from them to the Chinese kitjap (from whence our name ketchup or catsup), a similar sauce. Probably our black turtle soup bean would answer equally well in making soy.

The black and white pepper of commerce: Black pepper, white pepper, and long pepper are the products of two tropical plants belonging to the natural order Piperaceæ, which seems to form the connecting link between the two great divisions of exogenous and endogenous plants. The pepper plant is a climber, growing about six feet high, and is cultivated much as we do hops. being trained to stakes in the same manner. The shoots bear when the vines are three years old, flowering in June, and ripening their berries, which are of a blood-red color, in September. The shoots are then cut down, the berries gathered and dried. In three or four years more they bear another crop. Black pepper is the berries simply sun-dried in their natural state; white pepper is the berries deprived of their skin and flesh by immersion in water for a fortnight, and then dried in the sun. Long pepper is the dried spikes of the female flowers of a different species from that producing the black pepper. In tropical countries the fruit and flower spikes of other species are used as substitutes for black and long pepper, but they seldom come to this country. Pepper is very much adulterated by mixing flour, terra alba, and similar substances with it, and bringing up the flavor by adding a little cubebs, the berries of plants belonging to the same family, possessed of different qualities, but stronger flavored

Cayenne, Chili, and bird pepper are the seed pods of plants belonging to the same family as the potato, the egg-plant, and the tomato. They can be grown in this country, but as the seeds have to be sown in hot-beds, and require much care, they can not be profitably grown on a large scale; hence nearly all that is used is imported from tropical countries, where they are largely used to assist digestion and correct flatulency. In tropical countries the berries or ripe pods are dried in the sun, and then in an oven after bread has been baked, in earthen or stone pots, the berries being laid in strata, with flour between each layer; when dried, the flour is sifted from them, and they are ground into a fine powder. This is again mixed in certain proportions with flour, made into cakes, and baked as hard as biscuits; these are again beaten into powder, and sifted, and packed in air-tight vessels for use. In some cases the sun-dried pods are simply ground, mixed with salt, and then packed away for use. Ordinarily the pods are imported into this country, and ground here, the powder being frequently adulterated with flour, and vermilion added to hide the adulteration; sometimes finely powdered brick-dust is added to increase the weight.

Vanilla is the seed pods of a species of orchid or air-plant found in Mexico and the West Indies.

It grows on the trunks of trees, running and owing out its roots as ivy does. pods begin to turn yellow, they are gathered and put into small heaps to undergo a slight fermentation, and are then dried in the sun; when half dried they are pressed flat with the hand, and rubbed with cocoa or castor oil; this oiling is repeated when they are dry. The pods are then tied in bundles, and kept from the air until exported. A false vanilla, called *chica* in Panama, is also exported, but it does not equal the true sort. Extract of vanilla is frequently adulterated with tonquin beans, but in such an extract the iragrance and flavor largely fly off in the process of cooking, and leave behind an unpleasant bitter flavor. The true pods bring very high prices, ranging from \$16 to \$24 per pound; hence a pure extract is always high priced.

Bay leaves are the leaves of a species of laurel

(not the plant known in this country by that name), which grows in the south of Europe and the West Indies. It is to this family that our sassafras belongs. Bay leaves contain prussic acid, and it is to this they owe their flavor; they should therefore be used with caution. The lau-Bay leaves contain prussic rel family is a very extensive one, and yields a large number of substances used in medicine, the arts, and for other purposes. Among these are cinnamon, camphor, cassia, sassafras, benzoin, different medicinal oils, fruits and barks used as substitutes for cloves, nutmegs, etc., and woods used in ship-building and for cabinet-work.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C. M .- Your quaint chiné silk should be used for basque and drapery with a brown or écru Surah

H. C. K .- You will find directions for skeletonizing leaves in the correspondence column of Bazar No. 36, Vol. XIII., a copy of which will be sent you on receipt of 10 cents. Our space is too limited to permit the republication of articles that have already appeared in our columns.

Bill.—We do not furnish addresses in this column.

BERTHA.—We know of no pamphlet that can give you such a description. A good architect will be your best guide.

-Directions for transferring the pat-SUBSCRIBER. terns to both light and dark materials were given in Bazar No. 48, Vol. XIII.

X. Y. Z.—It is proper to call, on going out of mourning, on those to whom you have sent cards, even if they have not returned your card. As to asking for vinegar at a lunch party, it should be observed that it would be a rather singular request, as the salads come on dressed, and no one is supposed to require vinegar. But should you wish for anything, always ask the waiter, and never the hostess; she has enough to do to attend to the conversation.

E. L.-On horseback a gentleman rides at the lady's right hand, to avoid brushing her skirts, and because his left hand is at liberty to catch her bridle if her horse is restive, his right hand holding his own reins This is the decision in England.

MEG.—For all information in regard to weddings refer to Harper's Bazar, No. 17, Vol. XIV. The hour for the ceremony of an evening wedding is generally eight o'clock. The bride's brother is a very proper usher. The number should depend on the size of the company. The bride's mother and sisters generally wear rich silks of dark color if the wedding is quiet-The invitations should be sent out a fortnight in advance, and the announcement cards immediately after the wedding.

Mrs. F. G.-Girls of twelve years braid their back hair, and wear it very low behind—indeed, quite on the nape of the neck, and passing back and forth from ear to ear, so that it may be seen from the front. Bangs just across the top of the forehead are worn if the forehead is high, but if not, the hair is drawn smoothly back from the parting, or else is worn in

light curves, or it may be quite fluffy.

Blanche.—For a breakfast the company should sit round one large table, and the viands must be hot chops and steaks, eggs and toast, etc.; cold ham on the sideboard, while tea and coffee must be served from a side table. You can have potatoes in several forms, as fried, and stewed, and served in cream, and follow these with cakes and honey, marmalade and jams. Fruit is then often served, and finger-bowls are indispensable. The hour is generally ten or eleven, as later the meal would become luncheon. Chickens broiled or cut up cold are very usually offered: cold tongue and cold chicken can stand on the sidebe

ELIZA.—If a lady receives a written invitation from a gentleman, of course she must return a written answer. In writing a date, numerals are allowable, as "July 4, 1881." The date should always be placed at the "July 4, 1881." The date should always be placed at the end of the note, below the name. In directing a note to a gentleman in the same city, add his number and the name of the city if sent by post. If a lady asks a gentleman for his photograph, it is a great compliment to him, but she is under no obligation to give him hers unless she wishes to. Bows the color of the slippers are in better taste than violent contrasts. Black velvet is the best.

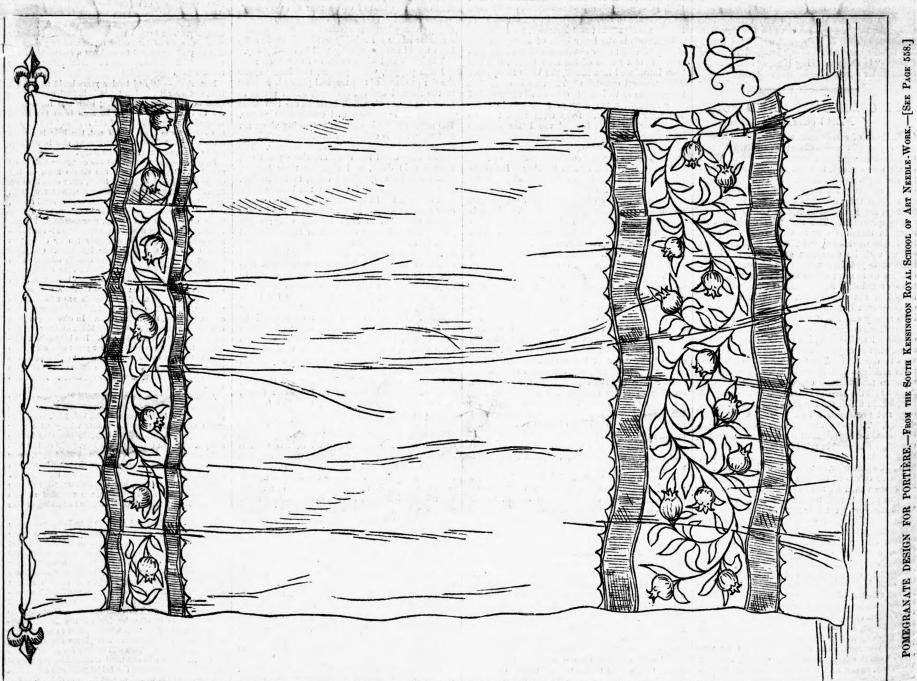
A. H. L.-For brocades described by Mrs. Hawthorne on æsthetic dress in Bazar No. 29, Vol. XIV. Get pale green satin, and trim the fronts widely with your brocade, faced with pale gold satin like that in the sample. Have a ruff of yellow lace, puffs of the brocade on the sleeves, and a girdle of gold cord. For your travelling wrap get checked English homespun of drab, brown, and gray, with a few red threads in it. Make it a long cloak, not tight-fitting, with square elbow sleeves. Such patterns are supplied at this office. Trim it with rows of machine stitching or else

A CANADIAN GIBL.—A cloth or camel's-hair costume is more suitable for the travelling dress of a bride who travels in public conveyances than the velvet dresses worn by English brides. Read about the No. 29, Vol. XIV. Select olive, bottle green, or faience blue cloth, or else camel's-hair, and have it simply made. Then have tan-colored, long-wristed, undressed kid gloves without buttons. The bridegroom must not wear a blue wool suit at the ceremony, though he may travel in it, after leaving off the English daywedding suit of black frock-coat, vest to match, and dark grayish pantaloons. His gloves should match those of the bride. This will answer for either church or home. You will not need bridemaids, but should have ushers to precede the bridal pair, and to present the guests at the house, or seat them at church.





SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.—[SEE PAGE 558.]





"SIR GALAHAD."-FROM A PAINTING BY HERBERT SCHMALZ, EXHIBITED IN THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1881.

But she, the wan, sweet maiden shore away Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair Which made a silken mat-work for her feet; And out of this she plaited broad and long A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread And crimson in the belt a strange device,

A crimson grail within a silver beam;
And saw the bright boy-knight, and bound it on him,
Saying, "My knight, my love, my knight of heaven.
O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,

And break thro' all, till one will crown thee king Far in the spiritual city;" and as she spake She sent the deathless passion in her eyes Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind On him, and he believed in her belief.

—The Holy Grail.—Tennyson.



Japanese Fan Designs for Doyleys. Figs. 1-12.

See illustrations on page 548.

THIS pretty set of a dozen doyley patterns is worked with very fine crewels or silks in colors to suit the taste, a large latitude being allowable. The designs are executed in outline, chiefly in stem stitch, using split stitch for very fine lines, and working the important lines more thickly than the others. Sometimes satin or silk is applied to form the fan covering, and the work is done over that. These patterns are also available for a great variety of purposes, and make effective decorations for small screens, wall-pockets, table-covers, etc., or, somewhat enlarged, for chair-backs.

Pomegranate and Sunflower Designs for Portières. See illustrations on page 556.

THE two portières or curtains, one with pomegranates and the other with sunflowers, from the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work, are made of light dull blue serge. The two stripes on which the embroidery is done are of gold-colored satin sheeting, and the bands edging them are of dark dull blue velvet or velveteen. The pattern is more usually done in appliqué, the leaves being of russet brown and olive green cloth, and the flowers in one case of yellowish-brown velvet, and in the other of reddish-brown cloth. These have the edges in laid-work of crewels or silks in the same color, and are worked over here and there with veins and lines where needed, but only sparsely. The dark blue bands are edged with a slight bordering in gold-colored silk. These curtains are wonderfully effective for the small amount of labor required. A third pattern is made at the school by combining the two designs, and having alternate sprays of sunflower and of pomegranate. The work must be done on the gold-colored ground before sewing the latter to the blue serge background, and the dark blue bands go on last of all. These curtains require no lining, and can be entirely made and hung at home, requiring only rings sewn to the top to pass over the curtain rod, and draw easily backward and forward. The pattern can be drawn on the sheeting by any one accustomed to sketching with white chalk. First draw the long continuous scroll, then the smaller branches which start from it, then the leaves and flowers. The places of the latter need be only roughly indicated, as the cloth flower or leaf has to be cut out separately and applied. A room can be well fitted up with curtains, portières, mantel valance, and table-covers alike, and a very satisfactory

Visiting and Dinner Dresses.-Figs. 1 and 2.

yet quiet effect produced.

See illustration on front page.

THE elegant toilette for paying visits, Fig. 1, is composed of amethyst-colored French moiré and striped silk muslin, trimmed with moiré and striped silk muslin, trimmed with real Mechlin lace. The round skirt of moiré is trimmed by a great ruche of doubled satin posed above satin pleating. The silk muslin over-skirt of creamy magnolia has a pointed apron with upturned pleats; draped high on the sides, it falls behind in ample drapery, not long enough to reach the ruche of the lower skirt; two rows of Mechlin lace trim the edges. A large bow of moiré ribbon is posed on the side under the over-skirt. The coat-basque of moiré is short on the skirt. The coat-basque of moiré is short on the sides, has two long points in front, and three large tongues behind that are distinct yet united by the pleats. A short bow of moiré and satin ribbon is at the termination of each of the long fronts of the basque. The large standing collar has a deep collar below it that is pointed in front. The half-long sleeves are finished by a little revers of striped silk muslin and pleated lace. jabot of lace trims the front. Bonnet of black Spanish lace, trimmed with tea-roses. Long Saxe gloves without buttons. Amethyst moiré boots. The rich dinner dress, Fig. 2, is of Persian

gauze of straw-colored ground, embroidered with flowers, made over orange satin, and trimmed with Paris guipure lace. A great ruche of orange satin forms a puff at the foot over white guipure The front has two deep valances of guipure laid on flat, and from under the scallops of each fall full frills of lace. The foot of the train is covered with guipure, over which falls an ample drapery of the Persian gauze. At the top of the fronts is a pleated apron of the gauze, leated on one side, and more negligently draped under a bow on the opposite side. The basque of satin under the transparent gauze is bordered with a coquille of lace. The neck is cut open in a low square, and has a shirred pointed satin plastron below this. The large wired collar is of satin, with a ruche inside of snow-pleating of silk tulle. The elbow sleeves of gauze over satin are partly of the guipure without lining, traversed by three bands of gauze held by diamond buckles; a little revers of satin and snow-pleating finishes the edges. At the back the basque is close and long, forming three large pleats. A cordon of flowers descends on one side of the corsage to the point. Long gloves. Red satin fan. Orange satin slippers, with diamond buckles.

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When baby has pains at dead of night, Mother in a fright, father in a plight; When worms do bite, baby must cry, If fever sets in, baby may die. If croupy pains kill Leonora, In that house there's no Castoria, For mothers learn without delay, Castoria cures by night and day.—[Adv. Castoria cures by night and day .- [Adv.]

TRY HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE Instead of lemons or limes in your acid drinks. It is more healthful, and quenches the thirst more effectually than either .- [Adv.]



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mercial Bulletin, Boston.

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When actors get angry with one another, they gen-erally make up before the next performance.

FACETIÆ.

"You know Jones," said Rogers. "Confound him, I don't believe he cares for nothin'. Once he went yachtin' with us, and while we was all admirin' the sea and the scenery, there he sot and sot on the edge of the boat, with his legs danglin' over, readin' a book, and didn't seem to care for nothin', and the gals went up to him and talked to him, and all they could get out of him was 'yes,' or 'no,' till they gave it up as a bad job. All of a sudden there came on a squall, and the boat she gave, a lurch, and before we knowed what had happened, he'd been pitched overboard into the water; and when we fished him out —would you believe it?—he had his thumb on the place where he stopped readin' when he went down!" where he stopped reading when he went down!"

It was thus Paddy O'Rafferty treated his father's will. That venerable parent was declaring his last testamentary intentions:

"To my daughter Susan Ileave £50."

"Oh," said Paddy, "his senses are clean gone."

"To my daughter Bridget, the same."

"To my daughter Bridget,
the same."
"Ochone! ochone!" said
Paddy, "sure there's not a
glimpse of reason left."
"To my son John, in the
army, I leave £20."
"Father," said Paddy,
"do you know me?"
"To my son Patrick," resumed the invalid—
"Hush!" said Patrick;
"hold your tongues there,
Go on, father."
"To my son Patrick I
leave my farm in Ballintipple,"
"Bless him "said Patrick"

leave my farm in Ballintipple."
"Bless him,"said Patrick,
"he's coming to himself."
"To my son Patrick I
further leave all my stock,
crops, and chattels."
"Oh, blessed Saint Pathrick, whose name I bear, to
see the father of a family in
the full possession of his
senses before he bids farewell to them forever!"

An old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said, "Come, come, my dears, that kind of an accomplishment will not help you in getting husbands."

"I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, as she gave a lunge, "but it will help us to keep our husbands in order when we have got 'em."

An old Scotch gentleman had, in the course of a long life, gained a great reputation for bravery. The shortest way to his own home from the little village club that he nightly resorted to lay through a church-yard, and it occurred to seme would-be wags to try if he was impervious to fear of the spiritual as well as the mortal world. One, therefore, dressed up in the orthodox sheet, using a little sulphur judiciously here and there to make it more ghastly, just as the old gentleman one dark night reached the loneliest part of the church-yard, sudden; appeared to him. But of the two the ghost was most disconcerted, for his intended victim, quietly finishing the pinch of snuff first that he was at the moment enjoying, addressed him in the following conciliatory fashion: "Noo, my lad, would ye just have the kindness to tell me are ye out for a saunter by yersel', or is it the general rising?" An old Scotch gentleman

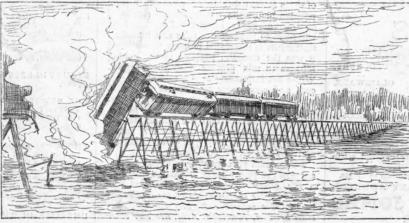
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OR AT LEAST TO KNOW WHAT THE DANGERS OF THE SEA REALLY MEAN.

A commercial traveller from the city handed a merchant upon whom he had called a portrait of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying that he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished and blushing traveller with a hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership.

TRAVEL.

THERE ARE A PORTION WHO CERTAINLY GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

[They pay for one seat, and take four.)

A little girl was invited, not long since, with other children, to visit a lady who had the misfortune to be a deaf-mute. She entertained the children in her own way, and made the time pass very pleasantly. When they returned to their home, the mother of the fairblue-eyed four-year-old asked her what the lady said to her. The little fairy replied, "Why, manuma, she did not say anything—she had a lame mouth."

A SHIPWRECK GIVES THEM, PERHAPS, A CHANCE TO VISIT ISLANDS NOT IN THE ORDINARY COURSE OF

A young lady who is doing the Alps reports progress to her guardian: "T tried yesterday to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high—everything is in this country. Please send me some money," A little boy remarked, "I like grandpapa, because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

There was a great parade of soldiers, and little Mary, aged eight years, went to the door with her pet dog, Gyp, to see the procession move by. Like all little dogs, Gyp was saucy, and began to bark. Mary ran up stairs to her mother, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, come down stairs; I'm afraid Gyp will bite the army."

A certain politician being called a fool a fortuight ago, one of his defenders said, "No, he isn't a fool; he's a noodle." noodle,"
"What is the difference?"

growled the original accuser.

"Why," answered the other, "the difference is just this: a noodle is a person who hasn't backbone enough to be a fool."

A lawyer asked a woman in the witness-box her age, and she promptly replied: "Old enough to have sold milk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my money yet."

The clergyman was annoyed when he saw in the report of his sermon that his nice phrase, "the penitential tears of the convert," had been turned into "the penitentiary fears of the convict."

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had counted the teeth.

"Lizzie says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's ad-

"Why not?"
"Because you come to see her every evening now, and how could you come any more?"

The clerk of a congregation in Scotland had a paper handed to him, as the custom is, to read just before the minister stood up to pray with and for the congregation, containing the following words, unpointed: "A man going to sea his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." The clerk read it as if a comma had been put at the end of the word "wife," and unfortunately excited, in no small degree, the risible faculties of the congregation.



A COUNTRY COMFORT

Going to the Dentist's with Jumping Toothache, at the rate of a Mile an Hour. And he has only Ten Miles to go, in a Wagon without any Springs.



PONSONBY DE TOMKYNS BEGINS TO ASSERT HIMSELF.

P. DE T. (who has had a little too much—music). "Look here, M'ria! Blest if I can stand that Foreign Rowdy of yours any longer! He's always pitching into England, by George, where he makes all his Money. He Yawns and Whistles, and Picks his Teeth, and looks at himself in the Glass when Ladies are talking to him. Doesn't care what he says before Ladies. Look at 'em all fanning him, and licking his Boots! Makes me sick. Half a mind to kick him down stairs."

Mrs. P. De T. "No, no. Hush, love. He's a Genius! He plays the Flageolet better than any man living. The Princesses would never have been here to-night but for him!—and remember, Ponsonby, he plays to us for Nothing."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

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PARIS FASUIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PASHION is now at a stationary epoch. The shapes and styles are fully developed, and we have only to tell you what is most worn, and to note, by the way, certain eccentricities. At this moment people are most interested in dresses for travelling and the sea-side, which are often the same. At the sea-shore, however, there are always some that are wholly special; for instance, those in which red predominates. Whole dresses are made this summer of that Turkey red which last season was used for children and little girls, and which is this year adopted by young girls and youthful married ladies, either for the whole costume, with trimmings of white lace or embroidery, or for

ample garnitures, combined with écru or white linen or batiste. Large red cloth jackets are also seen. There is no fear at the sea-side of the conspicuous or strik-ing, which is forsworn at the evening entertainments at the casinoes. There elegance resumes its sway, and there is a brilliant display of silk gauzes and em-broidered muslin, We will cite a few of these, which, while being very dressy, are not ver-itable ball toilettes.

First, a skirt of lilac Surah, trimmed on the bottom with two narrow pleated flounces, surmounted by a flounce of Scotch guipure four inches wide, which is set on plain; then come two more narrow pleated flounces, over which falls a deep flounce of Scotch guipure, cov-ering the skirt to the broad pleated scarf of lilac Surah, which is fastened behind, forming poufs. Jacket of poufs. Scotch Scotch guipure, lined with lilac Su-rah, forming a transparency, and transparency, and trimmed with loops of lilac satin.

Another dress is of cream white moiré and satin, trimmed with flounces of embroidered silk muslin. The sleeves are all of silk muslin, lightly embroid-ered, and showing the arm through the transparency. As a type of the highelegance, we will cite an evening dress, the skirt of which was entirely of mauve lilac tulle, strewn with clusters of mauve li-lacs, which looked as though they had been flung on the skirt, and fastened there with pale blue satin ribbon. The effect was original and charming. Corsage of mauve lilac moiré, with draperies of tulle, and

on the shoulder a spray of lilacs fastened with blue ribbon. With these full-dress toilettes a profusion of blooms is worn very far back on the shoulder. These are usually small flowers, with long flexible stems, which fall almost as much over the back as the front of the corsage.

For morning and travelling dresses, vests are still somewhat worn, which are sometimes convenient. The waist is open at the top, so as to show the upper part of the vest, forming a plastron; then at the bottom the basques are cut away, so as to let the lower part of the vest come two or three fingers below, precisely like those worn by men in the beginning of the present cen-With a costume of light brown limousine, the vest is very pretty when made of garnet velvet; with a darker dress, white cashmere is effective. It is of course understood that the part of the vest that comes below the basque is sloped up on the sides.

For high-necked dresses, standing collars are always covered with guipure or lace laid on flat, similar to that used for the trimming of the dress, which does not dispense with the inside pleat-ing, or ruche, any more than the bottom of the sleeves, which are furnished with a broad cuff of lace or guipure. White or black lace, English or open-work embroidery, and imitation guipures, from the rich point de Venise to the modest Irish guipure, are the obligatory trimmings of all

Fewer ombré stuffs are seen, or rather they are little worn, save for accessories of the toilette, such as parasols, etc. Glacé silks are now more

in vogue. Trimmings, searfs, etc., are piped with a bright color, which outlines and brightens the

For the sea-shore and country promenades, long cashmere mantles are worn, in which it is possible to wrap one's self up in case of need. We have to wrap one's self up in case of need. We have seen one of brûlê cafê cashmere, lined throughout with silk brocaded with small cheeks a third of an inch in size, of straw-color and $caf\acute{e}$, which was stylish and elegant. For dusters, Tussore is the favorite material, and large capes and wrappings are made of it.

For lingerie, Marie Antoinette collars, large collars, and immense bunches of ribbon loops are still in favor. Among all these we have seen fichus that appeared to us simple and convenient to wear with open dresses, and which were espe-

cially suited to young girls. The body of the fichu is of fine muslin, and is fastened behind; this is edged at the top with a ruche of dotted tulle finely scalloped; in front, a plastron of dotted tulle is fastened to the ruche by five rows of fine close shirring. Of course the muslin is cut away under the plastron. Pretty high collars are also made of three boxpleated or gathered bands of tulle, or of muslin finely scalloped, and button-hole stitched with various colors, such as red, blue, and rust; this must match the dress, in conformity with the prevailing law. For a revers to be worn with this ruche, there is one com-posed of three tabs finely pleated, and about four inches wide; these tabs are edged all around with lace two fingers wide, and fall one over the other, slightly overlapping each other, with the habitual cravat bow at the

Fancy jewelry is still the rage. Owls' heads with diamond or ruby eyes are very much worn; and also, which are much more graceful, tiny birds swaying on a gold hoop. These make charming ear-rings. Then there are collars or necklaces thrown around the neck, and partly over the shoulders, modelled after the antique girdles, over which is suspended an an-cient medal, a cross, or an old reliquary.

For children, the English fashions still predominate. Those from two to six years old wear blouses of fancy wool or white piqué. These blouses, with a round collar, are straight, flowing, and plain in front, while the back is pleated or gather-ed. A belt or sash is passed through



Fig. 1.—SATIN SURAH DRESS AND GAUZE AND LACE MANTLE. [See Fig. 3.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 26 and 27.

Fig. 2.—PLAIN AND ALGERIAN-STRIPED WOOL DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Satin Surah Dress and Gauze and Lace Mantle.—[See Fig. 1.]

the pleats, and tied at the side. A kilt skirt fastened at the belt completes the costume. If the
dress is of piqué, it may be trimmed with embroidery, coarse guipure, etc., and even with a
mixture of colors, generally blue and red. Lads
wear coats and jackets precisely like their fathers, buttoned to the throat with cut steel buttons, which are used both for these and for
fancy costumes.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

No. 94 of Harper's Young People, issued August 16, contains the first chapter of "Penelope," a new serial story for girls, written by Mrs. John Lille and illustrated by Abbey. It also contains Chapter III. of "Tim and Tip," the new story by the author of "Toby Tyler"; a timely article on Poison-fey, how to distinguish it, and how to escape the effects of its poison; a chat about Philately that will interest stamp-collectors; "How a Buoy Saved the Boys," and "The Litle Dog-Catcher"; short stories by Matthew White, Jun., and Mrs. Mary D. Brine; besides many other attractions.

CLOTHED AND IN HER RIGHT MIND.

A THING in the fashion, it is not to be gainsaid, has a certain loveliness to accustomed eyes, however inherently ugly it may be in itself. And probably it is to those accustomed eyes that it owes much of whatever charm it has, sharing that pleasantness with nearly all objects that have acquired familiarity, the familiarity making them, as it were, a part of ourselves. Thus we see every fashion in its turn thought the loveliest that has been devised, until it is dethroned by another, as likely as not its opposite.

Those gowns, still within the memory of woman, made of two breadths and two gores and a ruffle, were satisfactory and unsurpassable during their reign to the same women who admired equally on their daughters at a later day gowns with nine breadths and no gores and no ruffle. Women whose faces had been "lost down a Leghorn lane" in the old scoop and scuttle shapes of bonnets have wondered, when wearing a fanchon consisting of little more than a bunch of flowers and strings, how they could have so disfigured themselves in their "calèches" and "pokes," and are now beginning to ask themselves again if the flower bonnets and fanchons and turban hats are not a little brazen, and if true feminine modesty does not shine best in the recesses of a last-century style.

Yesterday we thought the height of elegance was to be found in an imperial skirt yards and yards around, till every woman looked like a walking Tun of Heidelberg; to-day our idea of grace is to be slim and supple as a snake, knowing we are right this time, because obedient to the laws of high art, flattering ourselves, therefore, on the growth implied in being right, and trembling nevertheless lest our mistresses should order out the crinoline once again. Yesterday, too, there was no need of a streetcleaning department-style could go no further than in the trains which did the streetsweeping so effectually and well; to-day so superior is the short dress found that a lady in the street with a train on would be conscious of exciting disagreeable remark, and would feel herself as unclean as all the dusty particles that follow her balayeuse, while another, holding up her obsolete train with her left forefinger in its strap, would be afraid of some cry of the gamins comparing her to the monkeys in the menagerie. Yesterday our sleeves fitted closely to the wrist, with a lisse ruching and a two-button glove; to-day we are happy in sleeves half up the arm, with hanging falls of lace, and gloves of countless buttons. Yesterday we caught our deaths in thin-soled slippers daintily laced over instep and ankle; today we tread earth under foot, conquerors of cold and damp, in thick soles and high heels. Yesterday, in close linen collars, we should have felt like masqueraders had we put on the fantastic lace throat gear of today. To-morrow-who dares say what we may look like to-morrow? Whatever it is, be sure we shall consider it the top of all becomingness, shall be satisfied with it, and shall be discontented, if not unhappy, should we fail to attain its full development as we see it on some more fortunate woman.

Well, all these changes are not the result of idle whim, folly, love of novelty, as the superficial thinker might assert. One thing grows out of another. A recognized need creates a demand that is answered—the demand of the body; the new fashion is therefore real-

ly the result of an intellectual process, and the lovely damsel, clad in her fine linen of the latest and most astounding cut, is not decked with a string of caprices, but is clothed and in her right mind. We may see the intellectual part of the process going on now, where house-furnishing takes up a past period; the ladies who sit with such furnishing around them find no dress quite so well adapted to their surroundings as that of a kindred period to the one in which their chairs and tables took shape; and fashion, with a large intelligence, as if it realized that that very age was one where new French and old English and just-discovered Chinese all mingled their beauties, allows a corresponding latitude—allows the quaint toilette of which the scoop hat is a part, the estletic the Parisian and lays down no more absolute dictum than that one shall do much as one pleases, provided that good taste receives no glaring outrage in the premises.

But even if fashion were a capricious queen, enforcing rapid changes to suit the whim of her amusement, there would always be numbers receiving benefit from her changing fancy. For the greater part of us who pay attention to fashion's decrees, in the present era of inexpensive dress goods, the style does not change much before the garment needs change; we could not wear it further as it is; it would have to be remade erelong. And so it is quite as well to remodel it, all the more as we are fairly weary of the outlines that have presented themselves at every turn for a season, so long a season that they are almost stamped upon our eyeballs when we close the lids, and make us welcome anything in reason for variety. If we have not the means freely to hire the remodelling of the old garment or the making of the new one, we have usually taken pains to teach ourselves the art of doing it, or the one Jack-at-all-trades in the family knows by intuition how to catch the leading feature of the style; so that on the whole the fact of spending a little more time than we should spend otherwise indicates all our loss. And if we have the means to hire, then our loss is the gain of the myriad workwomen whose needles and scissors are their only weapons in their fight with the world, and who have to thank the changing fashions for the breath between their teeth. So that, as everywhere in the great interchange of society, provision for the luxuries of one class meets the necessities of another. and the sad woman, who never can afford to change the cut of her indestructible alpaca, blesses Heaven every year when the order comes from Paris that one must not put new cloth to old garments.

BENDING THE TWIG.

If the children could issue their Declaration of Rights, it would doubtless be found to contain a statement of their claim to acquire and dispose of property without the unjust interference of power. That is to say, they would demand the spending of their spending money, or the opportunity of saving it, as should seem to them best. And the claim would be as just and reasonable as those which their great-grandfathers stated in their Declaration of Rights, and for which they went to war a hundred years ago.

One of the great difficulties of life is the wise spending of money. It demands trained faculties and much strength of character. Is it reasonable, then, to expect of young men and women that they shall be prudent and judicious in expenditure, when as boys and girls they had no income and no practice? It is the theory of most parents that their children have all that they should reasonably desire, since it is all that the paternal purse can afford; liberal comforts, many unxuries; and that to give them money which they would of course waste is an unjustifiable indulgence and extravagance.

But few parents understand the vast educating power of responsibility, or the wisdom of laying the necessity of choice and decision upon children from the very beginning of their power of choice and decision. Of course they will make mistakes, and these very mistakes teach them as no admonition or example can do. Every intelligent child of six or seven years of age, being given the control of his spending money, whether it be a penny a week or a shilling, will at first buy what he does not want, and bewail the absence of the thing he did desire. But presently his blunders will have taught him a balancing of claims, a deliberation of choice, of which he could not otherwise have seen the necessity. He will begin to save his pennies, because he sees that shillings buy something better worth having. And the little headlong prodigal will have started on the road to thrift and prosperity almost before he knows the meaning of the words.

But that this sense of ownership may do its work it is essential that the allowance should be fixed, the limit within which it

may be spent clearly understood, and good advice withheld except when it is asked for. And as the children grow older, the sum allotted them should be increased, till it covers all their personal expenditure. Ethel at fifteen should be as competent to buy her stockings, gloves, ribbons, under-clothes, even her dresses, so far as quality and price are concerned, as her mother. And she will be, if she began purchasing her toys and pencils at six. But she must be rigorously held to the logic of her mistakes. If she buy tasteless and flimsy things, she must pay the penalty of wearing them or of going without. Next time her chastened choice will not betray her. Or, if Jack buy a worthless jackknife, or a mongrel puppy, or a shoddy coat, and must abide by his bargain, he has bought with them an experience which makes it cheap.

But precept and practice will go for nothing unless the law is absolute that there shall be no parental alms-giving. It will be so hard for mamma to see the girls in shabby gloves and soiled hair-ribbons, because they have inconsiderately apportioned their month's inheritance, that dainty parcels will be apt to find their way to the bureau drawers, or small advances to offer themselves from her kindly purse. Or it will seem such a creditable taste in the boys to want that microscope, and to be so eager to study entomology, although they have spent the price of the microscope in a bicycle, that the fascinating instrument is very likely to appear in their room. And by this tender and cruel generosity all the force of their experience will be wasted. Unless effect is to follow cause, what discipline can there be? The law bears hard only on those who infringe it, and to the end that they may

not again transgress. Besides the prudence which this sense of ownership develops, it begets a self-respect as well. The habit of teasing for money or for gifts is a form of beggary, and, like all beggary, degrading. The child feels, although he does not reason, that he has a right to certain possessions at the hands of his parents. They are, to him, sources of unlimited supply, and if his demand is refused, he is apt to feel resentful and defrauded. But if he is told that just such a sum, and no more, can be afforded for his little pleasures, and that he may choose himself what that shall buy, he will be rich with half the money which would have seemed niggardly had it been spent for him. There is a sweet reasonableness about children, and a self-respect that springs up vigorous when they are respected. And of all forms of trust none is so flattering as that which confides the use of money, for it implies in the receiver judgment, prudence,

VISITING.

honesty, and honor.

No term admits of a wider interpretation than this; no subject is capable of a greater number of subdivisions. The matter of formal visiting has led to the writing of innumerable books. The decay of social visiting is a cause of regret to all the old-fashioned people who remember how agreeable it was. The constant effort to make the two divisions shake hands, to add sociability to our formality, and to cover all the forced conditions of a rapidly growing and constantly changing society—these are the easily besetting difficulties of a difficult subject.

The original plan of an "acquaintance" was to leave a card once a year on all one's friends personally, with the hope and the remote expectation of finding two out of three at home. When society was smaller, this was possible; but it soon grew to be improbable, particularly in large cities. This finally led to the selection of a reception day, which held good all winter. That became impossible to busy people, and was narrowed down to four Tuesdays in one month; that resolved itself into one five-o'clock tea, and if a lady got lame, lazy, or luxurious, even the last easy method of receiving one's friends became too much, and cards were sent in an envelope.

Now, according to the strict rules of etiquette, one card left at the door, or one sent in an envelope by post, continues the acquaintance. We can never know what exigencies of work, what sudden pressure of calamity, what stern necessity for economy, may prompt a lady to give up her visiting for a whole winter. Even when there is no apparent cause, society must ask no questions, but must acquiesce in the most good-natured view of a subject.

Still, we are not pleased if we receive Mrs. Brown's card by post, and our next neighbor receives a personal visit from her. We all wish to be the recipient of the visit. Therefore, unless a lady can call on all her formal acquaintances, she had better call personally on none.

If she gives one reception a year, and invites all her friends, she is then at liberty to refrain from either calling or sending a card, unless they have invited her to a wedding, or a dinner or lunch, or a christening—some very particular invitation which she must return by an early personal call. The very formal and punctilious say within a week, but that is often quite impossible.

And if a lady have a day, it is rude to ignore that fact. One should be particular to call on

And here another complication comes in. If

a lady have four Thursdays in January, and several dozens of ladies have also four Thursdays in January, it may be impossible to reach all the ladies who receive Thursdays in January. There is nothing for it, then, but to good-naturedly apologize, and to regret that calling hours are now reduced to between four and six in large cities. Some people who have been keeping up socie-

Some people who have been keeping up society for many years get swamped with acquaintances. If they hope to do anything else in the world but to drive around in a carriage and to leave cards, they must exonerate themselves from blame by giving a reception, having a day or an evening for receiving, and then trust to the good nature of society, or its forgetfulness, which is about the same thing, to excuse them.

Happy those ladies who can devote an evening a week to their friends. That washes out the score on the social slate very neatly, besides giving all one's friends a chance at spending a very agreeable hour in the society which always gathers around a heapty that laws.

ers around a hospitable lamp.

The dangers of this kind of hospitality are that it is abused by bores, who are too apt to congregate in numbers, and to wear out the lady of the house by using her parlor as a spot where they are safe from the rain and cold, and free to bestow their tediousness on anybody, as she can not turn them out. Also, the constantly recurring invitations which come to a lady for her reception evening, and which she would occasionally like to accept. It requires a good deal of unselfishness to give up an evening a week to one's friends, some of whom forget, some of whom go elsewhere, some of whom come too often; and a lady often gives up her own pleasure in going out, and spends the evening alone, none of the "many-headed" having concluded to spend the evening with her. These are the drawbacks to an ' evening at home." However, it is a very laudable custom, and one which we wish were more common in large cities than it is.

No one can forget the eloquent testimonials of Horace Walpole and other men of refinement to the evening receptions of the Misses Berry, in London, kept up as they were for sixty years.

But from the trials of those who have too much visiting to do, we turn to those who have all the means and appliances of visiting, and nobody to visit.

The young married woman who comes to New York or to any large city to live often passes years of loneliness before she has made her acquaintances. She is properly introduced, we will say, by her mother-in-law, and then, after a round of visits, in which she has but perhaps imperfectly apprehended the positions and names of people, she has a long illness, or goes into mourning, or the cares of the nursery surround her, and she is shut out from society until it has forgotten her, and when she is ready to emerge, it is difficult for her to find her place again in the visiting book. If she is energetic and clever, she surmounts this difficulty by giving a tea, or a series of receptions, getting herself put on all sorts of fashionable charities and committees, by making herself of use in society in some agreeable way, and she thus very soon picks up her dropped stitches.

But many young women are without the courage and tact to do this thing. They wait, expecting that society will find them out, and taking them up, do all the work, and leave them to accept or deny civilities as they please. This society never does. It has too much on its hands. A few very conspicuously beautiful or gifted women may occasionally receive such favors, but these are not for the rank and file.

Every young woman, who has the time and strength, should try to make at least one personal visit to those who are older than herself, and she should have a great deal of charity in the matter of the return visit. Of course one has a right to observe if her visit is constantly ignored, and she should not press herself upon a cold or indifferent acquaintance, but she should be "slow to wrath," and if she is once invited to a lady's house, it is equal to a dozen calls in the intention of civility.

It is proper to call in person, to leave or to send a card, after an acquaintance has lost a friend, after an engagement is announced, after a marriage has taken place, after a return from Europe, and after, as we have said, an invitation. But as society grows, as we have said, larger and larger, the first four are excused. The omission is not noticed, because every one sees the impos-

sibility.

Most ladies shut their doors now in great cities except on their "days." In this way alone can they hope to have any time for their own individual tastes, be they what they may—china painting, authorship, embroidery, or music. So the formal visiting gets to be a mere matter of cardleaving, and the witty author who suggested that there should be a "clearing-house for cards," and hailed the Casino at Newport as a good institution for the same, was not without genius. One hates to lose time in this world in greasing the machinery, and the formal perfunctory business of card-leaving is little else.

Could we all have abundant leisure, and be sure to find our friends at home, what more agreeable business than visiting? To wander from one agreeable interior to another, to talk a little harmless gossip, to hear the last mot, the best piece of news, to see one's friends, their children, and their stranger within the gates—all this is charming. It is the Utopia of society; it is the apotheosis of righting.

of visiting.

Unfortunately it is impossible. There may be here and there a person of such exalted leisure that he can keep his account in society in one of those purple satin books marked "Visites," and make the proper entries every day under the heads of "Name, Address, Received, Returned, Reception," but he is such a rara avis that we can hardly describe him as one of a class.

Certain rules are, however, inevitable. A first



call from a new acquaintance should be quickly returned. These are formal calls, and should be made in person, between the hours of four and six in New York. Every city has, however, its own hours for receiving.

When calling on several ladies in one family, a card should be left for each. In the first call of the season, the lady leaves her own card, and those of her husband, sons, and daughters.

Some ladies who are at home, and would like to see their friends, deny themselves, as they fear that the friend who is making a round of formal calls does not wish to get in. This seems rather forced, as every lady knows that she has a right to leave her card without asking for the lady if there is any reason why she can not well go in.

When the ladics of the family are receiving, the cards for the gentlemen and of the gentlemen are left on the hall table.

Strangers staving in town who wish to be called on should send their cards by post, with address attached, to those whom they would like to see.

There is no necessity of calling after a tea or

general reception, if one has attended the festivity, or has left or sent a card on that day

For reception days a lady wears a plain dark rich dress, taking care not to be overdressed. She rises when her visitors enter, and is careful to seat her friends, so that she can have a word with If this is impossible, she keeps her eye on the late arrivals, to be sure to speak to every one. She is to be forgiven if she pays more attention to the aged, to some distinguished stranger, or to some one who has the greater claim of misfortune, or of a modest and shrinking temperament. than to the young, gay, fashionable, and rich. If a lady is not sure that she is known by sight to her hostess, she should not fail to pronounce her Many ladies send their cards to own name. the young brides who have come into a friend's family, and yet are without personal acquaint-Many, alas! forget faces, so that a name quickly pronounced is a help. In the event of an exchange of calls between two ladies who have never met (and this has gone on for years in New York, sometimes until death has removed one forever), they should take an early opportunity of speaking to each other at some friend's house; the younger should approach the elder and intro-duce herself; it is always regarded as a kindness; or the one who has received the first attention should be the first to speak.

It is well always to leave a card in the hall, even if one is received, as it assists the lady's memory in her attempts to return these civilities. Cards of condolence must be returned by a mourning card sent in an envelope at such reasonable time after the death of a relative as one can determine to again take up the business of society.

When the separate card of a lady is left, with her reception day printed in one corner, two cards of her husband should be left, one for the lady, the other for the master of the house. But after the first call of the season, it is not necessary to leave the husband's card, except after a dinner

There should be a card with the joint names of husband and wife, as "Dr. and Mrs. Brown," to leave as a card of condolence or of congratulation, or upon strangers, or upon the newly married.

This is a great convenience. These cards are used also for the "P. P. C.," and can be inclosed in an envelope and sent by post.

Society is rapidly getting over all such absurdities as the objecting to sending cards or invita-tions by post. In Europe, where etiquette and hospitality have been reduced to a system, it is

But every lady will try, and will probably succeed, in making one or two informal calls of a winter on intimate friends. These calls, which can be made in the plainest dress, and in the morning, are certainly the most agreeable and the most flattering. Ceremonious visits are merely the ma-chinery by which an acquaintance is kept up with a circle too large for social visiting.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

AUTUMN BONNETS.

THE taste for picturesque dressing continues to manifest itself in the increased size and quaint shapes of the bonnets imported for autumn and winter. Large poke bonnets with high tapering crowns form the bulk of the first im-portations of felt, beaver, and plush bonnets; the round hats are also large and in picturesque irregular shapes; there are, however, some small bonnets and small round hats shown, though these are not nearly so small as those worn last winter. For plain bonnets, felt, which was dis-carded last year, is revived, especially for small bonnets that will be almost concealed by trimmings of plush and feathers. Larger bonnets are of the new napped felt brushed smooth and glossy, with the brim left unbrushed to make it look like fur or plush. The fronts of pokes are high and narrow, or else they are rolled back along the entire edge; the crowns are mostly in Mother Hubbard shapes. There are also the Bernhardt pokes so popular during the sum-mer, with the back of the crown turned up, and a projecting front that may be worn down on the forehead, or high above it, according to the wearer's pleasure. Smooth beaver or napped felt pokes have sometimes a border of clipped ostrich feathers woven in the brim. Plush poke bonnets have smooth crowns, while the entire brims, inside and out, are brushed to show the deep pile, and sometimes the brim is striped in two tones of one color; again, there are black crowns with the brim of bronze, old gold, or drab, or a brown crown with écru brim, etc. The felt, plush, and beaver bonnets come in bronze, olive, and myrtle green, several shades of red and of brown, with drab black, and white. Small capotes and also small pokes are shown in similar colors made of smooth

felt with "brush-beaver" brims-the name dealers give to the furry-looking beavers. The Rabagas or coronet front is seen on many capotes, while others are turned up with the square revers seen on Bolero hats. Among the large hats the most graceful are the Longehamps, of which an illustration was given in Bazar No. 32, Vol. XIV. This is shown in felt, with its upturned brim faced with plush, feathers, or velvet, and a tuft of short plumes falling toward the front from the crown. The Bolero is another familiar shape, with a straight brim turned up squarely all around, and the upturned edge covered with drooping lace or beaded fringe. The newest Gainsboroughs and the peasant shapes have very slender crowns tapering almost to a point. English walking hats are also heightened in the crowns, but these are not largely imported, as they are merely neat and jaunty, while the fancy at present is for nothing that is not picturesque.

FEATHERS.

The new hats will be laden with plumage almost to the exclusion of flowers. Ostrich tips, demi-long feathers, and the long plumes very much curled are the first choice. The tips may be all of one tint, or shaded through several tones of one color, and will be made to surround the crown and curl outward from it on round hats, while on pokes they are massed in a cluster on one side. Stylish long plumes are so thick that the single long feather is not sufficient, hence they are "pieced" under the quill in order to make them full and long. Fancy feathers are made up in various designs to match the glacé and shaded plushes with which they are combined. To make up the feather ornaments boxes of birds are imported, the feathers are stripped from their wings and breasts, and are pasted together in bands and coronets, and new colorings are thus made up. There are whole boxes filled with tourterelles-meek little doves in their solemn drab shades: smaller cases contain dozens of tinv humming-birds; while great wooden chests are filled with brilliant impions that are as large as turkeys, and are only found on the highest mountain-peaks; many of the green-blue feathers and those of flame-colors are taken from these mammoth birds. The feathers of kingfishers, herons, merles, paroquets, guinea - hens, pheasants, and peacocks are taken apart and fancifully re-arranged. The breasts of hummingbirds form medallions on flame-colored impion turbans. The eyes of peacocks' feathers massed to make the Argus turbans in which English girls delight, and Mercury wings of a single dark color are added at each side of feather bands for crowns. The odd Parisian caprice is for a miniature Chanticleer made of the bluegreen or red impion feathers on the body, with the scarlet ibis for the comb, and some real cocks plumes for the tail. This is offered for a side ornament for bonnets and hats, and is said to be as popular now in Paris as turtles, lizards, and beetles were formerly.

PLUSH, VELVETS, ETC.

Plush promises to be the favorite fabric for millinery, both for making the bonnet itself and for its trimming. Glacé plush is one of the new changeable fabrics of which there is great variety, showing two colors, one for the background, half obscured by pile of another color. Ombré plush is shaded, and the new shading repeats itself twice or else four times across the breadth, instead of one shading extending across the entire width as it formerly did. The pointillé, or The mole dotted plush, is very pretty and light. skin plush is very rich, having thick, short pile like velvet, instead of the long shaggy pile peculiar to plush. Ploughed plush has line the breadth like furrows, while the striped plushes are in most varied widths, and in combination with several different fabrics, such as satin mer-veilleux, moiré, and Surah. Tiger plush is repeat-ed from last season, and a new clouded plush is labelled nébuleux. The rich mole-skin plush is beautiful in the piece in artistic bronze shades, in steel, ciel blue, in gray shaded to black, in the orang; hues which now prevail in all yellows, in brick reds and cardinal, as well as grenat to cherry, and in the white shades, viz., the cream white and blue-white. Velvet is shown in solid colors stripes, moiré, and in all the shadings described for plush. When very soft stuffs are used for trimmings, they are Rhadzimir silk, which has reps that are flattened, and the twilled satin Surahs. Watered silk will also be largely used in the new French markings that show smaller ripples than those of moiré antique. Glacé satin Surahs are beautiful changeable stuffs, showing new combinations of colors.

Ribbons are wider than any that have been used for several seasons. The novelties are the glacé Surah ribbons, glacé watered ribbons, ombré plush ribbons, and a great variety of striped ribbons. Brocaded ribbons are scarcely to be found in the first importations. Some metal lines, either of gilt or silver, are effectively introduced in the ribbons that have broader stripes of plush or velvet. The glacé Surah ribbons show orange changing into olive, blue with green, red with blue, green with red, and sometimes down one selvedge there will be a stripe of plush of one of the colors used in the Surah. Fringed edges and tape borders are also on Surah ribbons, and sometimes one side of the ribbon will be satin of a solid color. The changeable watered ribbons are new, and are very showy, combining brick red with olive, peacock blue with orange gold with black, etc. From three to four inches are fashionable widths for bonnet ribbons, though some are shown in the two-inch widths of last year. Ombré plush ribbons are very handsome with satin Surah on the other side. There are also ribbons of glacé plush and of moiré plush. The striped ribbons promise to be most su

ful, as they are imported in such varieties of colors that they will suit all fabrics.

HINTS ABOUT AUTUMN DRESSES.

The first information from abroad confirms the hope that short dresses will continue in vogue for nearly all occasions, and that there will be no very decided changes in the next season's dress-Pleated skirts will display stripes advantageously, and pleated flounces will be retained on account of stripes, though gathered flounces are suggested for soft satin stuffs, moirés, and wool-Basques of watered silk are being made for skirts of plain satin Surah that are trimmed with moiré. This fashion was introduced by the Princess of Wales during the summer, in a dress with white moiré corsage and skirts of tulle. Short over-skirts with bouffant draperies are shown in the designs for new costumes. Corselets or wide girdles of moiré or of velvet are worn over soft wool basques that may be either plain or pleated. Moiré collars of Byron shape and flat cuffs to match are a neat finish for camel's-hair and cashmere dresses. This moiré may be shaded, or else changeable, and is used in the lower skirt, while the over-skirt is of the woollen goods. Florentine bronze shades of mixed green and gold, mort doré (golden brown), and dull red will be popular colors for wool and for silk cos-Satin Surahs and Rhadzimir silks with satin lustre are largely imported for black dress-es. Plushes and velvets are chosen for trimmings of wool and of satin stuffs. For over-garments there are long cloaks not adjusted to the figure, and also close-fitting jaunty jackets. The satin brocades in new designs of chains linked rings, plush diamonds, and velvet figures will be used for elegant wraps. A great deal of color will, it is said, be seen in the imported cloaks, but black will remain the standard choice for garments to be worn in the street during the day, while colored wraps will be reserved for driving, for receptions, and for evening toilettes. The beauty of the black mantles will consist of rich linings of plush, and of moirés, and changeable

For information received thanks are due Messrs. AITKEN, SON, & Co.; WORTHINGTON, SMITH & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

Four of the Thousand Islands are the property of the widow of Judge Asa Packer, and are worth a hundred thousand dollars, although bought for fifty dollars.

—Palestine and Sinai are soon to be visited by

—Palestine and Sinai are soon to be visited by Ernest Renan, preparatory to a history of the Jews previous to the second exile.

—Every reader of Lavengro will lament the death of George Borrow. He acquired the Romany language from some gypsies camped near Norwich; he was twice imprisoned in Spain for circulating the Bible there, which he translated into the Gypsy, the Spanish, and the Chinese tongues.

Chinese tongues.

-Round shoulders, long arms, badly shaped mouth, and a face altogether more than ugly, make the portrait given us of Padre Curci, who grows more attractive, however, when he begins to preach with a fine voice, earnest style, and

to preach with a fine voice, earnest style, and scintillating eyes.

—Mrs. H. C. WILSON, once known as Miss Augusta J. Evans, the author of Beulah and St. Elmo, is spending the summer at Fabyan's, in the White Mountains.

-Mile. RHEA, the French actress whose English speech has delighted London, is coming to

this country.

—Bismarck, they say, puts spies about when the Empress Augusta goes to dinner parties. If the august lady knew it, how his left ear would burn!

-Some American manufacturers have sent Mrs. Garfield a present of exquisite glass-ware through another house, that their names might

JOHN McCullough was present at a garden party given lately by the Prince and Princess of Wales, where King Kalakaua was also an honored guest. His dark Majesty has been doing a stroke of fashionable work abroad, dancing

stroke of fashionable work abroad, dancing quadrilles at Lady Gerard's, where there was a corridor fitted up with flowers instead of candles, a guest of Archbishop Tait's, a partner of Lady Spencer's at South Kensington, and generally welcomed.

—The wedding dress of Signorina Ruccellani, of Florence, who is to marry Prince Odescale, of Rome, is of crêpe lisse over white satin, the train embroidered with white silk in orange flowers and roses with silver veinings, the skirt opening in front over a white satin tablier covered with point à l'aiguille. Renaisance embroideries figure in the trousseau with designs copied from bass-reliefs of the Byzantine designs copied from bass-reliefs of the Byzantine school; other embroideries are Russian, Bulgarian, and of fine gold.

—It is said that Mr. FROUDE has been offered

— It is said that a periage.

—There is still living, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the lady who sat to Washington Allston for the queen in his picture of "Belshazmar's Fenst."

—The desk, of English oak, on which George Mason wrote the Virginia Bill of Rights, has been given by his great-grandson, Mr. George Mason, of Alexandria, to the Virginia Historical

The Princess of Wales, on the late occasion of awarding prizes at the royal school for the daughters of officers, dispensed with splendor, and wore a simple cream-colored satteen dress, and a straw bonnet trimmed with cream-colored

—A series of Greek plays is to be given at the Newport Casino if Mr. GEORGE RIDDLE can ar-

Our beautiful camellia owes its name, as well as its introduction into polite society, Father Camelli, a missionary, who brought it to Madrid from the Philippines in 1739.

—Ten thousand dollars is the consultation

fee paid to a Paris doctor, Professor CHAROT, in

St. Petersburg.

—"Légères Hirondelles" is the title of a new song composed by the Baroness WILLIE DE ROTHSCHILD for Mile. VAN ZANDT, to whom the

happy authoress gave, when it was first sung, an ornament for the hair of six little swallows in diamonds. Who would not sing the baroness's songs?

-The grave of the Texan hero SAM HOUSTON

- The grave of the rexam nero Sam Hooston is only marked by a jasmine bush.

On the 1st of August it was eighty-two years since the birth of the author of the "Starspangled Banner," Francis Scott Key, who

was tall in stature, and with a face of great beauty.

—The six bridemaids at the wedding of Lord Colin Campbell and Miss Blood were attired after Sir Joshua Reynolds, in pale blue nuns' veiling over skirts of white lace, with India muslin fichus. The bridegroom's gift to each was a merry-thought brooch, with the gemmed initials "G. C."

-M. Pasteur, the great chemist, is to com-

—M. Pasteur, the great chemist, is to compete for the chair vacated by M. Littré.

—Anna Dickinson is spending the summer with Mrs. Penniman, at Honesdale, Pennsylvania. Her mother is a Quaker lady of great dignity, with soft blue eyes and silver hair.

—The romantic story that the Princess Louise would have been plain Mrs. Duckworth instead of Marchioness of Lorne, had she followed her own sweet will, is again renewed, owing to the rumor that Prince Leopold's former tutor is to be made Dean of Westminster. It is not, however, at all credited in well-informed circles.

—Rose Terry Cooke is visiting New London, Connecticut, in order to collect material for a

Connecticut, in order to collect material for a

centennial poem for that place.

The Abbé Liszt slipped on a staircase at Weimar lately, and it is feared that the result may prove fatal.

In spite of the great heat, everybody in

Rome goes to see Miss Jutan, the American gymnast, who attracts by the strength of her beauty as well as her muscle.

—A new poem by Joaquin Miller is soon to be published.
—As an illustration of the effect of civil rights, it is stated that Mr. Henry Todd, of Georgia, a negro, is a finely educated man, and worth a hundred thousand dollars.

—The young Count Andrassy and his party, some of whose members are editors of Austrian

some of whose members are editors of Austrian papers, are now in California, having visited the West and South with an eye to colonization.

—Historic places seem to change hands as often as in this country do political offices. Newstead Abbey has had two masters since BY-RON'S death; Abbotsford has been advertised for a "desirable autumn residence"; Strawberry Hill, which HORACE WALPOLE tied up in order to keep it in the WALDEGRAVE family, is to be sold shortly; careless tenants have injured be sold shortly; careless tenants have injured Rydal Mount; while Gadshill has been sold, and its contents scattered to the winds.

The African explorer Major SERPA PINTO has a classical nose, broad brow, dark eyes, and a daring expression, which all combine in a countenance of great attraction.

—At the promised gathering of the Poores, Major Ben Perley Poore will be the orator.

—A historical darma called Philip Asserting

Major BEN PERLEY POORE will be the orator.

—A historical drama called Philip Augustus is engaging the time of the young military poet PAUL DEROULEDE, of whose volume of Soldiers' Songs eleven thousand were sold.

—The highest award for general excellence in

—The highest award for general excellence in the competitive examinations of students in the Irish, English, Scotch, Italian, and American colleges in Rome was given to Nicholas T. Welch, of Cambridge, to whom the Pope has presented a gold medal.

—The best swimmer at Narragansett Pier is General fortuned less.

—The best swimmer at Narragansett Fier is General Fitzhugh Lee.

—We are shortly to have a visit from Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.

—Punch is forty years old.

—The popular Norwegian composer EDWARD GRIEG is soon to receive the order of the Service of

aphim from the King of Sweden, who is himself a musical amateur.

—A cataract has ruined the sight of one of

A cataract has ruined the sight of one of RUBINSTEIN'S eyes.

—The bride of Lord GLAMIS wore a travelling dress of cream-colored nuns' cloth, lace-trimmed. She was evidently not afraid of the dust of travel.

—The Queen bought two of the manuscripts

—The Gueen Bought two of the manuscripts of the novels of DISRAELI.

—A fan of fifty ostrich tips, mounted on tortoise-shell sticks, with the fair owner's monogram and coronet in pearls and diamonds on the outside, the whole affair large enough to hide the figure to the waist, is the nine days' wonder fashionable London, and a present from Lord LONSDALE to his wife.

—The botanist and explorer Dr. HILDEBRAND, who died recently at Madagascar, devoted himself to botany in Africa while a lad. He resided for years among the wild Somalis, without showing the least fear, and his dying moments were relieved by kindnesses from the uncivilized islanders. He was a son of the artist HILDEBRAND, of Düsseldorf.

-The Duchesse de Mouchy, formerly Princesse ANNA MURAT, has been mentioned as having the manner of a grand lady when she enters a room. But it is thought, on the other hand, that her asserting and penetrating voice, which allows no modulation, and her harshness to servants, show

a nearness to the soil from which she sprang.

—There were exhibited at a recent bazar in England the coverlet and cushions of her couch, n canary silk embroidery, done by Catharine, Lady Blount, in 1695, and a chasuble presented by her to the church of Ridge on her marriage.

—A roving commission from the Pope is to be granted to Cardinal NINA, in order that he may visit the Protestant countries of the world.

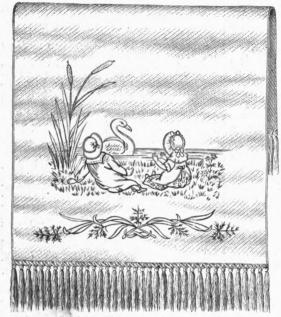
—At the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. HAY-DEN, of South Thomaston, Maine, one of the bridemaids, Mrs. Caroline Rose, was present. —Mrs. Stowe is spending the summer at Saco with her son. The author of the "Light of Asia," Mr. ED-

WARD ARNOLD, is dangerously ill in Scotland. —So much travelling is involved in the Inspectorship of Fisheries that Mr. Huxley will resign it if he secures the Linacre Professorship of Physiology.

-Mr. George Macdonald has assumed a new rôle, and advertises himself and children at amateur theatricals. It is said that he is a failure

-Fashionable life seems arranged solely for display and effect. At the recent wedding of Mr. Auriol Barker and Miss Cockerton, the bride carried a bouquet more than two feet in diameter. The seven bridemaids completed a color-harmony in rich material, the first bridemaid wearing the palest shade of old gold, and the tint deepening, until it became a bronze in the seventh lady.





BUREAU OR TABLE SCARF.—OUTLINE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 2.—Detail of Garden Satchel, Fig. 1, Page 573.—Crochet.

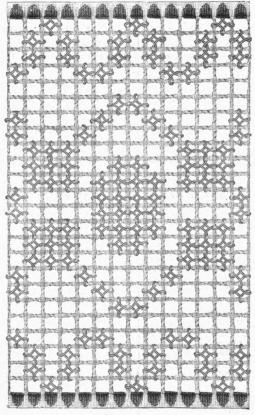
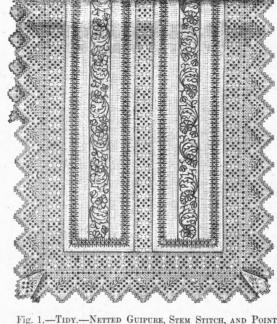


Fig. 2.—Drawn-work Design for Table-Cover, Fig. 1.



TIDY.—NETTED GUIPURE, STEM STITCH, AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 2, Page 565.]



Fig. 3.—Detail of Garden Satchel, Fig. 1, Page 573.—Crochet.

Work-Basket.

This brown and gilt willow basket is ornamented on the front with application embroidery on a brown velvet foundation. The design given by Fig. 19, Supplement, is transferred to the velvet, and the applied figure is cut out of white cambric, and fastened down on the velvet with feather stitch embroidery in colored silks. The flowers are worked with pink, white, red, and blue silk; the centres are crossed with gold thread. Shaded brown silk is used for the calyxes, leaves, and stems, and the design figures are all edged either with fine gold

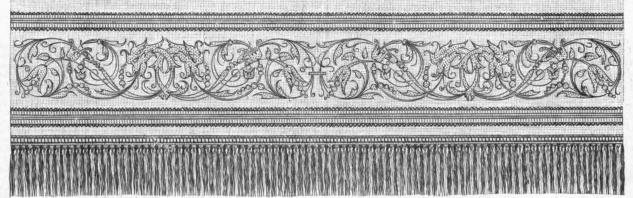


Fig. 1.—Sofa Back.—Stem Stitch Embroidery and Drawn-Work.—See Fig. 2, Page 565.—[For design see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 17.]

olive for the sprays at the bottom of the design, the grass-es, and cat-tails, and bluishgray for the water. The swan is worked with white silk, the boy's blouse with blue, and his hat with yellow. Lilac and brown are used for the girl's dress, maize for the apron, and pink for the sun-bonnet. The fringed ends of the scarf are knotted to form

Table-Cover .- Stem and Feather Stitch Embroidery and Drawn-Work. Figs. 1 and 2.

This table-cover, which was designed by Madame Beeg, di-

cord, or with bullion that is twisted with The veins are outlined in stem stitch with gold thread. The velvet is edged with wool and gold thread galloon, and similar galloon borders the top of the basket. An old gold satin bag is set on at the upper edge inside. The basket is also ornamented with wool and gold thread tassels and with cord, which is wound about the stand. Basket Stand.-Figs. 1 and 2.

This bronze willow stand is furnished

with two baskets-a shallow one at the bottom, and a deeper one at the top. The upper basket is lined with a red plush scarf, which is fit-ted in smoothly, and made to fall over the ends of the basket on the outside. The scarf is bordered along the middle with cross stitch embroidery worked on a coarse cheese-cloth foundation with light and dark red filoselle silk, according to Fig. 2, which

gives the design in sym-

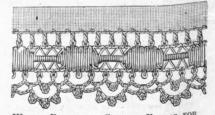


WORK-BASKET. For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 19.

rectress of the Nuremberg School of Art Needle-Work, is made of coarse white linen, ornamented with an embroidered border that surrounds an openwork centre. The embroidery is bordered on each side with a narrow drawn-work pattern, and the table-cover is edged with antique lace insertion and edging. To form the open-work centre of the table-cover, 23 times alternately 4 length-wise threads of the linen are drawn and 4 are left, then 4 more are drawn, and 67 times alternately 4 crosswise threads are drawn and 4 left. The drawn threads are clipped at the edge of the inclos-

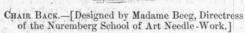


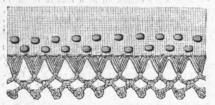
Fig. 1.—Basket Stand.—[See Fig. 2, Page 565.]
Designed by Madame Emilie Bach, Directress of
the Vienna School of Art Needle-Work.



AND CROCHET EDGING FOR WOVEN BRAID LINGERIE.

space are overhanded with fine linen thread in the manner shown in Fig. 2, and the net-work thus formed is embroidered in point d'esprit in the de-sign given by the same illustration. The edge is then bound with graduated button-hole stitches in blue cetton. Thing the same left on blue cotton. Thirty threads of the linen are left on each side of the drawn-work centre, and the 20 threads beyond them on each side are drawn out to form the inner narrow drawn-work border. This is worked according to the description of the narrow border in the tidy also illustrated on this page. The design for the according to the The design for the embroidery is transferred to the linen as it is shown in Fig. 1, from Fig. 18, Supplement and the montant and the ment, and the work is executed in stem, feather, and





BORDER FOR APRONS.—SERPENTINE BRAID, CROCHET, AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY

bols. The ends of the scarf are cut in points, each of which is finished with a large tassel. The plush cover in the lower basket is bordered with the nar-The plush row edge on Fig. 2. The baskets are edged on the sides with tassel fringe in three shades of red, and the stand is wound with red woollen cord.

Bureau or Table Scarf.-Outline Embroidery.

This white momie-cloth bureau or table scarf is ornamented with outline embroidery in stem and chain stitch and point Russe in the design shown by the illustration. The work is executed with crewel wool and filoselle silk in several shades of brown and

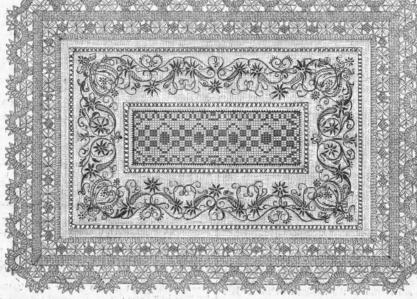


Fig. 1.—Table Cover.—Stem and Feather Stitch Embroidery and Drawn-Work.

[See Fig. 2.]—Designed by Madame Beeg, Directress of the Nuremberg School of Art

Needle-Work.—[For design see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 18.]



and bound with narrow

ribbon. The frame is covered in the manner

shown in the illustra-

tion with steel lace two inches and a half wide, and a puffed and twist-

ed scarf of lilac satin merveilleux is joined to the back toward the

Chair Back. See illustration on p. 564.

THE back and seat of

the carved wood chair

on which this chair back is shown are cushioned, and covered with

left side.

brocaded wool in Oriental colors. Each cushion is edged

at the bottom with deep passemen-

terie fringe. The chair back is designed by Madame Beeg, directress of the Nuremberg School for Art Needle-Work. The centre is

embroidered in stem and feather

stitch with colored silks on a white net foundation, and is surrounded

by a border in punto tagliato, or cut-work, on white linen Java can-

vas. The designs for the embroidery and the border, together with

the details of the work, will be

given in an early number of the Bazar.

Woven Braid and Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

See illustration on page 564.

crochet cotton on a foundation of

This edging is worked with fine

chain stitch with coarse blue embroidery cotton. The narrow drawn-work border is repeated outside the embroidered border. While working the outer edge of the drawn-work, the edge of the table-cover is hemstitched down, leaving a hem an inch wide on each side. The lace is overseamed on the linen.

Embroidered Blotting Roller.

THE top of this blotting roller is covered with red embroidered cashmere, and furnish-

ed with an ebonized wooden knob. Two rollers are attached to it on the under side, and are covered, layer upon layer, with blotting-paper. The embroidery on the cashmere is worked with silk in various colors in stem and knotted stitch and in point Russe.

Monogram.

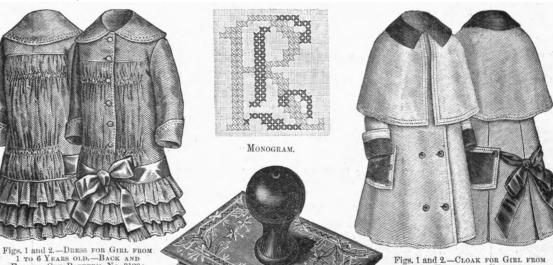
This monogram is worked on linen in cross stitch with embroidery cotton in contrasting colors, or in two shades of a single color.

Crèpe Lisse and Lace Cap.

The frame of this cap is a piece of white stiff net thirteen inches long, and sloped along the front edge from two inches wide at the middle to an inch wide at the ends;



Fig. 2.—Border for Tidy, Fig. 1, Page 564.—Stem Stitch and Point Russe Embroidery.



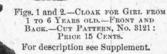
EMBROIDERED BLOTTING ROLLER.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Dress for Girl From.

1 to 6 Years old.—Back and
Front.—Cut Pattern, No. 3120:
Price 15 Cents.

For pattern and description see
Suppl., No. XL, Figs. 44-51.

it is wired, and bound with narrow ribbon. For the crown a piece of white crèpe lisse twenty inches wide and ten inches deep is taken, and rounded from the lower cor-



fancy braid three-eighths of an inch wide, on the sides of which are projecting loops, in the following manner: 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) in the



SATIN MERVEILLEUX AND LACE CAP.

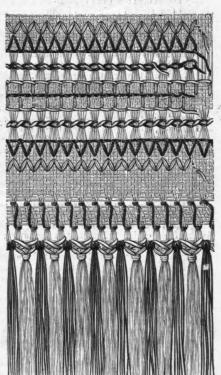


Fig. 2.—Drawn-Work with Fringe for Sofa Back, Fig. 1, Page 564.

next loop on the braid, 5 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. in the following second loop, 3 ch., 1 sc. in the next loop, 1 ch., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them), 1 ch., 1 sc. in the following loop, 3 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.

**—* 2 sc. separated by 1 p. around the next 5 ch. in the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 sc. around the following 3 ch., 3 times alternately 1 ch. and 1 p., then 1 ch., 1 sc. around the next 3 ch., 3 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Work alternately 1 double crochet in the next loop on the other edge of the braid and 2 ch.

Border for Aprons.—Serpentine Braid, Crochet, and Satin Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 564.

This border is worked on a foundation of serpentine braid with medium crochet cotton in



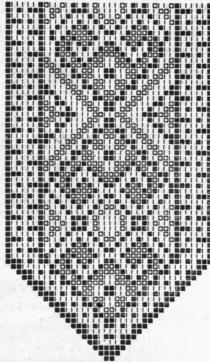


Fig. 2.—Border for Basket Stand, Fig. 1, Page 564.—Cross Stitch Embroidery. Description of Symbols: Dark Red; Light Red;

ners to the middle of the top. This piece is edged with lace two inches wide, box pleated along the lower edge and on the rounded sides, and sewed down alongside the latter on the frame, which is edged with similar lace along the front. The front of the cap is trimmed with a box-pleated ruche of cream satin ribbon two inches and a half wide, the ends of which are carried below the lace in the back, and held together under a bow.

Satin Merveilleux and Lace Cap.

To make this cap a frame ten inches wide, five inches long, and sloped from the middle in the front toward the back edge, is cut of black stiff net; two three-cornered pleats are taken in on the back edge, after which it is wired,



BATISTE DRESS .- [For description see Supplement.]

the following manner: 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next point and 5 ch. (chain stitch). 2d round. - * 2 sc. around the next 5 ch. in the preceding round, 1 ch., 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them, 1 ch.; repeat from *. The edging is over-handed to the material to be trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration, and the latter is then studded with two rows of dots worked in satin stitch with embroidery cotton.

LAGNIAPPE.*

WHY do I wear a dog's tooth set in gold for W a watch charm? Ah, boys, it is to remind me of an infirmity that has brought Jack Campion trouble ever since he learned to talk.

To begin at the right end: I was just twenty-five when my father bought me a plantation up in the swamp, where fortunes are still to be made in spite of the changes of war.

You Northern folks don't know much about life on the banks of the old Mississip, that's a

Strange that nature should make it easy in the swamp to do everything but-live! Some people say you must be half alligator and half nigger to get along there; but as for me, I was always Cotton and corn grow higher than the head of a man on horseback; the soil is so fertile that a Northern farmer in the midst of his stony fields would call the tilling it receives mere child's play; and in addition to these blessings, your brains at some seasons are nearly jolted out of your head by "the chills."

The mosquitoes are great black fellows that do their work with silent and concentrated venom; no irrelevant buzzing about the ears of the vic tim. As for the deer-flies, many a time I have come home from a long ride when my horse's patient sides would be streaming with blood. Then the buffalo-gnats—they are small enough to slip through the meshes of a mosquito bar, but quite large enough to keep you in a fever.

The funniest thing about it is that I never knew a swamper, born and bred, who wouldn't stick it out that his native place was perfectly healthy, and be angry if you differed from him—some-times saying this while his teeth were chattering so he could hardly talk.

My house stood behind the green levee, which from the river made the trees look as if they had

At night the fog fell and fell upon the low muddy banks, like some one carding cotton, and I could see the head-light of some steamboat now and then looming up through the dusk like a great red eye, and hear the wild cries, half musical, half uncouth, of the roustabouts. Then came the whistle-low and hoarse at first, and deep as the bass notes of a tremendous organ, and rising and shrilling into a wail of agony. How unutterably melancholy it used to sound, dying hopelessly on the dead, unchanging flats beyond! Plenty of sport, too, up there for a hunting man-herds of deer, foxes, wild hogs, and humbler game, such as 'coons and 'possums.

But if you want to know what desolation is, just look at a bit of irreclaimable swamp land. Nowhere else does the gray moss grow in such hoary abundance upon the cypress-trees, and the bayous that stretch their arms landward are full of odd-looking marsh grasses. Maybe the sun is shining through the clouds with a yellow glare, making a sickly feverish light amid the sickly feverish smells and vapors that hang about the stagnant water. Sometimes you see a snake slid-ing sluggishly through the underbrush, scarcely leaving a trail in the oozy soil; or often you come across an alligator sunning himself on a log, and tumbling into the pool with a slump if he hears a noise close by.

I tell you, even if you haven't much poetry in your nature, there is something awful in the si-lence of such a spot; it speaks so plainly of death

and disease and decay.

Well, I went to work with a will, determined to be a model planter. Among other transactions, I swapped my rifle with Jules Bastien, an aged and dried-up creole, for a stout-built Texas

"Vait a meenit," said Jules, hobbling to the back of his cabin. "I geeve you lagniappe; I trow heem een."

Lagniappe, let me explain, is what the vulgar American calls "boot." He returned, bringing with him a brown paper bag that might have contained chincapins or pindars. Then, as it squirmed slightly, I was struck by the fear that this present might prove to be crawfish, and that Jules would force the repulsive delicacy upon me. I was comforting myself with the thought that I could toss them into the nearest mud-hole on my way home, when out of the aperture popped a brindled head, all eyes and ears.

"Eet ees a fine leetle puppy dogue," remarked Jules. "Take heem; he keep off de tief by night."

I thanked the old fellow, and was really grateful; for I had no dog, and I fancied that Lagniappe—so I christened him—would prove good

As time developed him, he became a character study. He was part bull-dog and part hound, with more than a strong dash of cur, I suspected. The bull-dog strain made him hold on like grim death to anything in which he fastened his teeth, and from his hound ancestors he derived the habit of howling systematically for an hour at a stretch if you wounded his feelings.

He had the largest, brightest eyes I ever saw. and a trick of rolling them as comically as a negro minstrel. For the rest, he had drooping ears and a tail with a perpetual curl in it, like a pothook. He was not much of a beauty, and he did

not use his brains to good purpose.

On certain occasions he showed his low degree

most plainly. There was the hunger of generations in him. No well-bred dog ever went into such convulsions of delight at feeding-time. Harold, my father's old setter, would sometimes condescend to a dignified gambol, but he never turned double somersaults at sight of a piece

As Lagniappe grew older, Jacinthy, my womanof-all-work, advanced the opinion that he was "a debbil," and, indeed, his conduct warranted the compliment. Everything tearable he tore. When he found that he could not climb upon the table, he would pull off the cloth, and calmly feast among the fragments of broken crockery. Pillows, cushions, towels—everything movable, in short—he conveyed under the house. It was part of Jacinthy's regular morning work to make pilgrimages thereto, emerging each time with loud groans and declarations that her back was "mos

My slippers he never could resist, and was not happy until he had gnawed off the flowers embroidered by my affectionate mother. It was a sight to see him walking around them, critically nibbling the toes and heels as if to see which tasted best

If he had been a child instead of a puppy, I should have been sure he was going to prove a naturalist, he had such a mania for "specimens." I used to find a small museum on the front gallery every morning—several old bones, a tin can, a discarded sun-bonnet and gigantic shoe of Jacinthy's, besides a dead bird. This bird in particular was always turning up unexpectedly in the most malodorous condition. Forcible arguments could never persuade Lagniappe that it was offensive. He had a fashion of presenting it to me, after his more flagrant misdeeds, as an act of propitiation, until it resolved itself into one wing and a few feathers.

If I may be forgiven for the remark, it must be confessed that I often gave Lagniappe "boot" for these presents of his.

His delight was to snatch the food out of the very mouth of Max, my horse; leaping into the trough and scattering the corn far and wide.

Once I threw down an armful of hay upon the ground for Max. Lagniappe, who had been watching me with his head on one side, suddenly trotted off, and returned with his favorite bird. This he buried under the hay, and then retired to some distance, his pleased expression saying, plainly, "Won't old Max be astonished when he comes down to that?" It was a practical joke.

He had a peculiar spite against Jacinthy's feet and ankles. Perhaps they offended his ideas of symmetry.

As for having a dog to intimidate thieves, I often wished for a few thieves to intimidate this dog. He possessed an incredible impudence. The only thing that ever put him out of countenance was a concertina owned by Jacinthy, from which she could draw blood-curdling strains. At the first note he would utter a howl, and retire under the house, with his tail between his legs. Among the members of my household was a lean, ghostly white turkey, with whom Lagniappe waged perpetual war It was not that he was openly abusive, but he bowed and scraped around it with such absurd airs of exaggerated civility that the turkey never could control its temper. This creature was almost as fond of me as Lagniappe was, and sometimes, after going to my room, l would hear a ghostly chuckle overhead, and look ing up, there would be my feathered friend roost

ing on the tester of the old-fashioned bed.
With all his faults, Lagniappe was affectionate. and loved to sit beside me, snuggling his black muzzle into my hand. After all, there's no friend like a faithful dog. It never makes any difference to him whether you grow old and ugly or lose all your money. He bears your kicks and curses patiently, and presently, when you are in a good temper again, he is ready to wag his tail and frisk about you.

Poor Lagniappe! he brought me one of the best things in my life. I wish I had been more grateful, but at that time my violent temper often carried me away. The worst of it was that he did not confine his depredations to my own domain, but sometimes made raids upon our neighbors, so that I was several times under the ne cessity of restoring stolen articles.

All this time I had been very busy getting things into running gear, when one fine day I saw Lagniappe trot into the vard with something in his mouth, which he secreted under the front steps. I followed him, and discovered the object to be a thin blue and gold volume of poems. The puppy having been dismissed with a cuff on the ears, I looked at the fly-leaf, and saw written there: "Anne Page. The Oaks." Under this a masculine hand had appended

the words, "Sweet Anne Page"—a compliment snubbed by the severe marginal note, "Stuff and

Then I remembered that my father had given me a letter of introduction to a Colonel Pageno doubt this young lady's papa. I pictured her tall and slim and fair, with a face like a white rose, and an air of gentle and gracious dignity.

I intended returning the book immediately, but each day something prevented me from doing so, until in the mean time I became quite familiar with its contents. Here and there I found a word or a line underscored, and these I read with redoubled interest.

At last I found a leisure afternoon. Lagniappe showed an inclination to follow me, but I sternly ordered him to stay at home. Seemingly he bow ed to fate, for he lingered beside the hedge, sniffing at the leaves, and giving a passing tweak to the turkey's tail—almost humming a tune, in fact, the better to express carelessness and a good conscience. So I left him.

On my way toward Colonel Page's plantation I took a cut-off through the fields, but I soon discovered that it had led me to a side gate. However, I went in, and followed the bridle-path un-

til the sound of voices told me I was near the house; so I checked my horse behind a clump of iaponicas in order to reconnoitre. Peering through the branches, I could see jutting out from the side of the mansion a little portico, on which a silvery-haired old lady was standing, with a young girl beside her. Such a girl! gypsy she was! Heavy masses of dark hair a pomegranate bloom on her cheeks, and the wildest, brightest, sauciest, most laughing eyes-I will not enlarge, as the preachers say. Before them stood an elderly negro in a defiant attitude.

"Abram," the old lady was saying, "I really can not stand this any longer. Three times in one week you have come home in a state of intoxication."

"Now, ole mistis, jes you shet up," was Abram's tounding rejoinder. "It's Missy Anne what astounding rejoinder. "It's Missy Anne what I'm addressin'."
"Well, hurry up, and say what you have to

say," retorted the young lady.

"Now, Missy Anne, doesn't I always drive you out nice, an' go whar you sends me? An' you know you don' min' sendin' a pore ole nigger out any time o' day er night, no matter ef it's rainin' rattlesnakes - no, nor scarpenters, neider. An' when I takes you out in de c'r'age, an' you whistles an' sings an' behaves like a young lady didn't oughter act, does I ever make any 'jections wid

"No, Abram; I should hope you know your place better," said the girl, suppressing a giggle with severity.

"Well, den"-in a conclusive tone-"what fault has you got to find o' me, name o' gracious ?" Oh, go along, Abram," said the elder lady. "You are incorrigible. Only don't let me see you again in such a condition.'

"No, mistis; I won't, mistis. But you doesn't pear to 'member dat I can't take a tea-spoonful 'anythin' 'thout its makin' me right down sick.' And he departed, shaking his head over her

Feeling something of a sneak, I thought it high time to emerge. I received a cordial reception from Mrs. Page and her pretty grandchild, whom she had never allowed to feel the loss of a mother. The colonel was a tall, soldierly man, who told me I looked like my grandfather, and insisted upon rehearsing pages of my family history, while I was longing to talk to "sweet Anne." He might have been talking still had not the patter of feet made itself audible, and who she come gavly into the room but Lagniappe! Making straight for Anné, he jumped into her lap, That was the first thing that puppy ever did that

gave me a respect for him.
"Oh, law! oh, gracious!" Anne cried, jumping up and spilling him on the floor.

"Please excuse the little wretch," I said, when

I had thrust him out forcibly. "And I have another apology to make for him," I added, producing the volume of poems.

"My book! Why, gran'ma, you know I have been wondering where it has gone. Do you suppose he stole it out of the summer-house, Mr.

"I'm afraid he did," said I. "His name by rights should be Barabbas.'

"What a dear cunning thing he must be!" she cried.

"Give him to me; won't you, please?" "No, Anne; not another dog shall come into this house," the colonel answered, in an aggravated tone. "One can't move at present without tumbling over one or two. That great brute of a St. Bernard takes pleasure in making himself look like a door mat, because he knows I am near-sighted.'

"Oh, but this is such a smart, interesting puppy," urged Anne, giving an ecstatic spring upon her chair.

"My dear Anne," said Mrs. Page, indulgently, what will Mr. Campion think of you?'

I can't help it, gran'ma," replied Miss Anne. blushing up to the curls on her forehead, but laughing at the same time. "Even if I should be prim now, Mr. Campion would find me out sooner or later. I shock every one; but it is my nature, just as dogs delight to bark and bite. Even Abram—why, Mr. Campion, I can read disapproval in his very back at times."

'He must be hard to please," said I, trying

not to look guilty.
"The truth is," replied Mrs. Page, "he is an old family servant, and we endure a good deal on that account"-to me a totally unnecessary ex-

My acquaintance with "sweet Anne" prospered finely. She had a whole regiment of first, second, and fiftieth masculine cousins, who visited her in platoons, presented her with the latest sentimental ballads, and were never weary of chronicling the smallness of her glove and slipper. There were moments when I hated them. a time came, and quickly too, when the cut-off seemed the length of an eternity, and Max's fleetest pace could not keep step with my desire.

As for Lagniappe, he became her abject slave, testifying his adoration by rolling his eyes and lolling out an inordinately long red tongue when she held him in her arms, and addressed him as "an old precious," and "too cute to live." greatest breach of decorum was to bite the ends of her long braid as it tossed over her shoulders, and to take rides on the train of her gown Lagniappe's heart was in the right place, that was clear. But all the world was not of our mind.

On one occasion I found Abram leisurely setting a "figger-fo" trap among the cotton as I crossed the field, and while he worked he sang the following plaintive air:

"Oh, de roof is cavin' in, an' de chimly's tumblin'

down,
An' I ain't got long 'bout hyeh to remain;
While de angele watches o'er me, an' dis good ole
dawg o' mine,
In de little ole lawg-cabin in de lane."

The idea of Abram watched over by angels was too much for me, and I burst into derisive laughter.

He looked up, and remarked, as he pulled his grizzled forelock, "Howdy, Mas' Campion? I hope I see y' well. I's jes lookin' everywhere fer

"So it seems," said I, with sarcasm.

He was obtuse. "Yes," said he, artlessly, "dat's a fac'. Missy Anne she sent me ober in a big hurry wid sum pin—now what was it she gimme? A book—or—or—no, 'twas a letter; 'n' where'd I put dat air? 'Clare to mussy! hope I ain't loss it.
Won't she skin me alive!"

This was soothing to a lover's ear.

"You had better try to find it," I advised him. "Well, ain't I a-tryin'? Law shucks! won't missy be rampagin'? She writ an' tore up, an' writ an' tore up, forty-'leven times, I reckon.

As he said this he fumbled wildly in numerous pockets too ragged to hold anything, up his sleeves, and in his hat, and at last produced it from one of the gigantic brogans that adorned

I improved the occasion by a few words of advice; but he replied, calmly, mopping his forehead with a dingy bandana: "I knowed I'd put it some'ers, only I disremembered prezackly whar. Mighty lucky I foun' dat 'ere," he added. "Tell you what, I don' like to git little missy in my wool. Ole mistis she'll do pooty good, ef y' let her be; but Missy Anne she's mi-ighty pernickety. An' headstrong. Don' I pity de gen'leman what

marries her! She's little, but, oh, lawdy!"

"Abram," said I, with all the dignity I could summon, "be kind enough to keep your opinion

to yourself."
"Yes, sah—yes, sah—sartainly, sah," responded Abram, obligingly; but he did not

seem to be crushed to earth. The note was merely an invitation to "a little dance" at The Oaks; but to me it proved a momentous occasion, for before I left the house,

sweet Anne Page was my promised wife.

From that time I worked with a greater will than ever, inspired by happiness.

Meanwhile Lagniappe grew apace, not losing a jot of his impudence and trickiness with his increased growth.

Spring was drawing near, and as it had been a hard winter, trouble was expected from the breaking-up above. Colonel Page's house was situated on a slope, so I felt tolerably sure of Anne's safety; but she, on the contrary, was certain that she should awake some day to find me swept away by a flood. Although I laughed at her fears, I kept a sharp eye on the levee.

One afternoon I was making a tour of inspection, and I felt generally out of sorts. In the first place, I had not been able to find my mud boots, and naturally their disappearance was laid at Lagniappe's door, although his innocent and cheerful countenance as he frisked about Max's heels should have disarmed suspicion. (I must remark here that Jacinthy blamed Lagniappe for every loss, from the frying-pan to her Sunday In the second place, the whole day had been filled with a stinging rain, and a chill, damp air that went to one's bones, until just before sunset, when the west broke up into ragged clouds, from which streamed a garish yellow glow. A clump of willows beside the turbid bayou was half obscured in a cloud of fog. Max's hoofs made a sucking sound in the heavy soil, and left spongy marks behind them.

Lagniappe was ranging a few feet ahead of me, when, just as I had crossed the "branch," he startled up a covey of partridges right under

Well, that was the only shabby trick Max ever served me. "But 'twas enough, it sufficed,' the fellow in the play says, for he pitched me off against a tree, and then made tracks for home. I was conscious of a grinding pain in my left leg, and when I tried to get on my feet, I found that

useful member was—broken.
"This is the deuce of an idea," I said.

Lagniappe was walking round and round me curiously, and as I looked at him an inspiration seized me. With some trouble, I took a pencil and a scrap of paper from my pocket, and scrawled a few lines upon it. Then I called the dog coaxingly, and showed him the slip, pointing in the direction of The Oaks, which was not more than a mile away. He seemed to understand, for he grabbed the paper; but he had not gone far before he tore it up, and ran back to me. I coaxed, commanded, threatened in vain. He looked roguish, and wagged his comical tail. Then I lifted up my voice, and woke the echoes; but there was no answering shout. I fired my pistol

there was no answering shout. I fried my piscoles several times, but no one came.

"Very well, then," said I. "I suppose I must lie here till morning."

I removed the comforter from about my neck

it was some of Anne's handiwork, by-the-byeand began to roll it up into a cushion for my head, determined to be as comfortable as possible, when Lagniappe, with a wicked look, snatched it out of my hands, and darted off into the under-brush, to tear it into ribbons, I never doubted.

Abandoned by even my horse and dog, you may believe that my feelings were not enviable. The pain of the fracture was intolerable—a violent throbbing, varied by a grinding agony whenever I moved a hair's-breadth. I had also the consolation of reflecting that this long delay might make an amputation necessary, and I quailed at the thought of being a cripple. Fever and the want of a proper support had sent all the blood to my head, and between rage and pain I was well-nigh crazy. I longed to strangle Lagniappe.

I was alone in the horrible silence of a winter night. That silence, pregnant with half-uttered sounds, whispered suggestions of evil ten times worse than the broad reality. Not the chirp of a bird, not the stir of a green leaf, only the soughing of the wind across the naked flat, and the river booming threateningly against the levee. There was no moon, but a pale watery light spread itself

over the sky. Soon I expected to feel the rain on my upturned face.

Far, far off a negro began that jarring cry that bears a harsh resemblance to the German jodel. I tried to hail him, but my voice failed me

Then it seemed to me that the thoughts in my brain began to buzz like bees with an ever di-lating and decreasing sound. "God! if I could faint, or die!" I gasped.

There was a crackling in the dead leaves, and looking up, I saw Lagniappe. His sides heaved, and foam hung on his lips. I felt for my pistol; there was still one cartridge in it. My hand was unsteady; he wavered dizzily before my eyes; but the shot sped true to the mark. A sharp howl rang out on the still air, and he fell quite close to me

The sound sobered me. "Lagniappe!" I cried, in horror at my own deed, and I flung the pistol as far as my arm could send it.

At my voice his large eyes rolled, and he wagged his tail feebly as he dragged himself nearer and tried to lick my hand. Then a quiver ran through his body. I felt him; he was still warm, but he was dead.

Well, boys, I don't mind telling you that I cried like a baby. A moment afterward I heard voices and footsteps. Lights flashed through the dark, and soon a crowd of people came out from behind the trees. In the midst of them was sweet Anne herself, the dark tendrils of hair curling up with the damp around her face, that bloomed like a rose under the shadow of her white hood.

"Anne!" I cried, bewildered. "Yes, my dearest Jack," she said; "it was all Lagniappe's work. He came running in with your comforter, and I knew something had happened to you. Papa wasn't at home, so I came myself, and we followed Lagniappe."

"I done tole missy free er fo' times dat I could boss dis yer job myself; but she'll hab her own way er bust," was Abram's characteristic rejoin-

der.
"And, oh, Jack!" cried Anne, "I know something dreadful is the matter with you."
"Broken leg," I managed to say.

"Well, we must take you home as soon as we And where's Lagniappe ?—dear little hero! Jack, he's dead !"

I had to tell a lie. "Anne," I said, "he came running through the bushes; it was dark, and I

I knew nothing after that. A merciful fainting fit saved me from the jolting of the rough litter, improvised of rails and boughs, on which they placed me, with Lagniappe's dead body by my side.

I was taken to The Oaks, and nursed back to strength by Anne and her grandmother; but always in the bottom of my heart lay the cold thought that I had murdered my friend.

The worst of it was, I discovered afterward that Jacinthy's son—a gay young bachelor—had borrowed my boots to wear to a party; so, after all, Lagniappe had been blameless.

I've been a fortunate man in my life, happy in my wife and family and friends; but yet sometimes when I think of the look in Lagniappe's eyes the night I shot him— Let's talk of some-

CONCERNING CRYSTALS.

"While Time a grim old lion gnawing lay, And mumbled with his teeth yon regal tomb, Like some immortal tear undimmed for aye, This gem was dropped among the dust of doom."

THE old alchemists, whose one aim and object THE old alchemists, whose one aim and object in life was to discover that philosopher's stone which should bestow health and wealth upon the fortunate finder, had a tradition that the little wonder-worker would be composed of the vilest elements. In this notion of theirs there was a suggestion of a beautiful revelation of modern science as to the true constitution of the most exquisite and imperishable objects in the world of nature, the consummate products of her marvellous workshop, the flowers of luxury, the "blossoms of the rocks."

"As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using,
Then Thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing."

The three commonest, least lovely things on earth, to mere surface vision, are black coal, grimy clay, and unsightly pebbles, yet the gems we so admire and most highly value, as world-values are reckoned, are formed of the very same elements as they. Coal is carbon; so is the diamond. Clay contains pure alumina; it takes little else to make rubies and emeralds and sapphires. Silica builds up one-third of the rocky mountains of the globe, and nearly all the sand of the deserts is composed of it, and yet only silica and water are needed to make opals. But there is one great and important difference between this precious clay and carbon and other clay and carbon: this is crystallized; it has undergone a wonderful, mysterious process, which has turned the mire trodden under foot, the black dust which defiles the air, into the pure lucid stones, with their hearts of fire and rainbow tints. But how long, as we compute time, did it take to complete this change? We might well learn a lesson of patience when we think of the "Naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows." Some one has well said, "The great operations of the universe are accomplished, not by main force, but little by little, by patience and slow growth."

What is this transforming, purifying process of crystallization, this dainty fancy-work of nature whereby she turns her useful but unlovely elements into such beautiful forms? Nearly everything will melt under a sufficient heat-limestone, granite, gold, glass, water—and the atoms of which the substance is made up will then separate from each other at about equal distances; and nearly everything as it cools builds itself up, atom by atom, into the shape peculiar to itself. Water radiates, as it cools off, into the most beautiful of all known crystals. Just look at the exquisite figures on a pane of glass any clear, frosty morning. Snow-flakes are made up of water crystals; when these crystals are more compactly pressed together, they make ice. The old Greeks funcied that the clear, hard, beautiful substances found in rocks, gravel, and river-beds, which were the first things they noticed as occurring in regular forms, must be, from their perfect transparency, water frozen by extreme cold to such a degree of hardness that it could by no possibility melt again. Therefore they called these pretty cubes and six-sided pyramids and prisms krustallos, from a word signifying ice, whence our crys tal and crystallization.

In Ethics of the Dust, Mr. Ruskin illustrates the

process of crystallization by his exquisite parable of the Pyramid Builders, in which Neith, the Egyptian goddess of wisdom, points with her flaming arrow to the heaps of clay destined for Pthah's pyramid, and they rise into the air and range themselves—flying motes of earth—into four great banked clouds, to the north, south, east, and west, and at a signal from the goddess fly to their places, where the foundation of the pyramid is ready laid, each atom to its own place and no other, until the great pyramid is builded. Such is the certainty, the accuracy, with which the atoms of carbon, or alumina, or silica, seek their destined places in the building up of the tiny pyramids of rose-fluor, or the six-sided prisms of emerald, or the translucid octahedrons of the most precious crystal of all, which the ancients named adamas, the indomitable, the hardest and most brilliant of known substances, the peerless diamond. The more slowly a substance crystallizes, the more perfect it will be. For the crystal as for the human being "there is no heaven which is the price of rashness," no perfect living and fulfillment without a long and patient following out of the laws of life and divine order.

No one can tell just how or where these crystals were born: certainly not always where we find them now, usually in the sand or gravel made out of rocks of the Azoic Age, when as yet no foreshadowing of man's existence had fallen upon the earth, which were ground down and destroyed by the action of water long ago, thus freeing the imprisoned gems, which are so much harder than the rock that they could not thus be broken. In these great rock masses of former ages there were often veins or clefts in which the materials for crystals collected and got packed in. Deep in the heart of some long-crumbled mountain the precious minerals, which the negroes of Africa and Brazil now pick up in their river-beds, must have been born, and that is all we can pretend to guess about it. No one really knows the secret f crystallization, or why the carbon should make black-lead here, and diamonds somewhere else. Chemists have been at work for a long time trying hard to make diamonds, and a clever Frenchman, M. Despretz, finally succeeded, after months of hard labor, in producing little black crystals of carbon, which another chemist pronounced microscopic diamonds. It is easy enough to destroy a wonderful work of nature, but to reconstruct it is another matter, though we may know the exact component parts. The ancients used to think that a diamond was the one object in nature which could not be destroyed, but the contrary has been proved. Diamonds have been placed under a bell glass, and the sun's rays concentrated on them by means of a burning-glass; the diamonds have disappeared forever, only their invisible ghosts in the form of carbonic acidthe carbon wedded to the oxygen of the air—remaining in the glass to tell the tale.

Very recently a Scottish scientist claims to

have produced veritable diamonds in his labora-If this report be confirmed, it will indeed be a triumph of modern science, though it is highly improbable that the gem of the chemist's crucible will ever rival nature's handiwork.

In the first great group of the three into which crystals are divided chemically according to their constituents - the carbon group - the diamond stands alone. It is the royal stone.

The second group comprises stones whose base is alumina—the hyaline corundums, the aristocrats of the rocks. All hyaline corundums are formed of alumina nearly pure and crystallized. There are faint traces of foreign matter—oxide of iron, or something like that-which give the varied and lovely colors, according to which they bear different names, and have dif-ferent values. When perfectly colorless the corundum is so brilliant that it may pass for a diamond. But the wise ones can easily tell it from the royal stone by three signs: it is not so hard; it has a smaller specific gravity; it possesses double refraction, that is, an object will appear double when seen through it, which is not the case with the diamond.

When the corundum is crimson or rose red. and very hard, it is a ruby, one of the rarest of gems; when it is azure or indigo blue, it is a sap phire; when it is violet of magnificent lustre, it is an amethyst; green like meadow-grass, an emerald; or blue as Northern skies, a turquoise; golden yellow with a satin-like lustre, a topaz.

All these patrician stones may be easily con-

founded by the uninitiated with certain gems of the third order, the tiers état, those belonging to the groups composed of silica, or silica mixed other substances; but there is no difficulty about distinguishing them from their plebeian cousins by their specific gravity alone, which is always greater, just as the diamond's is higher than theirs.

Artistically speaking, the first of the two classes of stones of the tiers état, the proprietors and peasants, we might call them, which are naturally far more numerous than those of the other two groups, are divided into three distinct sections.

1. Those formed of pure silica crystallized, including quartz, or rock-crystal, and all its varieties bearing different names, but all of the same composition, except for the coloring matter. The white crystal is the most esteemed, whereas the colored, though lovely, is of slight value. It is said that the fashionable ladies of Rome were in the habit of using balls of rock-crystal to cool their hands, and beautiful objects of art have been made of this substance. It is also employed in making object-glasses for telescopes, and other optical instruments. Glass, or artificial crystal, being more easily worked, has taken its place largely in many cases of late years.

Combined with a very little oxide of manganese, the beautiful violet quartz is known as Occidental or false amethyst. A dash of iron or manganese colors the lovely rose-quartz or Brazilian ruby; colored blue by iron or alumina, it becomes the water-sapphire; and so on through all the colors of the spectrum the plebeian crystals which abound within the rocks, as do wild flowers outside on the hill-slope, put on the tints and borrow the fashion of the rarer gems, though they fail in winning that inimitable lustre which is the crown and glory of the perfect hyaline.

2. Next in order is the second section, to which belong the stones formed of silica not crystallized, and nearly always containing water. It is supposed that they first existed as a jelly-like mass suspended in water, and were never melted by heat or dissolved in a liquid like the matter composing crystallized gems. Most noteworthy of these watery stones is the noble opal, whose loveliness, strange to say, is owing to the flaws in its substance. It is traversed by a multitude of fissures filled with air and moisture, which reflect all the prismatic colors. The tender, the delicate, the brilliant hues of the richest corundums appear in turns in the opal in a way that seems almost magical. The ancients loved this gem, and regarded it as a talisman. The Roman Senator Nonnius preferred exile to parting with one the size of a filbert to the covetous Marc Antony.

The Mexican or fire opal is brilliantly lovely; nothing can be compared to its glow and tint but the most gorgeous of carmine sunset skies.

The hydrophane is a very celebrated stone, known from the early ages. In its ordinary state it is reddish-yellow, feebly translucent, and quite opaque; but plunge it in water, and it will throw off little bubbles of gas, becoming transparent, and showing the colors of the opal. Taken from the water, it soon grows opaque again as the liquid evaporates. The ancients, looking upon it as a great wonder, called it oculus mundi the eve of the world.

3. Last of this class are the agates and their kin, formed of nearly pure silica, generally found in the form of geodes, or balls, not in veins like other precious stones. Some agates are of a single tint, as the white chalcedony, the green chrys-oprase—whose name means golden leek, to which the poet compares

"the sea that is In fashion like a chrysophras".

the cloudy cacholong, and the white or red carnelian, and green heliotrope spotted with red. The second variety of agates are variously tinted, often in different layers of color, such as the onyx family. The precious jasper also belongs to this class.

The second class of our third group includes some very beautiful and striking crystallized The zircon, or jargen, is apt to be brownish-hued, but when colorless has so much fire and lustre that it may pass for a diamond with the inexperienced. The large and popular family of garnets belong to this class also, as well as peridot, jade (which the Chinese are so fond of working into beautiful shapes, and which is very hard, and in color white, pale green, or lilac); then there are the lovely tourmaline crystals of every hue; labradorite, or the opaline feldspar, with its beautiful play of colors; the precious lapis lazuli, from which artists procure their most enduring color, ultramarine; and malachite, or vert de mon-

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VICTORIA.—Your ancient brass warming-pan should be hung in the hall if you have a large one, or in the kitchen if you have a pretty one of the modern fashion, or in your dining-room if it is a large room with a wood fire. It should be hung with a brass wire, as its weight would break a cord. It is not a proper ar-

ticle to hang in a parlor.

A. F. L.—A great many fastidious ladies who formerly objected to machine-made laces use them now for most occasions except for full dress, and even then the inexpensive trimming laces are employed for trimming Surahs, mulls, and nuns' veiling. But for rich fabrics like satin, velvet, and moiré the real or handguedoc laces, also the new Alencon, Valenciennes in the new designs, Irish point, Miracourt, and d'Aurillac laces are worn by young ladies on all occasions; but those who are older choose white duchesse or round point, or black Chantilly lace for rich dresses. Guipure is said to be coming into favor again in Europe.

NEW READER.—We can not give you detailed information about making your winter dresses at this early

A pretty peasant dress for a child has the high round waist buttoned behind, a full skirt tucked near the edge, and shirred at the top. This may be of white wool, of muslin, or else dark blue fininel, with a sash of paler blue cashmere tied around the waist. We know of no safe plan of removing superfluous hair. The address of the Cincinnati agent for Harper's Bazar patterns will be sent you on receipt of your address.

-Pretty aprons of light gray or of écru ponge for sewing or for embroidery are made of a straight breadth of the material with the lower end turned up six inches on the right side, lightly embroidered, and this upturned part is divided lengthwise to form three pockets for holding crewels, etc. Tuck your white skirts in clasters, and trim with one or two scant ruffles of Hamburg embrodery. The open patterns and those with thick work are both used. For thin skirts under trained dresses have lace trimmings, though

many ladies prefer having flounces of stiff muslin and lace made on a foundation to put in the back of a skirt so that it supports the train, and also moves

LOVER OF THE "BAZAR"-Braid vonr back hair, and cross it low on the nape of your neck. If the forehead is very low, do not wear a bang, but put it back on the sides straight or else waved. Dotted mull is the prettiest material for a young girl's white dress. Make it with a full shirred belted waist and full round skirt, with a deep apron in front, and two or three gathered flounces around the bottom. Then wear a vide sash ribbon tied behind in a large bow with ends.

Have elbow sleeves with turned-up cuffs.

M. G. T.—Make your black silk basque short, and trim it with Spanish lace very fully gathered on the neck and sleeves. Put some panels, borders, or scarf drapery of watered silk on the skirt. For hints about your travelling dress and cloak read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 31, Vol. XIV. Porcelain blue camel's-hair at \$1 a yard would be a nice choice for you. Get a dark maroon or green satin Surah for your nice dress for August and for late in the fall.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—Scrim curtains will be pretty and inexpensive for your bedroom. You can buy the scrim for 25 cents a yard, and will need two lengths for each window. If you can afford trimming, buy an-tique lace and insertion. Such curtains ready made can be bought for \$5 a window, four yards long. Suspend them with rods and rings.

A. H.—Your sample is china crape, a material that will take black dye very well, and will look well embroidered to wear with black silk. You do not make your question about handkerchiefs plain.

Unding.—As your forehead is so high you should wear a straight bang, or else thick curved locks covering it and your temples. The hair should then be carried back smoothly, and worn in soft low twists like those described in the New York Fashions of a

late Bazar.
R. E. P.—The most fashionable ladies wear black silk stockings and black slippers with evening dress. If you prefer light colors, wear very pale gray stockings with your steel-colored silk, or else light blue or pink. White lace is most dressy for your sleeves.

AMANDA. - Make your cheese-cloth dress with a hunting jacket and simple round apron over-skirt and pleated lower skirt. It will be more dressy to have it all white, but you can use Persian striped borders, or Turkey red oil calico, or Scotch gingham, or else plain porcelain blue cambric. Three deep pleatings across the back breadths, one across the foot, and a full wrinkled apron is a good design for a cheese-cioth

wrinkled apron is a good design for a cheese-cloth skirt; a pleated or tucked basque then completes it. Constant Reader.—Satin de Lyon would only be worn in the lightest "complimentary" mourning, and would look better with self trimmings than with crape. Bretha.-In sending for patterns the bust measure

alone is necessary.

Mrs. G. S.—Certainly you can have your switch and other short hair made up in a chignon. Any reliable dealer in hair will undertake it for you.

SUBSORIBER.—Dark cardinal, green, or blue hunting jackets are worn with black skirts at the sea-side. Your design for the dark red dress is very pretty, and so simple that it will look well even after the fashion changes. The belt should be a very wide silk helt ribbon with pearl buckle, or else a soft silk Surah sash ribbon should be tied behind in a large bow with ends. after being passed around the waist as a belt.

A. W. R.—We do not answer such questions by mail,

A. W. K.—We do not answer such questions by man, and can not tell you the cost of the articles.

L. W. L.—In the sentence you quote, "but" is a preposition, and is followed by "me."

H. W. W., AND OTHERS.—The recipe for pot pourri

of roses is in Bazar No. 25, Vol. X., not Vol. XIV.

Mrs. L. C. R.-We have no knowledge of such an association as you mention.

IDA.—For your summer silk have a shirred basque, and put three flounces—partly shirred, partly pleated -up the front and sides, with only one flounce behind. and bouffant back drapery. Make your black satin de Lyon with flounces of Spanish lace and a scarf drapery that forms a large bow behind. Your mother's dress of the same material should have embroidery on net for the trimming, and a Marguerite polonaise for the over-dress, with a pleated skirt, or else one shirred below the waist in front and on the sides, and falling in pleats below this.

FRANKFORT.-Read reply given above to "Ida" for hints about making silk dre

C. L. W.—We have not the pattern of the suit you

M. J. L.-White Spanish lace fichus are stylishly worn this season with dresses of white nuns' veiling with white muslins, black silks, and colored dresses

A. J.—Crape bonnets are worn with square-meshed grenadine dresses. Shawls are only worn for negligo by young ladies in mourning.

SEA-SIDE. - Make your flannel suit with a shooting jacket, apron over-skirt and pleated skirt, with rows of machine stitching for its only trimming. FAITH B.—Unmarried ladies do not wear breakfast

caps. Flat square-cornered glass dishes are the new-est for fruit. Married ladies use their husband's first name, not their own, on their visiting cards. Young ladies should have "Miss" engraved on their cards. Braid is worn on wool dresses this season-not in patterns, but in parallel rows.

CHEYSOLITE.—It is now the fashion to have embroidered cloth or plush drapery suspended from brackets that are used for a bust, vase, or small piece

Mrs. E. M. W.—Your samples of silk are very pretty. Make a shirred basque entirely of the light silk, with facings of the dark. Have the front of the skirt trimmed up to the knees with alternate ruffles of the two materials; then have full apron drapery made by sewing breadths of the two silks together, and draping them around the figure, tying them behind with hanging ends like a large sash bow. The Bazars you want have been sent you.

SABA.—Make your bordered cambric with a belted waist, an apron over-skirt edged with the border, and a round skirt with one or two bordered gathered ruffles. Put one or two flounces on your dress, with a polonaise, having them very deep, and shirred at the top, with pleatings below. There is no new way of looping polonaises. Read about polonaises in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 24, Vol. XIV. Put three pleatings wide enough to cover the back breadths on your alpaca skirt, and have a deep apron, merely stitched by machine, and one pleating across the front. Then have a round waist, with sash ribbon tied behind at the waist line. Plain round over-skirts are draped very high on the hips by pleats, and allowed to hoop or curve very low and slender behind. Use brushes with bristles, not wires. Cleanse the scalp with alcohol, and wash your hair in tar water. Then continue brushing it twice daily. Hunting jackets are worn but not white belted waists.



Slow process of nature; nature slowness



DRESS FOR GIAL FROM 7 TO 15 YEARS OLD CUT PATTERN, No. 3118: SHIRRED WAIST, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 15 CENTS EACH. Fo. description see Supplement.

Silk Gauze and Lace Fichu-Collar.

THE foundation of this collar is a band of stiff net an along the middle of the back a three-cornered piece of | mented with the border Fig. 2. The design is transferred to the material, white silk gauze, the bias upper side of which is seven inches long. The lower edge of the band and the gauze in the back are trimmed with white lace three inches and a half wide. Similar lace is joined to the upper edge of the band and turned down on the outside. The collar is held together at the front under full loops of gauze crossed by a lace jabot.

Crape and Lace Collar.

This round white collar is made of double white English crape, and is three inches deep. The upper edge is joined to a narrow stiff net band, which is covered with a crape fold, and edged with cream lace an inch and a half wide, arranged in triple box pleats. The bottom of the collar is bordered with a similar fold, and edged with side-pleated lace three inches wide, which is continued in jabots along the front edges.

Crape and Lace Fichu-Collar.

This square collar reaches to the shoulders, and is arranged in folds of white English crape. The bottom is edged with white lace three inches and a half wide. Simlar lace is joined to the top and folded over, and forms a

Borders for Dresses, etc.—Figs. 1 and 2.

The border Fig. 1 is worked on a light blue linen foundation. Two rows of narrow white fancy braid are caught down with stitches of yellow cotton, and the space between them is crossed with white cotton, the stitches being taken through the loops on the braid; the intersecting points are covered with dots worked in satin stitch with yellow cotton. The ornamentation along each side is worked with white eotton in button-hole stitch, and with yellow cotton in chain stitch.

The border Fig. 2 is worked on brown percale. Two rows of narrow fancy braid are fastened down, one with blue and one with red cotton, and the space between them is ornamented in herring-bone stitch with white cotton, and in chain stitch with blue and red. The point Russe catching down the loops on the outer edge of the braid is worked with white and the chain stitches with blue and red alternately.

Tidy.-Netted Guipure, Stem Stitch, and Point Russe Embroidery.—Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrations on page 564.

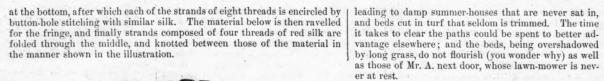
This tidy, which was designed by Madame Beeg, directress of the Nuremberg School for

Art Needle-Work, is composed of two strips of coarse white linen which are connected by a band of netted guipure insertion. It is bordered with similar insertion, and edged with lace to match. The strips of linen, which inch wide and nineteen inches long, to which is joined are twenty-seven inches long and eight inches and a half wide, are orna-



CRAPE AND LACE COLLAR.







CRAPE AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.

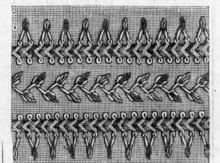


Fig. 2.—Border for Dresses,

HOW TO LIVE IN A COUNTRY HOME.

WHAT is the best use one can make of the little country home after buying it, and thus receive the most happiness, and confer the most benefit on the household?

Most people go into the country expecting that they can live in just the same way as if they were boarding. Then, when they find that they have their full share of the sentence pronounced on Adam at the fall, they get discouraged, and either leave everything to hired help to be misman aged, or else in disgust sell the place, and ever after think of those condemned to live in the country with contemptuous pity. But have such people really experienced country life in all its phases?

The first year or two of ownership will necessarily be trying in many ways, and mistakes must be made by beginners, which are rectified as you become accustomed to the routine of the seasons and of work. So labor will eventually be lightened and comfort increased.

No one can fully realize this, and take heart of hope from it, until by making notes, either in his own memory or in a book, he will perceive how much reason for encouragement he has in the undings as time goes on.

It is by no means necessary that, because you choose to live in the country, you should do exactly as your neighbors do. Have your garden to suit yourself. Do not cultivate every plant on the seedsman's catalogue because you are told to do so. Omit from your list such plants as require care and expense to raise. If

ravelled at the lower edge for fringe. Fig. 17, Supplement, gives a section | together four at a time with a button-hole stitch of red silk, after which | none of your family like cabbages, why must you have rows of them, like of the design, which is to be transferred to the cheese-cloth. The outlines are worked in stem stitch with colored silk, and the design figures in Fig. 2. A row of button-hole stitches in maize silk is next worked folks?" If potatoes grow better in his ground than in yours, buy of him,

So with fruit. If a strawberry bed entails trouble, and you can procure your strawberries cheaper and better elsewhere, do not feel everlastingly

and beds cut in turf that seldom is trimmed. The time it takes to clear the paths could be spent to better advantage elsewhere: and the beds, being overshadowed by long grass, do not flourish (you wonder why) as well as those of Mr. A. next door, whose lawn-mower is never at rest.

If you have large beds of hardy roses, and clumps of shrubs on the lawn, and vines clinging around the piazzas, you will have a pretty garden without the aid of greenhouses. Such plants ask for little care all sumner, and well reward the semi-annual digging and pruning you will gladly give them.

We have in mind one admirable garden which never

received any trained skill. Its ample beds of tulips and lilies-of-the-valley "knew their appointed season," and bloomed at their own sweet will among syringas and lilacs. An arbor covered with white elematis led into this spicy inclosure, whence a long path, bordered with tall white lilies, threw over the whole a weird-like charm, especially by moonlight.

We recall another, where the entrance to the house

from the main road was set out like an avenue with sweet-smelling roses that never seemed to be out of

By all means cultivate myrtle. It covers up deficiencies and hides unsightly earth; it throws over everything a garniture of restful green, and is the first to greet the spring with its starry blue flowers. A myrtle bed under a parlor window or on each side of the front porch is ever a gladsome thing.

One of the trials you have to contend with in a small place is the danger of being robbed of your fruit and vegetables just as they come to maturity. This may seem a paradox—a small place, one would imagine, being easier to protect than a large one. But where less help is kept, and perhaps only one dog, the one man and one dog can not be everywhere at once, and, indeed, one or the other is very apt to be, on one pretense

or another, off the place, and that is the time chosen by nimble fingers to appropriate to themselves the fruits of others' labors; indeed, as has been pungently remarked, judg ing by the frequency of such attacks, it would seem as if all the toil and expense were to be on one side, and all the advantage on the other. But this evil, as well as many others equally disheartening, may be obviated by a little forethought and contrivance.

If you set your melon patch just back of the barn, and then employ two boys, picked out of the streets, to weed your garden, can you be astonished if those melons suffer? Do not put your raspberries and blackberries just on the border of a hedge, where boys can lurk as well as berries, and whence they can beat a speedy retreat in case of a sur-



SCHOOL SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 15 YEARS OLD. CUT PATTERN, No. 3119: POLONAISE AND SKIRT, 15 CENTS EACH.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-15.



Fig. 1.—SATIN AND EMBROIDERED SILK MUSLIN DRESS. BACK.—See Fig. 4.—[For description see Supplement.]

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE AND SATIN SURAH DRESS. For description see Supplement.

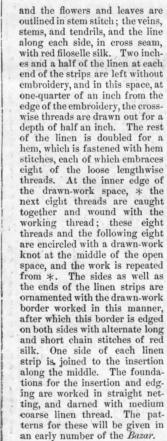


Fig. 1.—Border for Dresses,

Sofa Back.-Stem Stitch Embroidery and Drawn-Work.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 564. This sofa back consists of a cheese-cloth foundation, which is embroidered with colored silk, bordered with drawn-work on each side of the embroidery, and

For description see Supplement.

lines are worked in stem stitch with colored silk, and the design figures are filled in with running stitches of silk in the color with which they are outlined. These running stitches are worked in parallel rows over and under two threads of the material, and are made to alternate by taking up in one row the threads that were under in the preceding one. The arabesques and vines are worked with olive and brown silk, the buds and blossoms with pink and blue silk. For the drawn-work, the manner of executing which is shown in Fig. 2, work is begun at the top of the border with a serpentine line in maize silk, consisting of slanting stitches are worked in parallel rows over and the opposite edge of the open space, each stitch taken over four threads of the material ach way, and close under this a line in back stitch with red silk, each stitch over four threads. The preceding rows are then repeated in inverse order and in the contrary direction, as shown in the illustration, and below these ten threads of the material are then repeated in inverse order and in the contrary direction, as and hot-beds and all the paraphernalia of forcing-houses. Choose, thereshown in Fig. 2, work is begun at the top of the border with a serpentine line in maize silk, consisting of slanting stitches are worked in parallel rows over and the opposite edge of the open space, each stitch taken over four threads of the material each way, and close under this a line in back stitch with red silk, each stitch over four threads. The preceding rows are their reads of the material each way, and close under this a line in back stitch worry about taken over four threads of the material each way, and close under this a line in back stitch worry about to said give up your space to sweet-corn, which flourishes with you.

Then, again, do not worry about to worry about reduction, as and hot-beds and all the paraphernalia of forcing-houses. Choose, there shown in the illustration, and below these ten threads of the material ach way, and close under this a each taken over four threads of the material in height and two in width. | circled by a back stitch in red silk, the working thread is carried over Below this five threads are passed, and the next nine are drawn out, after which a row in blanket stitch is worked over the five threads lengthwise threads are encircled with a similar stitch, the working thread

and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20a, 20b-25.]

Fig. 1.—Satin and Guipure Net Dress. Fig. 2.—Surah and Camel's-hair Dress.—[For pattern Fig. 3.—Plain and Figured Foulard Dress. For description see Supplement.

disgraced because you do not have them, but have the moral courage to that were previously passed; two stitches are taken from one point, each | is carried back in a slanting direction on the wrong side, and the work | dispense with their culture, and turn your attention to other fruits demandover five threads in height and two in width, and after each two, four lose threads are passed. In the next row the loose threads are caught lose threads in width, is worked over the four threads left lake now a state of the s

description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1a, 1b-6.]



Fig. 3.—Cotton Sattern Dress.—[For pattern and Fig. 4.—Satin and Embroidered Silk Muslin Dress. FRONT.—See Fig. 1.—[For description see Supplement.]

Hosted by GOOGLE

prise. Fruit and fruit-bearing trees are always or namental, for they suggest a sense of affluence and luxury. Let them be as much around your house as possible. It is much pleasanter to see them bending beneath their weight of fruit in autumn, from your own back piazza, than relegated to a distant orchard of their own, where their rich produce falls an easy prey to the marauder.

Do not mind if your grapes and melons in some degree invade the region sacred to floral art, but be thankful if you can watch their growing beauties yourself from a convenient window, and so, in a large measure, be your own overseer. This would be only bringing back the old-fashioned pleasance of Shakspeare's and Bacon's days, where flowers and fruits twined lovingly together around the master's mansion, whence, with the rising and setting sun, he could overlook his de-

There are some things not likely to be stolen from you. Potatoes are not attractive in appearance, and Lima beans, being of the same color as the leaves, are tedious to gather. Place these on the debatable border as advance guards to protect the more desirable objects of your garden. Thus secured, you can eat of the fruit of your own doings, and afford to be generous besides. You can spread a hospitable board, and enjoy the luxury of filling from your basket and your store what is lacking in those of your neighbors. A liberal spirit insures, better than anything else, exemption from spoliation. "The open hand is filled the fullest," says an old proverb. This is the privilege of country people, who, with perhaps little ready money, yet live in plenty, and always have something ready to give. It certainly does quicken the benevolent as well as hospitable instincts of the heart to know that you can run to the garden, even in such a dire emergency as unexpected company, feeling sure of conjuring out of it a meal fit to be set before the severest of epicures, and that your dairy contains as unfailing a supply in its way as the widow's cruse.

So you always have and to spare, and can, in offering what you have, bestow what money can not buy—the fresh products of mother earth.

Another way of enjoying a country home is to identify yourself with it. Cultivate the neigh-borhood. Be a power in it. Interest yourself in churches and schools, in the roads, in the library, in all the fairs and festivals, even if they are not quite to your taste; but regard everything of importance that helps on the prosperity of the place you live in, and take as much pains to make it habitable and attractive as you would your own domicile.

The eulogy that has come down to us through the centuries of a brave knight of old is as applicable now as it was then to those who aspire to the dignified position of a country land-holder.

"He affected," says his biographer, "to be

honored and loved amongst his neighbors, which he attained to, beyond other his concurrents, by his honesty, humanity, and hospitality. He was the wonder of the country for a settled house and constant hospitality."

One great reason why those moving from the city into the country are subjected at first to disappointment is with regard to society. Of course in every place there are bright, intellectual individuals or families, refined in their manners and conversation. But such are not at the beck of every new-comer. They have their own circle, which is often wide-spread, so they have little time and inclination to rush after strangers, unless endowed with superior attractions at first

Quite nice people have been known to sell their places and move away because they "were not called upon." "Such a stiff, cold set never were seen before; never want to live among them again." Such is their verdict. If they had staid ear longer, it would have been reversed.

To those so circumstanced the advice would be, "Have patience." If you are really yourself worth knowing, society will find it out, and in time you will have a position where once you were hardly noticed. You always, too, have it in your power to cultivate new-comers, and in that way enlarge your sphere of acquaintance. so far as general society is concerned.

But there are a great many very clever people who only need as introduction a kind word, or a you are lonely and a stranger, to draw them to-ward you. Cultivate such, even if they are "plain people" who do not leave their cards nor wait sunny smile, or the knowledge of the fact that to have their calls returned. Some of the most original characters may be found in out-of-theway nooks of the world. For instance, we knew of one farmer's wife who took pride in doing all her own work, yet was so learned in one special branch of science—whether it was ferns or birds it matters not—that she was an authority in her native State, and corresponded with some of the most eminent men in it; of another woman in humble life whose knowledge of general literature was more extended than that of many a university graduate, and on whatever subject she took up she could converse intelligently and well. Such are worth knowing, even if their rough hands and simple manners do not correspond with the depth of their knowledge or the choice language in which it is expressed.

A family once moved into a pretentious house on the banks of one of our most charming rivers, and considered themselves so very exclusion that they gave it out they did not wish any of the country people to visit them. Now, though they little thought it, the country people in this instance composed the aristocracy of society, being wealthy owners of country-seats on the river. while the rustics whom these parvenues held in such holy horror resided in the village and back lands adjoining. It is needless to say that they were severely let alone by both sides, and after a year or two of isolation, moved off to more congenial surroundings. But this goes to show that the phrase "country people" has a wide significance, and is not necessarily tantamount to ignorance and roughness.

Again, the pleasures of country life are greatly enhanced by an independent spirit. If you look upon every laborer passing to his daily work in the light of a tramp, and fear to cross a field on account of possible cows, or to enter the woods from the dread of snakes, where is the comfort in life if you walk? If, on the other hand, you ride, and are sure every time the horse pricks up his ears that he is going to run away, or if there is a stone in the road that the carriage will be overturned, where is the fun of driving? If an owl hooting at night convinces you of a burglar, and the young people's boating, shooting, and skating expeditions are imbittered by the dread of unhappy consequences, how can you live in peace at any time?

Persons haunted by these intangible fears had better remain within the region of pavements and

In addition to the human interests which claim your attention, cultivate the fine society of dumb animals, and you never can complain that life is

A good dog adds to your pleasure and safety, by being an unrivalled night watchman as well as serviceable companion by day. A horse brings everything near to you, and you near to everything. These are noble creatures, whose praises poets have not disdained to sound; but cats and birds, and indeed the whole retinue of a domestic establishment, if treated with due consideration, deserve richly their share of praise too, as they perform their part in making up a real home, and driving away ennui and discontent.

There are other little pleasures incident to a country life not to be despised. The bright goodmorning from a child passing on its way to school has a cheer for all day; the kind interest shown in your affairs by your neighbors is not without its value. Having had no small experience, we speak advisedly when we say that there is nothing to equal the kindness and thoughtfulness of a country neighborhood in seasons of trouble and affliction. Then, indeed, the rich and poor meet together in the sweet communion of sympa-thy and interest, and in performing all those good offices which knit together a community in the . bond of charity and love.

[Begun in Habper's Bazar No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY, AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOR," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

MADAME MORRISON. "WHERE am I?"

"Hush, dear; you must not try to speak just et. You are with me, and quite safe." 'Jane, is it not?'

"Yes, Jane. Drink this, and lie still."

Helen obeyed with a curious languor and a sort of suspension of thought. She had no dis-tinct knowledge of what had occurred, but she did not particularly care; she was too weak to concern herself about anything. Jane Merrick, anxiously watching her on her recovery from the prolonged fainting fit that had followed her recognition of her friend, and during which she had been taken in a carriage to Madame Morrison's apartment, presently had the relief of seeing her

fall into a deep and tranquil sleep.
"She will do quite well," said the English doctor, who had been sent for, and who fancied he had seen his young patient before, but could not remember where, or under what circumstances. "She wants nothing but rest and quiet. There's

nothing wrong with her."
"It is very strange that she should faint dead off like that at the sight of an old friend. She must be in a very weak state; don't you think so, Dr. Macgavan?"

'No. She has no appearance of ill health; the cause is to be found in the moral order, I should say. Who is she? I have certainly seen her somewhere."

"She is an old friend of mine, her name is Helen Rhodes, and her story is a sad one. Her father died suddenly in India, and she was, not adopted exactly, I should say taken up by people of the name of Townley Gore. They must be proud, unkind people, for poor Helen has quite given me up; I have not heard anything of her for months, and I know that was not her own doing. I had no idea that Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore were in Paris, though the lady is one of my aunt's customers.'

"They are not in Paris, at least I think not." "But they must be, doctor. How could Helen be here if they were not?"

"Ah! I can not say anything about that. I remember now it was at their house in the Avenue du Bois that I saw your pretty friend. Mr. Townley Gore had an obstinate fit of gout, and I saw him almost daily. But he left Paris two months ago. I had some trouble to prevent his going away before I considered it safe; there was some pressing matter of business—a succession, I believe on hand, and madame preceded her husband. I presume the young lady accompanied her; but I know the whole party returned to England, for a friend of mine, Mr. Warrender, of Chesney, in Hampshire, has taken the house they had."

"Then they must have come back. I wish I knew where they are. They will be alarmed about Helen. If I could just get her to tell me the address, I could send a message to relieve their minds at once. I thought there might be a card or a letter in her pocket, and that we could have taken her to her home, but there is nothing

"Don't wake her for that or any purpose. She will not sleep long, and she will wake quite well. Give her a bouillon and some wine, and you may then take her home with perfect safety.'

So saving, Dr. Macgavan, a cheery gentleman, so unmistakably British of aspect that he might have seen Paris for the first time that day, but who had in reality practiced medicine in that city for twenty years, took his leave.

Jane Merrick seated herself by the side of the little white bed on which they had laid Helen, and gazed thoughtfully at the fair young sleeper. The months that had passed since they parted, with that mutual promise that had been so strangely fulfilled, had wrought a great change in Helen's looks-a change of a kind for which Jane Merrick instinctively sought a moral cause.

"She has not been happy;" so said Jane to herself as she noted the pensive expression into which the delicate features settled themselves in sleep-the slight darkening of the eyelids and depression of the cheeks, the occasional faint quivering of the lips, and the deep sigh with which a change of position was accompanied. "She has not been happy; the wonderful piece of good fortune, as I took it to be, has not proved so real as it looked. Would it have been better for her if she had never had any chance except that which my good aunt offered her? How has she been reated? I tried to think that these people were right in dividing her from me; according to their notions I could not blame them; but she looks as if she had had something more than that to bear. She is not the 'bonnie bird' of our old days at the Hill House, and she would not have fainted on seeing me if the surprise had not been a painful one; no embarrassment, no fear that I should resent her submission to the will of her protectors, would have produced such an effect as that. Something has happened to her; something is gravely wrong with her; and come what will, I lose sight of her no more.

Helen turned her head upon the pillow, and let her left arm fall over the edge of the bed. Very gently Jane Merrick took the small white hand in hers. There were two or three simple rings on the fingers, but among them one at sight of which Jane started. It was a thick plain gold ring, an "alliance" of the English fashion, and worn on the "wedding finger." What did this mean? It might be accident, the sing might this mean? It might be accident; the ring might be the wedding ring of Helen's mother; though Jane had never seen Helen wear or heard her speak of such a ring, and she might not know that it ought not to be worn thus; or it might mean that Helen was herself a wife. In that case, Helen must have left Jane ignorant of the fact of her own free-will, the power over her of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore existing no longer. There was a sharp pang of pain in the thought, and Jane gently released the passive hand from her hold. Was she married, and unhappy? With the instinct of her sex and her calling, Jane scanned Helen's attire. There might be much to learn from that. Her dress was very simple and inexpensive, neatly put on, and not unbecoming; but it was the garb of mourning, and not an article that composed it was new. gloves and boots had been taken off when Madame Morrison and Jane laid her on the bed. The gloves were mended, the boots were worn. The few rings, not one of them valuable, and a pin, with which her light mantle was fastened, formed her only ornaments. Jane examined the pin. It was a handsome specimen of jewellers' work, a fine cameo, engraved with the head of Apollo, surrounded by a laurel wreath in green

enamel, beautifully wrought. "That pin belonged to a man," said Jane to herself, as she replaced it in the mantle. "It is a scarf pin. The wedding ring is her own. Hel-en is married. Poor child! poor child!" She resumed her place, and waited. Half an

hour later Helen awoke, and looked around. Her eyes were alert; her intelligence was all alive. She sat up and pushed back her loosened hair. Then Jane stepped gently forward, and said:

"You are better now, dear Helen, and the first thing to be done is to send word to your home that you are safe. Time has been lost already, but the doctor would not allow you to be disturb-ed. Tell me your address. Mr. Townley Gore's, it not? I will send off a messenger at once.

You must remain here for some hours yet."

Jane was inexpressibly shocked and startled by the effect which her words produced. Helen sprang to the ground, and catching hold of the rail of Jane's chair, said, hurriedly:
"I can not, I can not. Do not detain me; do

not ask me any questions, but let me go at once. Thank you, thank you a thousand times. I don't know what made me so ill. I don't know what happened to me exactly. I can not stay with you now. I can not tell you anything now. An-

other time, perhaps. I must, I must go."
"Alone! And after having been so ill! It is impossible. Be reasonable, Helen. What is the matter with you? What have I done to you? you are forbidden to see me by Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, so be it; but at least you may let me take you home. Indeed you must. You are unfit to leave this house alone, and nothing shall make me let you do it. My aunt will be back in a few minutes. She will say what I do."

Helen stood clinging to the chair and trembling. She looked wildly round her, like a creature hunted or newly imprisoned. She passed her hand across her forehead, and drew her breath with a

'Dearest Helen," said Jane, attempting to take her hand—but Helen withdrew it—"don't look afraid of me. Is there anything very wrong with You were frightened when you saw me todav. Why? Remember all we were to each other for so long, remember what we promised each other when we parted, and tell me what is wrong with you. Are you unhappy? Are they unkind to you?"
"They? Who?"

"The Townley Gores."

The color flew up over Helen's face, dyeing it to the roots of her hair, and her eyes fell before

the grave, pitying, imploring gaze of Jane's.
"I know nothing about them. I am not with them now."

"Then with whom are you?" asked Jane. "Tell me the truth, I entreat of you. What has happened? Oh, Helen"—she caught the reluctant left hand and held it up before the girl's eyes—"are you married?"

The question broke down Helen's guard, and put all her short-lived courage and resistance to flight. A tide of terrible emotion rushed over her, and the bitterness of its waters was the bitterness of self-delusion, of trust betrayed, of hope deferred, of sickening fear and loneliness, of utter discouragement, and the exhaustion of a prolonged suspense. Mingled with this bitterness there was a strange relief and an irresistible yearning, and the tide carried Helen away with it. She could not turn from the grave and loving eyes that sought to read her very soul, she could not go back to the unshared misery and the haunting fear of her daily life, now that there had come with Jane's face a glimpse of deliverance. If Frank Lisle was living, and she should ever see him again, he would understand that in her supreme wretchedness she had at last been forced to disobey him, and he would forgive her. and a thousand other thoughts revolved in her mind in one of those immeasurably brief instants which reveal to us the capacities of our souls to think and to suffer, and with a low cry of "Jane, Jane, I will tell you everything!" she sank into the chair beside her, and gave way to a passion of salutary tears.

Madame Morrison's spacious and handsome apartment was situated above her show-rooms and work-rooms, which occupied two floors of a large house in the Rue de Rivoli, fronting the gardens of the Tuileries, and adjoining the warehouse in which her husband had already amassed a considerable fortune in the Lyons trade. The beautiful products of the looms of La Guillotière and La Croix Rousse, from which half-naked men, ferocious of aspect and of sentiment (in politics), turn out the most poetical and exquisite of fab rics, the cream-colored robes of our brides, the dainty court trains of our débutantes, the stately gowns of our noble matrons, the gorgeous hangings of our palaces, and the sumptuous adornment of our churches, in vast grimy unwhole-some rooms, were the objects in which Mr. Morrison dealt; and so well established was the fame of the house that, though he was not a manufacturer, his silks, satins, velvets, and brocades were specialties, and called by his name.

Mr. Morrison was an elderly person, of gentle-manly appearance and manners, and Madame Morrison, his wife, who had made for herself a name as good as her husband's, was in every way worthy of him. They were well enough off to retire from business, but neither of them had any in-clination to do so. They did not propose to them-selves to assume any position but that respectable one which was fairly theirs, and a life of idleness had no charms for them. At their time of life, they could neither take nor pretend to take to pursuits other than those they had hitherto followed, and they were quite content with their lot.

Madame Morrison's niece, Jane Merrick, was an object of equal affection to the husband and the wife; they were so fond of her that they were almost consoled by her for the great grief of childlessness, and they did form plans for Jane's future apart from the business, although they formed none for their own. The French system of marriage was no more to the taste of Jane's aunt and uncle than to that of Jane herself, but they were wise and perspicuous persons, and they kept their opinion of that system, as of a good many others which they saw in action around them, to themselves. They had chosen to make their abode in France, and they had made a very good thing of the choice. It was not for them to speak ill of the bridge that had carried them over, but there was no occasion for them to marry their niece on the French system, and they didn't intend to do so. This was, of course, a point upon which they were completely misunderstood, and it was a settled part of the business of their life to dispose politely, and without giving offense, of the numerous aspirants to the heart and dot of their niece. Many of these aspirants were desirable partis; in some instances le blason was not wanting, though the escutcheons were not, to tell the truth, very richly gilded. All was, however, wasted pains in the direction of Meess Jane; that incomprehensible young person assumed a position altogether exceptional, and doubtless only to be accounted for by her Britannic origin. She had no wish to marry, and not the least intention of going into a convent. The truth was that Jane Merrick was quite hapnv with her aunt and uncle, persons of cultivated tastes, and manners which were the true reflection of their benevolence and uprightness. too was a pleasant and contented one and the severest mortification in anything connected with her niece that Madame Morrison had ever sustained was the supposed prohibition of the friendship between Jane and Helen. After all, that was not very severe, for Jane did not seem to mind it, and Madame Morrison had a full and inalienable right to her conviction that the real loser by the severance was not her niece. Perhaps there is no one who enjoys better opportunities for knowing a woman's real character, and especially her temper, than her modiste, and Madame Morrison, a student of character in her way, had observed Mrs. Townley Gore with some closeness and curiosity, and with this result, that she believed her to be as much the inferior of Jane Merrick as selfishness is the inferior of disinterestedness, and a heartless vanity is the inferior of simplicity and elevation of mind. She had not really known how much her niece

Hosted by

suffered from the separation. Perhaps no married woman with the supreme and pressing interests and business of life to occupy her could enter fully into a girl's feelings about her own particular friend, and the matter had not been referred to for a considerable time. When the unexpected meeting took place at Neuilly, and with so startling a result, all the womanly tenderness and kindness of Madame Morrison's nature woke up, and she was as eager as Jane herself in her attention to the fainting girl. She was called away just as Helen began to recover consciousness, and on her return met Dr. Macgavan, who had just left his patient, and he told her that Helen was sleeping. A full hour elapsed, and then Jane Merrick appeared before her aunt, so pale and agitated that Madame Morrison was alarmed.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, "what is the matter? Is Miss Rhodes ill again?"

"No; she is better; but she has told me so sad and serious a story that I must tell it to you without a moment's delay. Give me your best attention, aunt."

Then Jane Merrick repeated the story which she had heard from Helen to Madame Morrison, who listened without interrupting her, and in whose face Jane could read the impression which her words were producing

her words were producing.

"And now," said Jane, in conclusion, "what is to be done? She is alone, helpless, almost penniless, and she has no idea of the gravity of her position."

"This," said Madame Morrison, "is one of the most terrible stories I ever heard. What has become of the man? Had he ever any intention of marrying her? I can not believe that he had."

"That is the horrid conviction I had when she told me her story."

"What utter folly on her part!"

"Yes, but also what utter ignorance and innocence. Helen had not the remotest notion of what she was doing; she does not understand it even now; she thinks of nothing but her grief and suspense about her lover. She has not the least notion that she has done a terribly imprudent thing and that she has incurred grave a unicion?"

thing, and that she has incurred grave suspicion."
"Mrs. Townley Gore can have taken no care at all of her. I don't mean in the true sense, but in any sense that would be satisfactory to the fitness of things, even as people like her interpret it."

"She was most unkind. Helen has not said much; but what must she have been, aunt, when a girl like Helen was so solitary under her roof that she could be placed in such a position of danger, and not dare to speak to her? How well the man must have known how helpless and alone she was, before he dared to ask her to leave her protectors and trust to him—a stranger! I wonder," Jane continued, her voice thrilling, and her face transfigured by the intensity of her feelings—"I wonder how Mrs. Townley Gore would answer to God for the fate of that young girl?"

"She would answer," said Madame Morrison,
"in the words of the question of Cain: Am I my
brother's keeper? She would acknowledge no
responsibility. What is it to her? What is the
happiness or the misery of anybody to people
such as Mrs. Townley Gore? But we waste time
in talking about her. What does the poor girl
think? what does she propose?"

"Nothing; she is utterly unnerved. I left her

"Nothing; she is utterly unnerved. I left her lying on the sofa in my room, and told her I must consult with you. It was her fear of me that made her faint when she saw me, and yet she is immensely relieved now that she has told me, and she clings to me so pitifully. But, dear aunt, she seems strangely afraid of going back to the place she is living at. I can not make out very distinctly what she means; but it seems to me that she is afraid of the people there—the concierge and his wife, and their daughter, who is her femme

de chambre."

"All harpies and wretches, I dare say," said Madame Morrison, who was given to sweeping generalizations, "and they make her feel her equivocal position thoroughly. Yet she must go back, and I see in your face what you want, but it can not be; I can not have you mixed up in any business of the kind. No, no; we will get her out of it if possible, and she will only be brought to that by hearing home truths from me; but you can not go to the place where she is living under false pretenses and a false name. You must see that for yourself Jane."

must see that for yourself, Jane."

"I don't quite see it, aunt; but I am bound to take your word for it, and to do what you think right. It is getting late; we must come to some decision. You will let me see her here. Remember that she has no notion of any wrong-doing in all this beyond a vague one that she ought to have held out against deceiving the people she was

"She shall come here when she pleases, Jane, be satisfied with that. And now go to her; tell her to calm herself, that she has found friends, and that I am going to take her home myself. I will send for a carriage at once. I shall be better able to understand all this when I have seen the place, and she will be more inclined to confide in me when I am quite alone with her. You and your uncle must dine without me, and do not expect me until you see me."

The surprise of Delphine to see Madame Lisle, who did not, to her knowledge, possess a single acquaintance in Paris, return home accompanied by a lady so perfectly comme il faut as Madame Morrison, was extreme. It was accompanied by a slightly unpleasant sensation; for might not this handsomely dressed, clever-looking person give Madame Lisle some domestic hints which would not be consonant with the interests of Delphine and her parents? She would have viewed anybody with suspicion who came to interfere with her rule over the timid girl, more and more at her mercy day by day, and her first quick, sharp, investigating glance at the stranger was met by a look of distrust in which Delphine instinctively felt there was a menace. It was Madame Morri-

son who replied to Delphine's officious inquiries for Helen said not a word—in a cool tone of authority:

"Serve Madame Lisle's dinner at once, if you please. She has not been well, and I shall remain with her for some time."

"Voilà du nouveau!" said Delphine to herself, as she ran quickly down the stairs to carry the news to the lodge of the concierge; "so mademoiselle has contrived to dénicher a friend. She is not, perhaps, so near the bottom of the bag as we thought. No matter; it is not a friend in petticoats that will keep her from arriving there, and those of the other kind do not grow on the bushes."

For all the dread and pain that were in her heart, there was something welcome and soothing to Helen in the quiet and motherly way in which Madame Morrison treated her—in the pleasant familiarity and the little tone of kindly direction so entirely novel to her; in the being bid-den to eat, and encouraged with friendly, unobtrusive words. An unfamiliar warmth about her heart; old forgotten visions of the time when she used to think about her own young mother, dead so long, came back to her with an almost overpowering sweetness. She liked the sense of lassitude and weakness to which she owed this wonderful little bit of blue in her clouded sky, and she cheered up, and talked to her new friend about Jane, and the old school-time at the Hill House, with animation which revived her beauty and revealed it to her hearer. Madame Morrison was in no hurry to leave her. Madame Morrison She would see her comfortably settled for the night, she said, and she sat by her bedside for a long time. The kind, judicious woman carried her point. She remained with Helen until she had received her entire confidence, until she was thoroughly satisfied of her innocence and the truth of her story; but when at last she left her, promising to see her again on the morrow, it was with the conviction that Mr. Frank Lisle was an unprincipled scoundrel, who had never intended to marry her, and that, having either got into some scrape which rendered it advisable for him to keep out of the way, immediately after the unaccountable but providential departure that had preserved the unsuspecting girl from the fate he had prepared for her, or, having found metal more attractive, he had deliberately forsaken her. Madame Morrison had an exceedingly bad opinion of men in gener-Indeed, there was only one man in the world whom she regarded as an exception. That fa-vored individual was her own husband. Helen's story was another confirmation of the views which acquired strength and distinctness daily. This Frank Lisle was a very choice specimen of scoundrelism. He was not dead--not he. There would have been inquiries in that case, and his latest proceedings in Paris would have been easily traced by the police of Paris. He had changed his mind, for some reason—it little mattered what —and forsaken the girl, most happily for her. Madame Morrison informed her husband and Jane of all that had passed between herself and Helen, and gave expression to her conviction respecting Frank Lisle in very plain terms, concluding with this characteristic remark:

"If I could believe in such a being as a kindhearted surgeon, which I can't, I should say that I feel like a kind-hearted surgeon who has got through the consultation, and fixed the operation for the next day. To-morrow, my dears, I am going to tell this poor thing the truth, and make her safety sure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT CASTLEHILL.

Full was the light that fell over the dancers,
Rich was the air of the sumptuous room
Where the high-heaped vases and garlanded lintels
Poured out the fragrance of roses in bloom.
Fair were the througs floating bither and thither,
Sweet was the music that moved them at will,
Bright was the woven lustre of color,

Bright were the jewels that flashed and were still, Gay and delightful the murmur of voices That night in the villa at Castlehill— That night when they kept the birthnight revel

Of Maud, the heiress of Castlehill.

How soft and delicious without was the summer! How dark was the midnight, how dark and how sweet

With the dew and the rustle of wild cliff roses,
With the measured music of waves that beat,
Feeling the storm which in far horizons
Lifted and shook the seas like fleece,
While here the moon into vapors drifted,
And all was fragrance and starless peace.

"What is this sadness," said Rex to Sebastian,
Lounging beside the window-place,
Where the salt dark breath of the sea was blowing,
And its boom swept up in a muffled bass
To the flutes and the violins—"what is this sadness,
Like a lingering sting in a draught of wine,
That haunts a ball-room, and makes the glitter
Something unreal with all its shine?"

"I never thought of it," answered the other.

"Sadness? It must be the music, then—
The music that lures where we can not follow,
We, but the sons and daughters of men."

"Or is it the waste of the vital forces?"
Said Rex. "For look at the women there;
Look at the ripple of silks and of satins—
Clouds of the daybreak are scarcely as fair.
Jewels and laces the ransom of princes,
Love-locks and glittering meshes of hair,
Dimples and blushes and maddening glances,
And for every smile a soul in the snare.
And what are they here for, and why is this struggle
That makes the dazzling wheel go round,
While they pour out their life like oil on the fire-

Pleasure! where pleasure is never found!"

"Never?" replied the laughing Sebastian.
"Philosophy is, though, it seems to-night.

You had better ask Mand of this wild waltz music, And her feet in their rhythmical delight."

"Ask," cried Rex, "of the madness of dancing,
The Mænad's fury, the Alma's sway!"
And they gazed where the gracious and beautiful
creature

Paused, taking the time, ere she slipped away Into the dance again, as a diver Slips under the breaker's rainbowed spray, As a bee slips into a great bell-blossom, As, far in the blue, birds and sunbeams play. Like sea-foam drifted the lace of her ball dress, and a sunbeam shape play.

And over her pale pink topazes streamed,
And the light on her golden hair made glory,
And her eyes like topazes glanced and gleamed,
Great sweet eyes with their startled splendor,
Like a soul awaking that deeply dreamed.
And the rose burned red on her cheek's warm velvet,
Red, too, the fame of life on her line.

"If she stood in the opening gates of morning,
Morning itself should know eclipse,"
Cried Rex, then, hotly. "Ah, what is she good for
In all the changes and hurts of life?
The fluttering, flattering thing of pleasure,
What man is the fool would call her wife?"

"You do not remember the great court ladies
Who have their rank in the army too,"
Said Sebastian, "and follow to active service
For their share of battle's ghastly dew,
Dressing sword-thrust, and gun-wound, and keeping

the night-watch
Where groans mark the moments, with Death at
their side
Sole companion—"

Said Rex: "That is Russia,
Across the world, and the world is wide,
And their blood is still strong with the blood of the
webr-wolf.

Do you think such hearts in these white breasts hide?"
And he laughed half grimly, his gaze where the billow Showed its white lip on the long low ledge,
And the anchored ship rose and fell, bare-masted,
Lit by the red moon's sinking edge.

"Ah, Rosa," sighs Maud, as she rests from her dancing,
"Can there be greater joy than this,
With wings on one's feet keeping measure to music?
When we are glorified spirits of blirs,
Flashing along from the stars to the comets,
I shall recall these Hungarian tunes,
I shall remember this night, and this ball-room,
And the sea just outside singing over its runes."

"Yes," said Rosa, "'its all very well till one wearies,
"Tis all very well for just now and just here;
But how will it be with us, can you conjecture,
When we've been dancing on year after year?"

"Sufficient," cries Maud, "is the day to the evil;
'Tis just now, and we are just here, don't you see?
Ah, why should we live in the future forever?
The present is good enough fortune for me.
Surely the present is given for something,
Is as good while we have it as when 'tis the past:
Let me suck the honey before the flower withers,
Since every one says 'tis too lovely to last."

And her low laugh went ringing like bell notes of silver.

Her dimples grew deeper, her color came fast.

"See where Rex and Sebastian stay in the oriel,
Scorning to give us so much as a glance,
Les rois faindants just come into their kingdom,
Something too indolent even to dance.

If they despise us so, why not desert us too?
Why must we see the contempt of the gods?
Can they do anything better than dancing?
Then let them do it!"

"Ah, what is the odds?"
Breathes Rosa. "You know 'twas the idlers of England,

The dandies, that fell like the Light Brigade. Perhaps in these right arms the hero is sleeping, Like fire in the flint, till occasion is made."

"Hush! there is the Glide," whispers Maud. "How one's heart beats! I thought that would bring them! What man ever

A ball-room like this man, head high as if wearing A crown that might fall? Yes, Rex looks like a god: Why doesn't he do something worthy one, Rosa?" "The Sphinx and her riddles! Fate did him a wrong In thrusting him here among frivolous people And making him nothing but one of a throng, As strange and as foreign to this scene of revel As the plague-ship that's anchored out there by the ledge"—

And they shivered an instant to think of the horror, Bare-masted, and lit by the red moon's edge,

For the ship from the Southern seas came sailing,
When the leprous ail fell, and under the crag
They moored her away in this lonely offing,
With her blistered sides and her pestilence flag,
With her groans and her sobs and her shotted
hammocks.

With her writhing cargo of pangs and throes,
Where life and death fought their terrible duel,
While the swell rolled in, and she dipped and rose.
Death's lightnings lurked in the air about her,
None sought her, none hailed her, none glanced but

And the red moon sank, and there blazed to scoff her The lights in the villa at Castlebill.

And the lights blazed on, and the flutes kept blowing Their sweetness out on the ruffling gale, And Maud in the arms of Rex was floating, Floating and floating, till night grew pale With the passion unspoken that dared not surrender—Were she sterling—Were he but the thing that he seemed—

And the music sang on, and they floated together, And all life was this moment in which they dreamed. Circled round them rose, azure, and saffron, and circled,

Faces glanced out of the iris that seemed
Only the spirits of rest and of rapture,
And all life was this moment— Ah! what was that
gleamed
On the dark out beyond there? Hark! hark! comes

With a crash falls the music. The dancers have streamed

Through the doors and the windows out into the

Through the doc darkness, The great fragrant darkness, and throng the cliff's edge.

edge,
To see that the plague-ship has parted her cables,
And broadside the tide drifts her full on the ledge.

What an awful silence was this on the revellers!
What a chill, what a faint and horrible dew!
How they clung together, while o'er the dark waters
Again skimmed the flash from the death-driven

crew,
Came the burst of the gun, the cry far and terrific,
Hoarse as a spectral view-halloo.
And a sob, with one voice, seemed to break from them

bending
And searching the darkness through and through.

Was it not enough for those hapless wretches,
The loathsome plague, and the scorching breath,
That the shore and the sea must league together,
And snatch from them even the peace of death?
That the shore with its tusks wades out to gore
them,

That the sea throws them onward surge by surge, Which far in the starless night's recesses

The stealthy winds begin to urge,
Till the heavens and the deeps, in mocking frolic,
Buffet and toss them with mighty shocks,
Thrust them from roller to roller, and break them
Like bubbles of spume on the waiting rocks!

And who should save them, or who should help them,
When the earth refused what the sea disdained?
Who was it should dare the reeking contagion,
With death in the touch when the wreck were

gained?

Who dared swim out with the rescuing life-line?

Who dared bring woman and child away?

Who dared receive them if one should bring them?

All hearts stood still in a cold dismay.

All? In the blaze of the kindling bonfire,

Who was this, then, that sprang down the castled crag,

Half stripped for the surf, with the coil in his right hand,

nand,
Leaping from lighted jag to jag,
Now crossing the shingle, now cautiously creeping
On the wet and slippery reef aliead,
Now pausing, and diving under the foam-wreath
That shatters in splendor far over his head?
"Rex! Rex!" cries a voice that the wind snatches
from him;
"Rex!" comes the half-cheer that dies with affright

"Rex!" comes the half-cheer that dies with affright In throats that have uttered the yells of battle, But are suddenly voiceless with qualling to-night, Before this pitiful fever-phantom Whose black wings darken their happy height.

Whose black wings darken their happy height Only a handful plunge down with Sebastian To follow the hero's wild attempt, Taking their lives in their hands, and fearing Death far less than self-contempt.

Would he reach the wreck? Would the surf ingulf him?

Was that he that rose in the lane of light?
Could one see him yet where the vessel's outlines
Lay darker than even the dark of night?
Was ever such deed of monstrous daring
As this mad fellow's wrestle wish fate?
For what though he mastered wrack and ruin,
Would not the plague behind them wait?
Maud had no answer. No answer had Rosa.
Their souls were out in the breaker there;
They heard not the wheels, nor the horses prancing,
As guest by guest came down the stair
Of the house to which they had stiently hastened,
Feeling the plague-spot in the air.
They hardly knew that the tide was rising,
That the sea-born wind was whistling shrill,
And they hardly knew that the throng had melted,
And left them alone at Castlehill.
Down the crag they had crept together,
Where rank on rank the waves rolled white,
Dripping with glitter of jewels and laces,
Two shining ghosts in that leaping light,
Listening for cries far out on the ledges,
Divining shapes while their hearts grew chill,
Waiting and watching and fainting and praying
Alone on the sands under Castlehill.

A harrowing hour that was weary ages And they hung on each other's necks and wept, The fire died down, and the cries came fainter, And nearer the sea-weed they crept and crept. When suddenly out of the whelming shadow Loomed mighty shapes, and the air about Was full of hushed and horrified voices: For the ship had parted, they heard, and doubt If any were spared by the drowning waters Save the child Rex carried. And suddenly, too, Rex towered above them, staid, half confounded, As a voice plead, "Give him to me, Rex, do!" And trembling at thought of her needless danger, With an angry shudder cried, "You! Maud—you!" And into the shadow again had vanished. But lifting her eager arms unseen With their gems like drops of sun-lit water, Maud sprang after him, as a queen Springs to answer a rival's insult, Tiptoed, and kissed the hot wet brow Of the child, and cried, "There is no m Rex, you will give me the baby now." And dumb with horror of what might touch her, The wild wet morning breaking chill, He shared his burden, and up together They climbed the crest of Castlehill.

It was one of those mornings of brown November That ripen out of the rugged husk

Of the rude fall weather, when great pine branches
Scatter a balsam as sweet as musk,
And the seas and the skies with siren softness
Cheat their lovers from dawn till dusk,
When the cruel fire of the swift plague-fever
Had long burned out, and to and fro

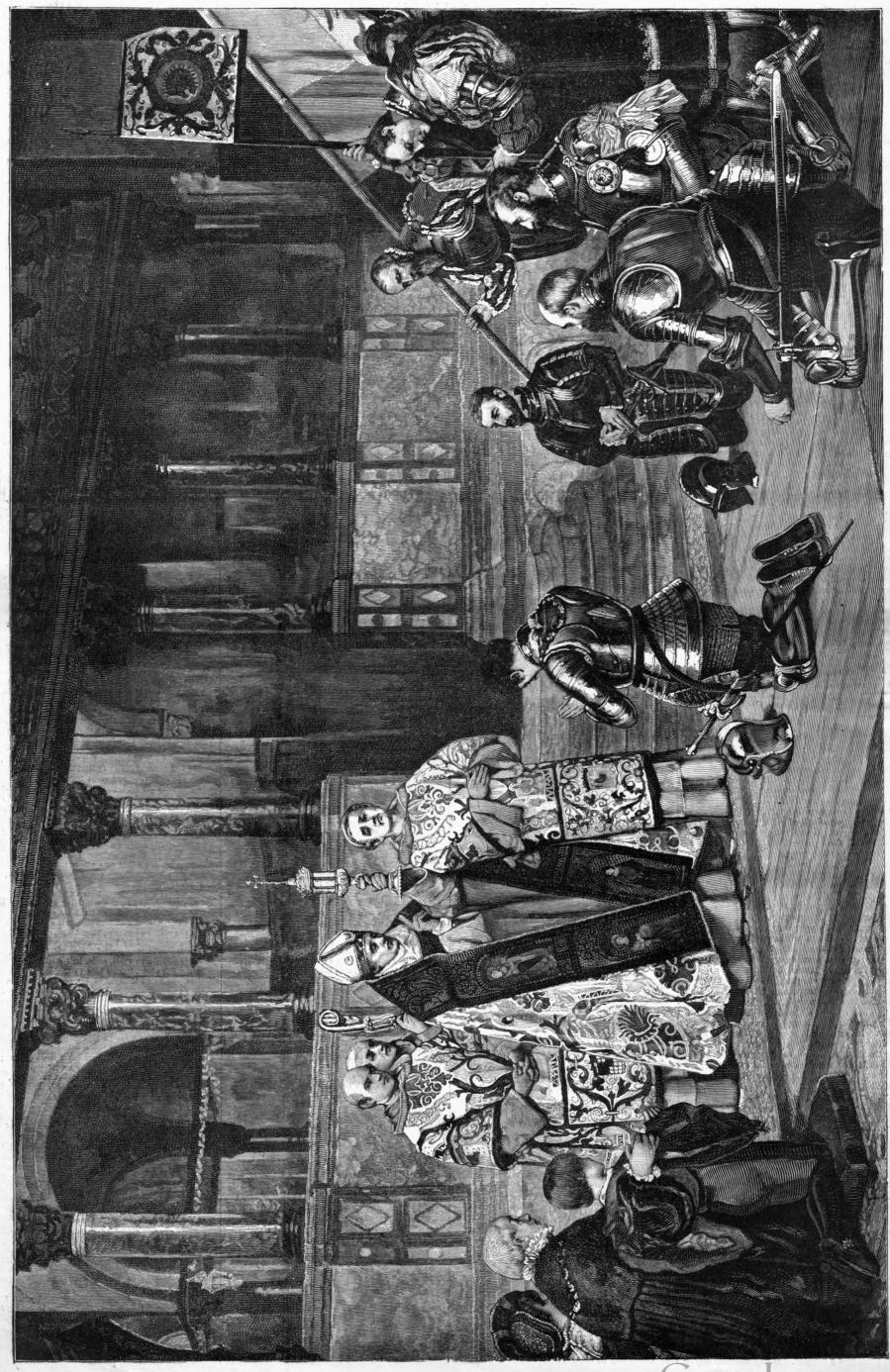
With singing and saying the happy people
Went lightsome, as happy people go,
That Maud looked up, with her pen suspended,
Looked over at Rex by the window-place,
Where the sea rose behind him, a field of azure,
Creaming its margin from space to space.

"Shall there be dancing," she said, "at the wedding?"
And the smile and the blush bloomed over her face,
As the sun falls on rose leaves. And Rex cried,
"Dancing?
Shall there be romance and repture and youth?

Shall there be romance and rapture and youth?
Shall there be laughing? shall there be breathing?
Shall the bride be Maud herself, in sooth?
So long as our hearts are young together,
So long as our souls and senses thrill
To the mystical spell of magical music,
Shall there be dancing at Castlebill!"

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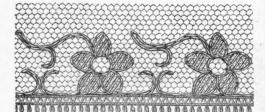


Fig. 1.—DARNED NET EDGING.

Darned Net Edgings.—Figs. 1 and 2.

These edgings consist of narrow strips of white washing net, which are darned with fine linen floss in the designs given in the illustrations. A woven picot edging is overhanded to the lower edge of the net.

Agrafe.

The illustration shows a lace pin in the shape of a bugle, made of coral with gold mountings.

Mull and Lace Fichu.

This fichu consists of a white India mull founda-tion, which is edged at the top and bottom with wide lace, that at the top falling on the outside over the



CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 28-33.



MULL AND LACE FICHU.



For pattern and design see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 16.



AGRAFE.

mull. The ends are very long, and are tied in the front, and held together with a bow in the back. cluster of roses is set below the left shoulder.

Garden Satchel.-Figs. 1-3.

For this garden satchel a piece brown woollen Java canva teen inches long and thirteen inches wide is required; this is folded through the middle, sloped on the sides to a width of ten inches at sides to a width of ten inches at the top, and joined together. The edge at the top is secured by a round in single crochet, worked with brown tapestry wool. Fig. 16, Supplement, gives the pattern for the ornamental flap on each side, and the design for the em-broidery on it; two pieces are cut from it of bronze valveteen and the from it of bronze velveteen, and the design transferred to each. The embroidery is worked in long chain stitches of red, prune, and two shades of brown embroidery silk. The satin stitch centres of the flowers are edged with silk and bullion twisted, which is also used for outlining the stems. The flaps are edged with a pattern in gimp crochet, or, as it is sometimes call-ed, hair-pin crochet, in brown tap-

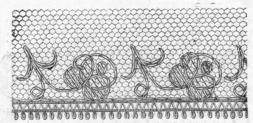


Fig. 2.—DARNED NET EDGING

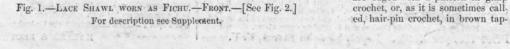
estry wool, the manner of working which is shown by Fig. 3, on page 560, Bazar No. 36, Vol. XIII.; the long loops of the gimp are caught together, and held by small balls. This is headed by a crochet border in similar brown tapestry wool, for which, on a chain stitch foundation of the requisite length, 1 single crochet on the next third stitch alternates with 6 double crochet on the following third stitch; at the end of the round 1 chain stitch, and then a similar round is worked above the first on the free veins of the foundation in the manner shown in Fig. 2. The crochet border is sewed down, with the wrong side of the crochet taken for the right side, with yellow embroidery silk, a knotted stitch being taken through the centre of each rosette. For the handles of the



Dress for Girl from 5 to 10 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3122: Price 20 Cents. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. X., Figs. 34-43.



Fig. 2.—Lace Shawl. worn as Fichu.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.] For description see Supplement.





satchel, a foundation chain is worked with a triple thread of brown wool, and on this is worked a round in single crochet, which is afterward or-namented in chain stitch with yellow silk in the manner shown in Fig. 3.

"THE BENEDICTION."

OUR engraving on page 572 is from a large painting by Mr. James D. Linton, of Eng-An English critic, describing the original says: "'The Benediction' deserves, and would be all the better for, a room to itself, so extensive is the composition, so deserving is every one of the figures of the minutest examination, so lovingly elaborate is the exhibition of the details-an elaborateness which does not rob the work as a whole of massive breadth and vigor. We are entitled to assume that 'The Benediction' is another installment of a grand series of episodes in the career of a soldier-of the Condottiere type possibly—in the Middle Ages. There was a first installment of this epopæa exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery; we believe the painting represent-ing the return of the soldier of fortune to the court of some Italian prince who had dispatched him on an expedition against the Paynim Turk. The warrior had been victorious, and brought home with him many Turkish or Saracenic captives, and much rich booty of war. But whether the 'Ben-ediction' is supposed to have taken place before or after the campaign against the followers of Mohammed, criticism is perplexed to discern. It is, nevertheless, undeniable that Mr. J. D. Linton's 'Benediction' is a grandly executed work."

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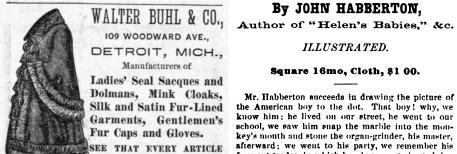
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THE CHEAP ÆSTHETIC SWELL. (Showing how 'Arry goes in for the Intense 'Eat. Thermometer 97° in the Shade.)

Twopence I gave for my Sunshade, A penny I gave for my Fan, Threepence I paid for my Straw-Forrin made— I'm a Japan-æsthetic young Man I

FACETIÆ.

There is an amicable way of arranging all domestic disputes, if one is only willing to take a little trouble. Two hot tempers are not likely to make things smooth, especially when it is the fashion to be extremely politic to strangers, even when they are offensive, and to be cross to one's own, even when they try to be agreeable. "How do you get on with your wife nowadays?" was the question asked on one of the boulevards. "Splendidly," was the reply; "we have just discovered a secret, and it works admirably."

"And pray what is it?" was the next question. "Why, you see," was the reply, "my wife and I are never at home at the same time. When she comes in, I go out; and when I come in, she goes out. The plan works admirably, and we are both very happy."

"Dennis, my boy, come home and dine with me, though I've only a piece of roast beef with potatoes to offer you."

"No apology," replied Dennis; "I'll come with pleasure. It's the dinner that I should have had at home—barrin' the beef."

"You are fond of music, colonel?"
Colonel. "Music? Aw—yes, I think I may say I like—aw—noise of—of any kind."

"My deceased grandfather, sir, was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage, and the boat sank. My grandfather was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

An auctioneer in a country town being puzzled how to describe a picture in the catalogue, asked an amateur if he knew by whom it was painted. "No doubt about its being a Van Daube," replied he. And as Van Daube it was entered in the catalogue, and subsequently offered for sale by the innocent auctioneer.

"Any letter for me?" asked a young lady of a post-mistress in a country town.
"No," was the reply.
"Strange," said the young lady aloud to herself as she turned away.
"Nothing strange about it," cried the postmistress, through the delivery window. "You ain't answered the last letter he writ ye,"



"THE SERVANTS."

FOOTMAN OUT OF LIVERY (to coachman). "Well, Smithers, how are you getting on? You're off soon, I suppose?"

COACHMAN. "Well, no; I'm a-goin' to send our People 'abroad' at the end o' the Month, and then we shall have the 'Ouse to ourselves, and—we shall see somethink of yer, perhaps?"

[His lady making her appearance—tacet!



ONE OF THE THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Genial Host (meaning to plead for poor Jenkins, who has complained that he can't find a partner). "Let me introduce Mr. Jenkins to you, Miss Jones. I'm sure your Card can't be full!"

It wasn't her Fault.—The girl who was locked in her lover's arms for three hours explains that it wasn't her fault. She said he forgot the combination.

A vagrant who had been fined regularly every week for begging, requested the magistrate to fine him by the year at a reduced rate.

A Japanese student newly arrived in this country thought we were all doctors, because everybody took his hand and asked after his health.

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

Not long ago a new railway was opened in the Highlands. A Highlander named Donald heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance to the next station, when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into a park. After recovering his senses, he made the best of his way home, when the neighbors asked him how he liked his ride. "Oh," replied Donald, "I liked it fine; but they had an awfu' quick way in puttin' me oot."

A gentleman interceded with Bishop Blomfield for one of his clergymen, who was often arrested for debt, but was a very talented and eloquent man. "In short, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul."

"Yes," replied the bishop, "he has been in prisons oft"

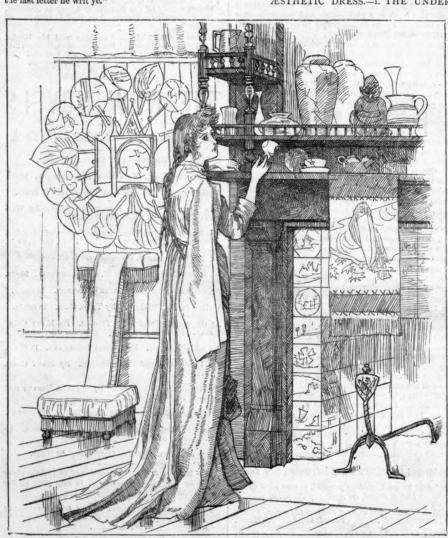
A person once said to a father, whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son was very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work!" replied the father. "Not at all. He will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

Precocious.—That was a clever boy who, when he was given five shillings to dig up his aunt's garden, hid a two-shilling piece in it, and told all the boys in the neighborhood. The next morning the ground was pulverized two feet deep.

When a bishop was commending Dryden's translation of Virgil, Lord Chesterfield observed: "The original is truly excellent, but everything suffers by translation—except a bishop."



ÆSTHETIC DRESS .- 1. THE UNDERDONE: SOME PEOPLE'S IDEA OF IT.



ÆSTHETIC DRESS .- 2. THE OVERDONE, AS SOME PEOPLE DO.



ÆSTHETIC DRESS .- 3. THE HAPPY MEDIUM; WHAT WE HOPE FOR.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

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AUTUMN TRAVELLING AND STREET COSTUME.

HIS tasteful costume is of golden brown wool with green plush stripes, on which at intervals are brocaded acanthus leaves in shades of chestnut brown. The short skirt is trimmed with pleatings of striped satin merveilleux—golden brown and green—alternating with wide bands of green velvet. The ample over-skirt of the plush-striped wool opens in front, falls nearly to the foot on the sides, and is the middle of the

is draped in the middle of the back. Just below the basque is a very large pocket, set on bias, and trimmed with green velvet and large buttons. The high basque, pointed in front and behind, and showtened on the him has the shortened on the hips, has the drapery of the over-skirt attached to it in the back. A veltached to it in the back. A vel-vet belt is seen only in the front, not behind, and is fastened a tri-fle toward the side by a fancy buckle. A little abbé collar of green velvet trims the back of the neck from shoulder to shoulder. Close sleeves, with velvet revers and buttons. A little bag of black leather with nickel clasps hangs from the belt. Felt hat of gold-en brown, trimmed with chestnut brown plush ribbon and clusters of red poppies. Red umbrella with bamboo stick. Laced English

SUGGESTIONS FOR NAMING CHILDREN.

THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the names of men and women as well as in their faces; our Christian name is ourself in our thoughts and in the thoughts of those who know us, and nothing can separate it from our existence. Unquestionably, also, there is a luck in names, and a certain success in satisfying the public ear. To select fortunate names, the bona nomina of Cicero, was anciently a matter of such solicitude that it became a popular axiom—"a good name is a good fortune." From a good name arises a good anticipation, a fact novelists and drama-tists readily recognize; indeed, Shakspeare makes Falstaff consider that "the purchase of a com-modity of good names" was all that was necessary to propitiate good

Imagine two persons starting in life as rivals in any profession, and without doubt he who had the more forcible name would become the more familiar with the public, and would therefore, in a business sense, be likely to be the more sucare names that circulate among us instantly, and make us friends with their owners, though we have never seen them. They are lucky people whose sponsors thus cast their names in pleasant and fortunate places.

It is a matter, then, of surprise that among civilized nations the generality, even of educated peo-ple, are so careless on this subject. Now evil is as often wrought for want of thought as for want of knowledge, and as a stimulant to thought in parents the following

suggestions are offered.

It is not well to call the eldest son after the father and the eldest daughter after the mother. The object of names is to prevent confusion, and this is not attained when the child's name is the same as the parent's. Nor does the addition of junior or senior rectify the fault; besides, the custom provokes the disrespectful addition of "old" to the father. There is another

very subtle danger in calling children after parents. Such children are very apt to be regarded with an undue partiality. This is a feeling never acknowledged, perhaps, but which never-theless makes its way into the hearts of the best of men and women. It is easier to keep out evil than to put it out.

If the surname is common, the Christian name should be peculiar. Almost any prefix is par-donable to "Smith." John Smith has no indi-John Smith has no indi-

viduality left, but Godolphin Smith really re aristocratically. James Brown is no one, Sequard Brown and Ignatius Brown are li out of the crowd. Some people get out of difficulty by iterating the name so as to cor respect. Thus, Jones Jones, of Jones's Hall, a moral swagger about it that would be sur carry it through. carry it through.

It is often a great advantage to have a

odd name, a little difficult to remember at f

but which when once learned bites itself into the memory. For instance, there was Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy; we have to make a hurdle-race over it, but once in the mind it is never forgot

Remember in giving names that the children when grown up may be in situations where they will have frequently to sign their initials, and do not give names that might in this situation provoke contemptuous remark. For instance, Da-

vid Oliver Green, the initials make "dog"; Clara Ann Thompson, the initials spell "cat." Neither should a name be given whose initial taken in con-junction with the surname suggests a foolish idea, as Mr. P. Cox, or

Mrs. T. Potts.

If the child is a boy, it may be equally uncomfortable for him to have a long string of names. Suppose that in adult life he becomes pose that in adult life he becomes a merchant or banker, with plenty of business to do, then he will not be well pleased to write "George Henry Talbot Robinson" two or three hundred times a day. It is not a bad plan to give girls

only one baptismal name, so that if they marry they can retain their maiden surname: as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Harriet Beecher Stowe. This is the practice among the Society of Friends, and is worthy of more general adoption, for we should then know at once on seeing the name of a lady whether she was married, and if so, what her family name was. In Geneva and many provinces of France the maiden family name of the wife is added to the surname of the hus-band; thus, if a Marie Perrot married Adolphe Lauve, they would after marriage write their names respectively, Adolphe Perrot-Lauve and Marie Perrot-Lauve. The custom serves to distinguish the bachelor from the married man, and is worthy of imitation; for if Vanity unites in the same escutcheon the arms of husband and wife, ought

not Affection to blend their names? Generally the modern "ie," which is appended to all names that will admit of it, renders them senseless and insipid. Where is the improvement in transforming the womanly loveliness of Mary into Mollie. Imagine a Queen Mollie, or Mollie Queen of Scots! There is something like sacrilege in such a transformation. Take Margaret, and mutilate the pearl-like name into Maggie, and its pu-rity like a halo vanishes, and we have a very commonplace idea in its stead. If we must have diminutives, commend us to the old style. Polly, Kitty, Letty, Dolly, were names with some sense and work in them, and which we prolike articulate soun

There is no greater injustice than the infliction of a whimsical or unworld-like name on helpless infancy; for, as it is aptly said, "How many are there who might have done exceedingly well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally Nicodemused into nothing?"

It is certainly a grave question if in the matter of Christian names our regard for the dead past should blind our eyes to the future comfort and success of our children. fort and success of our children. Why have we so many George Washingtons? The name is a great burden for any boy. He will always feel it. Inferiority to his namesake is inevitable. Besides, this promiscuous use of great names degrades them; it is not a pleasant thing to see a George Washington or a Benjamin Franklin in the police news for petty

larceny.

For the most part Old Testament names are defective in euphony, and very inharmonious with Eng-



AUTUMN TRAVELLING AND STREET COSTUME.
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lish family names. The female names are still less musical. Nothing can reconcile us to Naomi Brett, Hephzibah Dickenson, or Dinah Winter. And to prove that the unpleasant effect produced by such combinations does not result from the surnames selected, let us substitute appellations unexceptionable, and the result will be even worse—Naomi Pelham, Hephzibah Howard, Dinah Neville! A Hebrew Christian name requires, in most cases, a Hebrew surname.

Some parents very wisely refuse for their children all names susceptible of the nicking process, thinking with Dr. Dove that "it is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd, as you go through the world." Sobriquets are to be equally deprecated. We know a beautiful woman who when a girl was remarkable for a wealth of rippling curling hair. Some one gave her the name of "Friz," and it still sticks to the dignified matron. Wit, or would-be wit, delights to exercise itself after this fashion, but a child's name is too precious a thing to be ridiculed.

Fanciful names are neither always pretty nor prudent. Parents had need of the gift of prophecy who call their children Grace, Faith, Hope, Fortune, Love, etc. It is possible that their afterlife may turn such names into bitter irony.

For the sake of conciliating a rich friend never give a child a disagreeable or barbaric name. It will be a thorn in his side as long as he lives, and after all he may miss the legacy.

A child, too, may have such an assembly of unrhythmical names that he and his friends have to go jolting over them all their lives. Suppose a boy is called Richard Edward Robert. The ear in a moment detects a jumble of sounds of which it can make nothing. If many Christian names are decided upon, string them together on some harmonious principle; names that are mouthfuls of consonants can not be borne without bad consequences to the owner.

The euphony of our nomenclature would be greatly improved by a judicious adaptation of the Christian name to the surname. When the surname is a monosyllable the Christian name should be long. Nothing can reconcile the ear to such curt names as Mark Fox, Luke Harte, Ann Scott; but Gilbert Fox, Alexander Harte, and Cecilia Scott are far from despicable.

A variety of excellent Christian names, it is astonishing that so few should be in ordinary use. The dictionaries contain lists of about two hundred and fifty male and one hundred and fifty female names, but out of these not more than twenty or thirty for each sex can be called at all common.

Yet our language has many beautiful names both male and female worthy of a popularity they have not yet attained. Among the male, for instance — Alban, Ambrose, Bernard, Clement, Christopher, Gilbert, Godfrey, Harold, Michael, Marmaduke, Oliver, Paul, Ralph, Rupert, Roger, Reginald, Roland, Sylvester, Theobald, Urban, Valentine, Vincent, Gabriel, Tristram, Norman, Percival, Nigel, Lionel, Nicholas, Eustace, Colin, Sebastian, Basil, Martin, Antony, Claude, Justus, Cyril, etc.—all of which have the attributes of euphony, good etymology, and interesting associations.

And among female names why have we not more girls called by the noble or graceful appellations of Agatha, Alethia, Arabella, Beatrice, Bertha, Cecilia, Evelyn, Ethel, Gertrude, Isabel, Leonora, Florence, Mildred, Millicent, Philippa, Pauline, Hilda, Clarice, Amabel, Irene, Zoe, Muriel, Estelle, Eugenia, Euphemia, Christabel, Theresa, Marcia, Antonia, Claudia, Sibylla, Rosabel, Rosamond, etc.?

There are some curious superstitions regarding the naming of children, which, as a matter of gos sip, are worth a passing notice. The peasantry of Sussex believe that if a child receive the name of a dead brother or sister, it also will die at an early age. In some parts of Ireland it is thought that giving the child the name of one of its parents abridges the life of that parent. It is generally thought lucky to have the initials of Christian name and surname the same, and also to have the initials spell some word. In the northwestern parts of Scotland a newly named infant is vibrated gently two or three times over a flame, with the words, "Let the flames consume thee now or never"; and this lustration by fire is common to-day in the Hebrides and Western Isles. There is a wide-spread superstition that a child who does not cry at its baptism will not live; also one which considers it specially unlucky if anything interferes to prevent the baptism at the exact time first appointed. In many parts of Scotland if children of different sexes are at the font, the minister who attempted to baptize the girl before the boy would be interrupted. It is said to be peculiarly unfortunate to the child if a priest that is left-handed christens it. In Cumberland and Westmoreland a child going to be christened carries with it a slice of bread and cheese, and this is given to the first person met. In return the recipient must give the babe three different things, and wish it health and fortune. We have witnessed the last-mentioned custom very frequently. and once in a farm-house at the foot of Saddleback Mountain we saw a very singular method of deciding what the name of the child should be. Six candles of equal length were named, and all lit at the same moment. The babe was called after the candle which burned the longest.

We have mentioned these superstitions as cu-

We have mentioned these superstitions as curious proofs that our ignorant ancestors considered the naming of children an important event; and we would feel sorry if they tended to weaken in any measure previous thoughts. For, careless as we may be of the fact, it still remains a fact beyond doubt, that the name of a person is the sound that suggests the idea of him or her—it is their portrait painted in letters. Therefore we can not be too careful not to give one that will be a shame or an embarrassment, or which will even condemn the bearer to the commonplace.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

No. 95 of Harper's Young People, issued August 23, opens with a story for boys by Grorge Cary Eggleston, entitled "The Mistake About Hamp See," with a front-page illustration. The number also contains Chapter IV. of "Tim and Tip," by the author of "Toby Tyler," illustrated by Rogers; Chapter II. of "Penelope," by Mrs. John Lille, illustrated by Abber; "Knots," and how to tie them, with twenty illustrations; "Uncle Harry's First Panther;" a page of Wiggles, and other attractions.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

In the number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 27, will be found the opening chapter of a new and powerful serial story, entitled

"FOR CASH ONLY,"

by the popular novelist JAMES PAYN, author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," and other novels which have acquired wide circulation in all countries where English literature is known.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Early Autumn Costumes for House and Street Wear; Children's Autumn Suits; a large variety of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Under-Clothing of all kinds; I adies' Bonnets, Morning Gowns, Dressing Sacques, etc.; Fichus, Caps, Capes, Aprens, Bustles, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions. Important information concerning autumn styles will also be given in the New York Fashions.

OF TALKING "SHOP."

A BOOK in which is reflected the American social life of fifty years since is like a convex mirror, so far away and attenuated look the figures whose names are our familiar acquaintance. When Monsieur DE TOCQUEVILLE, kindest and keenest of our many critics, came over here to study the Republic at home, he amused his leisure by writing certain clever private letters to his friends, in which the last generation is fixed forever, like flies in amber.

The New York and Philadelphia of that day were commercial cities of important size, Chicago was yet a trading post, and St. Louis a growing town of a few thousand inhabitants. Tocqueville and his friend Monsieur DE GRAMMONT were accredited to this country as Prison Commissioners, with instructions to examine our whole prison system. The emphasis of his reception much surprised him, and he writes home that these Americans evidently accorded them the dignity of ambassadors. He often felt, he declares—and one can see him smiling above the paper-like that brand-new duchess of Napoleon's creation, who, when she heard herself announced at the door of a salon, with all her unfamiliar dignities and titles, started back in confusion at having been about to take the pas of so distinguished a personage. "In the United States," he asserts, "they have neither war, nor pestilence, nor literature, nor eloqueuce, nor fine arts; few great crimes; in fact, none of those things which excite attention in Europe: they enjoy here the most wan happiness imaginable. Their political life is spent in discussing whether they shall alter a road or construct a bridge. They regard the building of an imposing prison, therefore, as they would the Pyramid of Cheops; neither more nor less; and so we. s in some measure for the impersonation of the whole penitentiary system, become giants alongside the pyramid."

And so he goes on, tickling himself with the fun of the situation, but presently complaining that to be a lion involves a perfunctory roaring not at all to his taste. "The penitentiary system being recognized as our business, we have to exploit it on all occasions, whether we will or no. In vain we try to avoid it; everybody finds some way to slip in a polite little remark about jails. In every company either the hostess or her daughter, by whose side one of us is always carefully seated, thinks that she would be greatly wanting in courtesy if she did not introduce the subject of assassins and thieves. It is not until they have exhausted this topic, which they know to be agreeable to us, and on which they are sure of our ability to converse, that they venture to speak of anything more vulgar.

In fifty years we have changed beyond recognition. We have developed war and pestilence. We have possessed ourselves of literature, eloquence, and the fine arts.

The crimes we yearly produce are many and great enough to satisfy any reasonable connoisseur in iniquities, and even our "wan happiness" has grown stout and rosy with more generous living. But society still slips in polite little remarks about jails to Prison Commissioners, and the habit of talking "shop" has not amended. If an artist be introduced, his new acquaintance feels it a duty to assume an extreme interest in art, and a burning desire to learn the inner secrets of the Munich School, or the true place of Maulstick's last "Impression of an October Cabbage Field." If a musician come up to shake hands, WAGNER and OFFENBACH, BERLIOZ and AMBROISE THOMAS, are summoned from over seas to entertain him, while opera, chamber concerts, oratorios, Joseffy, and Wilhelmj are stirred in to make the conversational mixture thick and slab. A society woman hears the gossip of the season, a business man is remanded to the narrow pall of business interests, to the politician is presented a réchauffé of candidates and issues, and an author finds himself surrounded by pale phantoms of the ideas which he flattered himself he had left behind him in the study.

All good talkers are discoverers. They launch boldly out upon a sea of words in search of some hidden continent of thought, content though they find only a soft green islet of fresh fancy, or far-jutting peninsula of bold experience. It is only the timid souls keeping close inshore who find nothing for their pains. Or, to drop metaphor, which, like Malvolio's cross-gartering, obstructs the blood, good talking supposes fresh thoughts or fresh forms of expression, and these are little likely to be struck out by a brain already weary of the suggested theme.

Besides, it is an ill compliment to one's interlocutor to imply that he knows nothing but his specialty, and cares for nothing else. Politeness must suppose his sphere to be the world. Every topic should take precedence of that which he has made his province. Then, if it be discovered that he is nearly dumb or indifferent outside his narrow range, the talk can easily be tethered within that preserve. But for one person who is thus bound in to his little task, there are twenty who long for fresh woods of discussion and conversational pastures new.

How to talk well is a prescription not easily written in a column's space. That accomplishment demands a felicitous union of the virtues and graces. But how not to talk ill is a far easier formulary. Tact and good sense must be the right-hand and left-hand supporters, and these, if Prison Commissioners be the guests, will interdict the subject of thieves and assassins.

LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITING.

THE person who can write a pretty note is always spoken of with phrases of commendation. The epistolary art is said to be especially feminine, and the novelists and essayists are full of compliments to the sex, which is alternately praised and objurgated as man feels well or ill. Bulwer says: "A woman is the genius of epistolary communication. Even men write better to a woman than to one of their own sex. No doubt they conjure up, while writing, the loving, listening face, the tender, pardoning heart, the ready tear of sympathy, and passionate confidences of heart and brain flow rapidly from the en." But there is no such thing now as an epistolary style." Our immediate ancestors wrote better and longer letters than we do. They covered three pages of large letter-paper with crow-quill handwriting, folded the paper neatly, tucked one edge beneath the other (for there were no envelopes), and then sealed it with a wafer or with sealing-wax. To send one of these epistles was expensive—twenty-five cents from New York to Boston. However the electric telegraph and cheap postage and postal cards may have been said in a way to have ruined correspondence in that old sense, lovers and fond mothers doubtless still write long letters, but the business of the letter-writer proper is at an end. The writing of notes has, however, been correspondingly increased, and the last ten years has seen a profuse introduction of emblazoned crests and cipher, pictorial design, and elaborate monogram in the corners of ordinary note-paper. The old illuminated missal of the monks, the fancy of the Japanese, the ever-ready taste of the French, all have been exhausted to reach that always hungry caprice which calls for something

The frequency with which notes upon business and pleasure must fly across a city and a continent has done away, also, with the sealingwax, whose definite red clear oval was a fixture with our grandfathers, and which is still the only elegant, formal, ceremonious way of sealing a letter acknowledged in England.

There were, however, serious objections to the use of the wax in this country, discovered by the early voyages to California. The intense heat of the Isthmus of Panama melted the wax, and letters were irretrievably glued together, to the loss of the address and the confusion of the postmaster. So the glued envelope, common, cheap, and necessary, became the almost prevailing fashion for all notes as well as letters.

The taste for colored note-paper with flowers in the corner was common amongst the belles of thirty years ago. The "rose-colored and scented billet-doux" is often referred to in the novels of that period. But colored note-paper got a bad name long ago, and for the last few years we have not seen the heavy tints. A few pale greens, grays, blues, and lilacs have, indeed, found a place in fashionable stationery, and a deep coffee-colored heavy paper had a little run about three years ago, but at the present moment no colors that are appreciable are considered stylish, unless it may be écru, which is only a creamy white.

And a long truce is now being bidden to the fanciful emblazoned colored monogram; the crest and cipher are laid on the shelf, and ladies have simply the number and street of their city residence or the name of their country place printed in one corner (generally in a color), or, latest device of fashion, a fac-simile of their initials, carefully engraved, and dashed across the corner of the note-paper. The day of the week, also copied from their own handwriting, is often impressed upon the square cards now so much in use for short notes, or on the note-paper.

There is one fashion which has never changed, and never will change, which is always in good taste, and which perhaps would be to-day the most perfect of all styles, and that is a good plain thick English note-paper, folded square, put in a square envelope, and sealed with red sealing-wax, which bears the imprint of the writer's coat of arms. No one can make any mistake who uses such stationery as this in any part of the world. On such paper and in such form are ambassadors' notes written; on such paper and in such style

would the Princess Louise write her notes.

However, there is no law against the monogram.

Many ladies still prefer it, and always use the paper which has become familiar to their friends.

It is, however, a past rather than a present fashion.

The plan of having all the note-paper marked with the number and street is an admirable one, for it effectually reminds the person who receives the note where to address the answer—a fact which some ladies forget to emphasize, and which should always be written, if not printed, at the head of a letter. It also gives a stylish finish to the appearance of the note-paper, is simple, unpretending, and useful.

The ink should be invariably black. From the very superior lasting qualities of a certain purple fluid, which never got thick in the ink-stand, certain ladies, a few years ago, used the purple and lilac inks very much. But they are not elegant; they are not in fashion; the best note-writers do not use them. The plain black ink, giving the written characters great distinctness, is the only fashionable medium.

Every lady should study to acquire an elegant, free, educated hand; there is nothing so useful, so sure to indorse the writer everywhere, as such a hand; while a cramped, poor, slovenly, uneducated, unformed, sloppy handwriting is sure to produce the effect upon the reader that those epithets might belong to the character of the writer. The angular English hand, like all things English, is at present the fashion, although less English, is at present the fashion, although less legible and not more beautiful than the round hand. We can not enter into that great question as to whether or not handwriting is indicative of character; but we do say that a person's notes are generally characteristic, and a neat, flowing, graceful hand, a clean sheet free from blots, is certainly a pleasing object. The writer of notes, also, must carefully discriminate between the familiar note and the note of ceremony, and should learn, by observing the best models, how to write both.

Custom demands that we begin all notes in the first person, with the formula of "My dear Mrs. Smith," and that we close with the expressions, "Yours truly," "Yours cordially," "Yours with much regard," etc. The laws of etiquette do not permit us to use numerals, as, 3, 4, 5, but demand that we write out three, four, five. No abbreviations are allowed in a note to a friend, as, "Sd be glad to see you"; one must write out, "I should be glad to see you". The older letterwriters, like Mr. Everett, for instance, were punctilious as to writing the last word of the page below the line, and then again repeating it on the other side of the page. The date should follow the signing of the name when it does not head the letter.

A great and very common mistake exists amongst careless and ignorant letter-writers in the confusion of the first and third persons. As a child would write, "Miss Lucy Clark will be happy to come to dinner, but I am going somewhere else," older persons than Miss Clark do this thing often. It is, of course, wildly ignorant and improper.

A note in answer to an invitation should be written in the third person if the invitation is in the third person, and should be studiously accurate, no abbreviations, no uncertain expressions, no visible hurry, but an elaborate and finished ceremony should mark such epistles. For instance, an acceptance of a dinner invitation must be written in this form:

Mr. and Mrs. Cadogan
have great pleasure in accepting the polite
invitation of
Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland
for dinner on the seventeenth inst., at seven o'clock.
18 Lombard Square.
July 6th.

One lady in New York was known to answer a dinner invitation simply with the words,

Come with pleasure.

It is unnecessary to add that she was never invited again.

It is impossible to give persons minute directions as to the style of a note, for that must be



the growth of years of careful education, training, and good mental powers. "To write a pretty note" is also somewhat of a gift. Some young men and young girls find it very easy, others can scarcely acquire the power. It is, however, absolutely necessary to strive for it.

In the first place, arrange your ideas, know what you want to say, and approach the business of writing a note with a certain thoughtfulness. If it is necessary to write it hastily, summon all your powers of mind, and try to make it brief, intelligible, and comprehensive.

Above all things know how to spell. A word

badly spelled stands out like a blot on a familiar or a ceremonious note.

Do not send a blurred, blotted, slovenly note to any one if you can possibly help it. It will remain to call up a certain prejudice against you in the mind of your friend. The fashion is not now as it once was, imperative as to the leaving a margin around the edge of the paper. People now write all over the paper, and thus abolish a certain elegance which the old letters undoubtedly possess. But postage must be saved, and all we can ask of the youthful letter-writers is that they will not cross their letters. Plaid letters are the horror of all people who have not the eyes of a hawk.

No letter or note should be written on ruled paper. That is both inelegant and unfashionable, and savors of the school-room. Every young person should learn to write a straight letter without lines.

The square cards are used very much, and are quite large enough for the transmission of all that a lady generally wishes to say in the giving or acceptance of an invitation. The day of the week and the address are often both printed on

Square envelopes have also driven the long ones from the table of the elegant note-writer, and the custom of sealing all ceremonious notes with sealing-wax is still adhered to by the most fastidious. It would be absurd, however, to say that it is nearly as common as the more convenient habit of moistening the gummed envelope, but it is far more elegant, and every young person should learn how to seal a note properly. a good impression from an engraved stone seal, anoint it lightly with linseed-oil to keep the wax from adhering; then dust it with rouge powder to take off the gloss, and press it quickly but firmly on the melted wax.

The date is allowable in numerals, as "June But as a general principle all words should ritten out. Few abbreviations are respectbe written out. Few abbreviations are respectful. A married lady should always be addressed

by the name of her husband.

In our country, where we have no titles, it is the custom to abbreviate everything excepting the title of "Reverend," which we always give to the clergy. But it would be better if we studied to give to each person his special title, as "His Honor Chief Justice Blank," or "His Excellency the President," and to all returned ambassadors, members of Congress, and members of the Legislature the title of "Honorable." The Roman Catholic clergy and the bishops of the Epis-copal and Methodist Churches should be address-ed by their proper titles, and a note should be, like a salutation, infused with respect. It honors him who receives and him who writes, while a careless letter injures and insults both.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DEMI-SEASON TOILETTES.

ARK costumes that may be worn with or without wraps are demanded by the uncertain weather of the demi-season. For this purpose the earliest importations consist of satin Surah dresses with brocaded flounces, plain satin merveilleux dresses combined with moiré, Cheviot suits, and wool dresses with or without another material. The brocaded Surah dresses are of exceptional elegance. The short round skirts have three deep flounces of the fabric, each flounce being heavily brocaded on the edge as a border. The short yet full upper drapery is also brocad-ed, and the border is repeated on the basque, which is very short in front and on the hips, in the style formerly known as the polka basque. These dresses are shown in old silver—the new dark gray shade—in myrtle green, condor brown, and brick red. A three-cornered fichu of silk muslin, edged with very full rows of Aurillac lace, is attached permanently to the neck of some of these dresses, while others have the new shirred Mother Hubbard cape of white mull and Tunis lace covering the shoulders; the sleeves have soft crushed puffs of mull and full frills of lace also. Black satin Surah dresses with brocaded borders on the flounces are accompanied by black Spanish lace bonnets that are especially liked for autumn and early winter use. in these are the flat lace crown of Spanish net, the panache of shaded orange, or of crevette or shrimp color, the new salmon tints, or red feathers on the left side, and the strings of China crape the color of the feathers, or else a lace is used to cover the front of the bonnet, and then tied in a great bow beneath the chin. Two or three large rows of faceted jet beads, tied together in a simple pattern by gold or silver cord, make a binding for the edge of these black lace bonnets. The lace is the real Spanish lace, which is all silk, though not entirely made by hand. Sometimes the lace ordinarily used for trimming is set on in gathered rows to form the entire bonnet, and this is very pretty in some models that have three Jacqueminot red ostrich tips curled outward and forward on the left side, with wide China crape strings of the same gay red shade. The newer style, however, requires a long lace scarf and a flat crown piece The scarf is laid on the foundation of the brim in a careless manner without stiff-

ness, and is not allowed to conceal the rich beading on the edge of the front. The shaded os-trich feathers are in Capucine tints from bright orange to dark brown. Large bugs of jet with gold feet and gold antennæ hold the folds of the scarf in place. Still other black bonnets have moiré ribbon strings of the dull *chaudron* or copper red, or else of changeable Surah ribbon that shows both olive and red, and the feather tips with these are also olive and red. Colored Spanish laces in brick red, blue, green, brown, dark yellow shades are seen on the rough English straw bonnets that are offered for autumn; English ladies are partial to such bonnets, but American ladies do not care to purchase straw bonnets at this season of the year. A new lace for trimming bonnets is colored guipure in which a great deal of fine chenille thread is introduced.

The new jet laces for bonnets and for dress trimmings are in the Spanish lace designs, with large roses or leaf points, and these large figures are entirely covered with fine jet beads set "solid," as the merchants say.

To return to dresses. Those of plain satin merveilleux, either black or dark colored, have the new polka basque made surplice front by lapping over from right to left, but lapping so slightly that only one great button is required to fasten it at the waist line. The low pointed throat is then trimmed with a sort of shawl-shaped col-lar of moiré, or else of one of the new striped fabrics that show lines of plush of bright color, and of metal—either gilt or silver. Sometimes instead of a button a strap like a belt is used, and fastened by ornamental clasps or buckles. The front and side breadths of the skirt have the foundation covered by two tabliers or smooth valances of the moiré shaped around the figure closely, with a scarf-like drapery at the top that falls also behind with bouffant loops and ends. To fill in the open neck of the surplice basque there are kerchiefs of various fabrics, such as black beaded net, black silk muslin, and the va-rious white tulle, mull, and lace kerchiefs that were worn during the summer. Pretty little shoulder capes are made of the dress material to be worn in the street. These are not new in shape, as they are gathered about the neck in Mother Hubbard style, or else the fullness is laid in pleats from the neck down; they are cut off short and square behind, have a high collar or ruff, and long slender tabs in front.

The Cheviot costumes are either plain, striped, or checked, and show a great deal of copper red, mustard, and bronze shadings. They are made similarly to the simple suits ordered in the spring for travelling dresses, and the only trimmings are frogs and braids of the same color; indeed, these trimmings are confined to Cheviots of a solid color, while machine stitching or binding of braid is sufficient for the striped or barred Cheviots. Metal buttons of rich designs are offered for these dresses, but many modistes still use the plain smoked-pearl buttons with eyes in the

Some stylish wool dresses of cashmere and the rougher-surfaced camel's-hair have been made in the chaudron or copper shades, in pheasant brown, dark green, and porcelain blue, combined with satin Surah of the same shade, or else with watered silk for trimming. One of the pretties combination dresses for a young lady has the full skirt back arranged in three large box pleats of the cashmere separated by clusters of side pleats of satin Surah of the same shade; these pleats take up the entire fullness of the skirt, extend from the belt to the foot, and are without flounces. The front and side gores have two very deep pleated flounces of the wool goods, and a short full apron draped in set curved pleats that disappear in the side seams of the back. The basque is very short in front and on the sides, and has a wide belt confined to the front and fastened by a colored pearl buckle. The back of the basque is longer and square, and repeats in miniature the box-pleating of the skirt with side pleats of Surah between. This costume is shown in dark blue and in coffee red cashmeres, and will also be made up in black satin Surah with the inner sidepleatings of black moiré, or any of the new striped and block patterns that combine satin and gros grain, or else satin and moiré. To wear with the red and blue suits just described, rough straw bonnets of dark blue or red are imported, trimmed with very wide striped blue and red rib-bon, and three curled tips of mixed red and blue ostrich feathers. Correspondents who have asked for early hints of fall styles for travelling and walking dresses will do well to copy these models. The new Cheviots are already displayed on the counters of retail stores, and are sold in double widths at \$1 25 a yard. Cashmeres in the new artistic shades cost from \$1 to \$1 50, while the satin Surahs are from \$1 50 to \$3 a yard. Flannel-finished cloths of medium weight, suitable for the present season, are \$1 a yard.

FLOUNCED ROBES

Flounced robes are the novelties imported in rich fabrics. Those of brocaded satin have already been described. The brocade is in floral design of a single color, and forms a wide border on each flounce. These are revivals of the fashions of twenty years ago; but a genuine novelty to be brought out for midwinter is the volant fourrure, or plush flounces that are as rich as fur, and have pile as long as fringe. In each flounce there are forty different lengths of pile, beginning at the top with the thick short mole-skin pile, and gradually increasing in length of pile to the bottom of the flounce, where it hangs like rich fur with fleece two inches long. are also bayadere-striped plush flounces having fine cross stripes, each an inch wide, of plush alternating with stripes of satin merveilleux of the same width. These are of any one stylish color, such as dahlia, scabieuse, acajou (mahogany), myrtle, or seal brown; or else there are metal threads of gold or old silver on the satin stripes. BROCADED PLUSH, ETC.

Plush escalier, or staircase plush, is another novelty for trimming dresses. It is made of plush with the pile cut in different lengths to form cross stripes from an inch to two inches wide. This is especially handsome in black plush for collars and cuffs of cloaks and dresses, but is also found in colors. Brocaded plush is a still richer fabric, showing a velvet ground with plush figures of long pile. This combination of velvet and plush in one fabric is perhaps the most elegant feature of the new goods, and is shown in grenat velvet grounds with bronze figures, or sapphire blue velvet with beige-colored plush flowers, shaded as if done with the brush, and veined with pale blue. Another fine fabric is a ground of satin merveilleux brocaded with large plush figures that have the shading frise, that is of curled nap like that of uncut velvet. This comes in great tulips with stalks, lilies, and roses, and is all black or dark colored for day dresses, while for evening dresses the ground is white, with cardinal red figures, or with coral pink, or else peach blossom. Deep cardinal satin grounds nearly covered with black plush figures are very effective, and there are the new pistache grounds with mossy green leaves, also old silver, bronze, cream, and loutre. The leaf patterns of brocaded plush in smaller designs for jackets and for dress trimmings have already been described, and there are ombré striped plushes for similar purposes.

BROCADED VELVETS, ETC.

New designs of brocaded velvets show great balls and moons with three-inch disks of the heavy moleskin velvet of some rich dahlia or scabieuse shade, with a gold-threaded figure upon it, or perhaps frisé in a lighter shade, and these are relieved by a background of old gold satin, or there are green balls on beige-colored ground, or moss on pale blue, or grenat velvet on dead gold satin. Then tapestry figures of velvet, shaded as if done by the needle, are thrown on contrasting grounds of uncut velvet or of satin. Plain velvets are shown of the purest silk at prices not found hitherto; and in selecting these it is best to get the very thick short pile, because it is less easily defaced; merchants call it uncrushable, and sell it in the new acajou, bronze, and amethyst shades for \$6 to \$10 a yard.

STRIPES FOR PETTICOATS, ETC.

For pretty petticoats and dress trimmings for oung ladies are velvets and plushes with gay stripes of contrasting colors, such as green with red and lines of old gold. Roman stripes of twilled satin in gay yet delicate colors are alternated with plush stripes for youthful-looking dresses. Pekin velvets show satin stripes of different widths of the color of the velvet, and there are also many polka-dotted velvets and plushes for trimmings and for skirts. The chameleon plushes are new-shown shades of one color, or of yellow to red, écru to brown, pale green to dark myrtle, etc. These are for trimming cloth and camel's-hair dresses. There are also block pat-terns in ombré plush, and the different markings of leopard and tiger skins are shown in gray and tan-colored plushes.

BLACK RHADAMES, ETC.

The fashionable choice for black dresses will be the Rhadames silk, or else satin merveilleux with damask flounces. Rhadames is a new twilled silk, twilled on both sides, but differently twilled, showing the lustrous twill of satin on the right side, but merely that of pure silk on the wrong side. This fabric, with its brocaded flounces, has a stately look that makes it fit for a dowager, yet it is soft and as pliable as the satin merveilleux which it rivals. A novelty this year is black satin merveilleux with gay chiné flow-ers showing tulips and bouquets of lilacs, roses,

BROCADED MOIRES.

Hitherto the watered effect has been given by pressing the grain of fabrics, but this season the figure is brocaded in moiré patterns. This is especially handsome in the light colors for evening dresses, such as crevette, or shrimp, as the new salmon pink is called, ciel blue, cream, and mat gold. The chiné moirés are also new, showing bouquets that look like hand-painting on cream white moiré grounds, or else on black, sapphire, bronze, or claret-colored watered surfaces.

The newest lingerie imported is the Mother Hubbard cape of cream white silk mull, or of China crape shirred in many rows around the neck (which is pointed and open at the throat), and finished with two full rows of gathered lace that fall below the shoulders.

Another cape in yoke shape with surplice neck is made of silk mull laid in fine pleats from the neck down. These pleats follow the outline of the garment, being bias in front on the edge of the surplice neck. Below the pleats fall full frills of the new Tunis lace. A cape-collar with large bias pleats is trimmed with three deep ruffles of Valenciennes lace in the new patterns that have very small figures, and show a great deal of the

Very effective collarettes are made on a large round foundation of net, covered with two fully gathered rows of Aurillac lace, and an upper plainer row attached to a standing collar wi is concealed, but gives shape to the whole affair.

Many-looped bows of very narrow ivory white or else pink satin ribbon trim the new pieces of lingerie, while they are fastened by what seems to be an ordinary pin made of gold, with a small opal or pearl for the head.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; and AITKEN,

PERSONAL.

In disapproving of female physicians, the Queen forgets her great predecessor CANUTE and

—A long, close-fitting robe was the dress worn by George Eliot in her later years, and her light brown hair, which fell low on both sides of her head, was draped with point or Valenciennes lace. She received, by-the-way, only one hundred dollars for her first work—a translation from Strauss.

—Dr. John Warren, Dr. John Collins Warren, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes have been the only three occupants of the chair of anatomy at Harvard Medical School during ninety-eight years.

—By aid of his telephonic system, Dr. Cornelius Herz has, during experiments made under

—By aid of his telephonic system, Dr. Cornelius Herz has, during experiments made under the auspices of the French postal authorities, transmitted audible speech eight hundred miles.
—Sitting Bull sells his autograph at the varying prices of two and five dollars, and has parted with his pipe to a lover of relies for one hundred dollars.
—Chicago has organized a "Margaret Fuller Society" among its women.

—Chicago has organized a "Margaret Fuller Society" among its women.

—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and their suite lately took with them to Norris Castle luggage that weighed eight tons.

—The only thing that the Duchess of Edinburgh really studied before her marriage was music. Every whim of hers was indulged by the Czur, who adored her; and when the temperature was at twenty degrees centigrade below freezing-point, flowers were forced to bloom for

her delight.

Antoinette's boudoir is to be seen in the Sprague House at Canonchet.

Canonchet, and a lived on a canon be live

—Garibaldi has lived on a crust in his day, has tasted poverty on two continents, and earned his daily bread by candle-dipping.
—Mrs. Prentice, now eighty-five years old, and the granddaughter of General Stark, was

present on the one-hundred-and-fourth anniver-

present on the one-nunared-and-fourth anniversary of the battle of Bennington.

—ANTON RUBINSTEIN has agreed to write the music for RODERICK FEL's comic opera, Miss Don Quizote, which he has taken with him to Russia.

—John Rogers, the sculptor of the famous "Rogers Groups," is spending the summer at Mantucket.

-From his son's firm, where he is a silent partner, General Grant is reported to receive an annual income of about fifty thousand dollars. He was always a silent man.

—Cardinal Manning's appearance is severely monastic; he is very thin and very bald, but his voice is full of kindness.

—Amount the relies preserved at Pilgrim Hell.

—Among the relics preserved at Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, is a bit of a quilt embroidered by the daughter of Captain MILES STANDISH, framed in oaken wood that has May-flowers painted on it; and also a wooden tray made from an apple-tree which once bloomed in Governor WILLIAM BRADWORD'S grades. BRADFORD'S garden.

—The daughter of ex-Governor Hubbard, of

Connecticut, is in more comfortable circumstances than she was at first after her elopement with her father's groom, FRANK SHEPARD. Her husband has been assisted by an uncle, and is now a partner in a flourishing livery-stable. He is not allowed, however, within the stiff-necked ex-Governor's door, although the daughter is

received.

—Born deaf and dumb and blind, LAURA BRIDGMAN writes a very pretty hand, and expresses herself quite originally. She is a very unselfish woman, "with a heart for others'

-Mr. HUGH OWEN is to have knighthood conferred upon him for his services in the cause of education in Wales.

—At a recent London dinner a poetic-looking

—At a recent London dinner a poetic-looking youth whose æsthetic appearance caused a general shudder was found, when he had left, and it was too late to appreciate him, to be no other than BELT, the sculptor, a favorite of the Queen's.

—KATE SHELLEY, the Irish girl of sixteen summers who, the other day, in a wild storm, saved an Iowa passenger train from going through a broken bridge, is to have a fitting testimonial.

—An autograph worth having is that of RUBINSTEIN'S which he lately gave to a lady, with the first six bars of his exquisite "Romance in E flat" written above it.

—It is said that the color which shades some-

E flat" written above it.

—It is said that the color which shades somewhere between gold and cream has been identified with the Princess of Wales as much as the little "Princess" bonnet.

—At great risk to herself, Miss Blanche Nevin, the sculptress, who is engaged on a statue of Muhlenberg at Rome, rushed from her studio recently and stopped a runaway horse, saving the life of the driver.

—A copy of Manon Lescaut on the margin of which the little Dauphin Louis XVII. wrote his impressions in a legible but childish hand, was lately purchased of a workman, for eighty dollars, by Baron Pichon.

—Miss Griswold, Bret Harte's niece, is spoken of in England as a vocalist of great possibilities, with an expressive countenance and a good figure. Bret Harte, by-the-way, is now visiting William Black at Brighton.

—The lyric stage will suffer a great loss if, as

The lyric stage will suffer a great loss if, as reported, Miss Cary forsakes it to marry a wealthy New York gentleman.

—The friends of BRIDGMAN, the painter, were

exceedingly anxious that, rather than return to Paris and the East, he should make sketches in Central America and Mexico.

-Mr. GLADSTONE has presented a collection of ivories to the fine art and industrial exhibition at Cardiff.

—CHARLES GOUNOD, whose new oratorio is to

— CHARLES GOUNDO, whose new oratoro is to be given in Birmingham for the first time, is said to have a great resemblance to THOROLD ROG-ERS, who, when Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, offended so many people by his rad-ical views that he was dubbed "Ishmad." —Although born in 1800, Mr. George Ban-Croft still takes his horseback rides in Newport.

CROFT still takes his horseback rides in Newport.

—Dean STANLEY, who, it is said, was once in love with JENNY LIND, used to be called "that pretty boy" when he entered at Balliol, and "the little Dean" later in life by one of his best friends, The Queen married him to Lady AUGUSTA BRUCE in order to keep him near herself. Lady CHARLOTTE LOCKER was the sister of Lady AUGUSTA, the BRUCE meets in the grandchild of the poet, who is also the grandchild of Lady CHARLOTTE LOCKER, and, we believe, the last of the BRUCES.

Crochet Edgings.-Figs. 1 and 2.

The edging Fig. 1 is worked in crochet on a foundation of medallion braid with medium fine cotton in the following manner: Ist round.—

* Catch together with 1 sc. (single crochet) the first 2 loops on the next medallion, 6 ch. (chain stitch), catch together the following 2 loops on the same medallion with 1 short dc. (double crochet), 6 ch., catch together the next 2 loops with 1 dc., 6 ch., 2 tc. (treble crochet) separated by 6 ch. around the next bar, 6 ch., catch together with 1 dc. the first 2 loops on the following medallion, 6 ch., catch together the next 2 loops with 1 short dc., 6 ch., catch together the next 2 loops with 1 sc., 2 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—* 1 sc. on the 3d of the next 6 ch. in the preceding round, 4 ch., + 1 sc., 1 short dc., 5 dc., 1 short dc. and 1 sc. on the 3d of the following 6 ch., 3 ch.; repeat 4 times from +, then 1 sc. on the 3d of the next 6 ch., 3 ch.; repeat from *. Take up a second end of medallion braid, and work on one side of it the 3d round: * Catch together with 1 sc. the first 2 loops on the next medallion, 1 ch., 1 sc. in the following loop, 12 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop, 1 ch., 1 short dc. in

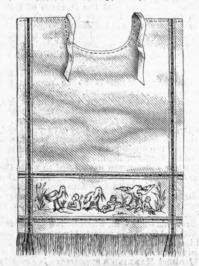


Fig. 1,—CHILD'S EMBROIDERED TABLE NAPKIN.

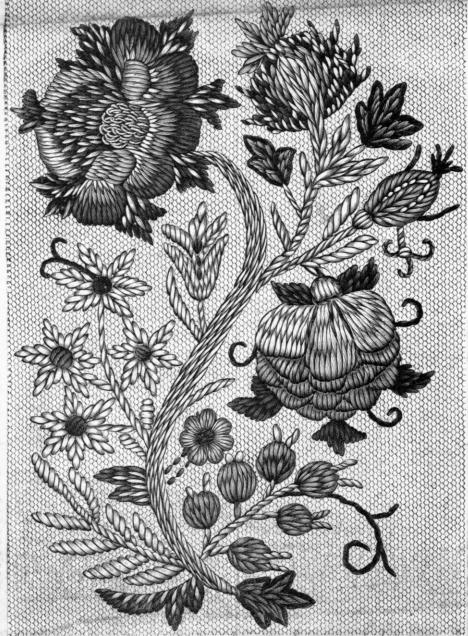
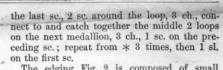


Fig. 1.—Centre of Chair Back.—Stem and Feather Stitch Embroidery. [See Fig. 2.]



on the first sc.

The edging Fig. 2 is composed of small squares, which are worked singly, and connected at opposite corners, and then edged at the top and bottom with four lengthwise rounds. Begin with the rosettes, working each on a foundation of 10 ch. closed into a loop with 1 sl. in the following manner: 5 ch., which are considered as first qc. (quadruple crochet), 6 qc. around the loop, 3 times alternately 5 ch. and 7 qc. around the loop, then 5 ch., 1 sl. on the 5th of the first 5 ch. in the round. 2d round.—1 sc. on every st. (stitch) in the preceding round, except the middle ch. of every 5, on which work 3 sc.; at the end of the round 1 sl. on the first sc. 3d round.—4 ch., the first 3 of which are considered as first dc., then alternately 1 dc. on the following 2d st. and 1 ch., working 3 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the middle sc. of the 3 at each corner; at the end of the round 1 sl. on the 3d ch. at the beginning. 4th round.—Alternately 1 sc. around

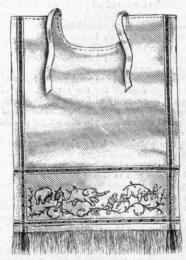


Fig. 2.—Child's Embroidered Table Napkin.



Fig. 2.—Cap for Eld-ERLY LADY.

the next ch.

tne following loop, 1 ch., 1 sc. in the next loop, 3 ch., 1 dc. around the next bar, 3 ch., 1 sc. in the first loop on the next medallion, 1 ch., 1 short dc. in the following loop, 1 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop, 12 ch., 1 sc. in the following loop, 1 ch., catch together the next 2 loops with 1 sc., catch together with 1 tc. the next bar and the corresponding bar in the first end of braid in the manner shown in the illustration, 1 ch.; repeat from *, but at every repetition connect the 6th of the first 12 ch. to the 7th of the last 12 ch. in the preceding pattern figure. Complete the edging by working the small rosettes inclosed by the

Fig. 1.—CAP FOR ELD-

ERLY LADY.

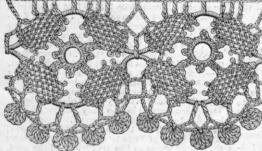


Fig. 1.—Medallion Braid and Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

four medallions in the following manner: 12 ch., close them into a loop with 1 sl. (slip stitch), * 2 sc. around the loop, 4 ch., 1 sc. on

Fig. 2.—Border for Chair Cut-Work ch.; repeat
from *. 2d
round. — Work
on the upper edge
of the row of squares
* 1 sc. around the first
7 ch. on the next square
following the 7 ch. in the hol-

BACK.—PUNTO TAGLIATO, OR [See Fig. 1.]

and 7 ch., passing 2 dc., except once at each corner, where pass only 1 dc.; 1 sl. on the first sc. in the round. This work completes one square. Work each of the others in the same manner, connecting the middle ch. of 7 on one corner to a corresponding st. on the preceding square. Edge the row of squares at the bottom as follows: 1st round.—* 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the 7 on the next square following the 7 ch. by which it is connected, 3 ch., 7 times alternately 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. on the middle ch. of the next 7 and 1 ch., then 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 7, 2

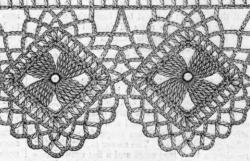


Fig. 2.—Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

low, 8 times alternately 7 ch. and 1 sc. around the following 7 ch.; repeat from *, but at every repetition connect the middle ch. of the first 7 to the middle ch. of the last 7 in the preceding pattern figure. 3d round.—* 1 sc. around the following 2d ch. scallop in the preceding round, 14 ch., 1 dc. around the next 7 ch., 4 ch., 1 sc. around the following 7 ch., 5 ch., 1 sc. around the next 7 ch., 4 ch., 1 dc. around the following 7 ch., 5 ch.; repeat from *, connecting the 6th of the first 14 ch. to the 8th of the last 14 ch. in the preceding pattern figure. 4th round.—Alternately 1 dc. on the following 3d st. in the preceding round and 2 ch.



PORCUPINE STRAW HAT.

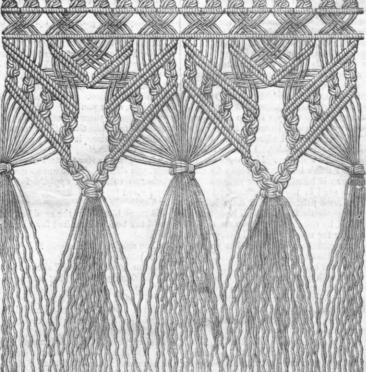


Fig. 2.—Macramé Fringe for Towel, Fig. 1.

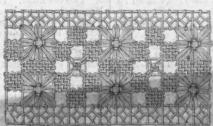


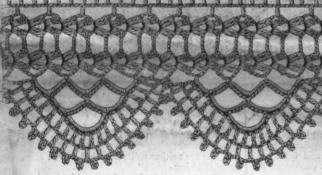
Fig. 1.—Antique Lace Insertion for Tipy



next st., 4 ch., pass 4 st.; repeat from *, but close with 3 ch. |2d round.—Twice alternately 4 dc., the middle 2 of which are separated by 3 ch., around the 3 ch. between

the middle 2 of 4 dc. in the preceding round and 4 ch.; instead of the last 4 ch. only 3 ch. 3d-9th rounds.—
Work as in the preceding round, but at the close of the 9th add 1 sc. (single crochet) around the last 3 ch. in the 7th round, and 3 times alternately 9 ch. and 1 sc. around

the next 3 ch. along the side edge of the work. 10th round.—Twice 13 sc. around the next 2 ch. scallops, then 6 sc. around the first half of the next scallop, turn the work, twice alternately 9 ch. and 1 sc. on the middle sc.



CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Crochet Edging for Lingerie.

This edging is worked with medium crochet cotton in crosswise rounds back and forth, and is finished at the top with two lengthwise rounds. Begin with a foundation of 11 st. (stitches), and work as follows: 1st round.—Pass the next 3 st., * 2 dc. (double crochet) on the following st., 3 ch. (chain stitch), 2 dc. on the

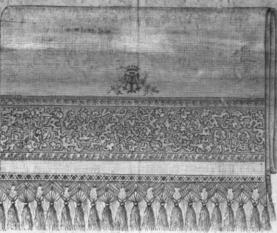
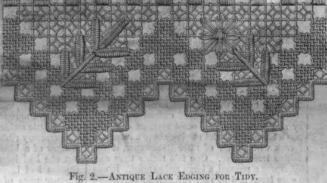


Fig. 1.—Towel.—Cross Stitch Embroidery, Holbein-Work, And Knot-Work.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]



of the next 13, turn the work, 13 sc. around the next ch. scallop, 6 sc. around the first half of the following scallop, turn the work, 9 ch., 1 sc. on the middle sc. of the next 13, turn the work, 13 sc. around the next 9 ch., twice 6 sc. around the second half of the following 2 ch. scallops, then 1 sc. around the next 3 ch. in the preceding round, 5 ch., turn the work, 1 dc. on the following 2d st., 18 times alter-

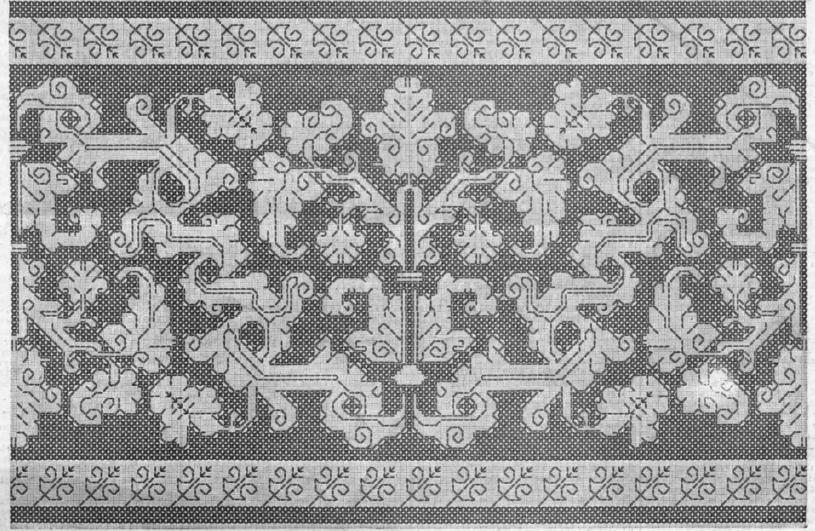


Fig. 3.—Border for Towel, Fig. 1.—Cross Stitch Embroidery and Holbein-Work

nately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the following 2d st., then turn the work, 3 ch., 1 dc. around the next 2 ch., * 1 ch., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them), 1 ch., 1 dc. around the next 2 ch.; repeat from * 17 times, then 3 ch., after which work the 11th round as for the 2d round. Continue to repeat the 1st-11th rounds, working the first round like the 2d, and connecting the middle st. of the 1st and 2d picots to the corresponding st. of the last and the preceding picots in the preceding pattern figure. Work at the top of the edging 2 rounds as follows: 1st round.—Alternately 1 dc. around the next 3 ch. and 7 ch. 2d round.—Alternately 1 dc. on the following 3d st. and 2 ch.

THE WISHING WELL.

A LONELY man, and crossed by Fortune's frowns, Stood by the mystic well, Whose waters quaffed to dearest wishes give Fulfillment, so men tell.

He stooped, and to his lips the waters raised, And wished for riches vast; But ere he drank, a wave of memory rolled Up from the golden past.

Again he stooped, and thought what bliss 'twould be To lack the thousand ills
That flesh inherits; but the wish died out:
His bosom felt Love's thrills.

Once more he wavered, and the thought of life
To patriarchal age
Seemed fair; but no: "Life without love is naught,
A blank unlovely page.

"For thee, my absent love, I'll wish for thee:
Thy presence far outweighs
Those blessings which I fondly deemed so dearWealth, health, and length of days."

THAT HAD NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM.

T was off on the Maine coast, some miles from any point considered exposed to what is ordinarily termed the rush of summer travel. Certainly the idea of a rush was something utterly foreign to this blessed placidity of sky and shore and sea. The very breakers had lost their thun-derous roar, and sidled up the beach in an inoffensive fashion, and obviously broke only because they couldn't well help it. A few boldly outlined rocks seemed to have been placed along the shore for the purpose of keeping guard, but, like sen-tries in time of peace, had rather lost the spirit of the occasion, and were sunning themselves in lazy indifference. A gray haze hung over the sea, making impossible the blinding diamond glitter making impossible the bunding diamond glitter of a sunny day. Any glitter would have been painfully out of place. One's artistic soul was satisfied with the quiet tone of the whole visible world. Everything was soothing, everything was harmonious, everything—until, with a shock that seemed to break the delicious loneliness of the scene, and seatter visious of sternal entit with scene, and scatter visions of eternal quiet with sky and sand and sea, one's startled eyes fell upon a blotch of scarlet staring above a fragment of rock with an air of utter irrelevance, if not positive irreverence. One felt rather than saw that it was a parasol, a large red parasol. It was so very large and so very red that in this dignified calm it produced the effect that would the sudden entrance, not to say bounce, of a rosy milkmaid into a circle of æsthetically cultured maiden ladies. The thing might be good of its kind, but it jarred; it had too purely a human interest. It was worse, even. One might look at the sea as long as one chose, but one's gaze would inevitably come back to that parasol. It made one angry; it was parvenu, impertinent, insolent.

The hopeless incongruity of the thing struck Jack Evans as he strolled up the beach, with a half-smoked Havana between his teeth.

"Striped too, by Jove!" he muttered, as though the audacity of the thing grew upon him.

There can be but one person under it; not that there is a physical impossibility of there being two"—and he smiled cynically as one who has seen the folly of it-" but these are the wilds of Maine, and the woods are certainly not full of striped red silk umbrellas. There's but one woman in the village who owns such a barbaric article as that yonder, and she's alone. Nice day for an afternoon on the sands—none of that confounded glare that sets your teeth on edge, and makes the lot of a clam seem the only happy one, provided he's insured against being dug out. Rather glad I'm not a clam, though: generally speaking, beastly sort of life not to be able to walk around and look under red silk umbrellas. My ideas are certainly formulating themselves after the fashion of Alice in Wonder-Land. By-the-way, I wasn't at all sure that I had come out to look under that one, but it's rather borne in upon me at present that I haven't much to live for except the pleasure of making that girl's acquaintance. Might go back to the farm and get a letter of introduction. I don't think she saw me at all; she didn't look across the way once-not that that's any sign, though. I only saw the parasol and the round of her chin, and six-button undressed kids, as she came down the walk. Poetical justice would demand that as I am a city dweller, weary of the haunts of fashion and the giddy round of social pleasure. I should seek diversion and true happiness in the society of a dairy-maid. But even city life has its alleviations, and merely as a setting for a picturesque toilette, the country knocks the spots out of a ball-room. How the dickens does she come to be up here alone, I wonder! Perhaps, after all, she's a country beauty who has been to boarding-school. If those gloves should be the only pair she ever had, and that parasol a wild dash after the absurdities of fashion, and not merely a quietly accepted eccentrici-But it can't be: she's one of those people who always do right; I know by her chin.

Meanwhile Evans had tossed away his cigar, and drawn very near to the rock, on the other side of which sat the owner of the parasol, but still no motion betrayed any knowledge of his approach. He had serious thoughts of attempting a cough, but this time-honored device always struck him as absurd. Skipping stones would do as a make-shift; but he finally decided upon more audibly scrunching the sand under his feet. The mind the other side of the rock had meantime

not been a blank.
"I knew he would come," had been its owner's quiet conclusion as she settled herself to the beginning of another chapter after a cautious survey of Evans while he was yet far up the beach. "Can't see any particular harm in making his acquaintance. I know all about him. We're out of civilization now, besides. I wonder if he'll take a very decided initiative. If he does not, he isn't the man I think he is. Of course he may stalk by just as if he always saw young ladies stalk by, just as if he always saw young ladies sitting on the sand in the immediate neighborhood of the forest primeval, but I don't believe it; and, to be perfectly frank, I shall be horribly disappointed if he does. Indeed, in that case I couldn't answer for myself; I should very probably throw something at him. He has thrown away his cigar-that's a good sign.'

The sand grated harshly,
"I couldn't with any decency help hearing that," and she dropped her parasol in front of her, and glanced around over her shoulder. It was excellently done—glances of any kind were rather in her line. In this one there was just the necessary curiosity as to who might be the disturber of her solitude, mingled with a not unnatural surprise at its turning out to be an intruder from the confines of civilization, and over it all a delicate shade of utter indifference as to who this intruder really was. What was it to her, in any case? All this was in it, and an instant sufficed to deliver it. Then she turned slowly away again, raised her parasol, and turned over a leaf of her novel.

"No pride of the village looked at me that time," thought Evans. "That's not the way the pride of the village does it. I feel rather sat upon, yet not utterly annihilated; cast down, as it were, yet not destroyed; perplexed, but not in despair. But what's to be done next? One must be careful, very careful; the whole danger will be in overdoing it. She has a pistol by her side, and a box of cartridges, so it seems a little superfluous to offer her any protection against the jelly-fish. Blood - thirsty, I see. However, she doesn't look like the sort of woman that fires behind her by mistake, so I'm probably safe where I am. Confound her self-possession! I feel like an ass. I can't stand looking at this infernal schooner much longer. I wish she'd do something, or give me an opportunity to. I'd like to save the life of a girl with that profile, but she can't very well fall off the sand."

It certainly seemed an unlikely supposition. She was calmness, unconsciousness, personified. Not aggressive unconsciousness, that shows itself in pretty little sudden turns of the head, or twitches of refractory ribbons; there was no archness, no shadow of a blush. She had been interrupted, but she had long ago forgotten what the interruption had been, and she had almost finished another page of her book. Jack was rapidly nearing the point where men adopt strange and reckless expedients, with no thought of dangerous consequences.

"There are but two alternatives left for me to choose from," he said to himself; "no half-measures will do. Either I must pick her up and throw her into the water, and then pull her out; or I must walk on up the beach, and not look back at her once. I can't bear to do the latter, but the former seems severe, and she would never forgive me if it should turn out to be unbecoming. Good heavens! why doesn't she help us both out?

Just at this point some papers fluttered out of the girl's book, and a suspicion of a breeze found nothing better to do than to waft them toward the water. Evans sprang forward and picked them up, and for the first time looked the young lady full in the face. A light color touched her cheek as she took the bits of paper from his

hand.
"Thank you," said she, with a quiet little smile, and the subdued sunlight shining through her lashes. "I was very stupid to let them go." Then she dropped her eyes on the page again, as if there was nothing more to be said, and he stood and looked at her as if he thought there ought to be, but didn't know what it was. But he was resolved to have no more long silences.

"This can't go on," he said at last-"my standing here, you know, and you not looking at me."
She did look at him then, and caught the smile

which made Evans's lady friends so singularly obtuse to his serious faults of character; but her eyes were on her book again as she replied, "No, I suppose not."

Not too encouraging, certainly," thought Evans, grimly; "but perhaps—yes, I think so—just encouraging enough." So he tried again: "The beach is rather deserted."

"I shouldn't call it deserted," said she, slowly, raising her eyes again far enough to glance along its level line. "It is not fair. I should say it was rather—unoccupied."

This was a positive advance. Evans imitated the infernal schooner, and tacked abruptly. "Will you shoot me if I sit down by you?" he asked, glancing at her pistol. He was anxious to be on a level with her, and catch a longer look at her eyes and chin.

She smiled a little. "I never shoot at a short-

er distance than ten feet," she said.

"Then," said he, "it would be simple suicide for me to go on. The farther off I should be, the greater would be the temptation."

He stood looking wistfully down at her, but she did not reply at first. Then she said, demurely, "You might go the other way."

"I never retrace my steps," said Jack, boldly.
"I always fall with my feet to the foe. Don't you believe in it?" he questioned, after a pause,

during which he felt, rather than saw, the en-

couragement of another little smile.
"It depends a good deal upon my boots," she replied.

Evans was tempted to sit down, on the strength of this, but forbore lest he should seem to take advantage of her levity. "That principle seems to me a dangerous one," he said, gravely. "Unswerving fidelity demands that there should be no such exception. Nevertheless, I believe in

exceptions, don't you?"

"One must; there is nothing else to do. The trouble is that, like the Latin grammar, there are so many exceptions, it seems hardly worth while to learn the rules."

"It might be safer to start without preposses-

sions, you think? There are so many situations where 'no rules need apply.' I think so too. May I stay?" "Yes.

He threw himself on the sand beside her. She closed her book, and waited for him to say some-

You are fond of shooting?" he asked, taking up her pistol.

"I am fond of firing," she said. "I never shot anything yet—anything animate, I mean."
"But you would like to?"

"Oh yes; I should like to."

"I am more and more thankful that a wise dispensation prevented my proceeding into your line of vision

She laughed. "Oh, I think my principles would have restrained me. I haven't dared shoot all the afternoon; it seemed such a shame to wake up anything.

"It is delicious. Is it always so here?"

"I do not know. This is my first experience.

Mamma has been here before, but without me. I haven't quite decided yet whether I shall be perfectly happy or die of *ennui* in another week. Which shall it be?"

"Reasoning from sentiment, world manners, and the general beauty of the surroundings, I should say the former; from my previous experience of life, probably the latter. I don't know which is worth the most as ground to stand on."

"Sentiment is always better than experience." she said, dreamily, with her eyes fixed on the now

distant schooner.

"She has had a disappointment," thought Jack. "No, not a disappointment, a disillusionment.— Why?" he asked, dreamily too. It seemed to be her mood, and all his friends said Evans was nothing unless he was sympathetic.

"We are happiest when we are most unreasoning, are we not? Experience forces us to reason. "Man is a reasoning animal," said Jack, sen-

tentiously.

"Ah," she said, with a laugh, "I am not so sure of that. But falling back on commonplaces is a shabby way to withdraw from a conversation which bade fair to be quite after the order of modern literature," and she turned her gaze full upon him. Her manner was singularly charming. Her eves were deep blue, and frank and fearless in their expression to an uncommon degree. Evans felt that they, at least, were suited to the day and place, if her dress was a little too suggestive of an ephemeral existence-of the world, too worldly. They were deep and true and calm and shaded, and you felt that you would never tire of them. Here their restfulness was in accordance with circumstances; but how precious would be their charm were circumstances in bitter contrast! They would see faults, but forgive them; they would fill with tears, but never waver. And Jack awoke to the consciousness that he had looked at them quite long enough, and that it was time for him to say something.

"I don't want to talk like modern literature," he said. "I don't want to be modern; I don't want to feel modern. I want to go back a hundred years, and make believe this country about here has never been touched by the hand of improvement—that there are not any cities, or telephones, or bicycles, on the continent."

"Or horse-cars where you have to put your own fare in the box," she added. She was resting her head on the rock behind her, and watching him with a half-smile, nowise disturbed by the unconscious scrutiny with which he had been regarding her. She went on after a moment: "And yet I don't agree with you. I never had a fancy for Indians—that sort of people are so hard to get along with pleasantly. And I think soda biscuits are so unwholesome. Don't you always fancy the early settlers as having soda biscuits for tea?

"They didn't always have tea. If you will persist in examining me on early American history, you must pardon the not unnatural pride I take in showing how extensive is my information on such points. They threw it into the Gulf of

"I shouldn't suggest any correction if it hadn't to do with Boston; I'm always afraid of not doing just what is right by Boston, especially as regards colonial history. You're sure to feel it afterward."

Evans smiled, and slightly raised his eyebrows. "This is malicious—absolutely malicious. I told you I wanted to forget the progress of modern thought, and you actually drag Boston into the conversation."

"But why don't you want to be modern? I'm

Evans smiled again, and she smiled back, sure what his thought must be.

"Yes, you are modern, but not essentially so; I took all that into consideration.' Oh, but I am !-essentially so," she persist-

"I dressed up for a Martha Washington tea party once, and I looked like a fright."
"We don't go to Martha Washington tea par-

We are sitting here on the shore, and that vessel in the distance is the Mauflower going back to England. Now don't be didactic again, and

attempt to prove to me that if it was the Mayflower we shouldn't be able to see it."

SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

They were both silent a few moments watching the distant boat as it sailed slowly, slowly out

of sight.
"Elevators save you a great deal of trouble," she remarked, thoughtfully, at length, as it might

seem a little irrelevantly. Evans laughed.
"I begin to think that you do hopelessly belong to an effete civilization," he said. should be part of our primitive existence that we are fond of toil and trouble, that we are unhappy

without it."

"Don't!" said she. "Paradoxes are dangerous. One never knows where one is, nor when one is going to stop."

"I always know when I'm going to stop," said Jack, sadly; "when you crush me, and make it a positive impossibility for me to go on. Your bringing a pistol was a work of supererogation."
"You are so easily crushed!" she laughed.

"Your disposition is mercurial-at least, I think it is. I have never been sure what a mercurial

disposition is."
"I imagine you are right. I certainly am something of a barometer, more easily crushed some days than others. It's humiliating to be at

the mercy of the weather."
"I am not the weather," she said; "and it was I whose influence was so depressing. This wealth

of similes has confused you." "If I can forget it, don't remind me that I am at your mercy. I'm not sure that you have any. I prefer the weather; the sun has to shine some-

"Yes, fortunately for everybody, since it is for

everybody that the sun shines," she added, softly. "Ah! if the sun only shone for one person, that would be a different thing," he began, eagerly; "and if you—" But the blue eyes came back from their gaze at the horizon, and met the look of growing feeling in his with so cool, so repressive a glance, that he dropped the tone of sentiment he had adopted, and with a half-smile of understanding of his own mistake and her re-proof, concluded: "—and if you were not sure of being that fortunate person, you'd not hint at so dreadful a possibility. There's a pretty piece of sea-weed, by the way. Are you at all interested in marine specimens?"

"Not in the least. In fact, I particularly dislike them."

"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. At least we agree upon one point."

I like the seas and all that in them is while it is in them, but as soon as anything is taken out and becomes a specimen, it is so sticky and soft and draggly! The least little pinch tells so on it. I tried to pick out sea-weeds with a pin at one time, but I have found since that life is too short for such pleasures."

"It's such a pity—the same fault has been found before, if my memory serves me—that we never find how short life is till so much of it is

gone."
"You are neither polite nor kind, as you seem to be thinking of me.

"Yes, I was thinking of you-thinking how far you are yet from a realizing sense of it. If you were not, you wouldn't have made me stand looking aimlessly out to sea for so long a time, when I might have been talking to you.

"It seems to me, if I had not had more or less of a realizing sense of it, you wouldn't be talking to me now.

They both laughed a little. Evans had begun to think that, short or long, life could offer little better than a prospect of looking into those eves ad libitum, and hearing that soft voice continually in his ears. "How few women," he thought, "in exceptional circumstances, have common-sense enough to widen the line a little, and tact enough to define it none the less clearly, so that there may be no danger of crossing it by mistake! She is an exception; her eyes are exceptions; so is the day; and I feel that I am rapidly proving myself an exception, and falling genuinely in love with an unknown." The afternoon was wearing on; the tide had turned, and a little stronger breeze arisen.

"Oh dear," she said, "the sky is clouding over, the air is changing. I begin to feel that possi-bly—some time in the future—I might feel active enough to shiver."

"Don't tell me so; please don't tell me so," said Evans, lazily digging holes in the warm dry sand. "I shall be like the man in Pilgrim's Progress-I shall never look up at the sky if there is a chance of any change. Don't tell me about it."

"You are an ardent lover, an eager follower, of change," said the soft voice, quietly. Jack stopped digging, and looked up at the speaker. "Yes," she continued, "you are. You like to-day because you are tired of yesterday's hurry; you will like to-morrow's travel because you will be tired of to-day's peacefulness. You like to talk to me because for the last two or three days you have seen nothing but country beauties; next week you will wonder that you ever cared for anything but rosy cheeks and gingham aprons.'

'Is it not enough that I have tamely submitted to the charge of a mercurial disposition? Must you also accuse me not only of inconstancy, but of more than doubtful taste? I am by no means

a connoisseur in gingham aprons."
"No, but you will be, or else she will teach you how to make rag carpets, or shell Lima beans.

"By Jove!" thought Evans, "I'd like to have her teach me what she pleases, and she'd find I would be in no hurry for change of employment either.—Do they always give you lessons in something?" he asked, abruptly. "What are you teaching me now?"

"I?"—and she laughed—"I am teaching you to forget—the last one." "No," said he, in a low voice, with his eyes on

hers, "you are teaching me to remember."

"Ah no!" and she shook her head, as she

Hosted by

glanced out over the sea, which was rousing itself from its slumber. "That is dangerous wo sometimes. I would not try my 'prentice hand

There was a moment's pause, and an advan-

cing wave gathered, rose, curled, and broke.
"I would like to teach you," he said, earnestly, but without looking at her; "but it would be useless to try. It would indeed need a master

"You could teach me easily to remember some

things," she said, slowly.

He glanced up at her quickly. "Yes, I am afraid so," he said, with a smile. "I shall be very careful."

Will to-morrow be like to-day, I wonder?"

"Of course it will not," he answered, impatient at fate, not her. "When was to-morrow ever like to-day ?

"In the garden of Eden."

"Yes, and will people never learn from that old story that any change is always for the

worse?"
"Even from stormy to sunny weather, I suppose, O apostle of peaceful monotony and unchanging calm. You are making universal what is only occasional."

"Perhaps. Certainly I would make an eternity of what is, alas! but one day.—I am certainly very far gone indeed," he said to himself, "if I have begun to talk about eternities, but Heaven knows I meant it."

"Time is measured by comparisons. Parenthetically let me remark that I think I must have read that somewhere. How many days seem eter-

"All those days which are not spent on the shore in a hazy atmosphere, with the waves and the wind half asleep.'

And those you would make everlasting! And we would get the neuralgia in the backs of our necks, and the crimp would come out of my hair, and we would both have colds in our heads. An eternity of cold in the head! Can't you propose something pleasanter?"

"I've a good mind to propose in earnest," thought Evans; "but it borders on the ridiculous to ask a woman to marry you before you know her name. I should have to call her something, and 'Ma'am' seems stilted, while 'Say' only serves on occasions."

'I can propose that you let me put that shawl over your shoulders," he said aloud. "Since we can't have the one, we will at least not run the risk of the other.'

"If the time has come to put on wraps, the me has come to go." she said, wistfully. "The time has come to go," she said, wistfully. "The charm of the day is broken. I almost feel as if it might rain, and if this quiet is once disturbed who knows if it will stop short of thunder? Those clouds look a little like it. Do you see that sail-boat is almost here? I am glad it will be safe from the storm.'

You have been much interested in watching that sail-boat," he said, petulantly. He was jea-

lous of its interference.

"Yes, I am hard hit," he said to himself as he became conscious of this. "I wish the boat would go to the bottom if she's going to look at it that way. There's more life in her eyes now than there has been before to-day. She shall not go. I will not let her until she tells me who she and that I may see her again, and then-I will not let her go at all."

She had not answered his last words, but was anxiously watching the boat, which rocked al-

most perilously on the heavy waves.
"Very much interested," he added, more petu-

lantly still.
"Yes," she said, simply. "I think I will go to the dock to meet it," and she rose.

"And you ask if to-morrow will be like to-day almost as if your heart was in it, you hint that it is I who love variety, and you hasten to meet—who

knows but to welcome—any element of change!"

He had risen too, and was looking down at her
with a world of reproach in his eyes. She did
not look up, she did not speak. For the first time that afternoon there was a touch of consciousness in her manner. A wave broke almost at their feet; the breeze blew salt in their faces; she drew her cloak closer about her, and turned with a little smile in the direction of the

"I suppose you do not wish me to go with you. I do not wish to go with you; I will not. There may be strangers. It is like a fashionable sea-

side resort; it is abominable."

"I would like to have you come with me. There can not be many strangers, and there is

one friend, I am sure."
"I should not care to see my own friends now; you can not expect me to care to see yours.'

She walked on. "Come," said she; and he followed her. "You will like to see this one, I It is Tom Owens." am sure.

"Tom Owens!" He stopped so suddenly that she stopped also. "Tom Owens! And you knew that he was coming?"

The long lashes were raised, and the frankness of the eyes was indisputable. "I knew he was coming—yes." There was a question in his look which she answered. "He is my husband."

Evans walked on by her side, confining his first observation to his own inner consciousness. "So you are the girl Tom Owens married?" he

said, pulling his mustache. "I am the girl Tom Owens married. And ou-you are Jack Evans, his college chum, and his best friend."

"Well, Mrs. Owens," said Jack, as he shook hands late that evening, "I am off in the morning—so good-by. The last time I saw Tom in California, I wished him good luck, and I begin to think my blessing is worth something after all. I shall not be so reckless of it in future. Think of me to-morrow evening with the rag carpet or the Lima beans. Good-night."

ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEE-DLE WORK.

NO. 6.—CUT-WORK OR APPLIQUÉ. BY MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

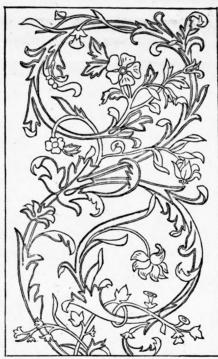
ECORATIVE cut-work is of infinite variety, but may be divided into two groups-"inlaid appliqué" and "onlaid appliqué.

"Inlaid" appliqué consists in tracing the same pattern on two different fabrics-sav a gold cloth and a crimson velvet—then cutting both out carefully, and inlaying the gold flowers into the crim-son velvet ground, and the crimson flowers into the gold ground, making duplicate pieces of work in reversed colors. The inlaid part is sewn down with thread, and covered with cord or couchings of floss silk. Sometimes narrow ribbon or fine strips of cut silk are stitched over the edges to keep them down flat. This kind of work may be seen constantly in Italian rooms of the seventeenth century, and the alternate breadths of crimson and gold give a fine effect, as of pilasters, and in general are enriched by a valance at the top and a plain border at the bottom. (See illustration No. 20, showing the application of transposed appliqué.)



No. 20.-ITALIAN DESIGN.

"Onlaid" appliqué is done by cutting out the pattern in one or many colored materials, and laying it down on an intact ground of another material. Parts are often shaded with a brush, high lights and details worked in with stitches of silk, and sometimes whole flowers or figures are embroidered, cut out, and couched down. This sort of work is very interesting, giving scope to much play of fancy and ingenuity, and when artistically composed it is often very beautiful. (See illustration No. 21.)



No. 21.—BORDER FOR APPLIQUÉ.

Another style of "onlaid" appliqué is worked in solid outlines only, laid down in ribbon or cord, sometimes in both. This was much in vogue in Queen Anne's time and for a century later. The ribbon, very soft and thick, sometimes figured, sometimes plain, was manufactured with a stout thread on each side, which could be drawn, and so regulate the ribbon, and enable it to follow the curves of the pattern. The Germans, French and Italians often enriched this style of work with a flower, embroidered and applied, thrown in here and there.
"Cut-work," like the term "feather stitch,"

has a totally different meaning when applied to white embroidery, and has nothing to do with appliqué, but takes its name from the fact that the pattern is mostly cut or punched out, and then edged with button-hole or plain overlaid stitch.

In working appliqué it is best, although not absolutely necessary, to have the design traced on the material to be used as a ground, which must then be framed as for ordinary embroidery. A copy of the design must be made on tracingpaper, and the outlines carefully pricked out with a needle or pin, laying the paper on several folds of flannel or cloth for greater convenience in pricking. This work is precisely the same as the pricking taught in the Kindergarten, and a girl of eight, with the Kindergarten pricker and felt pad, can do it perfectly well; indeed, better than an older and more inexperienced person, because

A pad, made of a long strip of flannel four

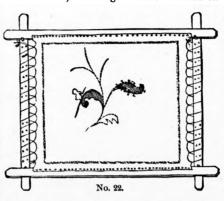
inches wide, rolled up very tight, till of a size convenient for holding in the hand, must be prepared, and some pounce made, of about equal quantities of finely powdered charcoal and pipe-

HARPER'S BAZAR.

clay.

The pricked design of the leaf or scroll that is wanted for the work must be laid face downward on the fabric which is to be applied. The flannel pad must be dipped into the pounce (that is, one end of it) and rubbed well into the outlines of the pricked design, which must be held firmly in its place with the left hand. On lifting the tracing-paper the design will be found to be marked out on the material distinctly enough for it to be cut out with a sharp pair of scissors. The pounce can afterward be brushed off.

The leaf or scroll, being thus cut out, must be fastened in its place on the design with small pins, and then carefully sewn down. (See Illustration No. 22.) The edges are then finished off



by embroidery stitches or by a couching line. The stems are frequently worked in with stemstitching or couching, and the leaves enriched by large veinings of crewel or silk work, or, in conventional designs, with some of the many varieties of herring-boning.

Gold embroidery on velvet or satin grounds re-

quires to be worked on a strong even linen, and then cut out and applied in the same manner as ordinary appliqué. Where a particularly raised and rich effect is wanted, any embroidery may be treated in this manner. It is, of course, more troublesome, but quite repays the labor spent by the increased beauty of the work.

The transfer of old embroideries to a new ground is usually done by appliqué. We have already spoken of another way by couching the old background.

In transferring old needle-work it is necessary to cut away the ground close to the edge of the embroidery. It is then placed on the new material, which has been previously framed, and the outline tacked down. In large pieces of work, such as curtains, only a small portion should be cut away and tacked at a time—just what your frame will hold. The best way of finishing is to work over the edges with silks dyed exactly to match the colors in the old work. If properly done, it is impossible to discover which are old and which new stitches, and only by examining the back that the work has been transferred at We use the words "dyed to match" advisedly, as it is impossible otherwise to procure new silks or crewels which will correspond with the old. Embroidery transferred in this manner is as good as it was in its first days, and in many cases is much better, for time often has the same mellowing and beautifying effect in embroideries as in paintings.

A less expensive but also much less satisfactory method is to edge the old embroidery, after applying it to the new ground, with a cord or line of couching. With this treatment it is, however, always easy to perceive that the work has been transferred.

For almost all kinds of appliqué it is necessary to back the material, and it is done in this manner: A piece of thin cotton or linen fabric is tightly stretched on a board or table, with tacks or drawing pins. It is then covered smoothly and completely with paste. The wrong side of the velvet, satin, serge, or whatever is to be used in the work, is then pressed firmly and evenly

down on the pasted surface, and left to dry.

The following recipe for embroidery paste is that given by the school: Three and a half spoonfuls of flour, and as much powdered resin as will lie on a twenty-five-cent piece. Mix these well and smoothly with half a pint of water, and pour into an iron saucepan. Put in one tea-spoonful of essence of cloves, and stir till it boils. Let it boil for five minutes, and turn it into a gallipot to cool. If the gallipot has in it a muslin bag, not reaching to the bottom, it is an improvement; the vater that drains away can then be from time to time, and the paste will be much

Stretching and finishing.—Always avoid using an iron to embroidery. It flattens the work, and is apt to injure the color. For embroidery on linen, unless very badly done, it will be found quite sufficient to stretch the work right side downward as tightly as possible with white tacks or drawing-pins on a clean board, and damp it evenly with a sponge. Leave it until quite dry, and then unfasten it, and, if necessary, comb out the fringe. If it is new work, it should not be fringed until after it has been stretched.

For crewel-work on cloth or serge it is sometimes necessary to rub a little shoemaker's paste on to the back of the embroidery while it is tightly stretched. When pasting can be avoided, it is always better to do without it; but it serves to steady the work in some cases, and makes it wear better. Unless it is unavoidably necessary, it is better not to paste the back of screen panels, whatever may be the material on which they are worked; but more especially in the case of satin and velvet, as it interferes with the straining of the work by the cabinet-maker.

The foregoing stitches we have described are the most typical, and form the basis of all embroidery: their numerous modifications can not be fully discussed in the limit we have prescribed to ourselves, but we have given all that it is absolutely necessary for the needle-woman to master before she attempts to cope with the artistic element of her work. That it is a creative art is undoubted, for no two pieces of embroidery are precisely alike, unless executed by the same hand from the same design.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. P.—We have no pattern of the dress you mention. Make the child's nuns' veiling with a skirt that is shirred at the top all around the waist, then pleated below. Tie a sash low around the hips, and have a simple little basque to wear with it; the basque should have tucks down the front and back.

A SUISOBINER.—Moisten the creases in your black silk with diluted ammonia, and press on the wrong side. Do not make your black silk over a bustle of any kind, but wear it with a separate bustle if you like. Have the skirt full and straight across the front and sides, shirring it only twice across, and letting the fringed end hang as a flounce at the foot. Have bouf-

fant back drapery, and a shirred basque.

A Georgia Sussoniber.—We do not furnish addresses in this column.

EDITH T .- Perhaps fresh benzine will take out the stain of artificial roses on your dress, but it will be safer to send it to a professional scourer. We do not furnish addresses to our readers.

FLORENCE.-Soft black satin Surah shirred and pleated will trim your cashmere handsomely, and to this you might add some very heavy guipure or Spanish lace. Have the round skirt pleated from the knee down in single lengthwise pleating on a foundation skirt of silk. Then put a very narrow pleating on the edge, or wear the edge of the silk skirt under the long pleating. Drape a short wrinkled apron from the waist to the pleating on the front and sides, and arrange a simple and bouffant drapery behind. The basque should be single-breasted, medium long, and have a scarf of satin Surah on the front, partly shirred and partly pleated. If you want something still more elaborate, you can use either of the designs on the first page of Bazar No. 30, Vol. XIV.

Kate R.—The carliest hints of next winter's styles

will be given in the New York Fashions of the Bazar. At present the best advices show designs similar to those illustrated in Bazar No. 30, Vol. XIV. Make those illustrated in Bazar No. 30, Vol. XIV. Make your cashmere by directions given above to "Florence." You would be wise to let your freckles alone. The Ugly Girl Papers, giving information about the care of the complexion, will be sent you from this

office by mail on receipt of \$1.

Juno.—Make your black silk by the pattern of the Coaching Toilette illustrated on first page of Bazar No. 80, Vol. XIV. Instead of the elbow sleeves in that dress, have simple coat sleeves with a shirred cuff. The Spanish lace will be appropriate trimming, but it is too early to decide about the jet. Colored bead trim-mings have lost favor in a measure. Thick straight bangs are worn just above the forehead, but not exbangs are worn just above the forehead, but not extending from ear to ear, as they formerly were. Do not use ammonia too frequently on your hair. Alcohol will cleanse the scalp nicely. Bustles are not generally worn, though there is a bouffant appearance made by ample drapery. You can buy a very good seal-skin sacque for \$150.

LOUISE.—Get cream white mull for bridemaids'

dresses, and make them in the way you describe, hav-ing the neck a pointed surplice front, with very full Languedoc lace frills on it, and wear with it a sash and belt of wide white ribbon tied behind in a large bow. If you like, you might use instead of this the shirred basque and shirred sleeves in the Coaching Toilette shown in Bazar No. 30, Vol. XIV. The natural flowers in blossom at the time of the wedding should be ers in blossom at the time of the wedding should be made into a large bouquet for the corsage, and you might each carry a hat-shaped straw basket of flowers suspended from the arm by ribbons. No matter how young the bride is, it is customary for her to wear satin or silk at the wedding, though occasionally a muslin or tulle dress is worn by a bride.

Mrs. F. R. O.—Your brown poplin is not especially stylish, but the fabric is good, and should be used, if only for a skirt, with an inexpensive over-dress of écru pongee, or of tan-colored bunting. The same is true of the striped green silk, but it could be utilized nicely as a skirt to wear with a cashmere over-dress of darker gray than that in the slik, trimmed with facings of green satin Surah and green buttons. The collar and cuffs should also be green.

Roy.—If you want your black suit especially for summer, get silk Surah, and for this read details given in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 30, Vol. XIV. If you intend the dress for all seasons, get satin Surah, and trim with Spanish lace; or, if you prefer to combine it, add some watered silk like that described in the same article on New York Fashions. White piqué dresses with warm sacques and heavy under-clothing are worn by boys of two years in the winter; but if you intend to use colors, various shades of blue are preferred to all others, such as pale blue basket-woven cloth, and very dark navy blue flannel or camel's hair.

We do not reply to such inquiries by mail.

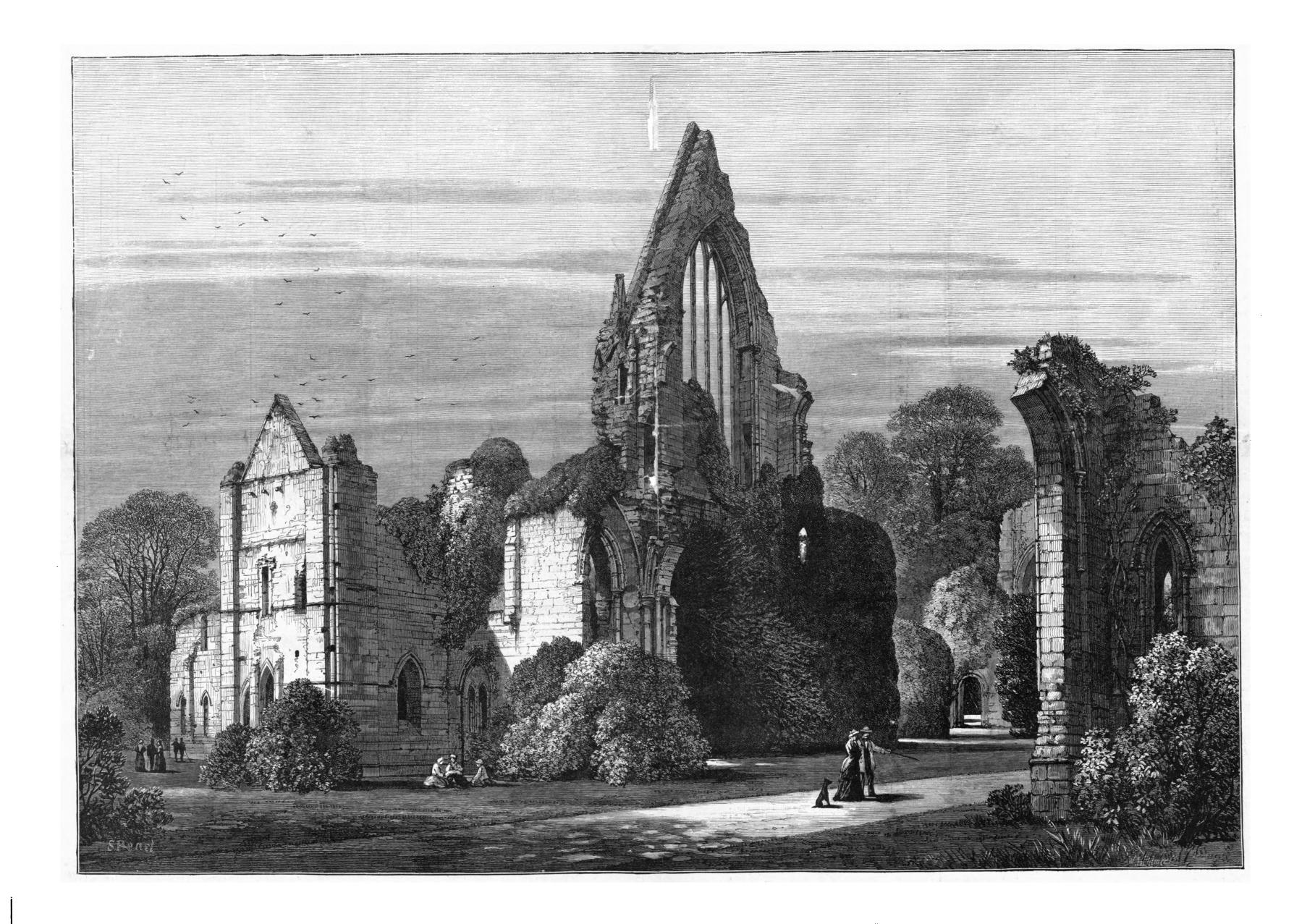
A Subschiffe.—We are not responsible for advertisers, and must decline to interfere in matters beween them and their customers.

LENA M .- You will find it easier and pleasanter to have the refreshments on a table than to hand them. The bride's gloves should be white. Any white flower may be worn in her hair, though orange blossoms are preferred; these are not necessarily arranged in a wreath, as a cluster on the side or directly above the head may be more becoming. The bride may wear any suitable jewelry. The wedding dress, if a street suit, may be worn to church afterward. The dresses you mention are sufficient for a neat outfit. You should write a note of thanks for each wedding present the moment it is received, and allude to them again at the wedding if you feel inclined.

Constant Receiver of "Bazar."—Don't make your

blue percale dress button behind. Have instead a tucked basque or a box-pleated shooting jacket with a belt. The skirt should be short, pleated from the knee down, and have a wrinkled apron over-skirt that is sewed to the top of the pleats, then turned upward, and fastened to the belt. It is customary to express your pleasure at any invitation, saying, "I will come with pleasure," or some such simple and natural expression. Of course you should precede your friend in going into your own church, and should seat her first. The gentleman should lead the way in similar cases. In cities, evening calls are made from eight to ten o'clock. Fifteen minutes is the regulation length for fashionable calls.







DRYBURGH ABBEY.

See illustration on double page.

RYBURGH ABBEY stands in one of the finest scenes in Scotland. The Tweed winds gracefully past it, and the sloping woodlands form a fitting background for the gray old ruins of the venerable house of the Premonstratensian monks. The remains of the abbey can not be compared with those of its neighbor Melrose for elegance and beauty. No poetical description has made it a household word. But it will be always remembered as the burial-place of Sir Walter Scott. His love for Melrose was that of a poet; his affection for Dryburgh was almost that of an owner for his most cherished treasure. For a time it had indeed, belonged to his maternal great-uncle, whose heir-general he was, and he seemed always to feel aggrieved that the estate had passed from his family to that of its earlier proprietors. "We have nothing now left of Dryburgh," he writes, "but the right of stretching our bones where mine may perhaps be laid ere any eye but my own glances on these pages." When he accompanied visitors from Abbotsford to the abbey, he pointed out the tombs of his Haliburton ancestors, and expressed his wish to be buried near them. There he buried his wife, and speaks after her funeral with simple pathos "of the beautiful day, the gray ruins covered and hidden among clouds of foliage and flowers, where the grave, even in the lap of beau-

ty, lay lurking and gaped for its prey."

The abbey was founded by Richard de Morville in the reign of David I., and, like all places on the borders, suffered repeatedly in the English invasions. In Scott's time the abbey and the castle of Dryburgh belonged to the Earl of Buchan, the elder brother of Lord Chancellor Erskine. Scott calls him a "trumpery body," and a Mæcenas à bon marché. To his credit be it said, he encouraged both Burns and Scott, and loved literature well, if not wisely. By dint of sheer saving, he increased his estate from £200 to £2000 per annum. His conceit of himself was stupendous. He called Washington, as the highest possible compliment, the "American Buchan," and sent him a snuff-box made from the Wallace oak at Falkirk, for which he duly received a letter of thanks. Scott gives an account of his burial in the abbey, and says that the body was laid with the feet westward-a position which provoked the remark that a man who had been wrong-headed all his life could not become right-headed after death. The earl's grievous sin, in Scott's eyes, must have been the sham ruins and stucco temples with which he defaced the neighborhood.

Scott had passed much of his early life in the vicinity, and in the first of his original pieces written in a ballad measure, "The Eve of St. John," Dryburgh is the spot to which the monk goes to sing mass for the soul of the knight who is slain, and where the faithless wife of the Baron of Smaylho'me ended her life of penance.

"There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun.
There is a monk in Melrose tower
That speaketh word to none.
That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold baron."

The incident of never seeing the sun, he tells us, is not quite imaginary. In one of the dark vaults of the ruined abbey a woman had taken up her residence. She never quitted her retreat during the day, but rallied out at night-fall to solicit the charity of some neighboring lairds. At midnight she returned to her gloomy vault and lighted her candle. During her absence she affirmed her dwelling was arranged by a spirit, who ap-peared as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled down the clay floor to dispel the damp. She called him "Fatlips," and the vault is still called by his name. Her conduct, like all absurd conduct, was attributed to love. She had vowed never to see the sun till her lover returned, and he never came back.

HARPER'SWEEKLY* has published a series of double-page plates representing many of the English cathedrals. With these edifices no building in Scotland can compare in grandeur and magnitude. But the ecclesiastical ruins of the North-ern Kingdom have a peculiar elegance and charm. They are as racy of the soil as Burns and Scott. A comparison of the view of Glasgow Cathedral, given in the Weekly of March 26, 1881, with the views of the English edifices, will show how great a difference in feeling existed between the two schools of design. No temple but one reared by Scotch hands could give a meet sepulchre to a poet so intensely Scotch as Sir Walter. It may be considered fortunate for Dryburgh that no Dean of Westminster seized on the remains of the Wizard of the North. He lies amid the scenes he loved so well. On the 26th of September, 1832, he was borne to his last home in the aisle of Dryburgh. The roads were lined by sorrowed crowds as the coffin passed. The wide inclosure of the abbey was thronged with young and old, and when the coffin was taken from the hearse. one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. The funeral was unostentatious. His monument is simple. A block of Aberdeen granite, so solid as to resist even the fall of the ivied roof of the aisle, was placed over the grave. The inscription is merely a name and a date.

Scott's latter days were days of sorrow. His His dream of hopes of wealth were blasted. founding a family was vanity of vanities. The ruined man sleeps fittingly in the ruined fane.

We have said nothing about the architecture of the ruins. In the first place, because they are

too fragmentary to give in a sketch any idea of the distinctive characteristics of Scotch ecclesiastical architecture. In the second place, because visitors do not seek Dryburgh for its beauty, its picturesqueness, or its romantic associations, but because it contains the tomb of the author of Waverley. Yet

"the stream, the wood, the gale, Is vocal with the plaintive wail of those who else forgotten long Live in the poet's faithful song, And with the poet's parting breath Experience a second death."

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DESPERATE WRENCH.

WHEN Madame Morrison saw Helen on the following day, she found her looking very different from the weak and woe-begone creature who had appealed so successfully to her kind heart. With the buoyancy of youth to aid the blessed sense that she was no longer desolate and forsaken, Helen had recovered hope. Since she had looked into the faces that were full of concern for her, the "lost child like" feeling, as she had defined it, was gone. Frank had not returned and she knew no more about him than she had known yesterday; but she was no longer alone; she was no longer at the mercy of the two women whom she regarded with dread and aversion, perhaps not reasonable, but which she could not surmount. She might think more profoundly than ever of her great trouble now, since she needed not to think so anxiously about herself. There was still a great deal of the child about Helen, notwithstanding the withering blight that had fallen upon her girlhood; she placed her hand unhesitatingly in that which was held out to her, and she slept that night, after Madame Morrison had tended her with motherly solicitude, as a child who had been frightened in the cold and dark might have slept in a well-warmed and lighted room.

Delphine was very curious about the English lady who had brought madame home at so un-usual an hour; she did not know that madame had intended to make a visit, and dinner had been prepared uselessly. She had, indeed, been uneasy about madame. Helen, acting on a hint from Jane, gave Delphine no satisfaction, and that astute young woman scented danger to her own and her mother's interests from the appearance on the scene of a person of the indubitable respectability and the authoritative air of Madame Morrison. What if they were altogether wrong, and there really was a marriage, and this lady was a relative of the families on either side?

"She called her 'my dear,' I can tell you," said Delphine to her mother, "and those English do not say that to all the world. And she is coming to-morrow, early, too.'

"You will hear something then," said the mo-

ther. "I think it well," said the daughter.

But Delphine reckoned without Madame Morrison, who, with her first look at her handsome insolent face, had distrusted her. And she was defeated by that lady's coolly dismissing her, and entering Helen's room unannounced. Of course the resource of listening at the door remained, but Madame Morrison was too much for her there also. She set the door of the bedroom, which opened into the little salon, wide open, and shut the opposite door that opened into the vestibule.

Delphine might listen at that as long as she liked, she would be none the wiser.

"You are a good girl to have done what I told you, and I am glad to see you looking so much better this morning," said Madame Morrison, as she took a seat by the side of Helen's bed, and laid her hand gently on her head. "You are quite yourself again. No headache?"

"I am perfectly well, and oh it is so kind of

"I am perfectly well; and, oh, it is so kind of you to come to me!"

"But you would rather have seen Jane. That is natural, but I have much to say to you that Jane could not say, and you shall have her with you by-and-by. And now, my dear-for we have no time to lose—tell me, have you thought about what you are going to do?"

"I am always thinking about that, but I can not come to any decision." The frightened look The frightened look came into her face again, and tears rushed to her "Oh, Madame Morrison, what is to become of me?"

Nothing evil, be sure of that. You are perfectly safe from harm, if you only will to be safe. My husband and I will protect you and take care of you, if you will allow us to do so; no misfortune can befall you unless it be of your own

"I don't understand you; I know that all you are saying is good and kind, and I feel sheltered and protected by the mere sight of you; but I don't know what you mean by misfortune of my own making. I have done very wrong, I am afraid, to call myself Madame Lisle, and to say that I am married; it was to have been for a week. I know now, by all I have suffered, by the shame and the misery, what a falsehood for an hour, or a moment, is; but Jane and you will

forgive me, will you not?"
"Indeed we will, and do," said Madame Morrison, whose heart beat painfully as the tearful, child-like gray eyes gazed at her pleadingly with a dreadful look of wistful innocence: "but I must make you understand me, however great the pain I shall have to give you; and to do so I

must tell vou your own story, not as you fancy it to be, but as it is in hard fact, and as the world would read and judge it. You are the dupe, you have had a frightfully narrow escape of being the victim, of a villain."

"Frank?" exclaimed Helen, starting up wildly.
"Yes." Madame Morrison laid her gently back on her pillow, and held one of her hands tightly. "I must say that word. You can not imagine the degradation and misery of the fate which he destined for you when he took you away, with a devilish duplicity and cunning, from your only protector, the friend to whom your dead father had confided you, and isolated you from all help

"No, no, it was not so. I have told you we were to have been married in a week.

"He told you so, and you believed him because he had made you love him and trust him, and be-cause you knew nothing of the world or of real life at all. How should you know that no man places the woman he means to marry in a position of disadvantage before the world, or lowers her in his own or her own respect? How should you know that his sympathy with your unhappiness was a device to lead you into the profoundest misery, and his proposal to rescue you from an uncongenial home was a lure to hopeless and irremediable ruin? If he had been honest in either he would have gone boldly to your protectors, and told them how he had met you by an accident, and what had come of it, and-

"It was on account of his friend," said Helen, in feeble, terrified protest; for were not her fears, her voiceless, half-formed fears, finding utterance by the mouth of this good and sensible woman? Her stricken heart quailed under the terrible ver ification, but she tried to make a little fight still.

"His friend?" repeated Madame Morrison, indignantly-"his friend? My child, no man of honor lets the possible interest or convenience of a friend outweigh the hon's, the good name, the safety, of his future wife; and the friend who would expect or wish him to do so must be a pol-

would expect or wish him to do so must be a poi-troon. Besides, what do you know about him-self? Who is he? What is he?"

"He is a painter."

"He told you so, but what evidence have you that it is true? Did you ever see a picture of his painting? Is there one here? He is much more likely to be a mere dissolute idler, unhappily cursed with the means of gratifying his passions and his vices, and he probably assumed the character of an artist to make himself more interesting in your innocent eyes

"He said we should not be rich," faltered Helen, "and it was on business he went away. If he had had a fortune, and could do as he liked, why should he have left me?"

This pertinent remark commended itself to the

good sense of Madame Morrison.

"You are right," she said. "He is not a rich man, and he may be what he assumes to be. Did he never tell you anything more distinct about his affairs?"

"He said he could place me here, and arrange about our marriage, because he had had a stroke of luck, and he talked of something I did not understand, of the 'veine' and the 'deveine'; that was all."

"A gambler! That is the explanation," thought Madame Morrison. "But it is useless to tell her so; she would not understand the deadly meaning of the word." Then she continued: "Only the innocent child you are could have been tricked with so weak a fable about himself and his friend as that which this bad man invented. Only a heartless villain could have tempted and deceived you through your sacred love and reverence for your dead father. Well he knew the chord to strike, and with a remorseless hand he brought out that sweet music of memory and pity to be your death dirge. My dear, it is written, Thou shalt not seethe the kid in the mother's milk,' but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and you have fallen into the hands of the wicked. How were you to know, supposing he had returned at the appointed time, and chosen, for the sake of still deluding you for a little longer, to go through some form of marriage with you, whether it would have any meaning or value? How were you to establish any claim upon him?"

"He loved me-he loved me!" said Helen, amid her sobs.

"Ay, poor child, with the evil love of a false, wicked, and selfish man, who loves himself only in all the world, in reality, and who would leave you, and as many like you as might take his fancy, to remorse and shame and misery, and, it might be, to eternal death, without a pang of the conscience that his vices have killed within him. How should you know what love of that accursed kind means?

"Oh, don't! don't!" said poor Helen. "I

thought papa had sent him to me."

"God forgive him!". Madame Morrison wiped
the tears from Helen's cheeks—they were pale
enough now—and kissed her fervently. "He has an awful sin to answer for, wherever he may

"Do you think he is dead?" asked Helen, faintly.

"No, I do not. There would be some re found, there would be some clew that would direct inquiry in this direction, if he were dead. I do not pretend to be able to make any attempt at solving the problem of his absence and his silence: but there is no doubt that it is nothing short of a miraculous interposition in your favor. It has saved you from sin and shame and misery, and I thank God for it. You have suffered much, and there is still much for you to suffer, but none of these things. The Divine mercy has been stronger than the enemy. And now, my child, you must respond to this action of Providence; you must recognize the full truth, and do your own part toward completing your own

"What must I do?" asked Helen, shrinking as if from an impending blow.

"You must leave this place at once."

"Leave this place! And not see him if he

comes back—you said you do not believe that he is dead—and not know—"

"Yes, my poor child, even so."

"Oh, I could not, I could not. Frank! Frank!"

That cry wrung the heart of the listener. She had compared her task, not inaptly, with the tof the surgeon who has to save his patient's life at the cost of inflicting terrible pain, and on whose nerve and steadiness the result depends. There was a strong pull upon her nerve and steadiness

now.
"Don't think that I do not know what you this suffer, and that I do not feel for you; but this must be, my dear. This wicked man has first deceived and then forsaken you, for even though circumstances had rendered his return impossible, nothing should have prevented his writing to you. And you must place yourself beyond his reach. You understand his conduct now; you are blind no longer, but see; you could not plead ignorance or innocence as an excuse for wrong-doing now; you have your position to redeem, your good name to save, and what is of far more real importance, your duty to do."

"What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?"

"I will tell you, and Jane and I will help you

to do what is right. You must come home with me; you remember that Jane asked you to do so before the brighter prospect of the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore offered itself."

"I was so miserable with them, Madame Morrison, I could not bear it, and so uncared for."

"Had you not been miserable and uncared for, no such design as this wicked man's could have been carried out. You need not assure me on been carried out. You need not assure me on that point. Let me go on. The same offer that I made to you then I now renew. You shall live with us as long as you like, and either learn my business, or I will endeavor to find you suitable employment. There need be no hurry about that; you will need long rest and good care to recover from this painful episode in your life, and it will be my good niece's greatest happiness. and it will be my good niece's greatest happiness to have you with her. Her love of you has never failed or faltered.'

"I know that. I saw it in her face before I fainted. But"—and here, in spite of Madame Morrison's soothing hand, Helen sat up, and pushed her hair feverishly off her foreheadsuppose I did go home with you, and that Frank came back, and that it had not been so bad after all? Suppose he had really meant what he said, and that he could explain, what should I do then?"

Madame Morrison did not make an immediate reply; perhaps she found it difficult to repress a movement of impatience at the girl's folly and obstinacy; but she remembered "the precious ointment that breaks not the head," and she ap-

plied it with a skillful touch.

"My dear," she said, "what you should do then is this. You should give Mr. Lisle the opportunity of proving that he had been only thoughtless and imprudent, but not wicked, in his conduct to you, by obliging him to take in that case the course which he ought to have taken at first. You should give him no clew by which to find you, unless by making application to the protectors of whom he has deprived you."
"But they believe that I am with Jane."

"Indeed! Was that another device of this honest gentleman's?"

Helen hung her head, shamefaced. She was beginning to see it all now. She was beginning to be amazed at her own blindness and weak-

"It was to be a deception only for a few days."
"Does he know who Jane is, and where she

"I don't know: I don't remember. It was all so hurried; I did tell him, I think, when Mrs. Townley Gore refused to allow me to visit Jane, but I could not say positively. Why do you

"Because he must not see you while you are with me, no matter how good a story he may make out for himself. The facts in this case are among the most stubborn within my knowledge, and I shall deal with the facts. If he should return, and wish to find you, he will know that he can do so by addressing himself to Mr. Townley Gore, and the fiction about his friend will soon disappear before any honest intention, or the worthy love of you, if such exists in him. If there's a spark of good in him, if there's any rea-sonable explanation to be given of his conduct, he will not be afraid to confront the woman whose unkindness put you in his power, and to ask her what has become of you. Let her tell him, and let him seek you then. You will be safe, and beyond his reach in the sense of your ruin and dishonor; if you can trust him, there will be none to forbid you. But you must see, my dear child, that there is no other way by which we can undo the wrong that he has done you, and prove that you have judged him more correctly than I."
"I see it. I thank you. I will obey you."

Madame Morrison had to steel herself against the heart-broken tone in the young voice; the surgeon's work was almost done.

Now tell me about this woman who waits on

you, and about your money matters." Helen told her what arrangements had been made, and Madame Morrison investigated the condition of the money drawer.

"Fifty francs between her and destitution," she said to herself. "Is this all the money you have anywhere?"

"I have five francs in my purse, but the last bills are not paid, and they will come to more than there is."

"I will see to all that. Do not trouble yourself on that score. Up to what date has this apartment been paid for?"

Hosted by

^{*} For other pictures of cathedrals and abbeys, of which Dryburgh Abbey is the eighteenth in number, see Harper's Werkly, Nos. 1058 (York Minster), 1132 (Exeter), 1147 (Ely), 1151 (Norwich), 1159 (Wells), 1199 (Lichfield), 1203 (Bath Abbey), 1212 (Peterborough), 1216 (Worcester), 1232 (Lincoln), 1237 (Carlisle), 1256 (Chester), 1260 (Chichester), 1262 (Winchester), 1263 (Glasgow), 1281 (Rochester), 1288 (Melrose Abbey).

Helen told her.

"Three weeks between her and homelessness," said Madame Morrison to herself,

"And this girl, this Delphine, are her wages

"I do not know; I think they must be, or she would have demanded them, for she knows my money is nearly gone."

"That accounts for her insolence. What else does she know?"

Helen's face flushed deeply as she replied by telling Madame Morrison that Delphine had rec ognized her, and that she feared she did not be lieve her to be Madame Lisle.

"This woman is dangerous," said Madame Morrison, after listening attentively to Helen's account of the matter, and asking her several questions; "she must know nothing more about you. Can you let me see the accounts with which these people have furnished you? They are dishonest, I conclude?"

"Yes, they are," said Helen, humbly and resignedly. She was ashamed to confess the cowardto which her false position had reduced her; but there was no need for her to confess it: the sympathy of Madame Morrison was of that quality which goes to the root of the matter. "The

papers are in the drawer."
"Will you dress yourself while I look over these, and transact a little business with this girl and her mother in the salon? And will you then come to me there? I can not stay much longer."

Madame Morrison gathered up the papers and left the room. She well knew to what agonies she was leaving her patient, but the worst was over, the surgeon's work was done, the healer's was to be done now. "That will begin," thought Madame Morrison, "with the restoration to wholesome companionship and a home-like life. What wretches the poor child has encountered!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IN spite of the dispersal of the beau monde, there is yet much to glean in the way of fashion, for Paris is still Paris; a few rich marriages are taking place, and the official world has only broken up within a few days. We have therefore had many occasions to observe toilettes, both in society and at the great modistes', whose activity is unceasing. Diversity is the prevailing characteristic of the times. There are Louis XV., Camargo, and a few Directoire dresses; large collars, leaving the throat bare, and very becoming to young girls and youthful dames, and also stand-ing collars as high as possible, thick ruches, etc.; huge bonnets, and others reduced to the smallest possible vestige of a hat, and so on. Velvet, as we have said, is mixed with silk, foulard, and muslin. We will cite an effective combination of this kind. There was a costume of very fine cream white foulard, trimmed with wide bands of the material, which were covered with silk embroidery, worked in open-work feather stitch. The over-skirt, which fell very low on one side, and was draped on the other almost to the waist, was fastened on a skirt of black velvet cut in long panels from ten to twelve inches wide, spread apart, showing the skirt covered with white lace, and trimmed on the bottom with an embroidered foulard flounce, also covered with lace, and some five inches wide. The panels, of course, only reached to the top of the flounce. Pleated foulard corsage. Corselets, laced or buttoned in front or behind, and edged with colored pipings, with a point in front and another in the back, ending in two loops, forming a postilion basque, are much worn. These may be made of velvet or silk, and are worn with different kinds of skirts. They are extremely becoming to slender figures, and we venture to predict their success for the coming season.

Camargo costumes are also much in vogue.

We will cite one of plain dark blue linen. High, long-waisted corsage, laced in front, and terminating on each side in a flat basque four inches with points in front and behind. Paniers very far apart, and very bouffant on the hips, were set under the corsage, drawn backward, and bunched up to form a pouf. Close sleeves, over which were drawn long gloves. Two pleatings of equal width, set one above the other, formed the very short skirt. The same dress of foulard, with bouquets of pink roses on a garnet ground, and trimmed with garnet lace embroidered in Pompadour designs, was charmingly effective.

Silk stuffs with large flowers, either woven in the suff, embroidered, or chiné, will be used on the richest autumn toilettes. For example, a polonaise-tunic of white silk, strewn with bouquets of field flowers in the natural colors, very short in front, and drawn backward, forming a bouffant pouf and a small train, will be worn over a skirt covered with lace flounces, separated by bands of pale blue silk two fingers wide. The corsage is shirred closely in the back, and furnished with a collar of wide lace, closely gathered, with a voluminous jabot of lace, gathered in shells, which extends down the whole length of the corsage, and is brought round and fastened on the left hip by long loops of blue satin ribbon.

Polonaise-tunics, open in front, drawn well back to form a pouf, and falling very low behind, They may be made of a mate are much seen. rial different from the skirt, which makes them very convenient. For example, the polonaise may be of gros bleu, myrtle green, or café brulé, with a skirt of party-colored checks or stripes. This combination is practical and economical, and may be charming if the colors are artistically chosen. It is also used in colored linens. We will describe a costume composed of a polonaise-tunic, forming a large tablier in front, of myrtle green percale, which was worn over a skirt trimmed with a very deep pleated flounce, of percale with small checks, in which Bordeaux red, gros bleu, and rusty yellow predominated. The corsage was pleated, with shirred basques. corsage was pleated, with shirred basques, and had a jabot of closely gathered white lace, fastened at intervals by three bows of Bordeaux velvet. Similar bows were set on the wide lace

With this can be worn La Vallière gloves of red silk, for red is at this moment one of the colors most in vogue. The gloves now must match the dress in color, even if the latter be of so vivid a hue as red; pale blue, pink, and vert d'eau gloves are also worn. As a fancy of a few elegant leaders of fashion, which, however, is not likely to become universal, we will mention the large parasols of straw of the natural color, in the fashionable shape, and made like ordinary parasols; these are edged with a flounce of white lace about four inches wide, and are trimmed with a bunch of white ostrich feathers falling over the side, one of which extends a little below the edge. Another parasol of this kind, the gores of which form soufflets when opened, is trimmed with a bouquet and garland of roses. Flowers are still worn in profusion. They are even used as necklaces, or rather collars, under the ruches that encircle the throat.

As to chaussures, the English shoe, with huge buckles of silver, gold, or paste, is the only admissible one for fashionable country-house or watering-place toilettes. For simpler use, yellow leather or Russia leather shoes are both substantial and comfortable. In the casinos it is allowable to dance in a bonnet and elegant street costume; the bonnets worn on these occasions are very light, and are generally of fine Italian straw, trimmed with silk muslin or lace.

It is rumored that next winter, flowers, which have been too much worn to retain their popularity, will be superseded by a profusion of buds, large and small, which will nestle on small and graceful capotes. Another prediction, which seems quite probable, is that sleeves gathered at the top and somewhat loose will be generally adopted; when not exaggerated, these are graceful, and the close-fitting sleeve has enjoyed a lengthy

Another caprice of the time is the black moiré belt, three inches or more in width, worn with colored linen dresses, which passes round the waist; the same ribbon then emerges from the top of the belt, and falls carelessly, being caught in two or three loops, to the bottom of the skirt, precisely as if a piece of ribbon had become unound and twisted negligently around the waist.

This is only becoming to misses in their teens. For October, rather large mantles, rounded be hind, are in preparation; these are made of very light cloth, bronze green, dark blue, écru, or garnet, and are bordered with wide embroidery, worked with beads of the same color as the cloth, largely mixed gold or steel beads, and sometimes also with large flowers, embroidered with very thick chenille, so as to stand out in relief. The mantle is edged with fringe of the same color, mixed with beads like those used in the embroidery. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

ENGLISH WEDDINGS.

ASHION in England has decreed that the nuptial knot shall now be tied in a more agreeable and less ceremonious way than of yore. We no longer rise at unearthly hours and don trailing satins at half past ten in the morning, nor do we often have to go through two hours dreary fasting and another hour of duller speechmaking. Everything in connection with marriage and giving in marriage has been considerably shortened and simplified. Weddings in the grand monde are now usually solemnized at three in the afternoon, and sometimes later.

The things we have abolished form quite a lit-tle list, and they include groomsmen, long afterbreakfast speeches, the sending of wedding cake and cards, and "wedding receptions" by the bride at her own house. It is now considered in bad taste to form an elaborate bridal procession in the church. When the bride arrives, she goes up the aisle at once with her father or nearest male relative, and the bridemaids follow quickly after, walking two and two. The head bridemaid is always the bride's eldest unmarried sister; if she have no sister, it will be the sister of the bride

As I have before mentioned, there are now no groomsmen," so the bridemaids follow the bride and groom down the church again as they came up, at the conclusion of the marriage service. The "best man" is still an indispensable person at a wedding, and indeed his duties are manild. He goes with the hero of the occ the church, holds his hat while the ceremony is going on, signs the register, and fees the clergy-man, clerk, etc., for his friend. He afterward

takes in the head bridemaid to breakfast. A very pretty fashion, which has also novelty to recommend it, is that of having a boy-usual ly a small brother, nephew, or cousin of the bride —to act as page, and carry the bride's train. The page is generally about ten years of age, and must be dressed in a rather fantastic costume, such as a ruby or sapphire velvet, with silk stockings to match, and a large collar of Venetian

The bridegroom naturally procures the wedding ring, and also the bride's bouquet and those of the bridemaids, and has furthermore the privilege of presenting each of those damsels with a present. This used at one time always to consist of a locket, but this custom, like that of sending a biscuit box to the bride, is now exploded. The usual fashion is to give a bracelet, generally an Eastern bangle in gold or silver, but brooches for holding flowers, jewelled and enamelled waist buckles, handsome fans, gold or silver necklets, These presents must etc., are also often given. arrive at the house of each bridemaid the day before or the morning of the wedding. bridegroom is also supposed to bring his own

carriage to take back himself and his wife from the church to the house and again to the station; but this is not often done, as the carriage of the bride's father is generally used for this purpose.

Anyhow the bride always drives to the church in her father's carriage, the person accompanying her who is to give her away. Sometimes the mother drives with the bride, the father receiving her at the church door, and taking her at once up to the altar rails. All the guests, the bridegroom, and best man, should be waiting at the altar when she arrives, the last two standing at the right-hand side of the communion table. The bride stands at her husband's left side during the ceremony, and takes his left arm to go into the vestry and sign the register. The register is signed by the bride and bridegroom, by the bride's father, the head bridemaid, and "best man," and one or two of the near relatives and distinguished guests. The wedding favors are now distributed among the guests by the bridemaids, those for the ladies being composed of orange blossom, silver leaves, and white ribbon, those for the men being of silver acorns and oak leaves. Congratulations are now supposed to take place, and the guests, as soon as the bride and bridegroom have left the church, get themselves, with as little ceremony as possible, into their carriages again.

At a large wedding it would be pretty to have the church profusely decorated with flowers and tall plants, such as palms and tropical ferns. The principal part of the floral decorations should be near the communion table, where the wedding party congregate, and in the vestry, which is generally a very bare and unsightly place. Red cloth laid along the aisle and down to the carriages greatly brightens the look of a wedding; it has also the further advantage of showing off the white satin or brocade of the bridal toilette. Ladies invited to a wedding do not carry bouquets; only the bride and her maids do so

The wedding presents are generally exhibited in the drawing-room, laid out on tables covered with dark velvet. A label is attached to each esent, with the name of the giver written on it. It looks pretty to surround them with flowers. laid all round the edge of the table. Stiff flowers, which will last well-in winter, camellias and gardenias, in summer, roses and lilies-would

The breakfast may be either a sitting-down or standing-up one. At an afternoon wedding it would be more appropriate to have a standing-up one, as it is not unusual for the bride's family to have a large reception from four to seven to which sometimes two or three hundred people are invited. At a standing-up breakfast a long table would be laid out at one end of the room, as at a supper, small tables being put at another end for the bridal party, the bride sitting at her husband's left hand. The gentlemen help the ladies to everything, as at a supper, the *menu* being somewhat different from that of a sittingdown breakfast. If there were soup at a standing-up one, it would be served in cups, and there would, of course, be no hot entrées. The wines generally drank are Champagne, sherry, and

As we have before said, the speeches are either very short and few in number, or they are dispensed with altogether. The health of the "bride and bridegroom" is generally proposed in a short speech, and when thanks have been duly returned by the "happy man," the speechifying may be considered at an end. At a sitting-down breakfast the *menu* would include soup, salmon, hot and cold entrées, chickens, tongue, ham, game, plovers' eggs, salads, jellies, creams, ices, and fruit. The bride always cuts the wedding cake herself, that is to say, she puts a knife into it. It is then cut up by the servants into diminutive

The chief bridemaid generally goes with the bride up stairs whilst she changes her dress, and the guests go back to the drawing-room to bid her good-by. Slippers are thrown by the best man or the bridemaids, and rice by the married ladies.

Baskets of flowers are now often carried by the bridemaids instead of bouquets, and in the country the custom still obtains of strewing the bride's path with flowers by the school-children.

Porcupine Straw Hat.

See illustration on page 581.

The brim of this yellow rough straw hat has a narrow binding of red velvet, which extends under the brim, and forms a facing. A bias scarf of red satin merveilleux is twisted about the crown, and finished with a gilt buckle at the front.

Chair Back.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 580.

This chair back, which was illustrated in the last Bazar, is composed of the embroidered net centre shown in Fig. 1 surrounded by the border Fig. 2. To make it, a piece of linen Java canvas twenty-four inches long and twenty inches wide, on which to work the border, is required. It consists of an open-work lattice-like ground formed by drawing out threads of the canvas, which is ornamented with rosettes and squares. Work is begun by basting the Java canvas on enamelled cloth, and then proceeding to draw out the threads; this is not done for the entire border at once; the work is executed in sections, and the threads are clipped and removed, one section at a time, as the work progresses. The outer edge of the border is defined by running a red thread through the canvas at about half an inch from the outer edge. Then nine times alternately eight double threads of the canvas are drawn out and two double threads left, eight more are drawn, and the inner edge is defined with a second red thread. Along these red threads the crosswise threads of the canvas are cut as they are to be drawn, and the edge is secured with close button-hole stitches. Each rosette is begun at the centre by darning the bars that form a cross two and two in point de reprise with white silk. Open-work squares and close triangles surround the cross. For the former, threads are stretched diagonally, and then wound toward the centre, where the small wheel is worked; in those which contain an inscribed square the working thread is then stretched from the middle of one side to the middle of the next, and afterward wound. For the latter, the thread is stretched diagonally across a square in point de reprise, carried back to the centre, and then to one of the opposite corners; threads are stretched on each

side of the last one, and the figure is then darned over and under in point de reprise. In the triangles of the corner rosettes, the straight side is bound in button-hole stitch, into which picots are worked as shown in the il-ustration. The rest of the figures are worked in a corresponding manner, and all the bars of the lattice-like ground are darned in point de reprise. After completing the border, the embroidery for the centre is worked according to Fig. 2 in feather and in stem stitch. The petals of the large flowers are worked with red embroidery silk in several shades, the centre with yellow, and the leaflets with green. The buds and small flowers are worked with blue or pink, and yellow. The latter color is also used for stems, and dark green for the vine. The net is applied on the Java canvas, and fastened in button-hole stitch with white silk, after which the canvas is cut away from under it. The net is bordered along the button-hole stitch edge with two threads each of gold, rose, bronze, and red silks, which are run in and out of the meshes.

Caps for Elderly Ladies.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 580.

See illustrations on page 550.

The brim of the cap Fig. 1 is made of white stiff net, and is thirteen inches long and two inches and a half wide at the middle, and is sloped on the front edge to an inch wide at the ends; it is wired and bound with narrow ribbon. For the crown a piece of white tulle eight inches square is rounded at the upper corners, and bound an inch wide with like satin ribbon across the bottom. On this four rows of white lace two inches and a half wide are arranged in the manner shown in the illustration. The front of the crown is joined to the brim, and the seam is covered with lace, and the brim is edged with similar lace, and trimmed with a ruche composed of loops of like satin ribbon half an inch wide. The strings are of wider ribbon in the same shade. The frame of the cap Fig. 2 consists of a straight piece of stiff net an inch wide and seventeen inches long, the ends of which are connected by a band of the same width five inches and a half long. The whole is edged on both sides with wire, and bound. To this is joined a plain tulle crown, on which is mounted a full crown of figured tulle. White lace two inches wide, arranged as shown in the illustration, and loops and ends of gray striped ribbon, comprise the trimming. The strings are of similar ribbon.

Garden Capots.

Garden Capote.

See illustration on page 581.

This garden capote is made of white figured mull over a foundation of colored lining silk. The flaring brim is wired, edged with white lace, and dented as shown in the illustration. Similar lace edges the mull strings, and also the rosettes on the sides, which, together with a pinked ruche around the crown, comthe trimming.

Towel.—Cross Stitch and Holbein Embroidery, and Knot-Work.—Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 581.

and Knot-Work.—Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 881.

The towel, Fig. 1, is made of coarse heavy white linen, and is ornamented on the ends with the border Fig. 2, and with macramé fringe, which is shown in full size in Fig. 3. The embroidery is worked in cross stitch and Holbeln stitch according to Fig. 2, after which the towel is hemmed all around, and the fringe is overhanded to the ends. To make the fringe, cut a number of knotting ends, twenty-four inches long, of coarse white linen thread; take up 2 at a time, fold them through the middle, and work a loop with the 3d and 4th ends around the former 2. Pin these knots in a straight line on the long cushion that is used in knot-work, and work the 1st round by guiding a double foundation thread along close under the knots from left to right, working 2 b. st. 1, (button-hole stitch loop) around it with each end in turn. 2d round.—Work as in the preceding round, one-quarter of an inch below it, previously plaiting every 8 ends in turn in the manner shown in the illustration, bringing the 5th and 6th ends under the 4th and 3d and over the 1st and 2d. then the 7th and 3th ends over the 4th and 3d and under the 1st and 2d. 3d round.—32 ends are required for each pattern figure, and the distance from the preceding round to the point at which they are used is to be measured by the illustration. The ends are always numbered in the order in which they are ranged when about to be used. * Plait the middle 8 of the next strand of 32 ends in the same manner in which the 8 ends were plaited in the preceding round, then twice alternately lay the 9th end diagonally over the 10th-16th ends, and work 2 b. st. l. around the former with each of the latter in turn; work a similar bar, slanting in the opposite direction, with the 17th-32d ends; repeat from *. 4th round.—Take up each 4 ends in turn, and twice alternately carry the 1st end diagonally over the 2d-16th ends, and work 2 b. st. l. around it; work a similar bar, slanting in the opposite direction, with the 17th-32d

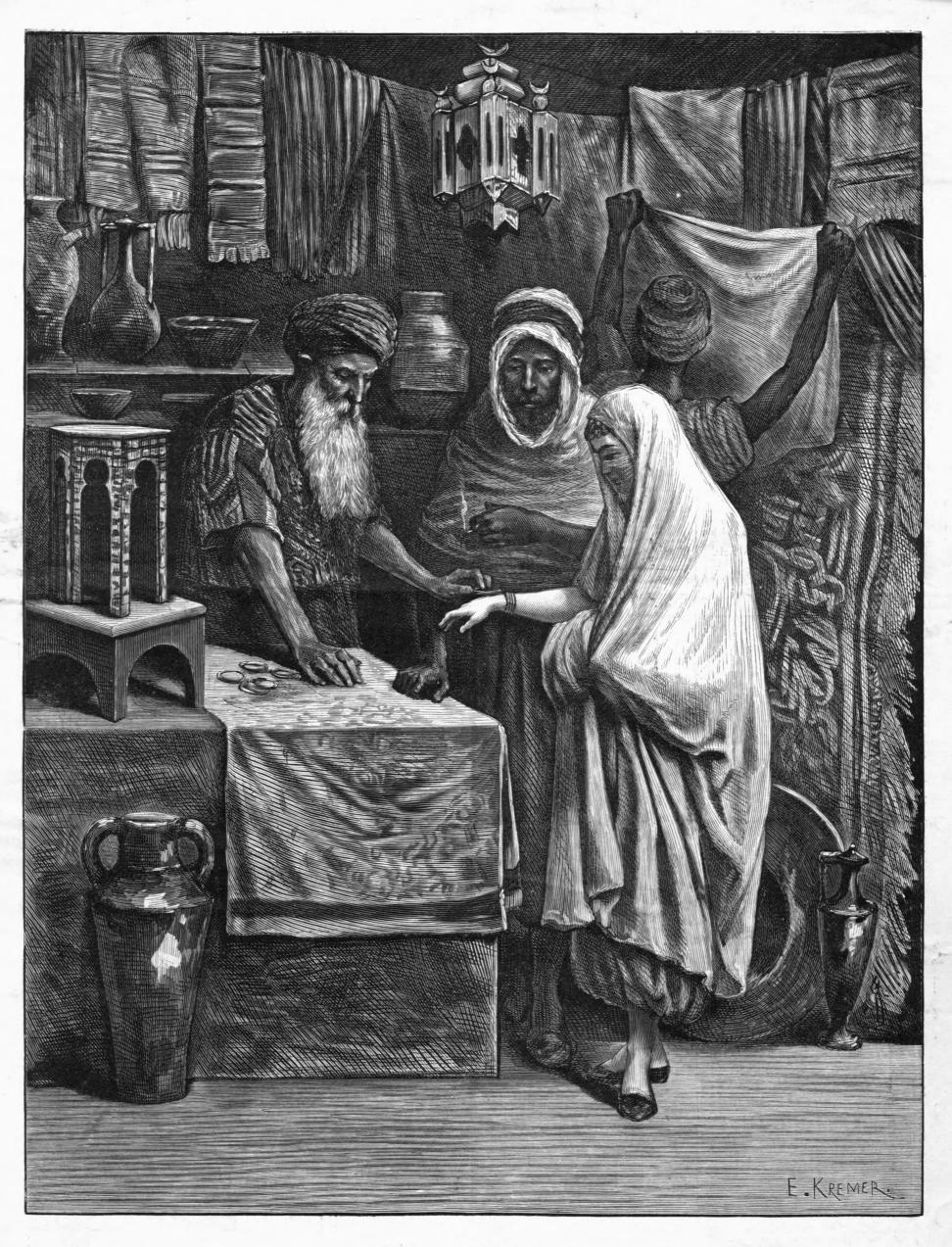
BORDER PATTERNS.

See illustrations on page 588.

THESE graceful designs are used for table-L covers, dresses, small curtains, mantel valances, and other such purposes. The celandine (which the Royal School sometimes calls the water-lily) is yellow, with green leaves; the orange and flower are, of course, natural in color, with more or less shading in the fruit, as the worker may like. The wild rose is either pale pink, or white, or yellow, with a little deeper shading at the base and outside of petals and in the buds, and gold-colored French knots for stamens. The shading must be flat, and accord with the conventional-natural drawing; that is, the flowers look more as if they were pressed flat than standing out. These borders are worked in silks or in very fine crewels, with high lights in silk, or flowers in silks, leaves and stems crewels. They all go well on a peacock blue, or olive green, or bluegreen ground, worked in yellows and greens, and on maroon, chocolate, and claret in pinks. They may be worked directly on the cloth, or on a band applied after working. Being in repeated sprays, the patterns are easily taken round corners. The flowers are mostly in satin stitch, though where the petals are large, or much shading is needed, feather stitch is used. For dresses, the coloring is kept down to as low a tone as possible, dull greens, etc., being used, such as are not too

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A BAZAR AT ALGIERS.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

590

Children's Table Napkins.-Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrat

THESE children's napkins are made of linen damask with narrow red borders. They are fringed at the bottom, and ornamented with a border in outline embroidery worked with red cotton in stem stitch. The top is hemmed, and furnished with tapes at the neck.

Antique Lace Insertion and Edging for Tidies. Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 581.

The foundations of this edging and insertion, which are used to border the tidy illustrated on page 564, Bazar No. 36, of the current volume, are netted with rather coarse white linen thread, and are darned with similar thread in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit, according to the illustrations.

A BAZAR AT ALGIERS.

See illustration on page 589.

A N interesting feature of street life in Algiers is the multitude of bazars which are seen at every turn, and which display all sorts of curios, from Moorish rugs and hangings to gems and amber rich and rare. It is true that many of these so-called Eastern products are reputed to be of Frankish origin, and that a large proportion of the carpets and draperies palmed off on unwary travellers are manufactured in Paris expressly for the Algerine market. But there is no fear that the patriarchal vender in our pretty picture will thus impose on his native customers, who are to the manner born, and perfectly familiar with the tricks and manners of his class. The black-visaged Moor who is selecting a bracelet for his pretty bride gazes with a coolly critical air at the trinket coquettishly displayed on her shapely arm, which he knows how to rate at its true value, and will probably buy for a tithe of the price asked. The engraving is a charming picture of Eastern life, and worthy of careful

BABY'S PETITION.

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Life is restless, days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but die in teething;
Warning take all friends and mothers,
Watch the precious girls and brothers;
Read the home life of Victoria,
Children nine, all had Castoria;
No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,
Like larks they rise in early morning.—[Adv.]

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I have long used your American Face Powder, and consider it a very superior article.

—[Com.] Yours sincerely, Linda Dietz.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE Is of great benefit to pastors when run down by long continued brain work.—[Adv.]

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and last, though by no means least, the DECIDED IMPROVED APPEARANCE given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute NECESSITY to ladies who have lost their once abundant hair—whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in Crimp. Being made of NATURE'S CURLY HAIR they CANNOT get out of wave. One grand feature is, they have NONE of the FALSE WIG-LIKE look so observable in ALL other waves and crimps, while the doing away with crimping pins and the danger of ruining of one's hair is VERY important for every lady to consider, especially if she values her personal beauty and the opinion of her friends. PRICE, \$6 TO \$12 (Blonde and Gray, extra). Sent, C.O.D., with privilege of exchanging. To be had ONLY of MRS. C. THOMPSON, 107 State St., Chicago. Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. Sold in New York ONLY at my Branch, 12 East 14th Street.



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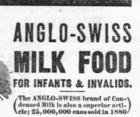
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of exhaustion and fatigue is common to those who work hard the mental factores and agreeable cure—always tem at a high pressure.

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To remove this fear, we have determined to adopt a plan of doing business which will convince every man, woman, and child that no pecuniary risk is run by those sending for this article.

OUR PLAN.

The article is Dr. Scott's Beautiful, Pure Bristle, The article is Dr. Scott's Beautiful, Pure Bristle Electric Hair Brush. If you send us the price, \$3.00, and 10 cents for registration, we will immediately send one to you postpaid. So soon as you receive the Brush, please examine it thoroughly, and test it by the little plated compass which accompanies each one, and then if you are not well pleased with its beauty and excellence write to us, giving your reasons, and we will promptly return the price to you. "Very good," says a reader. "But what guarantee have I that you (a stranger to me) will keep this pledge?"

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best served by dealing fairly with you.

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We do not think it amiss to mention right here that some of the proprietors and staff of this paper have at various times

right here that some of the proprietors and staff of this paper have at various times bought brushes from us and paid cash for them.

The Brush is warranted to relieve nervous headache in 5 minutes; bilious headache in 5 minutes; bilious headache in 5 minutes; neuralgia in 5 minutes; to prevent falling hair and baldness; cure dandruff and diseases of the scalp; to promptly arrest premature grayness; to make the hair grow long and glossy; and immediately soothes the weary brain. When used as a flesh brush it cures rheumatism.

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House of Representatives, February 12, 1881.

February 12, 1881.

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GEORGE THORNBURGH,

GEORGE THORNBURGH.

Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. Thornburgh is also Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Masons and Past Grand Master of Masons of Arkansas. LITTLE ROOK, ARK., Feb. 12, 1881.

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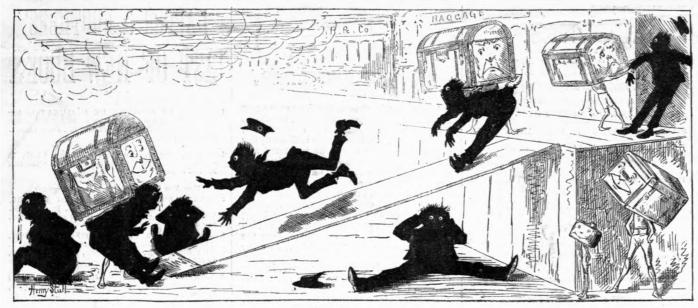
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A SUMMER-TRAVEL NEMESIS.

AN ENERGETIC BAGGAGE-SMASHER'S DREAM AFTER AN UNUSUALLY ENJOYABLE DAY.

FACETIÆ.

An observant contemporary notes that whenever a newspaper says a kind word of a man, that man never discovers the favor; but if a newspaper handles a man a little roughly, the man finds it out by eight o'clock next morning. This is the kind of man who, when conferring with the editor apon his grievance, says his "attention has been called" to the article in question.

A Parisian named Troubleur is one of those amiable lunatics called "practical jokers." His present mania, it appears, consists in haunting the churches; and when he finds one where there is, or is going to be, a marriage, he larks quietly behind a pillar at a few paces from the bride. When the ceremony commences, he begins to sob like a pair of bellows, and weeps profusely. The wedding guests look significantly at each other, and the ladies murmur, sympathetically: "Poor fellow! It's a jilted lover." It always makes the bridegroom terribly uncomfortable; and whenever Troubleur succeeds in being kicked out, he is happy.

Mrs. Brownstone says that if she has a dog, she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

A tender-hearted man would always turn aside rather than step on a wasp when he was barefooted.

Why do quack doctors not like geese?—Because they are always making personal remarks.

Donald and Duncan are going round the Mull of Canfire with a heavy sea on. Donald is sea-proof; Duncan is lying hopelessly prostrate on the deck.

Donald. "I say, Duncan, will you pe really as pad as you look?"
Duncan (in most piteous tones). "Och, man Donald, did you'll thocht I

Denoan (in most piteous tones). "Och, man Donald, did you'll thocht I wud pe deein' for fun?"

REVISED AXIOM .- To err is human, to forgive unusual.

"I stand," said a stump-orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of 1776, and palsied be my arm if I desert 'em."

"You stand on nothing of the kind," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

A lady had promised her confessor to leave some money for the poor, and on her death-bed she said to him, "Father, I have given you—" "Stay," said he, wishing to have witnesses, "I will call the family." On their entrance the lady repeated, with much difficulty—"I have given you—a great deal of trouble."

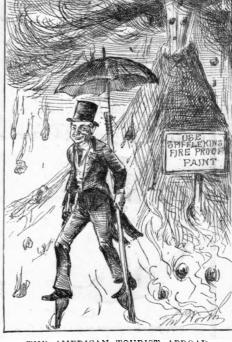
Some advertisements are as comical as if written for fun. One landlady, entirely innocent of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve foot square"; another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair"; still another has "a hall bedroom for a single woman eight by twelve." An English widow became rather mixed by her grief, but when announcing the death of her husband she was not so mixed that she lost sight of the main question. "His virtues were beyond price, and his beaver hats were only seventeen shillings. He has left a widow and a large stock to be sold cheap at the old stand. He was snatched to the other world just as he had concluded an extensive purchase of felt, which he got so cheap that his widow can sell hats a fraction less than any other house in London. Peace to his ashes! The business will be carried on as usual."

SORDID.—The young man who worshipped the very ground his sweetheart walked on fell off in his attentions when he learned that it was heavily mortgaged.



A MISUNDERSTANDING-AND THE MAN TO BLAME, OF COURSE.

Nobody will believe it, yet it is an undoubted fact that on the panel under the letter-receiver of the general Post-Office in Dublin, Ireland, these words are printed: "Post here letters too late for next mail." Is it any wonder that the ghost of Rowland Hill is said to haunt the place?



A druggist's clerk recently put up a prescription for a young lady of a dose of castor-oil. She innocently inquired how it could be taken without tasting it. He promised to explain to her, and in the mean time offered her courteously a glass of flavored and scented Seltzer water. When she had finished it, he said, triumphantly, "You see, miss, you have taken your oil and did not know it."

The young lady screamed out, "It was for my mother."

A young lady is so enthusiastic about lawn tennis that her father says she is "the maiden all for lawn."

In Scotland the topic of a sermon or discourse of any kind is called by old-fashioned folk "its ground," or, as they would say, "its grund." An old woman, bustling into kirk rather late, found the preacher had commenced, and opening her Bible, nudged her next neighbor, with the inquiry, "What's his grund?"

"Oh," rejoined the other, who happened to be a brother minister, and therefore a privileged critic, "he's lost his grund long since, and he's just swimming."

TO AN OUNCE.

Lady (to mother seeking a situation as footman for her raw-boned son).

"Does he know how to wait at table?"

MOTHER. "Yes, ma'am."

Lady. "Does he know his way to announce?"

MOTHER. "Well, ma'am, I don't know that he knows his weight to an ounce, but he does to a pound or two."

Red used on a railway signifies danger, and says, "Stop!" It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

How to Make your Coat Last-Make your trousers and waistcoat first.

John Philpot Curran, the witty and eloquent Irish barrister, who was for some years the Master of the Roils in Ireland, was dining with an Irish judge, who, from the severity of his sentences, was called the "hanging judge," and of whom it was said that he had never been seen to shed a tear but once, and that was when, at a performance of The Beggar's Opera, he saw Macheath get a reprieve:

"Pray, Mr. Curran," said this judge, "is that hung beef beside you? If so, I will try it."

Curran's ready reply was, "If you try it, my lord, it's sure to be hung."

Lusignani, the artist, was painting a sunset. After he had painted it into coherency, he covered the back of it with mucilage and stuck it on his canvas. The great connoisseur Tagliapole knocked at the door of the studio and entered. Without speaking, he advanced toward the easel, calculated his distance over the end of his nose, and became immovable. At the end of an hoar and twenty minutes he said, authoritatively, "This sunset is upside down."

The painter fell upon the floor and drummed with his heels in agony. "I feared it! I feared it!" he cried. "Am I, then, no painter? Must I hire myself to a dyer? Nay, hope there must be, Tagliapole, else why that hour and twenty minutes of doubt?"

"There is hope," pronounced the connoisseur, decidedly. "Ah, then, tell me what must I do?" Lusignani murmured. "Well," said Tagliapole, reflectively, "you might turn it downside up, or you might call it a sunrise."



DEAR DEAF OLD LADY (to young swell). "And what are you doing with yourself?" YOUNG SWELL (off-handed). "1?—Oh, I'm on the Stock Exchange." D. D. O. L. "Ah! the Stocking Trade! And a very good Trade, too!"



SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING AT.

AGED PARTY. "As you say, Miss, I ham indeed a gettin' werry old, and I 'ave a-seen a-many things in my time—Christinings, Funereals, and Weddin's—but there is one thing as I've never seen, as I should like to afore I die."

Young Lady. "What is that?"

AGED PARTY. "A Divorce, Miss."



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

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Glove Box.-Figs. 1 and 2.

The bottom of this glove box is formed of an oblong piece of pasteboard three inches and a half wide and twelve inches and a half long; the corners are rounded off, and it is covered on both sides with old gold satin. Between the pasteboard and the inner satin is inserted the gathered edge of a strip of old gold satin. five inches wide and fifty inches long, which forms the soufflet for the side. The top of the soufflet is also gathered, and is hemmed over a pasteboard rim half an inch wide, which corresponds in shape to the edge of the bottom. The pasteboard cover of the box is set of the same shape and size as the bottom and cover. cut of the same shape and size as the bottom, and covered with old gold satin on the inside, and with peacock blue plush, embroidered in the design of which onehalf is given by Fig. 2,

page 596, on the outside. The light design figures are cut of old gold ribbed silk, and applied on the plush. The couching at the middle of the design is in read silk and the middle of the design is in read silk and the is in red silk, and the brick couching on each side in similar silk crossed with fine gold silk. The edges and arabesques are of fine olive silk cord and double olive embroid-ery silk, which is caught down with similar split silk. The bars and dots are worked in satin stitch with red and old gold silks. The veins on the middle couching are worked in stem stitch with red silk. The cover is edged with twisted peacock blue and old gold silk cord. Ends of old gold satin ribbon are atached on each side of the cover and of the top of the soufflet, and tied bows as shown in the illustration.

CANARY-BIRDS.

HOW TO TAME THEM.

MONG cage birds the A canary is the true songster, and it is only through his song that he can be brought to the greatest state of perfec-tion. But there are many who are willing to sacrifice some of the music in order to make of him a thorough pet, and for their benefit, as well as for that of those who are so humane as to think it cru-el to confine him in the smallest possible space, deprive him of a mate, and force him to pour out his soul in melancholy yearning, a few suggestions as to how he may be thoroughly tamed are made

That it is injurious to the song of the bird to tame him sufficiently to admit of petting is true; but what is lost in music is more than made up in the increased opportunities for study of bird life, and by the companion-ship of the feathered jewel. But should any one desire a tame canary, and vet not feel willing to diminish any of the powers nature has given, the object may be attained by taming the female, which is much more tractable than the male.

It is a mistaken idea that none but a very young



Fig. 1.—GLOVE Box.—[See Fig. 2, Page 596.]



Fig. 1.—PLAID SILK DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—FLOWERED SATTEEN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

TO 4 YEARS OLD. For description Supplement.

-Dress for Girl from 2 / Fig. 4.—Striped Wool Dress. For description see Supplement.

bird can be trained to obey a spoken command, or to nestle about its owner. As a matter of fact, very young birds, even though reared in captivity, and petted as much as is possible from outside the bars of the cage, are to a certain extent wild. It is after the bird has come gradually to know its master or mistress that it is more tractable, and, for purposes of taming, in a more advanced state than one which has yet to learn to

know the hand that feeds it.

If the bird be quite a year old before its education in this direction be commenced, the labor will be much less, and the result more satisfactory. Experience has taught at least one person that a very light yellow or mealy female is more easy to teach than a darker bird; but the method of taming would be the same whatever the color or nationality of the pupil.

The most important thing is that the bird should know thoroughly well the hand that feeds it, and to that end the it, and to that end the intending teacher should not only feed it, but assume its entire care. Never approach the cage abruptly, or place anything between the wires so suddenly as to alarm the little prisoner. If it is necessary to put the hand inside the cage, do so gently, talking to the inmate at the same time, inmate at the same time, and after he ceases to flutter when his domains at thus invaded, the course of lessons may be begun.

Bear well in mind, first, that patience and gentle-ness of movement are the two great requisites necessary to teach the bird to know its master or mistress, and then begin by letting him fly around the room while you are in it. At such times do not approach him more than is necessary, and then only in an indifferent way, as if there was no thought of him in the movement.

Usually the bird will return to the cage when it is hungry; but it is quite possible at first that liberty will be so sweet to him that he will suffer from hunger rather than from hunger rather than bring his pleasure excursion to an end. In such cases it is, of course, ne-cessary to catch him, and it is in this operation that he may be made or marred, so far as his ever being a tame bird is concerned. Never attempt to catch him until you are perfectly sure you will succeed at the first attempt, for if he learns that it is possible for him to fly from you, your chance for taming him has flown also. If he is in such a position that you are perfectly sure you can cover him with your hand, do so, taking care not to bend or brush his feathers in the opposite direction to that in which they should lie, and hold him no longer in the hand than is necessary to return him to his cage. If there is any doubt your ability to catch him with the naked hand, throw a handkerchief over him, taking him up carefully in that.

After he has been allowed the freedom of the room three or four times, he will learn to go into his cage whenever he is hungry, thus obviating the disagreeable necessity of catching him.

Then begin the personal introduction to your self on a day when you are sure of being in the house. Place the cage so near to you that he must pass very near you in order to enter it, and after he has suffered from hunger an hour, he will go into his own particular tenement, even though he is obliged to pass directly in front of your face. From the time he has thus discovered that in order to satisfy his hunger he must fly near his mistress, he will have no further hesitation about going in and out of his house regardless of her presence.

After that lesson has been learned, the remainder is comparatively easy. Tempt him out of the cage by offering him some such dainty as a hemp-seed or a bit of sugar, never giving it to him unless he takes it from the hand

Perfect confidence having thus been established, anything else may be taught in a greater or less time, according to the natural intelligence of the bird.

To teach him to perch on one's finger from the cage, it is only necessary to offer the proposed dainty in such a way that he must hop on the hand in order to reach it, or, as is sometimes the case with a very tractable bird, the lesson can be taught by lifting the toes from the perch with the finger held lengthwise, thus forcing him on to the desired position.

To make him lie in the hand or on the table as if dead is more simple at this stage of his education than anything else. Take him gently in the fingers by pressing his wings down at his side, and lay him on his back, talking to him all the Of course he will struggle to rise; but if he is checked each time, and gently forced to remain in that position, it will not be long before he understands what is required. When he has remained quietly for a moment on his back, if he be rewarded by some favorite bit of food, and if the lesson be brought to a close as soon as he has performed the act, he being at once liberated, in a few days he will know it so thoroughly as to obey whenever commanded.

Then almost anything may be taught him, since after he will both stand and lie on the hand, any other lesson will come easy, and the number of tricks he will learn is simply the result of pa-tience and judicious reward.

How to train the canary can perhaps better be told by pointing out the mistakes the teacher too often makes, for one mistake will undo the teaching contained in many lessons.

Haste in teaching is fatal to success. If the bird be handled until he becomes tired, nervous, or frightened, he will not forget that his discomfort arose during school-hours, and will at once go to the foot of his class, forgetting or afraid of all he had learned, until again taught to have confidence in his teacher.

To make him repeat his lesson immediately after going through with it perfectly is unwise, because it not only tires him, but gives him a surfeit of the reward. It also necessitates holding him longer in the hand—an act which is always attended with some discomfort to him, since the dressing he has so carefully given his feathers is thus disarranged, while the heat and moisture of the hand remove the oil which he has put on with such precaution.

It is unwise to attempt to teach him unless he appears bright and happy; for when he appears dull, he is more liable to tire or grow irritated, and more harm than good will be done by the lesson. Do not begin with him until late in the day, since then he will have had his bath, and it is quite as important that the pupil begins the

day properly as that the teacher should.

Short lessons not oftener than twice each day, plain but wholesome food, that the reward may be more eagerly desired, and, above all, patience and gentleness, are all that is necessary in order

to tame the bird thoroughly.

In two months a bird of ordinary intelligence should be tamed so much that he will lie down or stand on one's hand, and when once he has learned to do that, he will show himself to be such an affectionate little creature that if his education has been accomplished at the cost of the more brilliant portions of his song, no regret will be felt at the decrease in the volume of music.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

No. 96 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued August 30, contains "An Ancient Traveller," the story of MARCO POLO; an interesting article on Frog-Catching, and how it can be made to pay, il-Frog-Catching, and how it can be made to pay, illustrated; Chapter V. of "Tim and Tip," by the
author of "Toby Tyler," illustrated by ROGERS;
"Phil's Burglar," a story by FRANK CONVERSE;
Chapter III. of "Penelope," illustrated by E. A.
ABBEY; "Every Cloud has a Silver Lining," a
picture drawn by C. S. REINHART; "Not Up in
His Part," drawn by SOL EYTINGE, JUN.; "The
Old Gun," a poem, illustrated by H. P. WOL-COTT; poems, puzzles, and other attractions.

OUR HOTEL MANNERS.

IF one were to take for Gospel truth the general representations of Englishmen and Frenchmen concerning their experience of the average American with whom their travels in this country have made them acquainted, one would expect to meet at our various caravansaries, great and small, only a mob of boors; boors of the old-fashioned

sort, owing to whose intimacy with tobacco, one can not walk the halls in cleanliness who at the table suck their knives as if sampling steel before plunging them into the butter; even boors of the sort satirized by Punch a quarter of a century ago, in allusion to the killing of a dilatory waiter by one of them, who in the wood-cut presents a pistol, with the demand to pass a dish; or those who, regardless of all things, begin pitching decanters and ketchup bottles at each other, doing well if they have left their six-shooters at the office, making the dininghall ring with their oaths, and having to be separated by all the forces of the establishment. And one, with this expectation, would be exceedingly surprised at finding himself reduced by it to the attitude of DI-OGENES with his lantern looking for an honest man, and finding it impossible to discover him.

The great hotels of the present day are, if not the palaces of the poor, the palaces of those of very moderate means. To many of the city people around them they seem but vulgar and gaudy affairs, and of no extraordinary convenience in comparison to the conveniences of their own houses. But to the outsider from the suburbs, the country towns, the backwoods, their comforts and contrivances, their carpets and curtains, their damask and gilding, their lofty and spacious halls and rooms, their swarming servants, their water and heat and gas, are things of unimagined splendor and delightful ease, to be fairly revelled in for the time being, and to be matched by one's behavior. This guest can afford nothing of the kind in his house and family; not for him is the daily treading on huge Axminster roses, the full-length acquaintance with his personal appearance in the vast looking-glass at every turn, the obsequious attendance of the boys and maids-lucky as he is if an ingrain web cover his best floor, well-to-do beyond most if his wife rejoices in a Brussels to the confusion of the neighbors in Kidderminster. But for these few days in which he indulges himself on being called to the city, all this magnificence, as he deems it, is his, and he pays for it. Whether consciously or unconsciously, as far as he is able, he adapts his dress and manners to the scene, more often than not wears his best clothes, while his wife's best are not good enough, and she has better ones made for the occasion if he brings her along. She would be uneasy were she not dressed up to the frescoing, the velvet carpeting, the big glasses. What was sufficient dress for church at home, becomes not good enough for breakfast here, and you may see her any morning, in any one of our large hostelries, with diamonds in her ears, if she has them, and if by fortunate chance the said diamonds are as big as filberts, so much the better for her peace of mind—they match the satin, and velvet, and old lace, which if she does not show at breakfast, and goes away before night, she may not have the chance to show again.

Accepting our hotels as they are, this overdressing on the part of the ladies for breakfast is, it must be acknowledged, the only very flagrant instance of objectionable manners that we recall in them, unless we make exception of the habit of parading up and down the long corridors in full dress after dinner, of which we have heard foreigners speak with reprobation, but in which, in itself, we fail to see any impropriety. By objectionable manners we mean those that reasonably disgust or annoy others. A man may privately spread his handkerchief over his knees, instead of his napkin, and offend no one, doing nothing but advertise the fact that he does not have napkins at home, yet it is an infrequent sight; and he belongs to the generation that is past or is passing if he eats peas with his knife: his wife has already looked about and seen other people eating peas, and wild horses would not raise a knife to her mouth, or let her bubble her soup between her lips. Where the contrary is the case, it is so rare as to excite comment at once, and the rudest man that ever took his place in the elevator will lift his hat off when he sees a lady enter it.

The observance of many of the canons of the minor manners is peculiar to women rather than to men, everywhere, both at home and abroad, and it is the outcome of their leisure and freedom from preoccupation which gives them the time and inclination to take note of what others do. The minds of men in any sort of business are often too much absorbed to give heed to minutiæ in manners, and what their mothers did not teach them it is difficult for them to acquire. It is hardly anywhere more noticeable than in hotel life, that of a husband and wife starting on the same social plane, the husband, by contact with the world, gains a general ease of manner which is not savoir-faire, yet which surpasses the wife's at first, perhaps arising from the very fact of his absorbed state and indifference to the rest, and his undefined sense of being as

good as the next one, while she has little preoccupation, and knows that, in this respect, she is not as good as the next one, and feels awkwardly in consequence, and carries herself so, seeing that both this lady and that one go through the embarrassing ordeal of entering the great dining hall with a more accustomed air, wear their clothes with a more fashionable grace, and know better what clothes to wear. But as she is not long in setting herself at work to rival these shining objects, her husband's superiority of behavior is but short-lived; she soon becomes either as proficient as her models, or learns to despise the proficiency. While her husband usually stays where he began, and where her boys will stay unless she sees to their small manners herself, and does not leave it for time and their wives to do-respectable but not elegant in the strict sense of the decorum of gentility.

Our inns, on the whole, therefore, are characterized by a general absence of boisterous merriment, loud voices, and impertinent intrusion, on the part of their frequenters, to a degree prompting us to believe ourselves, in spite of foreign criticism, a people-taking small things with great-of kindly feelings, and manners that express those feelings.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

N a recent occasion a theatrical spectacle was seen in England the like of which has not been visible for the space of one hundred years. By consent of the Queen, private theatricals were given in Cardinal Wolsey's Hall at Hampton Court Palace. The entertainment was open to the paying public, its aim and object being to secure funds in aid of a projected hospital, to be called "The Princess Frederika's Convalescent Home for Women." The Princess is first cousin to the Queen, being the daughter of the lately deceased exiled King of Hanover. Since her father's death the Princess has figured before her aristocratic circle of acquaintances in a rather romantic light, by marrying, purely and solely for love, the Baron von Pawel Rammingen, her husband possessing the advantage neither of wealth nor position. For many years he served the lady's father in the capacity of private secretary, and it is said that when a certain heir to a throne heard of this marriage, he exclaimed: "What is royalty coming to? A daughter of a queen marries a Scottish subject, and now here is the daughter of a king marrying an employé!" The Queen, who to feel great sympathy for "the power of love," looked with a forgiving eye on this so-called *mésalliance*, presented her young cousin with her bridal dress, saw her safely and becomingly wedded in the private chapel in ordinary at Windsor, lent her a cottage by the sea to pass her honey-moon in, and then granted her apartments for life, rent free, in this very Hampton Court Palace. Thus permanently installed in England in a socially enviable position, that of "a member of the royal family," the Princess Frederika is, in a modest way, imitating the course pursued by the Princess of Wales, by lending the strength of her support to various worthy charities and beneficent schemes. Of these the principal is "The Princess Frederika's Convalescent

The theatrical performance was fixed for the afternoon, for the obvious reason that no adequate means of lighting Wolsey's Great Hall are at hand. Such torches and links as served to illumine the vast spaces in the year 1515-when the butcher's son of Ipswich, by marvellous luck and talent, having become cardinal, and adviser to a king, held his court at his noble palace of 'Hammtone"—would be considered as only serv ing to make darkness visible in these days of electric lights. After Wolsey presented Hampton Court to Henry VIII., superb masks were furnished forth by that king for the diversion of his court in this very hall; theatrical entertainments, commended by Queen Elizabeth, in which there are many indications to point to the probability of Shakspeare's having taken part, also were holden here. There is no further record of such festivity until 1781, when George I., in honor of a visit to England of the Duke of Lorraine, ordered a theatre to be erected in the great hall again, that this form of amusement, so keenly appreciated by the French of all classes, might be offered the royal French duke. It is to this ertainment that Colley Cibber allude Apology. The chatty old actor, dramatic critic, and dramatic author says of the theatre thus or dered to be opened in the great hall of Hampton Court, that "this throwing open of a theatre in a royal palace seemed to be reviving the old English hospitable grandeur." The revival was a temporary one, and from 1781 until 1881 no his-trionic displays gave voice to echo in the great hall at Hampton Court.

The amateur artists who lent their services the other day to the cause of charity, and at the same time placed themselves on historic record as having renewed the interesting associations of the place, were a group of English ladies and gentlemen who for some seasons back have been practicing together, and frequently appearing before a paying audience for charity. The principal performers were Sir Charles Young and Lady Monckton. Sir Charles generally writes or adapts from the French the pieces in which the company perform, and is most happy in productions of this kind. He is also an excellent actor; and, again, he possesses an advantage of indisputable power on the stage—he is a handsome man. The fe-male "star" of this aristocratic galaxy is the wife -he is a handsome man. The feof a gentleman holding a civic position in the

municipal management of London, who was knighted by Lord Beaconsfield's advice to the Queen. His wife, therefore, is now Lady Monckton. She is a tall, slender, dark-eyed young lady, of exquisite taste in dress, endowed with fine judgment in respect to the dramatic art. and excellent skill in sinking her individuality upon the

With Wolsey's great hall itself in its usual aspect, almost all Americans who have visited Europe are familiar. For forty years, the hall, together with the state apartments and the picturegalleries of the palace, has been open for the inspection of whatsoever orderly person chooses to visit it. It is the only public building in or near London whose doors are open on Sundays, and every Sunday there is present an eager throng of week-day-bound toilers, who, with expressions of delight, examine the splendid portraits of the beauties of the court of Charles II., by Sir Peter Lely, the valuable specimens of the art of Holbein, Kneller, West, and others, and, above all, the seven unequalled cartoons by Raphael, which are kept at Hampton Court. Nor do the attractions stop here. The funeral car of the Duke of Wellington is on exhibition in one of the rooms, and the wonders of the grounds are wonderful indeed. There is Queen Mary's grape-vine, the largest of its species in the world, with its splendid bunches of luscious fruit hanging temptingly down; there is the Maze, a form of diversion entertaining to the patient-minded; then there is the "Frog's Walk," the name an absurd corrup-tion of the "Vrauw's Walk," so christened because it was a favorite promenade of the Dutch Queen Mary II. Again, there is the "Toying Place," a lawn whereon a sort of tennis game was played in the olden time, movable fences of net-work called "tois" or "toits" separating the toits-players from each other.

To witness the performance of a charming one-act comedy, called Yellow Roses, prepared for the occasion by Sir Charles Young, and also to see again a piece called *Tears*, which has already met the favor of the public, and is by the same author, as well as to listen to a musical interlude by the accomplished professional artists Mesdames Viard Louis and Dax Dalton, and Messieurs Oberthur, De Monaco, and Monari Rocca, a large and distinguished audience gathered within the hall. First there came the Princess Frederika of Hanover with her husband, the handsome young baron; then entered the noble-looking General Sir Frederick Roberts, the hero of Candahar, escorting his aged mother, the favor of the Queen providing the latter with a home in the Palace, for these distinguished people are poor in Pale and sad-eyed, and still in mourning, sits Lady Mountmorres, the widow of the noble-man who was basely shot and killed a short time ago by the Irish peasantry near his small estate for the sole crime of being their landlord. Lady Cavagnari, whose husband, Sir Louis, was treacherously murdered by natives in Afghanistan last year, and Lady Mountmorres, both occupy suites of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, the residence portion of which is reserved for the use of widows of men who have fallen for the country's cause, or patrician dames allied to the crown, for whose service no allotment has been made by Parliament.

The temporary decorations necessary for the action of the comedies presented were of the most hastily constructed kind. They consisted principally in the erection of a pasteboard proscenium across one end of the hall, which furnished with a drop-curtain roughly painted, representing Shakspeare's birth-place. This passed muster well enough; but when the curtain arose on a scene which the play-bill (tastefully printed in black and red, and adorned with an illustration of the hall) described as passing in "the morning-room of Carysfort Cottage," itwas rather amusing to find said morning-room a baronial hall, decorated with effigies of armor, with stags' heads and antiers, and a huge representation of St. George subduing the dragon. Arrivals by the rustic lane without revealed, through the low-browed "set" door, a gorgeous vista of splendid stained glass, and of beautiful but faded tapestry. So that it required a good deal of the Chinese philosophy of taking things for granted in the dramatic line to preserve the illusion, and force ourselves to believe we were at Carvsfort Cottage when our senses and our knowledge told us we were in Wolsey's great hall at Hampton Court Palace.

In the artistic as well as the financial aspect the entertainment was a perfect success. Sir Charles Young and Lady Monckton were seen at their very best, and the professional musical peo-ple were rapturously applauded. Every inch of at hall was occupie tors, and a handsome sum was netted for the benefit of the projected Convalescent Home. which is to be erected somewhere in the salubrious neighborhood of the historic old palace built by Cardinal Wolsey. OLIVE LOGAN.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. TRIMMED BONNETS FOR AUTUMN.

THE pokes, small bonnets, and large round hats, of which importations of French millinery consist, have distinctive trimmings that depend entirely upon the size and shape of the bonnets. Feathers are used on them all, and this is the only feature they have in common. For pokes the object is to display the outlines of the bonnet, hence the ribbons are placed very flatly, and the feathers curl away from the side instead of being clustered against it and concealing it. Plush and velvet are the materials most used for pokes, and these are smooth on the frame, the shirred interiors being less used than formerly. Contrasting colors are chosen for lining brims, and this is of shaded plush, or else of very long pile plush of a becoming shade, as crevette or

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shrimp pink plush is inside of a bronze plush poke, orange plush lines a mordoré, or golden brown, bonnet, and ombré red plush makes a stylish facing for myrtle green or black pokes. To complete such a bonnet it is enough to use watered or satin ribbon three or four inches wide, double it across the back of the crown, fasten it with a flat-headed gilt pin on each side, and let it fall thence in strings. Then on the left side is a very large pompon of ostrich feathers of the color of the plush, above which are two short ostrich tips that curl outward from the bonnet. This is very elegant when made of myrtle green plush, ribbon of the same color, watered on one side and satin on the other, a myrtle pompon, and two tips that are shaded green and gold. The pins of gilt have star-shaped heads, and three similar pins are thrust bias just below the crown on the curtain band. Other pokes have the ribbon passed up from behind the crown, lapped on top, and tied in a stiff old-fashioned bow that lies on the right side, thence passing down as if to tie the sides close to the head, and then forming strings A long-looped bow with the loops drooping softly and short ends fastens the bonnet under the chin. Sometimes the ribbon bow is tied at the top of the crown on the left side, and its two loops are sewed flatly on the back of the crown; this bow seems to hold the panache of feather tips, which curl outward and forward on the left side, and may consist of any number from two to six, or even eight. For young faces nothing can be prettier than the pokes of moss green plush with rose pink lining next the face, and both colors repeated in the feathers, while for the more elderly the orange and dark ruby facings will be used with old silver colors outside, or brown, scabieuse, or myrtle green. A ruche of ostrich feathers on the edge of a poke is also becoming, warm-looking, and tones the complexion. The beaver and felt pokes sold in the shops are trimmed in the simple styles just described, and now that

ribbon is used, a great many ladies will be suc-

cessful with their own millinery.

For small bonnets the foundations are larger than those worn last year, and the trimmings are much fuller than any seen on pokes. The brims are slightly raised above the front hair, and may be lined with shirred velvet or with striped or "ploughed" plush, and the edge of the brim is finished with rows of long large faceted beads either of jet or of the colors used in the bonnet, and these beads are tied together with gilt cord by the milliner as she sews them on. There are also large balls of tinsel, graduated smaller toward the sides, to be used for the same purpose Bias plush, laid in corrugated folds, is outside the brim of small bonnets, while the crown is flat. Plumes nodding out from the crown on the left, or a very large aigrette or pompon, and some fanciful ornaments of old silver, or polished brass, or metal in the shape of insects or long pins, com plete the trimming. The strings are invariably of ribbon—plush, satin moiré, or changeable satin Surah. If ribbon is used for trimming, it has the effect of Alsacian bows, though merely placed in two rows, broadened at the ends instead of being looped. Laces also have the same Alsacian effect given by pleating in clusters on each side of the front. Pleated brims are seen on many velvet bonnets, and there are some cap crowns, though smooth crowns, beaded crowns and feather crowns, especially those of the golden pheasant, are preferred. The new chenille and guipure lace is also prettily massed on the crown, or else allowed to fall over the edge of the brim in a becoming way. Chenille and plush flowers of large size, roses, dahlias, nastur-tiums, asters, and lilies are clustered on the left side of the bonnet quite high up, instead of drooping as they formerly did. Birds are also much used on small bonnets. They are generally cut in half from beak to tail, and sometimes only the head and breast are used, but more often the whole length of the bird is given. It is placed with the head upward on the top or left of the brim, and a bit of French sentiment shows turtledoves, or the pure white dove, with a ribbon about the neck that seems to tie it to the bonnet.

The Longchamps, Bolero, and Gainsborough round hats are familiar to the readers of the Ba-These are of velvet, plush, beaver, or felt, and are trimmed with feathers, birds, and bias scarfs of plush or velvet, with some guipure and chenille lace. The accordion crown is the novelty for such hats. This is a four-cornered piece, stiffly lined, and resting upon folds like those of an accordion. The effect is very pretty in black velvet, with the brim lined with solid jet galloon, edged with large faceted jet beads, and many aoading ostrich tips outs

The colors chosen by the best Paris houses for illustrating the new styles are myrtle green and bronze shades in preference to all others; next there are mordoré, the rich gold brown, and the various red shades, such as copper, mahogany, sultane, and other brick-dust colors, besides the claret, ruby, cardinal, and garnet hues. Shrimp pink, pale blue, and pure white-not cream white -are for evening bonnets. Pheasants' feathers are perhaps more used than all others except those of the ostrich. The ornaments show the quaintest French caprices, and consist of shrimps of colored metal, spiders of jet with gold feet, or else gilt or silver snails of onal tints, turtles of shade of green, brown, and gold, lizards, grasshoppers, crabs, the octopus, cocks' heads of metal or of feathers, tiny wolf heads with open mouth, showing sharp teeth and tongue, daggers, swords, and even pistols of gilt or jet; while for fur hats are the legs of a doe, an owl's head with staring eyes, or the claws and paws of various birds and animals. The old silver and bronzed gilt and polished brass combs, buckles, slides, clasps, and quaint long pins are among the choicest ornaments, and there are brooches handsome enough to be used as breastpins. Chenille crowns embroidered in a pattern on net, and brightened with beads, are shown in all the new colors. The

beaded crowns, especially those of jet or of pearl beads, are almost "solid," they so entirely cover their net foundation. Metal net in many colors, called cashmere net, is imported for strings and for trimmings. Steel beads are passé, but all others will be largely used. New black guipure laces have satin piping cords all through the figures, or else chenille threads raise the outlines of the design. Black Spanish laces have their large patterns solidly beaded with fine jet.

LACES FOR LINGERIE, DRESSES, ETC.

A new darned lace for lingerie and for dress trimming is called Mauresque. It is darned similarly to Breton lace, but in bolder designs that nearly cover the net foundation, and has scalloped edges with picot finish, which is better known as purl edging. Tunis lace is a new and effective heavy lace for edging linen collars, and for thick fabrics that require the lace laid upon the goods plainly without gathers.

For dress trimmings Spanish laces are imported in widths varying from three inches to one yard. The yard-wide laces are for valances, tabliers, and flounces on dress skirts, and are also to be used on large dressy wraps as well. These come in cream-color or black, and the fine qualities are what is called "real" Spanish lace, that is, they are all silk though not hand-made, the being woven in the loom, and afterward "hand run," as dealers say, meaning that the fig-ures are outlined by a thread of silk run in by hand. The wide lace for flounces sometimes costs \$24 a yard, and is in the elaborate rose and leaf designs peculiar to this lace. The colored Spanish laces used by fashionable modistes last spring are now largely imported in myrtle, bronze, pink, and blue shades for trimming dresses and for millinery purposes. Barbes and scarfs of Spanish lace of various widths are shown for the neck. Some of these are beaded with jet, and others have drop trimmings like those on satin passementerie on each end. The novelty, however, for neck scarfs for the street is dotted net, with the dots as large as a silver quarter of a dollar, and this is not only seen in black and in white net, but in a rich color of a single shade, or else ombré, and the spots may be flat, or of raised chenille, or else beaded. Beaded lace for dress garniture now has silk embroidery stitches among it, which give a pretty and new effect, and there are also chenille threads much used with beads Yard-wide beaded nets with jet and with pearl are largely imported for sleeves and over-dresses of satin and of velvet.

FOR DRESS TRIMMINGS.

With the exception of steel beads, all kinds of beads will be used again in passementeries and other trimmings, such as net with bead embroid-Open patterns of embroidery in the designs called English and sometimes Saxon embroidery are now imported in cashmere and other woollens for dress trimmings. Piece silks are also embroidered in the same way across the widths for fronts of skirts, and the embroideries for garnitures vary from those two or three inches wide to very broad flounces that are covered with this open-work. Fringes a foot deep are made of chenille tied in meshes, and with pendent strands that are each finished with a large cut jet bead. Such fringe is put in rows across the front and side breadths of a dress, and the jets are so large that they make a noise like that of castanets as the wearer moves. Black fringe of this kind is used to trim not only black dresses, but those of colored satin as well-notably those of dark ruby satin, and of pearl gray and white. The sleeves in some instances are made of the chenille netting without lining. Beaded plush is one of the novelties made into wide galloon for trimming great cloaks of black satin or brocade, with plush

Among other novelties are flat nails or spikes of gilt, silver, or jet, with large heads, that are used to fasten the fronts of basques, and are also thrust into the cuffs. The large gilt pins now worn in the hair, and shaped like hair-pins, have had slightly ornamented heads added to them, and are now utilized for fastening up the drapery of over-dresses. Not more than two of these pins are needed on an over-skirt, and they are thrust in lightly in order to show as much of the pin as is possible.

FOR THE NECK.

New bias ties to be worn as cravat bows, or else passed around the neck, are of gay plaid soft twilled silk in new combinations of colors, especially bronze or myrtle green with red, and golden brown with orange. There are also fouard neck-ties with figures and flowers that look like hand-painting strewn over green, red, or claret-colored grounds. The new neckerchiefs are made of this gay foulard, and give a pretty touch of dark color to autumn toilettes. Blue mull neck-ties with white polka dots or rings and white scalloped edges are much worn with black costumes in the morning. White mull ties and neckerchiefs are still popular, but there is also a fancy for dispensing with all mull or lace lingerie for simple toilettes in the daytime, and wear ing the plainest linen collar, shaped like a clerical band, and fastened by a handsome collar button, or else by a very slender brooch of silver or of gold. New bows of Tunis lace are made up with mull laid in pleatings, strapped in the middle, and turned over at the top from each side. The lace is on the top and bottom, and this design could also be prettily employed in sheer linen handkerchiefs with narrow colored hems. Plas trons or guimpes for surplice dresses are made of net, down which are five rows of very fully pleated lace, and many loops of narrow ivory white satin ribbon. This ivory white and shrimp pink are the colors most used for the ribbons of lin-

New collars for children are large and round, of broad linen edged with the effective Tunis lace. Still other collars have the linen edge cut out in squares, filled in with rows of Valenciennes insertion, and edged with pleated Valenciennes lace in the new designs.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. AITKEN, Son, & Co.; Worthington, Smith, & Co.; and Léon Rheims.

PERSONAL.

THE only descendant of General LAFAYETTE-EDOUARD LAFAYETTE, of Paris—thinks that the French election will hinder his attending the Yorktown celebration. He is a widower, some

-A black suit is the only wear for the street in London, but Mr. GLADSTONE is to be seen in the House of Commons in a gray suit.

-A spare, handsome man of sixty-four, with

man Hall. His work Come to Jesus has been translated into twenty languages, and has reached a circulation of three millions. His church is flanked by the Lincoln Memorial Tower, com-

is nanked by the Lincoln Memorial Tower, commemorating the abolition of slavery.

—Madame Cespedes, the widow of the Cuban general, is at Long Branch, where her fine figure, her splendid eyes, her Spanish skin, and jet black hair are greatly admired, as well as the little feet that will peep in and out from the long white gowns she wears.

—Mumpies are brought over from Theber.

-Mummies are brought over from Thebes wrapped in their bituminous covers, and ground, wrapped in their bituminous covers, and ground, bones and all, for "burnt sienna," for which artists pay a price. It will give a new interest to the Academy when its walls are painted with the ashes of the PTOLEMIES.

—Mrs. James T. Fields is soon to publish biographical notes of her husband. She still interests herself actively in the charities of Boston. Miss Livel Lacom is visiting the at Man-

ton. Miss Lucy Larcom is visiting her at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

-Dean STANLEY is reported as saving that he could find no pleasure in DICKENS or appreciate his jokes. When he visited Boston, and was his jokes. When he visited Boston, and was asked whether he wished to see people, institutions, or every-day life, "I want to see history," he replied. "Show me the old elm of the Common. I know it is blown down, but I want to see where it was." It is said that he has left a

—Ristori at fifty-eight has undertaken to learn English in order to play Lady Macbeth.

—A scissors-grinder by the name of DANIEL

Woods, who took part in forty battles under Wellington, Waterloo among them, is living, at the age of one hundred and four, at Indianapolis, and has had seventeen children, his youngest twenty-three years old, and his oldest eightyning.

-A part of the annual tribute paid by the —A part of the annual and the Maharajah of Cashmere in acknowledgment of the suzerainty of the Empress of India are the Cashmere shawls which have for so long served

Cashmere shawls which have for so long served the Queen a handy turn for wedding gifts.

—EMERSON's essay on Culture is in manuscript in the Concord public library—not a very tidy paper, but showing the action of his mind in such things as the erasure "I delight in votaries of PLATO," and the substitution of "I like people who like PLATO."

—The æsthetes of London are dubbed Aztecs, either owing to the resemblance between the

either owing to the resemblance between the inhabitants of the villages of Northern Mexico and the angular, woe-begone women of that per sussion, or to the peculiar bang of the Zuni or

—The famous water-color, "The Hours," by MALBONE, which was painted on a sheet of ivory six by seven inches in size, representing the past, present, and coming hour, and which was lately stolen from the Providence Athenaum, was painted while the artist, a native of Newport, Rhode than the providence at the part of th Island, was in London, where it was thought to

Island, was in London, where it was thought to be a masterpiece.

—There is a dispute just now between Mr. Vanhyden and Mr. Belt about the Byron statue of the Conway monument in the Abbey, of which Mr. Belt has the credit, but which is claimed by Mr. Vanhyden.

—Anna Dickinson gave a thousand dollars to the Lincoln Monument Association of Philadelphia one transition of the whole but she is here.

phia, one-twentieth of the whole, but she is not

once alluded to in the pamphlet which gives an account of the association.

—Models of weapons of assassination have been sent to the Czar, that he might select one

-A new house, four stories high, with baywindows and brown-stone front, costing ninety-three thousand dollars, is the property of General GRANT.

—A good part of the four hundred thousand dollars left by DICKENS was his profit on his books, but the larger part represented the re-

sults of his readings.

—An old lady who danced with LAFAYETTE fifty years ago, Mrs. HARRIET M. DUNCAN, lately died in Cincinnati, her life of eighty-four years having covered the period of the entire growth

of that city.

—CHAMPNEY, the artist, has two Japanese nobles studying with him at North Conway, New Mrs. MARY COWDEN CLARKE played Mrs.

Malaprop acceptably in some amateur theatricals in London the other day in spite of her seventy-two years.

—Captain Edward Trelawney, the biog-

rapher of Shelley and Byron, who has just died, carried a musket-ball in his body for fiftysix years, lodged just under the breast-bone.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is promised to take part in theatricals at the Newport Casino.

-Signor Rossi is to be accompanied in this —Signor Rossi is to be accompanied in this country by a son of Salvini's, who comes to learn the language and see the sights.
—While at Marseilles the last spring, Mr. CHARLES H. VINTON, a Bostonian, learned to ride the bicycle, and has been making upon it a tour through the Black Forest.

—A little book on the legend of the Wandering Jew has been written by Moncure D. Conway. —The improvements in the plough have, ac-cording to the statement made by Mr. Charles

CARLETON COFFIN, effected a saving of ninety million dollars in last year's crops.

No stone marks the grave of General Braddock, which is a few miles east of Uniontown, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, on the old National Biba. tional Pike.

—Friends seem to spring up for the persecuted Jews. At the festival in Paris for the benefit of the Russian Jews, to which Queen ISABELLA

lent her countenance, forty-eight thousand dollars were harvested, and Doctor Döllinger, in his old age, is, by his championship of the Jews

his old age, is, by his championship of the Jews of Germany, putting the younger German scholars to the blush for their intolerance.

—The husband of Mr. Gladstone's married daughter is head master of Wellington College.

—Three of the six pulpits at Nantasket Beach were lately filled by women, Rev. Mrs. F. Ellis at the colored Baptist, Mrs. Phœbe Haniford at the Unitarian, and Miss Louise Baker at the Congregational

Congregational.

—One of the oldest and ablest engineers on the Western waters, ALEXANDER BURNS, grandnephew of the poet, died lately in Louisville.

—Apropos of M. Got's red ribbon, which he has received as teacher of declamation, some one wittingly reparks that as an actor they told him.

wittingly remarks that as an actor they told him it was no go. The great comedian was once conscripted when studying at the Conservatoire, and having no friends and no money, was obliged to go as a cavalryman into Algiers, from whence he was redeemed by Mile. Mars to resume his studies

-M. Gounod says that if he were to live his life over. he would not be a musician, but would

devote himself to philosophy and literature. His son is a painter who has done some good work.

—Mr. A. K. Frost, of Colorado Springs, has a piece of stone, some nine inches long, on whose surface is a price of the colorado springs. surface is a perfect impression of a human foot, supposed to be that of a prehistoric child made in the soft substance "ages nearer the begin-

ning."

—The friend of Mr. Garfield, General Swaim, who has spent twelve hours of every twenty-four at the President's bedside, has lost weight

four at the President's bedside, has lost weight and grown perceptibly grayer during the time.

—Professor W. S. SCARBOROUGH is probably the first African to write a Greek book, although Greek was extensively spoken in past centuries by the negroes of Egypt. He is a graduate of Oberlin College, and occupies the chair of Greek and Latin at Wilberforce University.

—The mother of Lord ROSEBERY, Miss HAN-MALDE ROCTHSCHULD'S husband is the wife of

—The mother of Lord Roseberry, Miss Han-man de Rothschild's husband, is the wife of the Duke of Cleveland, who bought the famous Battle Abbey, in England, from which Lady Holland eloped to marry Lord Holland. —Schiller's "Song of the Bell" has been translated into nineteen different tongues.

Translated into inleteen different tongues.

—The most powerful man, physically, in England is said to be Lord Harrington.

—When Secretary Kirkwood asked the Sioux chief White Thunder what he wanted for the land he was to cede the Poncas, he said: "I give them the land without pay. You asked me to take hit out the Poncas. them the land without pay. You asked me to take pity on the Poncas. If I take pity on them, how can I at the same time take money from them ?"

-In the observatory at Stockholm there has treatise on the movements of the heavenly bodies by Copernicus, which is soon to be published for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

ed for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

—The twenty-four autograph manuscripts of
LEONARDO DA VINCI—who wrote backward, in
rude characters, and with the left hand—now in
the libraries of Milan, Windsor, and Paris, treating of geography, sculpture, painting, architecture, astronomy, and geology, are to be published
shortly in Dr. JEAN PAUL RICHTER'S work on
that artist. that artist.

—At Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Mr. GEORGE RIDDLE'S readings have been all the fashion. He is a cousin of Miss Kate Field.

-The name of BEACONSFIELD'S heir - Co-NINGSBY-is the name of an extinct Hereford-NINGSBY—is the name of an extinct Hereford-shire family. An adherent of WILLIAM III., bearing the name, received the retort courteous from ATTLEBURY on one occasion in the House of Lords. "The noble lord," said the prelate, "has compared me to BALAAM, who, he reminds me, was reproved by an ass. Well, I have been reproved by none except his lord-ship."

—The Rev W K HOBERT of Londonderry

The Rev. W. K. HOBART, of Londonderry —The Rev. W. R. HOBART, of Londonderry, Ireland, thinks that the book of Acts was written by the good physician who also wrote Luke.

—The American cheese which took the prize silver medal at the recent dairy and cattle show

at Birmingham, England, came from Iowa, and weighed three-quarters of a ton. —Sarah Marshall, a lunatic in the Philadelphila simshouse, who became so on account of the failure of JAY COOKE, is to be carried to a private asylum, and taken care of for the rest of

her days at his expense.

—The newly invented printed paper which im-In energy invented printed paper which in-itates tapestry very successfully, and some of which gives an effect at times equal to the rich-est result of the Gobelins, decorates Edison's rooms in the Electrical Exhibition Palace of Industry at Paris.

—The young lady who is said to be betrothed to King Louis of Bavaria is but thirteen, while he is thirty-six.

—A new novel is to be written by Dr. Hol-

—Arnold, the nephew of Mendelssonn, is organist of the Evangelical church at Bonne, which is very proud of him.
—Stanley, the explorer, is sick half way between Stanley Pool and the mouth of the Congo,

and has made his will. Nine hundred of the poor of Lambeth were entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Castle lately, including two hundred mothers with their babies.

—The Lady GODIVA procession, after a lapse of years, was revived, on August 1, at Coventry, England, in the presence of twenty thousand

people.

—Four hundred dollars was the price paid for

Morann's in Paris not an autograph letter of Mozart's in Paris not

A blue table-cloth with embroidered border,

together with an inkstand which Lord Beacons-FIELD is said to have made himself, brought only twelve dollars at the recent sale.

—Miss MONTAGUE, of Baltimore, Miss Per-

KINS, of Boston, and Miss CHAMBERLAIN, of Cleveland, dispute the palm of beauty this year

at Newport.

—M. Ambroise Thomas orders that the young ladies in his charge at the Paris Conservatoire shall wear only white muslins with sashes at the public examinations, in view of recent absurd elaboration of toilette.

—Mr. Cable, the New Orleans novelist, is very short in stature and very thin. During the war he was riding through a district with the colum of cavalry to which he was attached, when an old man on the highway, watching the troops pass, cried out, "Old ABE LINCOLN was right; they have robbed the cradle and the grave."



Monegram.

This monogram for a handkerchief is worked with fine embroidery cotton in satin, overcast, stem, and back stitch.

Beaded Tulle Round Hat.

THE stiff frame of this round hat is smoothly covered with several layers of black gauze to conceal it, and over these with black beaded net. The edge of the brim is bound with satin, studded with jet beads, and edged with beaded lace. A cluster of black ostrich tips is on the left side.

Cap for Elderly Lady.—Figs. 1 and 2.

THE white stiff net brim of this cap is twenty-one inches long, two inches and a half wide at the middle, and sloped to an inch wide at the ends. Four shallow pleats, each one-quarter of an inch deep, are taken along the front edge, and one three-cornered pleat half an inch deep at the mid-dle on the back edge, after which it is bound with narrow ribbon. The crown is formed by an oval piece of dotted white silk tulle, lined with plain black tulle twelve inches long and thirteen inches wide; the front and sides are slightly pleated, and joined to the back edge of the brim, and the back is hemmed to form a shirr, through which elastic webbing eight inches and a half long is run. On the crown are ar



BEADED TULLE ROUND

MONOGRAM.

-CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY. Back.—[See Fig. 1.]

over this falls a pleating head-ed by a hair-cloth puff, sur-mounted by a second pleating similarly headed. The sides are bound with tape, fastening

in with the binding on each side a strip two inches wide and eight inches long, made of double white muslin, and furnished

with metal eyelets along the out-er edge, through which they are laced together. The top of the tournure is joined to a muslin band, to which strings are attached.

The tournure Fig. 2 is similarly made of white hair-cloth. Three full puffs of that material are set along the middle of the upper part,

and below these there are two pleatings.

Fancy Braid and Crochet Edgings and Insertions for Lingerie.—Figs. 1-4.

The edging and insertion to match, Figs. 1 and 2, are worked in crochet on a foundation of fancy braid similar to that shown in the illustrations. To make the insertion, work on each side of the braid as follows: 1st round.—* Catch together the next 2 loops with 1 sc. (single crochet), pass the following loop, + 11 ch. (chain stitch), turn the work, connect to the next loop, for a leaflet work back on the next 6 of the preceding 11 ch., 1 sc., 1 short



Fig. 3.—Skirt for Plaid Cheviot Street Costume, Fig. 2, Page 597. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.

ranged in the manner shown in Fig. 2 a graduated tulle puff seven inches wide at the middle and two inches wide at the ends, and a three-cornered veil,

the straight sides of which are twelve inches long, and edged with lace. The front edge of the brim is covered by footing pleatings, edged with blonde lace, which extend up the back edge on the sides, the seams being covered with twisted satin

Fig. 1.—HAIR-CLOTH

TOURNURE.

ribbon. The top of the brim is edged at the back with a full tulle pleating, and is covered by a lace-edged tulle jabot, in the folds of which ribbon loops are fastened. A pale lilac satin ribbon bow is on the back of the crown. Strings of similar ribbon.



To make the tournure Fig. 1 two pieces of white hair-cloth each twelve inches long and seven inches wide are cut, and sloped along one edge, which is taken toward the back, to a width of

three inches and a half at the top. The slanting sides are then joined, and the bottom is sloped from the middle toward the sides making the lat-ter ten inches On the long. inner side of this piece along the seam, the

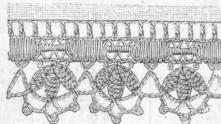


Fig. 1.—FANCY BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE. - [See Fig. 2.]

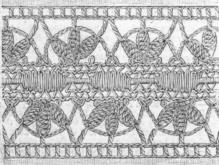


Fig. 2.—FANCY BRAID AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE. - [See Fig. 1.]

lower edge and three and a half and seven inches above it, strong white tape is sewed down for casings, into line springs are introduced. A hair - cloth flounce . eight inches deep is joined to the outside at inches three from the lower edge, and

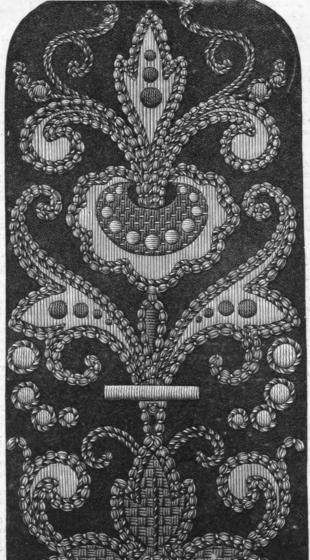


Fig. 2.—Design for Glove Box, Fig. 1, First Page.—Full Size.

For description see Suppl. dc. (double crochet), 3 de., and 1 short de., then 1 sc. around the following st. (stitch), repeat from + twice, then 4 ch., pass 1 loop, turn the work;

PERCALE APRON

2d round.-* 1 tc. (treble crochet) around repeat from *. the upright veins of the last sc. in the next leaflet, 5 ch., 1 dc. on the following leaflet, 5 ch., 1 tc. on the next leaflet; repeat from *• 3d round,—Alternately 1 dc. on the following 2d

Fig. 2.—HAIR-CLOTH

TOURNURE.

st. in the preceding round and 1 ch. For the edging work on one side of the braid as in the 1st round of the insertion, then continue as follows: 2d round.

— * 1 sc. around the upright veins of the top sc. in the next leaflet, 1 ch., 1 p. (picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the 1st of them), 2 ch., 2 dc. separated by 1 ch., 1 p., and 1 ch., around the top sc. of the next leaflet, 2 ch.,

1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the following leaflet, 2 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Work at the other side of the braid alternately 1 dc. in the next loop

Fig. 4.—JACKET FOR PLAID CHEVIOT

STREET COSTUME, FIG. 2, PAGE 597.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 4-15.

To make the edging Fig. 3 crochet on one side of fancy braid such as that shown

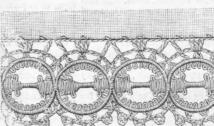


Fig. 3.—FANCY BRAID AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE. - [See Fig. 4.]

loop on

posite edge of

the braid, *

catch together

in the illustration, in the following manner: 1st round. -* Catch together with 1 sc. the 2d and 3d loops on the next mignardise scallop, + 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of them, 1 ch., catch to-

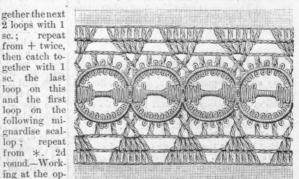


Fig. 4.—FANCY BRAID AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE. - [See Fig. 3.]

Hosted by

I am going to tell you. Rosa Levere is going

out as a missionary to China."

"Good gracious!" Two seconds' silence. Then:

"There was always something strange about Rosa.

How odd if she should marry Mr. Fo out there!"

THE SAXON HOUSEWIFE.

See illustration on page 605.

THIS pretty picture is an excellent study of a L mediæval Saxon interior in the days of the German Renaissance. The buxom housewifewhose picturesque costume furnishes valuable hints for a fancy dress of the period—equipped with a ponderous bag of keys, and armed with a feather duster, has paused in her work to turn over the huge tome with heavy clasps that lies on a reading-desk under a quaintly fashioned lamp, either to snatch a moment to add to her store of knowledge, or in quest of some recipe that is written in the volume. The dress and surroundings are of the days of Luther, and we may almost fancy that the picture represents Catharine von Bora perusing one of her husband's books in the intervals of her daily tasks.

ABALONE JEWELRY AND ITS SOURCE.

PROBABLY of all the "shell-fish" of the Union, after the oysters, clams, and the scallop, none holds a more important place commercially than the ear-shells, or abalones; and if edible properties are not made the scale of judgment, then they hold the first place. The ear-shells belong to the conchological genus *Haliotis*, and there are almost a hundred species of them scattered about the world, our own Atlantic shore being almost the only coast where the haliotis is not represented. In many countries the animals are eaten, and everywhere the shells are highly valued. This group of mollusks, therefore, has surely enough interest about it to fill a leisure column.

In Europe one of the localities most populous in the haliotis is the Channel Islands, where they are called ormer shells, said to be a corruption of the French orelle de mer; perhaps the popular name seen in the books of old English writers, "Norman shell," is equally a transformation from the French. Jeffreys says that the Cherbourg fishwomen call them six yeax (six eyes), from an idea that the orifices in the shell are real eyelets or peep-holes. Venus's ear and sea-ear are names derived from the form of the shell, which is copied in the Greek technical name

ήλιώτις (haliotis).
"The people of Guernsey and Jersey," says Simmonds, in his Commercial Products of the Sea, "ornament their houses with the shells of the ormer, disposing them frequently in quincunx order, and placing them so that their bright interiors may eatch the rays of the sun." Could any decoration or frescoing be prettier, albeit somewhat grotesque? Not content with this, the farmers hang bunches of them on top of poles in their grain fields to dangle about and shoot lances of reflected light from their scintillating surfaces at timid but thieving birds.

In Southern California the gathering of haliotis affords employment to a large number of persons, and a considerable commerce has sprung up. There the mollusks are called "abalones word of doubtful Spanish-Indian derivation. The business is chiefly in the hands of Chinese, and that it should be so is very natural. At home the Chinese were, and yet are, accustomed to dry the flesh of their own haliotis (which is abundant from Malaya to Kamtchatka) as a food luxury. Finding in California practically the same mollusk, they at once began to gather the abalones for the sake of the meat, the surplusage of which they dried in salt, and shipped home to China at a good profit. After a time white men began to pick up the shells thrown away, and to work them over into ornaments and objects of jewelry. Thus apprised of their value, the Chinamen also saved all the shells they got, and soon found this half of the catch brought more money than the dried flesh. For three or four years past the business in these shells has been extensive, but fears are felt that the mollusks may soon become exterminated. Late information concerning the abalone fishery has been received by the United States Fish Commission from Messrs. D. S. Jordan and W. N. Lockington, their agents on the Pacific coast. They tell us that the abalone-producing region extends from San Francisco to Lower California, San Diego being the principal dépôt out-side of the capital, receiving largely from Mexican waters. For a long time Mexico paid no attention to this trespass upon her shores, but now she charges a license duty of sixty dollars a year upon every abalone boat from the United States.

Abalones thrive best among rocky, weed-grown crags and reefs alternately exposed and submerged with every tide, and in a warm climate. They are vegetarians, feeding upon the sea vegetables, of which there is always an abundance in such places. Their fleshy base, or "foot," upon which the convex, ear-shaped shell is carried, concealing and protecting the vital organs, is "very large, rounded at the ends, and fringed with thread-like tentaculæ, which, when the animal is protruded from the shell below the surface of the water, are gently swayed."

They move very little, and with great modera-tion of gait. The broad muscular foot is adapted less to locomotion than for adhesion, and so strong is the force with which they cling to the rock-withdrawing their protracted lobes, and squatting flat down at the least disturbance it often is exceedingly difficult to detach them, even with the aid of the trowel or spade which is usually carried by the fishermen. Another method is to pour over them a small quantity of warm water, and then give a sharp push sideways with the foot. The warm douche surprises and disgusts them into relaxation.

There is a grisly yarn about a poor Chinaman vho discovered a large abalone left bare by the tide, and partly exposing its mantle-lobes beneath the edge of its shell. The man had no spade or hot water with him, but attempted to tear the mollusk up with his fingers. No sooner did the abalone feel his touch than it shut down, pinching the Celestial's fingers between its shell and the rock so tightly that he could not pull them away before the tide, advancing with cruel speed, had drowned the poor wretch in the creature's relentless clutch. Whether or not this be an "ower-true tale," it well illustrates the strength with which the haliotis holds to its site a power of anchorage needed when storms beat

upon its native reef with almost resistless force.

The tenacity of life in this mollusk seems equal to its hold upon the rocks. Mr. R. C. Stearns, of San Francisco, writes that he has frequently removed the animal from the shell, by means of a sharp knife, and thrown it back into the water, when "it would at once descend and place itself in its normal position upon a rock, to which it would adhere with apparently as much tenacity

as before it was deprived of its shelly covering. The meat of abalone has long formed an article of food in various parts of the world—the Channel Islands, French coast, and along the Mediterranean (where they beat it to make it tender), Senegal, the South-sea Islands, Malaya, China, Japan, and our Pacific coast. It was described by old Athenæus, centuries and centuries ago, as "exceedingly nutritious, but indigestible," and holds its reputation well. Mexico exports it to us under the Custom house heading "dried oysters." In San Francisco and the coast towns only ones who gather it. A simple process of salting and drying is all that is necessary for its preservation, in which shape it is sent to China. In order to get a ton of meat, about six tons of living animals must be collected, but there is no telling how many individuals this represents. After being cured, abalone meat is worth from five to ten cents a pound, and the value of the crop which reached San Francisco last year approached \$40,000, distributed among some hundreds of men. The coast is now so stripped of the haliotis that the Chinese fishermen are compelled to resort to unfrequented islands, transportation to which is afforded them by American capitalists, who take their pay in shells, while the Chinese retain the

The trade in abalone shells, indeed, is of twice as much importance, financially, as that in the flesh, since it amounted to nearly \$90,000 last year. Some Americans also are engaged in this business, and the finishing off of the shells for

market is wholly in their hands.

The shell of the haliotis is one of the most brilliantly beautiful in its interior of any known. The lustrous, iridescent curves of the nacre, reflecting ever-varying and prismatic colors in endless profusion, delight every eve. In aged specimens the part to which the adductor muscle is attached is raised above the level of the rest of the interior, and presents a roughened or carved surface of irregular shape, often fancifully imitative of some other object. The writer has seen one which thus contained a singularly correct profile or me-

dallion of Napoleon I.
Outside, the shells are usually rough and unattractive, except to the marine zoologist, who finds them supporting a small forest of minute vegetable and animal forms, and harboring microscopic life of great interest. A curious case of a larger parasite is mentioned by Mr. Stearns, where a haliotis had been attacked by another mollusk - a boring bivalve known as navea which had cut its way through the shell. Advised of this enemy, the haliotis had defended itself by adding coating upon coating of nacre as a bulwark between him and his foe, until, as the navea progressed, a large knob was built in the interior of the abalone's shell.

The shells are usually sent to San Francisco from the lower counties in the rough, and are the means of considerable speculation among the captains of coasting ventures. The price paid for them by merchants varies greatly; an average last year would be \$50 or \$60 a ton. From San Francisco they are shipped both to China and to the Eastern States. In China they are broken up and used for inlaying in connection with the lacquer-work for which the Chinese are famous. The mosaics of Europe are often adorned by the same means, and various arts are served by their glittering fragments. It was with pieces of this sort of shell that those wonderfully beautiful inlaid screens from Holland, representing moonlight landscapes, etc., which attracted so much attention at the Centennial Exhibition, were produced.

Many of our shells are sent to Europe, there to be polished, with the help of acids, until they shall be as lustrous outwardly as inside, and then are reshipped to the United States to serve as mantel ornaments, soap-basins, match-boxes, card-cases, receptacles for flowers, etc. The same work is done to some extent in San Francisco, and many are there manufactured into goldmounted ear-rings and brooches, shawl pins, and various toilette articles, particularly ladies' high hair-combs of great elegance and costliness.

One dealer also, at San Diego, California, polishes these shells himself, and sells them to tour ists for from twenty-five cents to five dollars, or sends them to the East by mail in "nests" of four to six. The young of one sort are cleaned with the aid of hydrochloric acid, but the usual method with aged shells is to grind away the epidermis by hand by rubbing upon stones. It is too delicate work to trust to machinery, lest holes should be made in the thin pearly underlayers.

A peculiarity of haliotis shells is the line of four to ten round holes along the ridge at one side. It is through these apertures that the mollusk gets the fresh water necessary to its breathing when it sits close down upon a rock, and none can flow in under the edges of the tight shell. A

similar provision exists in the "key-hole" of the limpet, and in the "notch" in the shelly lip of a large number of whorled shells, like the whelk, conch, etc. Through these holes also the abalone protrudes tiny waving feelers that-warn him of the approach of any danger in time to withdraw

underneath his shield.

To the Indians of California the haliotis was very valuable. They wore it as an ornament about their necks and in their hair. The tribes of the interior were so attracted by its glitter that they were willing to pay a large price in barter to possess it. A horse was not an infrequent exchange for a fine specimen. I have seen these shells, rudely polished, dangling in the braids of Indian braves, and around the necks of vainglo-rious squaws of every tribe from New Mexico northward to the far upper Missouri plains. The coast tribes also made from it beads and coin of different values and shapes, all formed from the red-backed abalone (Halvotis rufescens), which is not the common species of commerce. Mr. Ste-phen Powers, describing this money, under the name of "uhllo," says:

"The uhllo pieces are of a uniform size on the same string; they do not mix them The dollar pieces are generally about one and one-quarter inches long, and an inch wide; the smaller about as long, but narrower. The Indians are very ingenious and economical in working up the very ingenious and economical in working up the aulones: wherever there is a broad, flat space, they take out a dollar piece; where the curve is sharp, a smaller one. They especially value the outer edge of the whorl or lip, where the color is brilliant, and these they are obliged to cut into twenty-five-cent pieces. You will see that the uhllo is cut into pieces of different sizes, and even pieces of the same size vary in value accordeven pieces of the same size vary in value according to their brilliancy All the money that I have seen was strung on grocery twine, but they often use sinew of various kinds, also the outer bark of a weed called milkweed about here.

"The uhllo necklace has three or four strings of very small glass beads above the shells, forming a band about one-quarter of an inch wide, which encircles the neck."

This uhllo was not the only shell-money of the west coast Indians. The tusk-shell (Dentalium) of the northern tribes, and the "colcol" (Olivella) and "hawock" (Pachyderma) of the southern region, played important parts as a circulating me-dium of exchange in trade. Altogether, however, I think I am right in asserting that the haliotis is among the most important and best economized of all American mollusks.

SAVOIR-VIVRE AT MORNING CALLS.

MORNING calls are a great test of individual capabilities, as a morning call signifies neither more nor less than a quarter of an hour's conversation with the person called upon, and a mauvais quart d'heure it is to those who are at a loss what to say or what to talk about. But to those proficient in the agreeable art of small-talk morning calls are among the pleasantest of social duties, when the conventional quarter of an hour of a conventional morning call is lengthened out into half an hour's easy and delightful talk, chat, or conversation, as the case may be.

When the call is made, and the visitor is ushered into the drawing-room, and the hostess has risen to shake hands, the usual salutation would be, "How do you do?" It is not considered in good taste for ladies, when addressing each other, to add their surnames to the salutation, unless several persons are present, when it might be expedient to do so, or in the case of a visitor being a comparative stranger to the hostess, when it would be correct, although ceremonious, to do so, and then only on the visitor's first arrival; but in tête-a-tête conversations it is not usual for persons to address each other by their surnames, the personal pronoun "you" being all-sufficient for the occasion. When several people are conversing together, it is often necessary for ladies to address each other by their surnames-in the case for instance, of two ladies wishing to draw a third into conversation, or in the case of one lady wishing to address her friend or acquaintance at some little distance from her; but two ladies should not ring the changes on each other's names, nor should one lady reiterate the name of the person with whom she is conversing.

If the mistress of the house is in the drawing-room when the visitor is announced, she would rise, come forward, and shake hands with her visitor. She would not ask her visitor to be seated, or to "take a seat," or "where she would like to or "which seat she would prefer," etc., but would at once sit down, and expect her visitor to do the same, which, if she were well-bred, she would at once do, as near to the hostess as pos-

The weather is a never-failing topic to the unimaginative, but this is a weak resource, after all, and is very speedily exhausted. Wet weaall, and is very speculy canadast ther admits of a few more remarks being extracted therefrom than does fine weather. days and cold winds can be deplored and regretted, but remarks on fine weather admit of little but assent. The topic of bad weather carries the conversation but very little further, and those depending upon this frail conversational bark find themselves very soon stranded.

Conversation, to be agreeable, should not partake of the nature of a catechism, meaning a mere string of questions—questions not led up to or in any way originated or evolved from the foregoing conversation, but put abruptly and apropos of nothing. There are several topics that are handled in this uncomfortable manner by certain commonplace people, until these commonplace questions are anticipated almost before they

These and similar subjects are very suitable ones upon which to construct light conversation,

but they should be introduced and welded into the chain of talk rather than be treated interrogatively, and should be given rather as a personal experience, combined with an apparent wish to gather an expression of opinion from the person to whom the remarks are addressed. This mode of treating these ordinary subjects divests them slightly of the commonplaceness with which they are too often broached. Commonplace people greatly try the patience of their friends by their trite commonplaces respecting the opera and the artistes, apparently oblivious of the fact that the daily newspapers contain ample criticisms on the merits and demerits of the various artistes. These observations apply solely to those mediocre people who are thoroughly incompetent to form any opinion on the matter, being wanting alike in talent, education, and intellect, and these are precisely the people who step in where "angels fear to tread," and who thrust their inane remarks upon those who are far more capable of forming a correct judgment. When musical events or artistic or literary points are discussed or alluded to by talented and gifted people, the contrary is the case, and their opinions

are sought for and appreciated.

After the first preliminaries of welcoming a visitor at a morning call are over, the ball of conversation would be set rolling. A lady by mentioning her own movements or arrangements, or by referring to any matter connected with herself and family, if not of too private a nature, gives a lead or opening to her visitor, and affords an opportunity for her to take up the thread of the discourse, and to carry it into wider channels, far beyond the range of the operas, the theatres, or the weather. And in proportion as the conversation diverges into friendly or domestic talk, so do the two ladies become more at ease with each other, gaining in a short time a clear insight into each other's character and pursuits.

To touch on the actual topics of the hour demands both tact and cleverness, and a topic of ordinary interest that has become common property through the medium of the morning papers or the society journals should never be intro-duced as an item of original news. Many people contract the habit of making conversation out of the intelligence supplied by the morning papers
—slightly forgetful of the fact that this mine of —signuy lorgeriul of the fact that this mine of information is open to all; this is peculiarly irritating to a well-informed listener. When the public news of the day is important enough to be referred to it should be brought forward as "public news" only, for discussion or argument, or as a matter of general interest, surprise, or re-

If "tea" is brought in during the visit, the hostess would probably say, "May I give you some tea?" or, "Will you have some tea?" or, "The tea is here, may I give you some?" or,
"You will have some tea, will you not?" But
she would not say, "Will you allow me to offer
you a cup of tea?" or "Will you take a cup of
tea?" Drinking tea or not at a morning call is so thoroughly immaterial and unimportant a matter that no persuasion should be employed in of-fering it, and if visitors decline it, it is unneces-

When one or two callers are present, unacquainted with each other, and but slightly acquainted with the hostess, if not intending to make a formal introduction, she would endeavor to render the conversation general, incidentally mentioning the names of the callers, that each might become aware of the identity of the other. A hint, a suggestion, or an expression dropped from either of the ladies would, in the hands of a clever woman, be all-sufficient for the basis of conversation. Even between the merest acquaintances some slight fact must be known which would serve as an opening for the making of conversation, and the opening thus given would admit of a higher flight being taken than the trivial fact which had given rise to the conversation.

Leave-taking at morning calls is in itself an art requiring grace of manner and decision of action, as devoid of abruptness as of indecision. The leave-taking of many people is trying in the extreme, not on pathetic grounds, but because of a way peculiar to them of hovering between re-maining and departing; they rise, they shake hands, and still they linger, not because they have anything particular to say, but because of the difficulty they experience in getting themselves

When a lady has paid, as she considers, a sufficiently long visit, if she has been forming any plans with her hostess, of however simple a nature, she would on rising from her seat, and while extending her hand to her hostess, refer incidentally to them, which would be a graceful preparation to leave-taking.

When making adieux it is not usual to say good-afternoon" or "good-morning," but simply "good-by." Between friends and acquaintances the expressions of "good-afternoon" or "good-day" are not recognized, neither is "goodmorning" said to friends or acquaintances save at the breakfast hour. The terms of "goodmorning" and "good-afternoon" are chiefly in use between superiors and their inferiors, and vice versa, and between professional and business men; men having but a superficial knowledge of each other generally make use of this term of "good-morning" in their mutual recognitions, when not being sufficiently intimate to use the familiar "how are you?" which is the usual salutation between men when well acquainted with each other.

When a call is made upon a friend of the hostess (whose guest she is), and not upon the hostess herself, if she happens to be present when the visitor is announced, she would, after a few moments of conversation, leave the friends to themselves, not quitting the room abruptly, but with easy self-possession. Any trivial remark relating to domestic affairs might be made, so as to avoid leaving the drawing-room silently or hastily.

Hosted by GOOG



BY C. J. STANILAND. LEYDEN, 1574."-FROM A PAINTING $\mathbf{0F}$ RELIEF THE

and figures of Diedrich Knickerbocker out of our lancies when we think of a Hollander. But," he continues, "the world can forgive the playful to mischief of the sativist so long as it contemplates in the majestic figure of William the Silent, and reads to the story of the defense of Leyden in the pages of the story of the defense of Leyden in the pages of Milliam the Silent, and the pages of Molley." As a matter of fact, no country in the Europe has a more romantic history, and the struggles passed through are of the highest in-"THE sturdy little state of Holland," said Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when addressing the Massachusetts Historical Society on the death of Mr. Motley, "offers itself to too many English and American minds with the unhervic aspect in which the Dutchman has been presented in the satirical vein of Marvell, and the ludicrous travesty of Irving. We can not keep the pictures THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

V, indeed, protected their trade and manufactures; but his boast was, at the close of his carreer, that he always preferred his creed to his country. And according to competent contemporary authorities, from 50,000 to 100,000 persons were put to death in these provinces during his region no account of their religious opinions. In his last will, signed a few days before his a death, he ordered his son to show no mercy to whereties, and to uphold the tribunal of the Inin which she vowed neither to levy taxes nor to make war without their consent. By the marriage of this princess to Maximilian of Austria, the situation of her subjects was at once changed, Instead of a paternal government, the chief of which was dependent on the prosperity of the provinces, they were converted into an insignificant part of a great empire, to whose glory they were to be sacrificed. Her grandson, Charles

quisition. How Philip carried out his sire's last wishes is too well known. He sent the Duke of Alva to govern Holland. The Low Countries at that time were at the height of their prosperity; the cities were opulent; the towns larger than cities in other lands, and almost touching each other. No waste land was to be seen, commerce was active, and the dense population were well fed, well clothed, and well housed. Yet one hundred thousand of those contented burghers exiled them-

loving citizens against tyranny under every form.

The men of the Low Countries were always hard to drive. Treat them justly, and they spent thereby their blood and their treasure; treat them sunjustly, and they confronted with equal firmness count, king, or kaiser. Great traders, great manufacturers, rich, industrions, and peaceful, the citizens of Flanders and Holland yielded but limited obedience to their Duke Charles the Bold. His shaughter Mary had to conciliate the fierce democ-

Hosted by Googl



THE SAXON HOUSEWIFE.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

selves on receipt of the intelligence that this cruel and crafty Alva was approaching. His arrival was marked by the establishment of the "Blood Court," by the murder of Counts Egmont and Horn, and the revolt of the Prince of Orange. He took the field against the famous infantry of Spain at the head of fugitives from Alva's presence, some gallant Huguenots from France, and a few recruits from Germany. With strange perversity the Protestant princes of Germany beheld the great struggle with supine indifference. The destruction of the Calvinistic Dutch was not unwelcome to the Lutherans. The demand for assistance addressed to the Diet of Worms in 1570

received for reply, "That Spain justly punished them as rebels against the principle of cujus regio cjus religio." Down to the peace of Westphalia in 1648, the Netherlands were still nominally part of the Holy Roman Empire, but no emperor put out his hand to protect them. Alone they fought and conquered. The open aid of England and the secret support of France given to William the Silent mark the commencement of modern diplomacy, in which religious considerations play a less part than political ones.

The sieges undergone by the sturdy burghers are remarkable for the dogged endurance displayed. Mons was besieged for three months

before it capitulated; Haarlem held out for seven months, during which the exertions and sufferings of the citizens are almost incredible. The people of Alkmaar displayed equal resolution when Don Luis de Zuniga y Requesens, the successor of Alva, attacked them. He gave up the attempt, and concentrated his forces to besiege the city of Leyden. He carried on the siege with great vigor, but was met with courage and skill. Famine and pestilence raged within the walls. All communication was cut off, except by a chance carrier-pigeon. Even within the walls murmurs were heard. "Expect no surrender," replied the burgomaster, Adrian van der Werf, "while I sur-

vive." The Prince of Orange resolved to cut the dikes. Leyden was not upon the sea; he would send the sea to Leyden. The enterprise for submerging the territory was conducted like a regular business undertaking. Capital was subscribed, and stock was issued. The Prince cried, "Liever bedorven dan verloren Land." (Better drowned land than lost land.) The States-General said, "Rather will we see our whole land and all our possessions perishing in the waves than abandon thee, Leyden."

On the 1st of September, 1574, Admiral Boi-

On the 1st of September, 1574, Admiral Boisot took command of a few vessels manned by 800 Zealanders, wearing caps with the legend,

"Rather Turkish than Popish." The outer dike, fifteen miles from the city, was cut; the fleet advanced to the inner dike, five miles from the city, which was seized by the patriots after a desperate conflict with the Spaniards. The fleet passed through; then the Greenway Dike was seized and cut. Then came a dreary season of suspense. Only when the wind blew from the west could the fleet—among which was a paddle-wheel boat, The Ark of Delft—find water to move in. At last, on the 1st and 2d of October, a violent equinoctial gale piled up the waters of the North Sea. The fleet advanced, and on the dark expanse of waters a desperate midnight battle took place. The Spaniards were defeated; their camp was covered by the rising tide; thousands perished in the flood; the two forts which commanded the only deep channel were abandoned; and on the 3d of October Admiral Boisot reached the city. The quays were crowded by famished multitudes of emaciated men and starving women. Bread was thrown ashore from the vessels, and then it was indeed felt that Leyden was saved. "The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children, nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way.'

Borders for Lingerie.—White Embroidery. Figs. 1 and 2

See illustrations on double page

THESE borders are worked on cambric or linen with embroidery cotton in overcast and button-hole stitch. Narrow satin ribbon is drawn in and out through the eyelets as shown in the illustrations.

Trimmings for Petticoats.—Figs. 1 and 2.

Trimmings for Petticoats.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See Illustrations on double page.

For the trimming Fig. 1 a strip of white cambric thirteen inches wide is required. Five narrow tucks are stitched in it at seven inches from the lower edge, and below the tucks it is bordered horizontally with lace insertion two inches wide, and perpendicularly with alternate strips of lace and embroidered insertion. The cambric is cut away from under the insertion, and below it lace two inches wide, headed by embroidery half an inch wide, is set on in scallops. The strip is edged at the bottom with a ruffle of embroidery four inches wide. For the trimming Fig. 2 the petticoat is edged at the bottom with side-pleating three-quarters of an inch wide. Above this it is trimmed with a cambric ruffle edged with lace two inches and a half wide, over which falls a ruffle of embroidery four inches wide. The latter is headed by two rows of insertion to match, which are separated by four narrow tucks, the lower one being edged with cambric pleating an inch and a half wide.

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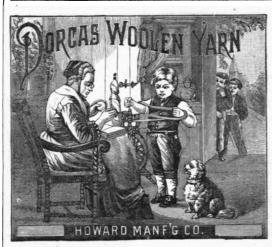
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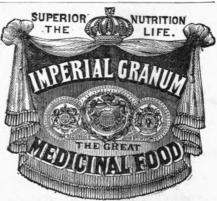
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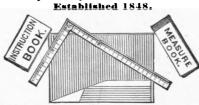
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SOCIAL SUCCESSES. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns at Home-Small and

Brown (who is fighting his way in, to friendly party, who holds out his hand). "Ah, how d'y' do, Mr.—er—I seem to know your Face. Often met you here before, I fancy, haven't I?"
FRIENDLY PARTY. "Very likely. My name's Ponsonby de Tomkyns."

FACETIÆ.

A RATHER good story is told of poor Charles Mathews, who was perhaps more ready at a sharp rejoinder than any man of his time. After dining one day with a friend who possessed an excellent cellar, a bottle of splendid claret was put on the table, and his host drew the actor's attention to it.

"Al, my boy," exclaimed the host, "try that! That wine, sir, has cost me nearly four shillings a glass, taking into calculation the original cost and the interest on the money."

money."
"Good gracious!" replied Mathews; "give me another
glass at once; at any rate, I'll try and stop the interest."

Some Sunday-school children were taken for a picnic to he sea-side. One of the teachers asked her scholars how the sea-side. One they liked the sea.

they liked the sea.

"Very much, miss," replied a child; "but where are the tinnamies?"

"The tinnamies, my child! What do you mean?"

"Why, you know," the child replied again, "the tinnamies that go with the sea. You know the Commandment says, 'the sea and all the tinnamies.'"

This was the way the child had been repeating "the sea and all that in them is."

A stranger was conversing with Lord North in a public room, and opposite them was a party of ladies. "Pray, my lord," said the gentleman, "who is that large, ugly woman I see yonder?"
"That," said his lordship, "is Lady North."
"My dear lord," said the gentleman, confused at his unfortunate observation, and making an effort to correct it, "I mean the lady who stands next her."
"That lady," said his lordship, "is my daughter."
The gentleman was now speechless.
"Come, come," said Lord North, smiling, with his usual good-nature, when he observed his confusion, "you have made an ingenious, but unfortunate effort to get out of a scrape; I forgive you, for I believe Lady North and I are as plain a couple as any in England."



A PIOUS FRAUD.

EMILY. "Really, John, I don't think it nice, just as the People are coming out of Church, for you to sit like that, with a Pipe in your Mouth, and your Hat at the back of your Head, and your Clothes anyhow!"

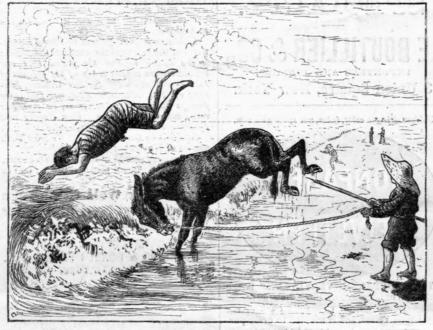
John. "Bosh, Emily! I am doing no harm, and therefore I don't care who sees me, or what anybody thinks."

EMILY. "Well Libert There were the seed of the seed

EMILY. "Well, John, you know best. By-the-bye,

who do you think were in Church, or all People in the World? The Duchess of Stilton and Lord Archibald! Here they come!"

JOHN (hastily getting off his perch, buttoning his coat and vasisticat, and thrusting his Pipe behind his back). "Good heavens, Emily! where? where? I can't see them!"



WALKER IS VERY FOND OF THE WATER; HAS JUST GOT UP A NEW DODGE FOR DIVING-SIMPLE, AND WARRANTED NOT TO GET OUT OF ORDER.



WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

MAMMA. "Cyril, you're a naughty boy, and I've a good mind to whip you."

Cyril. "Have a better mind, mammy, and don't."

They were discussing charity in the drawing-room, and one of the gentlemen was inveighing with some sarcasm against benevolent folk who make donations and have their names published in the papers. "Nearly all charitable acts," he said, eloquently, "have pride or vanty as their motive. For my part, I hate ostentation. I remember once, when I was travelling through a part of the country where I was not known, I came upon a lonely little station, where, in the waiting-room, there was fastened to the wall a contribution box for the benefit of the sufferers through recent inundations. There was not a soul there—not a person in the neighborhood knew of my presence or was acquainted with my name; and I went and dropped a gold piece into the box, and slipped away unseen. Now, sir, what I contend is that my secret offering was a more meritorious one than if it had been made on a public subscription list, with a loud flourish of trumpets."

"You are right," said a listener. "That was genuine

"You are right," said a listener. "That was genuine modest charity, and I don't wonder you brag of it."

There was once a great scarcity of water at Gibraltar. An Irish officer who was quartered in the fortress said that he was very easy about the matter, for he cared very little for water; all that he wanted was his tea in the morning and his punch at night.

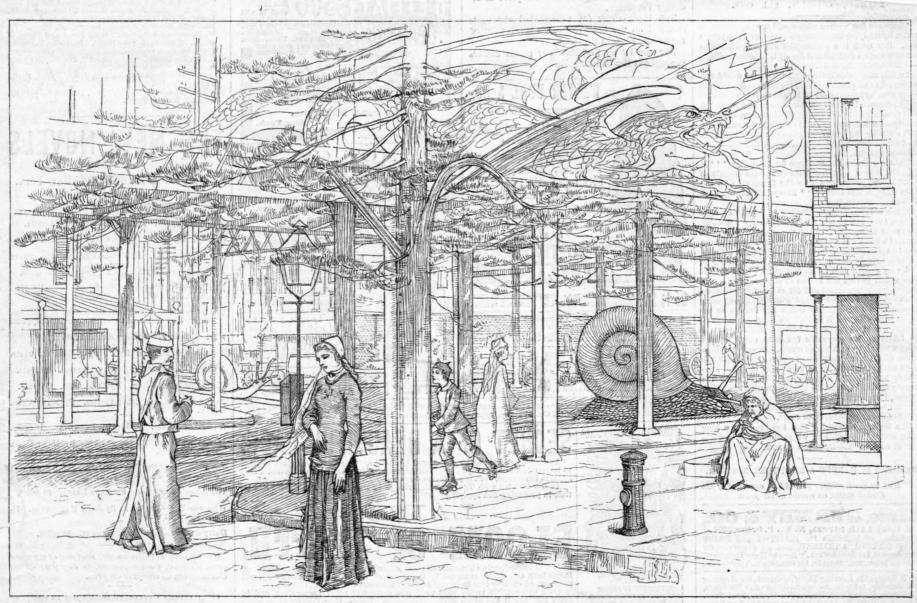
A lady complains that she is not getting educational value for her money. Her husband asked their boy six questions on his last return from school. To five he replied correctly. The answer was: "I don't know."

A vagabond seeing the motto, "Opportunity makes the thief," said: "Not always; I found a big anchor and clinicable on the pavement the other night, and didn't touch it, and there was nobody about neither."

A boarding-house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak point being her tea, and her strong point the butter.

INQUISITIVE PEOPLE.—A wonderful curiosity to know everything is generally accompanied by a great and intense desire to tell it all over again.

A mother advised her daughter to oil her hair, and fainted away when that candid damsel replied: "Oh no, ma; it spoils the gentlemen's yests."



ENCHANTED FOREST ON SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

faithfulness have insured many a stupid servant of no great efficiency a long stay in a family; if to these may be added a clear head and an active temperament and a respectful manner of speaking, we have that rare article, perfection.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

PLUSH-STRIPED WOOLLENS.

THE richest woollen fabrics imported this season have stripes of plush an inch wide or more, shaded in the color of the woollen ground, or else in contrast with it. The woollen fabric must be heavy to hold the plush, and is almost equal to ladies' cloth, though usually twilled or woven in armure figures. The fashionable con-trast of green with red is seen in bronze armure stripes an inch wide, with an ombré plush stripe ranging from Jacqueminot red to deep maroon Dark sapphire blue armure has orange and golden brown plush stripes. Myrtle green is similarly striped, seal brown has écru to leaf brown plush, and blue is striped with shaded red. This comes twenty-four inches wide, and is sold for \$3 50 a yard. It is used for the skirt of the dress, while plain armure is imported to match for the overdress. At the same prices are twilled woollens, with several gay colors mixed in the plush with out the shades being gradual. Very gay striped wool satines are shown with the alternating stripe of twilled wool; these are \$2 50 a yard for goods forty-six inches wide; if the plain stripe also has a satin lustre, the price is \$3. Bordered Cheviots are new this season, and are of very light quality and gay colors. The principal part of the goods is in small indistinct checks, while the border is a wide well-defined stripe. This is forty-six inches wide, and costs \$2 50 a yard. Lower-priced Cheviots, ranging from \$1 25 upward, have inch stripes of Prussian blue, or bronze, terra-cotta red, seal brown, and myrtle, usually showing two or three tones of one color; others show heavy diagonals, like the cloth of men's coats, or else the surface is smooth, and presents a sombre yet rich tone, produced by threads of dark colors varied with brighter ones.

IMPORTED COSTUMES FOR AUTUMN.

The first importations of autumn dresses re tain the narrow round skirts and bouffant drapery worn during the summer. The skirts are only a trifle over two yards in width, and in many instances have but four breadths in the skirt, as the side gores are now very broad. The fullness is massed at the back by voluminous pleats confined to three or four inches across the back of the belt, while the sides and front gore have darts at the top to do away with all fullness. The foundation skirts are of low-priced silk, even in simple Cheviot suits, and their scantiness is entirely concealed by the elaborate kilting, box-pleating, and drapery of the outside fabric. To make these skirts more bouffant, a steel spring like those of which hoop-skirts are made is placed in a casing across the back breadths; this casing is the same hitherto used for tying back the full ness, and the hoop is now arranged in it permanently, making it curve outward instead of clinging to the figure. A great many pleated skirts are shown both in regular side-pleating like a kilt, and in the large double and treble box pleats that display moirés and other rich fabrics to greater advantage than fine pleats would.

In some skirts watered silk is put on the foundation to represent a lower skirt as far as any lower skirt is visible beneath the drapery, and this moiré is laid in such large double box pleats that only nine pleats are required around the entire skirt. In other cases two or three groups of pleats are allowed to extend up one side to the belt, while the drapery nearly conceals the oppo site side. In still others, especially in armures, Cheviots, and other serviceable woollens, the skirt is a genuine kilt, being laid in side pleats from a yoke down to the foot, and simply bound at the foot with plush, or else widely bordered with watered silk. A few of the great box-pleated ruches are still used of soft Surah or of wool to head a border of plush or of velvet. For the flat fronts of dresses of rich stuffs like plush or moiré all upper drapery may be dispensed with, or at most form panier fullness instead of an apron. For instance, two breadths of moiré or of plush will be made to meet at the belt in front, and fall gradually open toward the foot, disclosing inner pleatings of satin Surah, or of cashmere, or embroidery, or velvet; these two breadths then extend far back on the sides quite plainly to meet the bouffantly draped back breadth of Surah or of cashmere. On other fronts much-wrinkled aprons are used in various depths, but the lower edges of these, as well as of all back drapery, are concealed by being turned under and sewed permanently to the foundation. This does away with the former fashion of having the overskirt separate from the lower skirt, making three pieces in every suit. Not a single costume of all those imported for the autumn has more than two pieces, as the lower skirt and drapery are invacombined. For the back drapery two breadths of satin Surah or one of wide cashmere will be required. These are pleated in a narrow space at the back of the belt, the sides are sewed in straight, or else the pleats are concealed as much as possible, the bottom edge is turned under out of sight, and is not trimmed, and the mid dle seam is caught up in two or three irregular groups of pleats that are tacked to the founda-tion skirt.

The Greek drapery opening over box-pleated skirts is retained, and there are aprons deeply shirred below the waist. The row of flounces up the left side so much worn during the sum-mer is now transferred to the back of the skirt. There is little change to record in the shape of basques, as they still have double box pleats be-hind, are of medium length, and may be singlebreasted or else double, with Directoire collars and vests either of plush or of moiré. The fashion of having the basque different from the skirt also continues, but instead of brocades it is now made of moiré or of striped stuff, of plush or of velvet, or else it is of satin Surah or of cashmere, with moiré skirt or with plush. The quaintest fancy for waists is the revival of the antique pointed bodice, sharply pointed in front and back, very short on the hips, whaleboned as thick-ly as a corset waist, and the edge finished with a frill of embroidery or of lace put on very full around the points, but more scant on the hips. Sometimes this bodice is laced from the throat to the sharp point, and in most cases a pointed vest is set on, and there is a similar pointed piece in the back. A great many dresses have plastrons either pointed or square, and there are many with separate vests. Round coats like the morn ing coats of gentlemen are repeated for Cheviots and there are Directoire coats with long backs like those on evening dress-coats, while the fronts are cut off straight at the waist line to show a plush vest beneath. The shirred and pleated fullness is retained for single-breasted basques, and is very stylish when shirred close about the neck, then folded in wide pleats over the bust, and again broadly shirred at the waist line: this is very handsome in satin-striped moiré cut bias and shirred in a satin Surah basque. There are also full panier effects added on the sides of basques and of the antique pointed waists already described. High bias standing collars of the material used in combination are seen on most basques, and there are turned-over pleated collars of velvet and even of plush on some midwinter costumes. Fewer gathered sleeves are shown than last season, as the materials are now too thick for fullness about the arms. The simplest shirred, folded, or pleated frills and inside cuffs are on the most stylish dresses.

DRESSY SATIN SURAH COSTUMES.

The first dressy costumes prepared for early autumn are those of satin Surah combined with watered silk, and trimmed with the new Saxon open-figured embroidery done on the satin Surah. Such costumes are imported in black, in sapphire blue, bronze, mordoré, and myrtle green, also in glacé or changeable satin Surahs, combining red with green, red with blue, green with brown, blue with brown, etc. A black costume of this combination that will serve as a model for many inquirers has the silk foundation concealed al around to the height of half a yard, and still higher on the right side, by moiré box-pleatings so wide and at such intervals that nine of the pleats surround the skirt; these are double box pleats, with the pleat proper five inches broad, and inch-wide pleats folded beside it. The edge of the pleating is hemmed by hand; it is sewed to the foundation skirt, falls like a flounce, and is supported at the edge by a knife-pleating of the satin Surah (three inches wide) sewed to the skirt, not for ornament, but to be visible if the moiré pleating is blown about or accidentally displaced. Above this pleating some Greek drapery of satin Surah is on the front, like a side-pointed apron, and still above this are four rows of embroidered Surah edging describing two right angles, meeting in the middle and extending up to the belt; the back has two bouffant Surah back breadths held by a large moiré bow. The pointed bodice of the satin Surah is laced in front, has a pointed vest piece of moiré, with a similar pointed piece behind, is edged with a frill of embroidered satin Surah set on with two piping cords of moiré, and is finished by a collar and cuffs of moiré, and a jabot of black Spanish lace at the When this pointed corsage is not appropriate, the satin Surah basque has shirred striped moiré on the front, passing like paniers across the hips, and terminating in a fan of moiré, or under a great bow at the back, or else the still popular double box pleats. Among still more expensive costumes are those with plush skirt and moiré basques, draped with satin Surah, and sometimes the striped or ploughed plushes are used for this purpose. A basque of moiré promises to be as popular as the moiré pleatings, and these combi-nations always require a soft fabric for the drapery.

STYLISH WOOL SUITS.

Fine woollen costumes are now considered as choice as those of silk, and are in especial favor when made of French cashmere in combination with moiré or plush, and sometimes all three materials are combined in one dress. The basque or the pointed waist and drapery of cashmere are in the dark lead shades, seal brown, golden brown, brick-dust red, porcelain blue, bronze or myrtle green, with a preference for brown and green very distinctly marked; the moiré boxpleated skirt or that of plush is of the same shade as the corsage, and a single color prevails throughout the dress. The trimming preferred is the open embroidery done on the cashmere, and only a small quantity of this is needed, as it is confined to the front of the drapery, and to trimming the basque. A pretty design for cashmere and moiré skirts has six pleats of the cashmere three on each side, meeting in the middle of the front; beside this is a moiré panel three fingers broad, with chenille fringe at the foot, and further along the sides is a side-pleated cashmere panel of five pleats, with two bands of moiré at the foot while behind is a draped cashmere breadth with the ends concealed. Some panier folds of cashmere bordered with moiré are across the hips, and the basque has a moiré vest front and two box pleats at the back. Other cashmeres have the pointed corset-fitted waist, very long and sharp, with two moiré piping cords as its finish, and Saxon embroidery of cashmere on the edge. A Directoire basque of myrtle green cashmere has the deepnotched collar of changeable green and red plush with a plush plastron and vest, while the kilt skirt has no drapery except a single cluster of curved pleats of cashmere sewed in the side seams, and crossing the back breadth only. Laced girdles of moiré with two points in front and behind are on the shirred and pleated waists of cashmere basques worn by girls and very young ladies.

New Cheviot suits have silk braid bindings in stead of stitching, and are made of small checks or blocks of two contrasting colors, or else of striped patterns. The waists are double-breasted basques, round like gentlemen's morning coats, or else they are close French sacques with box pleats set on to represent the popular hunting jackets. The pleats and belts are narrower or French jackets than on the English styles in vogue here. The skirts are mock kilts, that is, with deep kilt-pleating set on a foundation skirt of silk, and the drapery has wrinkled apron front and bouffant back.

AUTUMN WRAPS.

The first wraps for cool days are paletots and square-sleeved cloaks of English homespun and Scotch cloths made in three-quarter lengths. neither very long nor very short, and trimmed with deep plush collars. For dressy cloaks the long shapes of last year are retained, with a preference for the straight Japanese garments rather than the full shirred Mother Hubbard cloaks. Some of these are entirely of plush, while others

are of satin serge with plush trimmings. For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

THE chair in which JOHN HANCOCK sat when he signed the Declaration of Independence is in St. Paul's Church at Norfolk, Virginia.

-It has rained three hundred and eighty-nine —It has rained three hundred and eighty-nine times in one day at Zürich, says Colonel Thomas W. Knox, who has been passing the summer on the Swiss mountains, and has found it hotter than in New York.

—A bit of the wretched bread with which a

large mass of his subjects stave off starvation ornaments the Czar's writing table, where he keeps it to remind himself of their extremity

keeps it to remind himself of their extremity and his ignorance.

—Miss VICTORIA BAILLIE, a niece of Dean STANLEY's, has been appointed an extra maid of honor by her British Majesty.

—Although Mr. GLADSTONE'S "claw-hammer" coat is said to fit like a horse-collar, and his butterfly suit hangs on him like a bag, yet he has the society gift of a fine and cultivated barytone voice. In a tune-book lately issued by the Wesseries. voice. In a tune-book, lately issued by the Wesleyan Sunday-school Union, his son, the young member of Parliament, is represented by a hymn called "Gladstone," and one of the best tunes in the New Bristol Tune-Book is by the same com-

-Three hundred and sixty thousand dollars —Three hundred and sixty thousand dollars have been left by a painter, M. Clerger, in Paris, together with a costly country house, to furnish a home for infirm French sculptors, architects, painters, engravers, and draughtsmen.

—There is nothing like love's young dream. Lady BURDETT-COUTTS and her husband are said to act and appear as happy as it is possible for human beings to be

to act and appear as happy as it is possible for human beings to be.

—Queen VICTORIA'S chalet on the borders of Ballochbine Forest, near the Dee, in Scotland, is composed of three sitting-rooms, and generous verandas and sleeping-rooms. India matting covers the floors. The Queen was once snowed in there with her party for some days. A bridge crosses the river from the chalet.

—An old surar-bowl, with the crest of Selkirk-

-An old sugar-bowl, with the crest of Selkirkon-the-Dee, which was part of the booty taken by the crew of the Bon Homme Richard, under PAUL JONES, in one of their descents on the Scottish coast, is now the property of a resident of New London, Connecticut.

--King William IV. and his Queen opened

London Bridge on August 1, 1831, and is therefore fifty years old, and the Times of that day described the scene as one which no other capital of the world could present.

—Dr. George Stevenson, who, when very

young, enlisted in the first call for troops to young, enlisted in the first call for troops to fight the British, and who was one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, has a daughter, Mrs. JANE STEVENSON - MARSHALL, now living in Paris, Virginia, who was born after he was sixty years old, and is one of the but two or three living children of Revolutionary soldiers.

the but two or three fiving emidden of actionary soldiers.

—The eyes of Garibaldi are said to be the only thing that redeems his face from a corpselike effect, with its yellow-clayish aspect and white hair and beard. His expression is both

-A grandson of DANIEL WEBSTER, SAMUEL APPLETON, son of Julia Webster, is practicing law in Chicago.

—The descendant of Lord Burleigh, the lead-

er of the British Tories of to-day, is reputed to look like the feudal baron of the olden time. He is tall and dark, with a pale face framed in a black beard, and with an impressive but easy bearing. Hatfield House, his famous home, was a seat of the Tudor kings before ELIZABETH.

-It is thought that the Duke of Sparta, a lad

—It is thought that the Duke of Sparta, a lad of about twelve, eldest son of the King of Greece, shows much literary talent.

—Rose Terry Cooke can not only write a fine story and an exquisite poem, but can cook as good a dinner as though bred to the business. She works in her garden before sunrise, and her house is furnished with antique articles that would set a New York bright here deeler wild. would set a New York bric-à-brac dealer wild.

The Princess MARY is endeavoring to encourage the wear of woollen goods manufactured in England.

—A concert in aid of the Ole Bull Memorial

Fund, graced by the presence of Mrs. OLE BULL and family, and at which Miss THURSHY scored renewed specesses, was lately given at Bergen,

The Aztec Club at Philadelphia will entertain the publisher of the London Times, Mr. John Walters, together with Generals Sherman, Hancock, Beauregard, and others, on the 15th of September.

-The present of Hon. GEORGE ORMSBY-GORE to the six bridemaids, on occasion of his mar-riage to Lady MARGARET ETHEL GORDON, which recently took place at Chelses England was a recently took place at Chelsea, England, was a gold brooch set with pearls in the form of a spinning-wheel, the design intended to refer, in

a double sense, to the bride's name, in the usa the wheel.

-M. AMBROISE THOMAS married Mile. EL-VIRE REMAURY when he was a bachelor of sixtyeight. He is described as a slight, round-shouldered person, not greatly resembling one's ideal of the writer of his music.

-Lady FLORENCE DIXIE is camping out in the Transvaal with her husband, and doing her own cooking. She is an excellent shot.

—M. Lasserre's Notre Dame de Lourdes is in

its one-hundred-and-fiftieth edition, and is supposed to have had more readers than any book of modern times.

—It is rumored that the King of Bavaria will resign in favor of Prince LEOPOLD, his brother, whose wife is the daughter of the Austrian Em-

whose wife is the daughter of the Austrian Emperor, the Princess GHISELA.

—The president of the Royal Horticultural Society is as fond of bacon and beans as any New-Englander. Having ordered his French cook on one occasion to prepare the favorite dish, the beans were served to him divested of their skins, and on a second attempt the cook offered them posts and all

offered them pods and all.

—Stratford-on-Avon is being visited by the Poet Laureate.

-The first graduate of Vassar College who has acquired a place in the faculty is the new lady principal, ABBY F. GOODSELL, of Chambers

burg, Pennsylvania.
—In November, India will be cheered by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook, who are

on their way to the "coral strand."
—Mr. LAWRENCE HUTTON is busy with proof-—Mr. LAWRENCE HUTTON IS DUSY WITH PROOFsheets and indices at Petersham, Massachusetts.

—Mr. BURNE-JONES has bought an enchanting
little cottage, which he will decorate himself, at
the village of Rottingdeane, near Brighton.

—Although past eighty, GILBERT STUART'S
daughter, Miss JANE, still works in her Newport
studio has a quick sten brilliant eye, and cordial

studio, has a quick step, brilliant eye, and cordial

-Besides her other talents, Madame ALBANI is a fine planist. She is now in Germany sing-ing the parts of WAGNER'S heroines in the Ger-

man tongue.

The Princess Beatrice is to present the world at Christmas-time with a new birthday book, embellished in water-colors by her own hand. The Princess Louise is spoken of as a sculptor, and the Crown Princess of Germany as

an artist in oils. -While Lady Brabazon is trying to secure —While Lady DRABAZON is trying to secure a fortnight's recreation in the country for the poor working-women of London, Count OTHENIN D'HAUSSON is interesting himself in the poor of Paris, where, he says, in the district of Belleville. ville, there are houses with one hundred and fifty tenants, some being in rooms with no windows,

and one family, indeed, occupying the space between the ceiling of the attic and the roof.

—Thoughts that Breathe is the poetical title of a volume of selections from Dean STANLEY'S

writings.

—The Concord Library boasts possession of the manuscript of Hawthorne's Dolliver Romance, written on both sides of the page, with hardly an erasure, and in a fine hand.

—In one mausoleum of Upper Egypt there has lately been discovered no less than thirty-nine spleudid sarcophagi with the mummies of kings and queens of the earlier Theban dynas-ties, together with papyrus rolls (two of them fifteen yards long), statuettes, talismans, and ornaments enough to furnish the archæologists with "special wonder" for a decade.

-Signor Peruzzi, who is to fill the place of General CIALDINI in the Italian government, was Mayor of Florence in his twenty-third year, owing to his father's death, the Mayoralty being a hereditable prerogative in the Peruzzi family. He was educated in the French Ecole des Mines.

—The spread of atheism has so distressed the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne that she has be-gun a crusade against it. She has already founded a Benedictine convent at Jerusalem, and secured for herself a retreat on the slope of the Mount of Olives.

—The Duke of Cumberland refuses to forgive

—The Duke of Cumberland refuses to forgiv.) his sister, the Princess Frederika, daughter of the dethroned King of Hanover, for marrying her father's private secretary. The Princess is greatly depressed over the loss of her baby.

—Major BEN PERLEY POORE, well known in Massachusetts and Washington—owner of the most unique and one of the finest places in Essex County, and a large collection of antiquities—has just been blessed with his first grandson, who, although christened BENJAMIN POORE, will carry Indian Hill out of the name which has held it since its first grant from the Indian sachems, two hundred years ago.

—A bust of Canning is to be made by Mica Gennadios, the only Greek lady who has devoc-

den Ablos, the only Greek and who has devoted herself to sculpture—a commission from the Prime Minister of Greece.

—A suit of clothes is to be made from the raw cotton within twenty-four hours, at the Atlante Exposition, for Senator Brown, of Georgia, the cotton to be picked, ginned, spun, dyed, and woven in public. woven in public.

to JEFFERSON DAVIS'S book.

—A sapphire valued at seventy thousand dollars has been discovered in the Ratnapoora district of Ceylon.

-The ex-King of Oude has, like TENNYSON'S Maud, such a sensitive nose that he has removed all the gas and other piping just put into his palace at great expense. Probably he can afford

-Speaking of the prominence of the letter G -Speaking of the prominence of the fether erin politics, some one enumerates Prince Gort-Chakoff in Russia, Garibaldi in Italy, Gap-Field and Guiteau in America, King George in Greece, MM. Greyy and Gambetra and General Courter in Faulus C. L. Degreen in Faulus 2. eral GALIFET in France, GLADSTONE in England,

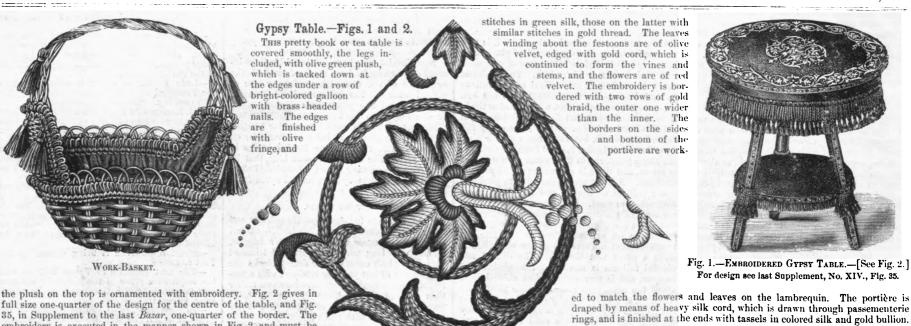
and "GUILLAUME," Emperor of Germany.

—The European wife of the Grand Sherees vaccinated fifty children in one day in Morocco. -Some curtains in the house of M. MILLAIS are of ruby velvet embroidered in crewels, the crewel-work being from Kenilworth Castle, and possibly from the fingers of AMY ROBSART.

-When JULIA WARD Howe spoke in a lec-

ture at Marblehead of the tarring and feathering of FLOYD IRESON as a praiseworthy action, she was hissed. On asking the reason, a man in the audience declared himself a descendant of The audience declared ministria descendant of FLOYD's, and that he did not desert or refuse assistance to the starving crew, although unjustly persecuted by the women of Marblehead; which statement is now generally recognized as the tankle

Hosted by GOOQ



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Fig. 1.—Embroidered Gypsy Table.—[See Fig. 2.] For design see last Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 35.

full size one-quarter of the design for the centre of the table, and Fig. 35, in Supplement to the last *Bazar*, one-quarter of the border. The embroidery is executed in the manner shown in Fig. 2, and must be done rather loosely, so that the stitches will not sink into the pile; it may be entirely in embroidery silk, or crewel wool for the deeper and silk for the lighter shades. The flowers are worked in button-hole stitch, and edged in stem stitch, and are in heliotrope and coral red alternately, three shades of each. The leaves and the arabesques,

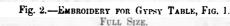
stitch bordered with stem stitch, are in bronze and olive green.

Work-Basket.

This willow-ware basket is varnished light brown, and lined with peacock blue satin. The lining is tufted with small buttons over small buttons over wadding interlining on the bottom of the basket, and is shirred at the upper and lower edges on the sides. The top of the basket is edged on the inside and out with a border in gimp crochet of peacock blue and old gold wool, the manner of working which is illustrated which is illustrated in Fig. 3 on page 564, Bazar No. 36, Vol. XIII. Strands of old gold and pea-cock blue wool ter-minating in a tasminating in a tas-sel at each end are wound about the handle, and two similar tassels are attached at each side of the basket.

Embroidered Plush Portière. Applied-Work.

This portière is of peacock blue plush, lined with silk, and ornamented with a ornamented with a border in applied-work along the inner sides and the bottom, and on the lambrequin at the top. The latter is edged with fringe of gold thread and silk of the colors used of the colors used in the embroidery. The urn on the lambrequin, the flame-bearing columns, the rams' heads, and the ribbons and fes-toons are in old gold silk serge, with bronze embroidery silk caught down with similar fine silk. The ornamentation on the urn, the flames, and the clusters of four buds in the festoons are embroidered in fea-ther stitch with orange red silk, and for the flowers in-closed by the buds red satin is applied, and edged with gold cord. The heads on which the columns rest are painted on cretonne, which is then applied on the plush. The griffins are in greenish velvet, edged with gold cord, and the eagles in gray velvet, the feathers on the former being defined with long stem



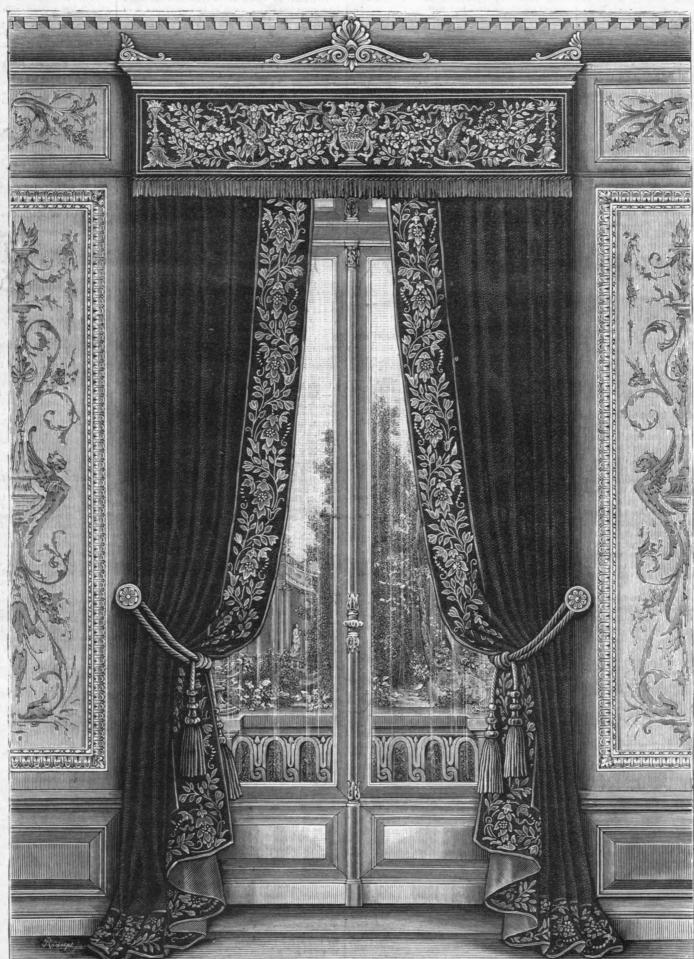
FUNERAL WREATHS.

Flowers form quite a feature at funerals. It is customary for relatives and intimate friends to send large wreaths and crosses of natural flowers.

Crude, staring immortelles are no longer used for this purpose, but in the middle of winter we have seen pretty wreaths made of dried white flowers and grasses. These wreaths can be ordered or bought at any good florist's, but very handsome ones can be made at home by nimble fingers at about half the cost. For a child or a girl all the flowers should be white, but in other cases violets and scarlet or crimson flowers may be used. In winter purple and white violets would make a handsome wreath, or white and scarlet camellias with their glossy dark leaves, with white azaleas and spiræa to lighten it.

The way to make wreath is this: First, procure at any florist's an iron hoop of the size desired. Two bundles of real green moss will also be wanted, a reel of thin wire, one of dark green cotton, and a large bundle of small stiff wires for the flowers and ferns. Ferns are always indispensable in the manufacture of a wreath or cross, and maiden-hair in particular, as this fern imparts great lightness and ele-gance to the whole. To two bundles of moss and a good stock of both kinds of fern you must now add at least six large stiff flowers, such as camellias, gardenias, roses, or lilies. About a dozen lighter kinds of flowers and six sprays of white spiræa will be enough. You can now begin your wreath.

Commence by wiring every flower and spray and fern with the short wires. Then open the bundles of moss, and wrap it round the hoop, securing it by wire, until it is quite a thick, substantial ring, from two and a half to three inches in bulk. Then fasten the half-doz-en substantial flowen substantial now-ers at intervals round the wreath, securing them with thin wire, fill up the whole with small common ferns put at the edge, outside and in, all round. Now fill up the in-tervals with lighter



EMBROIDERED PLUSH PORTIÈRE. - APPLIED - WORK.



LACE AND JET PELERINE.

flowers, and, last of all, fasten half a dozen sprays of maiden-hair fern and about the same number of sprays of white spiræa lightly among the flowers. These last should be made to stand as upright as possible, so as to give a graceful feathery look to the wreath, which adds greatly to its effectiveness.

A large cross can be home-manufactured in

A large cross can be home-manufactured in just the same way. You begin by nailing together two pieces of wood not more than a quarter of an inch thick. Round this frame-work you wrap moss in the same way as the wreath, the

only difference being that you require more large

only difference being that you require more large substantial flowers.

A very pretty cross was made entirely of white gardenias, white narcissus, white spiraea, and the ordinary and maiden-hair ferns. This was in spring-time. A fortnight later another wreath was made entirely of large ox-eyed daisies, a kind of round white lily, and forget-me-nots. A very effective wreath can be made of all scarlet flowers—camellias, geraniums, etc.—with very dark green foliage. The palest cream and tea roses may be mixed with white for functal wreaths;

but very bright flowers-orange, pink, blue, or but very bright flowers—orange, pink, blue, or yellow—would be in bad taste, unless one of these colors should happen to have been the dead person's favorite flower. It was a pretty idea of the Queen's to send a wreath of primroses to Lord Beaconsfield's grave. The "primrose by the river's brim" was his pet flower.

These floral wreaths and crosses must be sent the night before or the morning of a funeral. They can be kept fresh all night by putting them in a dark, cool place, and covering them entirely with wet cloths.

Lace and Jet Pelerine.

This pelerine consists of a gauze foundation, which is covered row upon row with gathered black Spanish lace. The neck is edged with a jet border and with jet leaves, which encircle a full lace ruche. Proceeding from the border at the neck, and falling over the rows of lace, are long and short jet sprays, that terminate in fringe at the lower edge. Manila Longchamps hat, trimmed with a long ostrich plume and a cluster of roses.

HOW TO PRESERVE SEA-WEEDS.

WASH the sea-weeds well in fresh-water to remove the sticky saltness which pervades them; then take a plate or shallow vessel, and having cut paper or card to the size required, place it under the specimen, and while under the water spread out the plant as naturally as may be, either with the fingers or a camel's hair brush. Raise the paper carefully into a slanting position to drain off the water. Have at hand a piece of board or very thick pasteboard, lay two or three sheets of blotting-paper on it, upon which place the specimen, putting smoothly over it a piece of cambric or linen; then more blotting-paper, an-other pasteboard, and so on alternately till all your specimens are arranged. Place on the up-permost board a weight. The blotting-paper and cambric will require to be removed and dried every day or two, as much moisture exudes. When quite dry, the specimens can be arranged in a book according to the taste of the collector, with the names, date of finding, and locality writ-ten clearly below.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI. A LITTLE DINNER.

London was very hot, very dusty, and much pervaded by the imposing fourgon and the humbler luggage-carrying cab.

The London season was over, the Goodwood week had come to a conclusion, the very latest of the garden parties had taken place, the yachting arrangements were all made, and it only remained for the paradise of the last three months to be declared by its peris with a passe-partout quite too dreadful for further endurance. The peris were rather the worse for their sojourn in paradise; the rides in the morning and the drives in the afternoon had not altogether counterbalanced the effect of late hours, overbreathed air, and constant excitement. Candid brothers would remark that a little freshening up would do the girls no harm, and critical friends would confirm that opinion, with a running commentary upon the surprising extent to which some of the peris

had gone off. Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore were at their house in Kaiser Crescent, both of them in good health, and very well satisfied with things in general.
The gout had released Mr. Townley Gore from its clutches, and he had been able to enjoy the latter half of the season after the desired fashion in which it was his habit to take his pleasures The prospect for the autumn was an agreeable It included a fortnight's yachting with a friend, and some capital shooting down at his brother-in-law's place in Hampshire; for though the shooting at Horndean was not much to boast of, Mr. Horndean had a liberal and accommodating neighbor, who, not caring for sport of any kind himself, and having no parties at Chesney Manor during the autumn, had made the Horndean guns free of his woods and his stubble fields in the time of the late proprietor of Horndean. Mr. Warrender had gone abroad just be-fore the late Mr. Horndean's death, and was not personally acquainted with Mrs. Townley Gore's brother, but he had done the proper thing, as Mr. Townley Gore expressed it, by giving the usual directions to his "people" at Chesney Manor, and his own absence would make little or, in-deed, no difference. Old Mr. Horndean had got on better with Mr. Warrender than with any of his neighbors, but he was not much in Mr. Town-ley Gore's line. Very gentleman-like, and all that—as, indeed, it would have been odd if he had not been, for the Warrenders of Chesney were of as old planting there as their own fa-mous oaks—but not country-gentleman-like;

great deal to say for himself, and liked to say it.

Nor was Mr. Warrender much in Mrs. Townley Gore's line either; for, although he was perfectly polite on the infrequent occasions of their meeting, he had never conveyed to her the very slightest indication that he admired, or, indeed, that he so much as perceived, her good looks; and what could be more repellent than such a deplorable defect of sympathy? So far was Mrs. Townley Gore from regretting the absence of the owner of Chesney Manor, that she actually enumerated it among the advantages of the situation, in giving a young friend, to whom she was in the habit of talking confidentially, a sketch of her plans and intentions for the remainder of the

bookish, "and that sort of thing," as Mr. Foker said of "It'ly," and with not much to say for him-self on subjects on which Mr. Townley Gore had a

Heat, dust, and noise were all carefully excluded from Mrs. Townley Gore's morning-room. The choicest flowers adorned it, and its two occupants presented an attractive picture. Mrs. Townley Gore was seated close to the open door of the small conservatory; her dress, of the lightest fabric and most elegant composition, might, by making believe very much, be supposed to represent slight mourning. She was looking re-markably well, and the last half of the season had not told on her at all. She "had had so much peace of mind," she said, "and that was such a great thing!"

Her companion was Miss Chevenix, and their interview was as familiar as it was animated, for Beatrix was lying at full length on a sofa, in her favorite attitude, with her hands clasped at the back of her head. Her attire was deep mourn ing, expressed by an expensive combination of rich silk, embroidered crape, and heavy jet fringes; and it became her well, adding the one subtle

touch of refinement to her radiant beauty that a very critical observers had sometimes permitted themselves to think it lacked. This perfectly tasteful toilette had several little features that only a woman would discern in detail, although men would be aware of the completeness of the effect of the whole.

And these had attracted Mrs. Townley Gore's attention. She had a special reason, in addition to her interest in the young lady, for observing Miss Chevenix on this their first meeting since the death of Beatrix's father. Mrs. Townley Gore was absolutely unacquainted with the facts of her friend's pecuniary position, and she was just the woman to catch at once the indications afforded by dress and the minor modes of personal expenditure. She knew that though it would not be possible to deceive her about the value—or at all events the price—of a gown and its accompaniments, other people were not so discerning, and the small things that make the difference be-tween the quite first-rate and the something between first-rate and second-rate might fairly be

expected to escape notice.

Miss Chevenix had not been two minutes in her presence before Mrs. Townley Gore had said to herself: "She is better dressed than ever. That treatment of jet is quite new."

The observation was just; she was only in error in her deduction from it. And her visitor knew what she had looked for, and what she was thinking of, as well as she knew it, while they were smiling at each other, and deploring the "age" that had elapsed since their last meeting.

Miss Chevenix was in charming spirits. She was much newer to London than Mrs. Townley Gore; she had returned only just as every one else was leaving town.

The conversation had lasted a good while, and the old familiarity was re-established by the time the friends had reached that point in their discussion of plans for the autumn which naturally led to the mention of Horndean and its neigh-

"Chesney Manor adjoins Horndean," Mrs. Townley Gore explained. "The former people were connected with the Warrenders, and there's only a sunk fence and a railing for half a mile or so between the park and the Horndean shrubberies. Chesney is twice the extent, and a far handsomer place, and I believe the pictures are very fine. I never saw them."

"It's rather a pity the man is a bore," said Beatrix. "What is he?—religious, or philosophical, or philanthropical?"

"I really don't know; I never took the trouble to find out. He doesn't hunt; he doesn't shoot; he doesn't know any one—I mean of our world; and he has the most absurd cut-and-dry notions about everything. I believe he thinks the nine-teenth century no such wonderful era of the world's history, and would have every woman cut her hair off, wear a 'front,' a cap, and a shawl from her wedding day out, and retire from the observation of mankind."

Beatrix laughed. She was genuinely diverted, for she perfectly understood what it was that put the spice into Mrs. Townley Gore's sketch of Mr.

Warrender.

"He is one of those objectionable people who have a 'standard,' and are always applying it. A bore of the first magnitude, in fact. However, we shall not have his company, and we shall have

"It will be quite charming. And it is so good

of you to think of me!"
"Of course I thought of you, Beatrix; and when your answer was delayed, I assure you we were quite miserable. Frederick is immensely elated about your coming. By-the-bye, why were

you so long about making up your mind?"

Miss Chevenix hesitated for a moment before she replied, and a look of vexation passed over her face; but she said presently, as carelessly as she could:

"I could not tell exactly what I should be able

to do, until I had heard from Mrs. Mabberley."
"My dear Beatrix, I do hope you have not put
yourself in for too much restraint and interference from Mrs. Mabberley. I can not quite make out your agreeing to live with her, for I don't think you ever liked her particularly; and if she is to interfere with your going where you please, you will find it a nuisance. Why did you agree to live with her?" added Mrs. Townley Gore, abruptly, and, as her hearer felt, intending to get

an answer to her question. What was I to do? Mrs. Mabberley and my father were old friends; she was the only person who offered me any help in that way. I have no relations, and I could not live alone, unless I provided myself with a sheep-dog of the most objectionable kind. And even then it would hardhave done. The duchess said so the other day, as she remarked I am not enough of an heiress to do that sort of thing. I really had not any choice. Mrs. Mabberley is very nice to me; she does not want to interfere in general; it was only that I had half promised to go to Scotland with her in September. I delayed until I had her answer, letting me off. On the whole, I shall be very comfortable, and then"—here Miss Chevenix assumed a look of prudence and a tone of calculation which were as re-assuring to Mrs. Townley Gore as the gown from Worth's itself— "there's the letting of my own house, you see; four hundred a year added to one's income is always worth having, and I get rid of the servants.'

"Ah yes, that explains it. And so your house let? Who are the people?"

"A Colonel Ramsden, his wife, and son. I know nothing of them, except that they are great travellers, friends of Mrs. Mabberley's, tremendously religious - she gave me many cautions not to air what she obligingly called my heathenism before them if I met them at her housethat they made no difficulties about all the odious arrangements. How I do hate transacting business! don't you?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Townley Gore, with a "I rather like it

"But then you're so clever, while I am as ignorant in such things as Harold Skimpole pretended to be. Mrs. Mabberley took most of it off my hands, and she got everything she wanted done."
"There's a quiet persistency about her. I

should think she could carry a point."

"She called on the Ramsdens the other day.

It was so funny, she told me. The colonel has got papa's room, and there's a big Bible on the table, and an illuminated text over the door. They have the servants in to family prayers, and go to church twice on Sunday. I wonder what foreign curiosities they've introduced into my room?
More texts, I dare say, and a revolving remem-

There was a bitterness in the ridicule with which Miss Chevenix spoke that made Mrs. Townley Gore uncomfortable. She really wished Beatrix would not talk in this way; it was so unnecessary; it was, indeed, such bad form. Mrs. Townley Gore houself went regulative charge. Townley Gore herself went regularly to church at Horndean: it looked well in the country; and Mr. Osborne, the rector, was a man of very good family. She did not even always stay away from church in town. It was very tiresome of Beatrix. She ought to know better; she ought to have learned wisdom from the Darnell affair. Some of these thoughts also Miss Chevenix read, and with one of her peculiar laughs, in which there was mockery and knowingness that spoiled their music, she said:

"I see you are reflecting sadly on my freethinking, or rather on its translation into free speech. I won't do it again. And now tell me about your brother. Is he well?"

"Quite well, and in town. He dines here to-

morrow, expressly to meet you."
"Any one else?"

"His friend Mr. Lisle. It will be very amusing to see the painter studying you. He is the oddest person, quite unconventional, but not in the least ill-bred. Mr. Townley Gore quotes some rusty saying about good manners and a good heart. Apropos of him, I must say he is the only person unlike other people whom I ever liked. You will astonish him, Beatrix; and he will show it quite simply, just as if you were a picture, or a flower, or a beautiful bit of textile fabric. And Frederick will fall in love with you at first sight."

"How do you know that?" There was some abruptness, but no confusion, in Miss Chevenix's tone.

"It is his way, my dear. The eternal passions, which have lasted six weeks or so, that Frederick has confided to me in the good old times before he took to wandering, and we quarrelled, more or less, would fill a good many story-books. The affair that nearly cost him Horndean, and led to the condition I told you of in Mr. Horndean's will, I knew nothing about, of course; but I believe it was the most serious as well as the least desirable of them all. He is a good deal altered in many ways: he used to be rather out-spoken than otherwise, but now, though we are perfectly good friends, he does not tell me any secrets. However, I know him well enough to be convinced there is no eternal passion on hand just now. Frederick is not the man to keep

there are no risks to be run; and he has been content enough at Horndean until lately.' "But an eternal passion may have set in

away from the object of it, if there were one, either for her sake or his own, especially now that

"No, it has not. I know the symptoms. I wish, Beatrix, in serious downright earnest, he would fall in love with you, for I am afraid he is gambling again."
"And I might divert him from that pastime

Something in the speaker's tone, and the swift flash of her eyes, might have warned Mrs. Town-ley Gore that she had gone a little too far in her open exhibition of the tranquil selfishness that characterized her by thus proposing Beatrix as a corrective to that particular one of her brother's vices to which she most objected, because it was the most constant and the most costly. But Mrs. Townley Gore did not see the look or notice the tone, for she was quite in earnest. A change had come over her mood of mind about her brother since that day when the spitefulness that was destructively near the surface of her nature had impelled her to sneer at Beatrix's defeat by Lady Darnell, and Beatrix had dimly seen her way to revenge. Frederick was independent, safe, and, she was glad to believe, inclined to be respectable. He could afford to please himself, and as it was not to be hoped that he would not marry, it would be pleasanter for her that he should marry her friend. Mr. Chevenix was out of the way, and this Mrs. Townley Gore regarded as another great thing. That he had been a dubious person she always felt, and Beatrix was well off, in excellent society, and very much liked by the "best" people. It really would do very well; but Mrs. Townley Gore had enough worldly wisdom to abstain from talking about it just because she thought of it so approvingly. She had in her a touch of the superstition that will prevent an old Alsacian peasant from alluding to his age, "lest Death should hear him and remem-ber." She had vague notions of belief in anything except fate, but that she held to be mostly malignant, vet sometimes capable of being cheat-

ed. So she merely smiled at Beautia, and con"Of course for six weeks. You are that sort
of woman, you know. But tell me about the duchess. She came up to town with you, did she

not?"
"Yes, or I came up with her-whichever you like. It was dull at Derwent, but dullness was the correct thing for both the duchess and myself. She is a good woman, ever so kind and friendly, and she would be charming if she did not fancy she can sing, and if she was not so fidgety about her children. With about a score of people to look after them, she is perpetually in the nursery or the school-room, and they are what are called 'fine' children. You know what I mean -big fat brats, always eating, running about, and hanging to their mother's gown. It was very nice of her to invite me to Derwent, and the very thing for me at the time; but it was dull. A young duke rising two years old isn't amusing, and the duchess wouldn't see a soul except the curate, out of consideration for me. I am afraid I was rather glad when Benson complained of illness, and the panic set in. I saw my way to leaving Derwent after I had put in only half my time, and I was right. Benson was packed off at ten minutes' notice, and a substitute found; but I saw at once that the dear duchess was uneasy. The children became suddenly invisible; even the governess vanished. I had been dressed by Benson 'after the feverish symptoms had declared themselves.' I was in a kind of quarantine. It would never do for me to fondle the darlings, and how could I resist it, you know? I cut the knot of the duchess's difficulty, and earned her gratitude by telling her plainly that I knew she was uneasy, thought her anxiety wise, and begged her to allow me to leave Derwent. She was delighted, made me promise impossible sojourns in the future, gave me a lovely ring, brought me up to town, left me at home, and then went off to consult some quack whom she worships as to the best means of disinfecting the house. I have had bulletins from her, with de-tails of the health of the girls and little Derwent, every day, and I have acknowledged them becomingly. I was so glad to get back to town! Need I say how glad when I found that you were still here!

"Poor dear silly woman! And what was re-

ally wrong?

"With Benson? I'm sure I don't know. Whatever it is, it is not likely to be cured, unless railway travelling be a specific for headache, sore throat, shivering, and hysterics, for with all these maladies was Benson afflicted; and when I inquired for her, on arriving at Bruton Street, Mrs. Mabberley informed me she had sent her home to her family. She never kept sick servants in the house, she said, and there was no time to lose. Benson's family reside, I believe, in Glasgow, so she had enough of it, I should think, by the time she got there."
"Rather cool, I must say, considering the wo-

man was your maid."
"Oh, I did not mind at all," said Beatrix, with composure; "she had been with Mrs. Mabberley for some time, and she did not suit me."

"Derwent is a very fine place, is it not?"
"Yes, very grand; but the house is gloomy, and it is crammed with magnificent things that the duchess doesn't care for. Indeed, I do not think she cares for anything except her nurser-ies; the stables, perhaps—she tries to like the horses because of the poor duke. It amused me to go over the great museum-like place, and rummage and rout, as the duchess called my proceedings. You remember her diamonds?"

"Of course. They are almost the finest I ever

saw. Those arrows for the hair, especially."
"I put them all on the other night; she decked me out in them, and very well they looked in my red hair. She admired me prodigiously, and said, in her funny, frank way, that it was a great mistake for ugly women to wear diamonds. 'They might pass unnoticed,' said she, 'but their diamonds don't. Now I was never good-looking enough for diamonds, only my husband could not be brought to see it.""
"That was not for want of kind attempts at

opening his eyes, if all one has heard be true.

This was another trait of the speaker's spite-fulness. She was not altogether pleased about Miss Chevenix's visit to the Duchess of Derwent, for it was she who had made Miss Chevenix known to that kind and simple lady, who had, however, never invited Mrs. Townley Gore to Castle Derwent. And once again her friend discerned the little weakness, and enjoyed it according to her wont.

When Miss Chevenix entered Mrs. Townley Gore's drawing-room the next evening, she found there the persons whom she had expected to see, and two or three others, and she produced all the effect which her hostess had anticipated. Her lavish and majestic beauty, her calm, dignified air, the matter-of-course manner of a woman to whom homage is as familiar and unfailing as daily bread, the perfect savoir-vivre of a woman of the best social world, her dress not exaggerated into sumptuousness, but deficient in no device of elegance, and which set off every beauty of her stately figure, and tried her perfect comlexion by cunning tests that reves ed its fault. All these were not invested, or comlessness. patible, with the charm of girlishness, but they lacked no other. Mr. Horndean and his friend, who both confessed to a lively curiosity, freely acknowledged to each other in the smoking-room that night that they had not expected Mrs. Townley Gore's pet young lady to be such an indisputable beauty, and to have so much to say, with a way of saving it that left everybody else nowhere. The dinner had been very pleasant; Mr. Townley Gore always showed to advantage on such occasions; the guest of the evening was fascination

And the hostess had the satisfaction of observing that her incredulity with respect to Frederick, which all her politeness had failed to hide, melted like snow under the sunbeams beneath the influence of his determination to please Beatrix. Mrs. Townley Gore was tolerably familiar with her brother's jeu on similar occasions, and she very sincerely admired him on this one. The troublesome, inconvenient, menacing, objectionable Frederick Lorton, who had formed a point noir on her horizon for so long, was happily replaced, completely obliterated, by the unexceptionable Mr. Horndean of Horndean.



He was ever so much better looking; slimness was becoming to him, and if his fine dark eyes were a little hollow, they had gained in expression. How well he talked! with that careful deference to Beatrix's opinion, that charming air of seriously holding what women said was worth hearing, when the talk was not all trivialities, and that rare tact of change of topic without abruptness.

And the artist? Was he studying the model Mrs. Townley Gore had so long promised him? He was, and closely; but if he had told her the complete result of that study, it would have surprised her not a little. He did not tell it to her or to Mr. Horndean, with whom he perfectly agreed as to the beauty and the brilliancy of Miss Chevenix; but it was this: he had never seen a woman whose beauty his artistic sense more thoroughly recognized, but who was so devoid of charm for him; and he had never heard a wo-man talk whose utterances, for all their fluency and wit and self-possession, had so grated on his ear, and jarred with his conscience, his taste, and his humor. Perhaps Frank Lisle had an ideal in his mind or an image in his memory of a pure fair girl, unconscious of the calm loveliness that as moonlight unto sunlight" in comparison with the splendid beauty of this red-haired wo man with the glittering colorless eyes, the lips that were a tinge too roseate, and the laugh that was not quite in tune. Perhaps the ideal in his mind, the image in his memory, was of a sweet and innocent intelligence, devoid of the knowledge that tipped the shafts of Beatrix's wit, and the boldness that sent them flying to their mark. However that may have been, Frank Lisle disliked Miss Chevenix almost as much as he admired her.

The two friends, whose apparent agreement had so wide an unsuspected divergence, were joined in the smoking-room by Mr. Townley Gore

who came in with some newspapers in his hand.
"It's rather odd," he said, "we should have been talking of the Duchess of Derwent's diamonds to-night. They've been stolen. Here are the latest editions of the evening papers with an account of the robbery. A clean sweep, and deucedly clever."

CHAPTER XXVII. EPISODICAL.

On the day after the little dinner Mrs. Townley Gore and her young friend were to meet again. They would naturally have a good deal to say to each other. Mrs. Townley Gore would want to discover what impression her brother—whom it was desirable to "steady" by a love affair of a creditable kind—had made upon Beatrix, and Beatrix would want to find out what impression she had made upon Mr. Horndean. Not that Beatrix was in any doubt upon the point. The looks, tone, and manner of her friend's brother had been sufficiently expressive of admiration. But she would be glad to have her own conviction confirmed, and also to ascertain whether Mrs. Townley Gore was in reality so well disposed as her extreme urbanity of the preceding evening had indicated her to be. As a matter of fact, she was, because she did not care a straw whether her brother merely amused himself with Miss Chevenix, with the result of gaining her affections, and bestowing what he called his own upon some newer object, within an undefined term of delay or whether the matter took a serious aspect. Of course Frederick might do a great deal better, but then he might do worse. On the whole, Mrs. Townley Gore was in a very good humor as she sat in her morning-room writing her letters, after she had settled her household affairs, and put her engagements en règle. There was a comfortable smooth-water sense about all her affairs just then

which made her feel benevolently disposed.

Presently her brother made her a pleasant little visit, and that was in itself a significant departure from his ordinary ways. They talked of Beatrix, her beauty, her singing, her lively conversation, and her social success.

Mr. Horndean was quite animated. The air of boredom and languor that hung about him in general, and was imputed to the lingering results of the fever, was exchanged for the manner that re-called Frederick in his "troublesome" but charming days. The indefinable restraint which, not-withstanding all his hospitality and attention as her host at Horndean, had marked his intercourse with her, and restricted their conversation in general to the most ordinary topics, with a careful avoidance of reference to the past, suddenly

"I am glad you think Miss Chevenix so hand-Townley G my ideal; but I have not found every one ready to agree with me.'

"In her style, she is the finest woman I ever saw. Of course Lisle put an Italian painter's name to the style. I forget which of the old fellows it was—some one who was great at red hair,

and what he calls the 'pearly' tints." Does Mr. Lisle admire her very much ?"

"Yes; but he is such a critical fellow. He never lets one forget that there are spots in the There is not one in Miss Chevenix's complexion, as I remarked to him. He acknowledges that is her strong point, but he will have it that her eyes are not far enough apart, and that they are shallow, that her mouth is hard, and that there is a want of soul about her."

Mrs. Townley Gore smiled. She was not displeased that her brother's friend was less captivated by Beatrix than her brother

"She certainly is not sentimental, if he means that," she remarked. "He must only tone down those defects in the portrait he is to paint at Horndean."

There's a great deal of aplomb about her all the manner of a woman of the world.'

Beatrix Chevenix would adorn any position. thought yesterday, when she told me how the duchess dressed her up in her diamonds, that she must have become them 'bravely'; and if they never turn up again, they will have made a good end. Nothing more of the diamonds, I suppose, in the papers this morning?"

"Nothing. It was what they call a put-up business, no doubt."

"Beatrix will be full of it when I see her today. I dare say she will have heard of the affair direct from the duchess."

At this point Mr. Townley Gore entered the room, and Mr. Horndean, having ascertained that his sister and Miss Chevenix would be in the Park at five o'clock, took his leave.

Mr. Townley Gore did not seem to be in very good spirits, and he did seem to have a little dif-

ficulty in entering on the matter in hand.

His wife saw that he had something special to say, and went to the point at once.

"Anything wrong?" "No, not exactly; but I have a letter from Mr. Simpson, which I thought you had better

see."
"What on earth has he to write to you about?

No new folly of Frederick's, I hope."
"No, nothing to do with Frederick. Mr. Simp son writes to inquire about Helen Rhodes.'

With an impatient exclamation and a black frown Mrs. Townley Gore took the letter from her husband's hand. It consisted of a few lines only, in which the writer stated that, having had his attention called to certain matters relating to the affairs of his client the Rev. Herbert Rhodes he was anxious to ascertain where Miss Rhodes was at present, and what was her actual position. Referring to the statement of his purpose with regard to Miss Rhodes made by Mr. Townley Gore on a former occasion, Mr. Simpson had re-

course to him to obtain those particulars.

"I do not see why you should have thought it necessary for me to see this letter," said Mrs. Townley Gore, as she threw it on the table. "The subject of Miss Rhodes is highly distasteful, and you could have replied to Mr. Simpson, if

you thought proper, without referring to me."
"Perhaps so; but I considered it wiser to consult you. It does not do to shirk distasteful subjects always, and I feel that this one has been shirked too long. I can not answer these questions without making myself formally acquainted with the facts, and I think an inquiry into them would come better from you than from me.'

"I do not know what you mean."

"I mean, Caroline, that I want you to write to the person with whom that poor girl is, and ask for her. Your inquiry may be as formal as you

It was very rarely that Mrs. Townley Gore gave way to her temper when her husband was in question; she was too wisely considerate of her own comfort; but this was one of those rare occasions. In an instant the elegant composure of her manner vanished, her features flushed with anger, and she answered in a raised and tremu

"I shall do nothing of the sort, and I wonder you venture to ask me. I wonder you name that person in my hearing. 'Poor girl,' indeed! You must have a great deal of pity to spare if you bestow any on so ungrateful and undeserving an object."

"I am sorry you take the matter in that way, Caroline," said Mr. Townley Gore, "for it is one in which there were faults on both sides. One of them was mine. I did not tell you of poor Helen's appeal to me against your treatment of her—treatment which drove her to the step she took; and I did not insist on your altering it, as I ought to have done."

Mrs. Townley Gore's astonishment was almost equal to her rage. The subject of Helen Rhodes had been dismissed by tacit consent after they received the false explanation of her flight, and neither had any reason to suppose that the other ever bestowed a thought upon it. That her hus-band should take this turn, that he should talk to her about "faults" and "insisting," was something new indeed, and it hardened her heart still more against Helen.

The violent effort by which she restrained her

self was aided by her sheer surprise.
"I neither know nor desire to know what you are talking about," said she, with recovered calm "and I beg the matter may never be mentioned to me again. I decline to discuss Miss Rhodes, her conduct, or her position."

"As you please. I shall write to her friend myself, and I hope there may be some motive for Mr. Simpson's question that means good to come from somewhere to her. Be so kind as to give me the address of Madame—"

"Morrison, milliner and dressmaker-the individual whom Miss Rhodes selected to replace you as her protector. I never pretended to be anything of the sort. That is her address, and nov

I beg that I may hear no more of the matter."
With ostentatious insolence Mrs. Townley Gore resumed the writing of her letters, and her husband, after one steady look at her, which might have conveyed a warning had she seen it, left the

"She is getting positively plain." Such was Mr. Townley Gore's first reflection. "I had not noticed before how much her infernal temper tells on her looks."

The mood in which Miss Chevenix found herself on the day after the little dinner at the Town lev Gores' was as cheerful as that of her friend. She was in the habit of studying her looks at some length of mornings, and on this particular morning her looking-glass gave her the pleasantest assurances. Her eyes were as bright as the dew; her skin was as fair as the lily; health and vitality in their beautiful perfection were displaythe manner of a woman of the world."

"Precisely what she is, my dear Frederick. ed in her face, her form, and her movements;
and she admired herself with a sort of abstract

and impartial sincerity as she leaned back in her chair, and rested her finely formed large arm, tired with the unaccustomed exercise of brushing the hair that hung over her shoulders, a glitter ing redly golden mantle. She was up early, as usual; and though it was a bore to be without a maid, she had declined the services of Mrs. Mabberley's attendant. Somehow Beatrix was always glad when she could decline any offer or traverse any arrangement made by Mrs. Mabberley. Either of those opportunities occurred but seldom. There was a quiet strength of will and an unutterable fixedness of purpose about the insignificant-looking, low-voiced mistress of the house which Beatrix called home, and to those two qualities Miss Chevenix, whose passions were stronger than her mind, almost always yielded. The restraint of which she was conscious had not yet become intolerable—perhaps because she had been a good deal away—but it had deepened her dislike of Mrs. Mabberley into aversion that would, had any stimulant been wanting, have supplied her with superhuman resolution to achieve her independence. The two ladies behaved to each other with perfect courtesy; not the most inquisitive domestic detective could have discovered a flaw in their relations. Mrs. Mabberley's household was a model of decorum, and Mrs. Mabberley herself was a happy example of the juste milieu, which is so much admired, except by the inspired writer of the Apocalypse. Family prayer was as fixed an institution as breakfast, and every individual in the house, except Beatrix, went to church at least once on Sundays. Mrs. Mabberley did not, however, belong to any of the subdivisions of the so-called religious world. The ritualist, with the aureole of unrighteous imprisonment on his pale brow; the perfervid professor of new lights, with an astonishing "reading" of the plainest-spoken texts of Holy Writ; the liberal and enlightened divine, who has expanded in one direction and whittled away in another, until old-fashioned people find the faith of the day as little to their liking as its morals or its manners—were never "lionized" by Mrs. Mabberley. She was "so well regulated," people said, and hers was "such a nice house for one's girls to go to," was observed by mothers who still retained the belief that discrimination in such matters was a duty. To one of these in such matters was a duty. To one of these mothers, who ventured to comment on the fact that Mrs. Mabberley's dear interesting young friend never went to church, and made no secret of her freethinking, she made an answer which

raised her a degree in the hearer's estimation.
"Dear Mrs. Roxley," said she, "we must never forget that poor Beatrix had not our advansweet girls enjoy. This thought should render us so indulgent. Do you not think so? And with time and steady good example, there is much to

hope."
This skillful avoiding of the charge of inconsistency would give the measure of Mrs. Mabber-ley's tact. Things had hitherto gone quite smoothly between her beautiful guest and herself; the only strain of the chain that connected them oc-curred when Mrs. Townley Gore's invitation clash-ed with certain previously formed plans of Mrs. Mabberley's. On that occasion she kept Miss Chevenix in suspense for a whole week, and at the end of it told her, without vouchsafing any explanation of the delay, that she might make her arrangements to go to Horndean in Septem-

This promised visit was engaging Miss Cheve nix's thoughts very pleasantly; she had found Mrs. Townley Gore's brother much more agreeable than she expected, and she had thoroughly enjoyed the consciousness that he was captivated by her. Altogether things looked very well, if only the odious interval were over. The prayer bell rang, unheard by Beatrix. She went on languidly brushing her hair; after a short interval her letters were brought to her room. A threecornered note was on the tray; it contained a line from Mrs. Mabberley.

"I have to go out on business this morning, and do not expect to get back until late. I have promised for you that you will come with me to dine at the Ramsdens'."

"How horribly provoking!" said Beatrix, half aloud, as she tore the paper with the cruel action of the fingers peculiar to her. This dinner engagement came most malapropos. She had been speculating on Mrs. Townley Gore's proposing some impromptu amusement for that evening. Mr. Horndean was in just the state of mind that leads to schemes of the kind, and she especially hated to have to pass an evening in the house that had been her own.

The next letter was from the Duchess of Derent, and it too disturbed Miss Chevenix's co posure very strongly.

"Have you the evil-eye, dear Beatrix," wrote the duchess, "and did you cast a 'sort' on the diamonds that became you so well? I am sure you are sorry for me. You will see by the papers how cleverly the robbery was done. The police are active, of course, but I never expect to see the diamonds again."

Beatrix rang her bell, and desired that yester day's newspapers should be brought to her. In the evening journals were detailed accounts of the great jewel robbery at Derwent Castle. It had taken place three days after the termination of her stay at the castle; was supposed to be the work of one person, as only one stranger had been observed about the place; and had been effected with extraordinary coolness, daring, and success, the lock of the duchess's jewel-case having been dexterously picked, and the diamonds abstracted, without apparent injury to the box. Access to the room had been gained by a workman's ladder, which was left standing against the wall beneath the open window. The only evidence concerning this was that of two of the duchess's children and their nursery governess; a man had passed them in the shrubbery carry-

ing a ladder; he was not one of the gardener's assistants, and the children had never seen him before.

Beatrix was horrified. She estimated the duchess's feeling rather by her own appreciation of the delights of possessing diamonds than by that of her friend, but to even the most careless of such things the loss was a very serious one. It was rarely that Beatrix sought the presence of Mrs. Mabberley when she had an excuse for avoiding it, and she never joined her at breakfast; but this morning she went down stairs so soon as she was dressed, with the newspapers and the duchess's letter in her hand, and found Mrs. Mabberley breakfasting sedately in solitude. She had not chanced to notice the account of the robbery-she rarely read the records of crimebut she displayed what, for her, was interest in Beatrix's story, and in her description of the beauty and value of the diamonds. She had never chanced to hear the Duchess of Derwent mentioned as the possessor of remarkable jewels. Mrs. Mabberley feared that the duchess was right, that she would never see the diamonds again. She herself had been robbed of jewels (of course quite insignificant in comparison with such a loss as the duchess's), and all the efforts of the police to trace them had failed. "Though it was not so cleverly done as this," added Mrs. Mabberley, "which is evidently a long-planned put-up thing, for that, I believe, is the phrase they use in their odious jargon when they mean that a robbery is done with the connivance of people in the house."
"Oh, do you think so?" objected Beatrix. "The

duchess's people are all so devoted to her."

Mrs. Mabberley smiled, and Beatrix saw that she, being busy, had had enough of the duchess and her diamonds.

Mrs. Townley Gore had a good deal to say about them when she and Beatrix met. She had got over her ill-humor by that time; she was very pleasant about Beatrix's conquests of the previous evening, and she remarked before the carriage turned into the Park that one of the advantages of the end of the season was that one could make a plan on an impulse, and had not all one's time laid out like a chess-board. She had promised Frederick that they would do something that evening, Richmond, perhaps, or Twicken-ham, and she laid an embargo on her friend accordingly. Then Beatrix had to explain, with genuine vexation, that she was not free to accept so charming an invitation, and she was puzzling Mrs. Townley Gore very much by her uncharac-teristic yielding to Mrs. Mabberley's behest, when they came in sight of Mr. Horndean and Mr. Lisle, who were on the watch for them. The victoria was drawn up under the trees, and the two gentlemen entered into animated talk with its occupants. Mr. Horndean, who stood with his back to the foot-path, protesting with all the earnest-ness that Beatrix could desire against her cruel

decision and the overthrow of his hopes.

Frank Lisle, talking to Mrs. Townley Gore on the other side of the carriage, paused and looked curiously after a man who passed on the footpath. The man was tall, strongly built, fashionably dressed, with nothing remarkable about him except that he wore his hair rather long. His

eyes and complexion were dark.

Mrs. Townley Gore, observing Mr. Lisle's gaze, glanced at its object, and asked him who was the person that had caught his attention.

"Not a person, but a resemblance," he answer-"I never saw one more striking. That man might have sat for my portrait of the organ-grinder whom I found asleep under the big tree on the green at Horndean; I had sketched him comfortably before he woke up and expressed himself in disobliging terms respecting my eyes and my impudence. It is quite extraordinary. They might be twins. I hope he will come this way again, and you will see it."

The object of Mr. Lisle's remarks did not come that way again, and the ladies drove on presently, leaving Mr. Horndean to all the discontent in which a contradiction of any kind was wont to plunge him.

When Madame Morrison received the civil letter in which Mr. Townley Gore requested her to inform him whether Miss Rhodes was with her, and made a polite, if cold, inquiry after Helen's health and general welfare, she was troubled. She had expected and desired some such inquiry; but now that it had come, she was perplexed by If the way to a reconciliation with the Townley Gores, and a restoration of Helen to their protection and her legitimate position in society, could be opened by this means, it would be the right thing; and yet Madame Morrison shrank from the idea. Helen was improving; her mind was less disturbed, her heart was more at ease; here would be the renewal of suffering for her. But her future? Madame Morrison, unaware that Mr. Townley Gore's inquiry was not due to the unaided promptings of his own conscience or his own feelings, very naturally expected that it would have some further result; and she therefore thought it right to inform Helen that the inquiry had been made, before she replied to it.

Helen received the communication with great emotion, and learned with downright terror that Madame Morrison expected it might have consequences. She protested so strongly that she never could face either Mr. or Mrs. Townley Gore again, with the burden of her secret to make everything so much more dreadful than before; she so earnestly entreated Madame Morrison to answer the questions as briefly as possible; she was made so ill by the incident-that Madame Morrison gave up the attempt to persuade her. She wrote to Mr. Townley Gore that Miss Rhodes was residing

with her, and was in good health. Mr. Townley Gore communicated the reply to Mr. Simpson almost as curtly, and there the matter ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





A DAY IN ARCADIA.

See illustration on double page.

THE reader who is conversant with current allusions to the traditions of classical and romantic literature will know what is the ideal country of pastoral virtue and happiness that is designated by the name of "Arcadia," which we need not try to identify with a district formerly so called in the geography of peninsular Greece. By just dipping into the fifth and last volume, recently published, of Mr. J. A. Symonds's learned work on the Italian Renaissance, we may see how the literary fancies of the sixteenth century were led, through a taste for the Eclogues of Virgil and the Idyls of Theocritus, to revive that charming vision of an innocent Golden Age, whose gold was the gold of buttercups and that of the centre of the daisy blossom, when people had nothing to do but to stroll about or sit in the rural meadows, keeping an eye on their flocks of sheep, piping sweet music with a simple reedy flute, and sing ing of their love for one another, until the declining afternoon sun bade them go in and milk the cows. Osi sic omnia! What a deal of strife and sin and misery would have been saved, during the last three or four centuries of modern Europe, if kings and queens, courtiers and nobles, and all the rest of the civilized world, had been sincerely content, as this once fashionable affectation pre-tended to be, with the harmless and wholesome pleasures of the pastoral life! Every cultivated mind must have received some indirect touches of this poetic sentiment, which abounds in some of our greatest imaginative authors, and which is frequently acknowledged by Shakspeare. We know, too, that the agreeable diversion of playing at shepherdesses and dairy-maids was practiced amid the conventionalities of the age of hooped petticoats and hair-powder, in the last century, at the court of Queen Anne and of the Georges, and by the French court mistresses and the un-fortunate Marie Antoinette at Versailles. Watteau's pretty pictures at that period have shown us precisely how they looked when engaged in such pleasant meadow parties; and if there are symptoms at the present day of an inclination to revive that kind of amusement, without the obsolete affectations which formerly attended its practice, we shall rejoice to see it come once again into vogue. A certain noble lady, residing at a beautiful park in the west of England, which was visited not long since by the Prince and Princess of Wales, lately gave an al fresco entertainment to a large company of school-children, when the business of milking a handsome cow, and making a "junket," or syllabub, of her milk, which is de licious with raspberries or strawberries freshly plucked, was performed by the fair hands of damsels of high degree. Five minutes in Arcadia, "if you make believe very hard," as Dick Swiveller's Marchioness says, can be realized in that

LIFE IN MEXICO.

The Rainy Season.—Amusements.—Inundated Streets.
—Perils of Travel.—Climate and Health of Mexico.
—An Ancient Canal.—Unclean Waterways.—Freshwater Pirates.—Impotence of the Government.—Dr. Le Plongeon's Discoveries.—An ancient Masonic Temple.

CITY OF MEXICO, August 5, 1981.

THERE are few localities more worthy of study than the magnificent valley of which this city is the central point. From the flat roof of any high building in Mexico the eyes rest upon a broad circle of level fertile country, whose surface is adorned with placid lakes, with clumps of trees, among whose foliage glisten the white walls and towers of *haciendas*, with broad fields of corn and grain, and pasture-lands upon which feed large herds of cattle and sheep. The entire horizon is girded by mountains whose volcanic summits tower thousands of feet above the sea-level. while at the southeast Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, the two snow-crowned monarchs of the valley, reveal portions of their glistening profiles through openings in the clouds which are constantly at this season of dampness gathered around

This is the rainy season, the winter, of this city, which, although it lies under a tropical sun, is, on account of its high altitude of 8000 feet, the happy possessor of a climate which all the year round is subject to but little change. The sun during the day is clear and warm, but never oppressive, and at night cool winds, blowing from the snowy slopes of Popocatepetl, render a light overcoat necessary if one goes out for an evening walk. But evening is not the time for a pro-menade in Mexico. A well-trained band plays several times every week in the Zócolo, the large square in front of the cathedral, and as the square well lighted, and planted with magnificent trees, and, especially at night, fragrant with the per-fume of hundreds of flowering shrubs, it would be a delightful place in which to pass an evening, if to other attractions were added that of a brilliant crowd. But except on the occasion of a Sunday morning concert, the belles of Mexico rarely grace the Zócolo with their presence. At night the band plays to a crowd mostly composed of Indians, who sit in groups on the benches, wrapped in their rebozos, or mantles, and listen in solemn silence to the latest waltz by Strauss, or gems from Italian opera. Other Indians move about among the crowd, selling ices and little sweet cakes, or carrying a small roulette board, by means of which they transfer to their own pockets the few pennies which their more honest companions have earned during the day. An evening in the Zócolo is not enlivening, and after the curiosity of the stranger in the Indians is exhausted, he finds it pleasanter to follow the customs of the country, and drive on the Paseo from half past five to seven, where on any pleasant evening may be seen carriages filled with the auties of Mexico, and horsemen in the most elaborate of ranchero costumes, return to the city

for a late dinner, and spend the remainder of the evening in some theatre, where, even if the performance is poor, there is sure to be good music and a brilliant audience

The rainy season in the valley of Mexico is not so troublesome as in some other sections of the country. The mornings are clear, warm, and sparkling. The afternoon usually brings a violent shower, accompanied by heavy thunder. If it rains in torrents for half an hour, the city is changed into a Venice; the streets become rivers from twelve to eighteen inches deep; walking is impossible, especially on the crossings, and bands of stalwart bare-legged Indians gather at the street corners, and ferry people over on their backs for a penny. As the drainage of the val-ley is very poor, the water subsides slowly, but by evening the streets become dry, except for pools here and there, and the sky is clear and starry. After midnight it often rains again, the clouds breaking at sunrise, and forming in grand masses around the summits of the mountains.

In the country outside of the valley the rains at this season are terrible, and travelling by stagecoach, which until the railroads are finished is the only means of reaching the interior, is a perilous journey, upon which only the most daring ven-The roads are canals of mud and water, and it is no uncommon thing for a stage to remain a whole night stuck fast-in a slough, the combined strength of twelve mules being insufficient to extricate it.

Notwithstanding the violent showers of the rainy season, the climate of the city of Mexico is magnificent and bracing during the entire year, and it should be noted for the good health of its inhabitants. But such is not the case. The newspapers complain daily of the immense mortality of the city, which, although free from the vomito, which rages at present in the tierras ca-lientes of the sea-coast, is oppressed by malarial fevers, which are especially prevalent among the lower classes who live on the outskirts of the city, near the ancient waterways and canals, which are in a state of deplorable neglect. Their sluggish waters are covered with a green vegetable substance, and a handkerchief saturated with cologne is necessary to the inquisitive stranger, who, impelled by curiosity to investigate the barriers of the city, is so audacious as to attempt a walk along their banks.

The ancient canal of La Viga is one of the most picturesque objects near the city. For a long distance along its banks stretches a broad drive, bordered by large trees, which in the time of the Viceroy was the scene of many a gay procession, while on the waters of the canal a flotilla of barges passed up and down, crowded with the fashion and wealth of the city. Once a year, in the spring-time, modern Mexico makes an effort to revive these festivities of long ago; the rude canoes are dressed with flowers, and the drive is crowded with carriages; but all the rest of the year a sad silence reigns in this beautiful suburb. Trains of little donkeys, laden with crates of chickens and hampers of country produce, tramp toward the city in the early morning over the ancient drive of the Viceroy, and Indian women pole their canoes, laden with fruit and vegetables, along the sluggish waters of the canal, the floating green substances being so dense in some places as to render their progress difficult. The glory of La Viga has departed. This canal runs from Mexico, passing many pretty villages as it threads the valley, to Lake Chalco, and were it cleaned and freed from the many obstructions which now encumber it, would be a valuable high-way for the passage of fresh produce from the fertile fields of Chalco to the city market.

Another trouble exists in Lake Chalco, more prejudicial to the interests of owners of small produce farms than the unclean waterway to the city, and that is a roving band of fresh-water pirates. Not a day passes that the morning papers do not contain sad accounts of their depredations. A poor old Indian woman, paddling her canoe-load of vegetables cityward, is robbed of all she possesses, and rows her empty canoe ashore, and dies of grief in her desolated kitchengarden. A donkey-driver is stopped on the bor-der of the lake, and the cargo of his entire train of donkeys stolen, he himself being severely wounded. At the same time it must be remembered that a very small force of armed men could easily disperse these fresh-water pirates, for they are not brave buccaneers, but only weak parties of Indians, armed with knives and sticks, and possessors of ancient and rotten canoes. Still they continue to exercise a reign of terror over the peaceful farming inhabitants of Chalco, and to bring about a scarcity of fruit and vegetables

in the city markets. These petty tragedies of the valley of Mexico are of little importance to the outside world, except as they serve as a very small key to open very large doors. For how is a government that pleads lack of funds as its excuse for allowing its poor farming population to be ruined, its canals to remain uncleaned, breeding pestilence with every wind that blows, and the roads leading from its capital to fall into an almost impassable state for want of a few cart-loads of dirt to fill up holes, to meet the extensive obligations it has contracted for railroad subsidies? A newspaper of Mexico, commenting upon the situation, says: "The Mexican government has made serious promises which it must fulfill at no remote period. Can it come out of this difficulty with honor? This is a question which occupies the attention of every citizen. We trust that our rulers will act prudently, and realize the fact that only the most skillful management can meet successfully the serious complications which are close upon

While Mexico is one of the richest countries on the earth in natural productions, it is poor in money, and must rely on foreign capital to work its mines and build its railroads. The railroads, once in working order, will develop and enrich

the regions through which they pass. Business will increase, and the importations of foreign goods will be doubled. A much larger revenue will accordingly flow into the hands of the government, which will go far toward enabling it to fulfill its many obligations. Such, at least, is the hope of the Mexican people.

The recent discoveries by Dr. Le Plongeon among the ruins of Uxmal, in Yucatan, are exciting much interest among the scientific scholars of Mexico; but the mystery which still envelops them, owing to the strange conduct of the owner of the ruins, prevents the full importance of these discoveries from being made public. In recent letters published in the *Eco del Comercio* of Merida, Dr. Le Plongeon says: "I lament more for Yucatan than for myself the singular opposition made by the owner of these ruins to the continuation of my scientific investigations, and the restrictions which prevent me from making public the important facts which the reading and interpretation of the inscriptions have revealed. Among my new discoveries in the ruins of Uxmal one of the objects most worthy of the attention of modern scholars is an ancient Masonic temple, where the priests and wise men assembled to work their mysteries. To the north is the chamber of the first degree, to the south that of the second, and in the centre that of the third or highest. I have discovered some mystical emblems which every Mason will recognize without difficulty—an apron with a hand, and a cabalistic stone, which those versed in the mysteries will easily understand. I have taken casts of these important sculptures, and shall deliver a lecture upon them in Merida, in order to prove that here in Uxmal we are closely united to the ancient mysteries of Egypt, Chaldea, and Assyria." In order to save these discoveries from destruction, Dr. Le Plongeon has guarded the entrances with dynamite, that they may remain unmolested until his quarrels with the owner are settled, and all the important facts made

The interest in the condition of President Garfield has been intense in this city, and the daily telegraphic reports have been anxiously awaited. The entire population has united in the most heart-felt rejoicings over the favorable news of the last few days.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

T is already felt that autumn is upon us Among the muslins and percales that are still displayed in the shops and at the modistes', are seen stuffs destined for toilettes of the demi-season, and even for the winter. For instance, there a wool stuff called Rhadames which seems likely to be popular; this is both soft and sub-stantial; it is twilled or armure on one side and plain on the other, something like light cloth or reps, and is an admirable substitute, for morning wear, for cashmere, of which people are beginning to grow tired. Nevertheless, the latter material will still be used for the long lined wrappings that are so convenient when the weather grows cool; these are also made of heavy wool, but the lining must always be of a bright and contrast-ing color, often of figured silk. We have seen elegant one of mastic wool, lightly wadded,

and lined with striped red and blue silk.

In dress materials Limousine continues to be popular for morning wear, being of a heavier quality than the imitations used for summer travelling costumes. It will be trimmed with velvet, which will prevail side by side with moiré both for trimmings and as an important part of the dress. Moiré will be the most fashionable, mixed with plain wool and silk stuffs, and even with gauze and muslin, according to the degree of elegance of the toilette. Then come the Pompadour brocades, damassés, small, multicolored Scotch plaids, and, in short, whatever harmonizes with the Louis XV., Louis XVI., and Directoire styles. Ombré will still be worn. There are in preparation for the autumn and winter satin Surahs with stripes about an inch wide, alternately satin and mat, and shaded, with the darkest tint in the centre, and graduated thence on either side; these are charming in dove-color. Steel trimmings will continue to be combined with gray dresses, which they suit admirably; chenille will dresses, which they suit admirably; chemile will also be much worn, especially in wide Spanish trellis fringe; and last, but not least, jet, which is always so becoming. We have seen a very elegant dress, designed for autumn evening réunions, which was entirely of black satin and jet in equal proportions. The high and entirely plain body was wholly covered with jet bugles, with the exception of the sleeves which were with the exception of the sleeves, which were quite plain, thus producing the effect of a coat of mail. Points in front and behind, those in front being slightly separated and adorned with a lace chou, from which depended a jet pendant. In front was a large tablier trimmed from the top to the bottom with rows of jet fringe, one overlapping the other, and entirely covering the stuff beneath. The sides of the skirt, which were plain over the hips and then gathered, overlapped the tablier, and edged it by a narrow shell of lace about two inches wide. All the rest of the skirt was of plain satin, as well as the train, which was attached by a thick fouillis of lace forming a pouf. This costume was extremely rich and effective.

Another toilette, prepared for the demi-season was of plain and ombré satin of shaded mahogany-color. The plain ombré skirt was very narrow and quite round, and was edged on the bottom by a very thick bias ruche, called papillon, of ombré satin. Corselet of plain satin, pointed in front, with basques cut away in the back. The upper part of the body, which was of ombré satin, was shirred and pleated, and tucked inside the corselet. The paniers, which were set on the bottom of the corselet by rows of fine shirring, were of plain satin, and met behind under a large

satin bow, the ends of which fell over the skirt. The effect was wholly original, and may serve as a type of the prevailing styles of the coming season, which may be summed up in this wise: Short and rather plain skirts, trimmed either with nar-row flounces or with a wide flounce and puffs, according as the fancy dictates; then over this skirt either paniers fastened to the corsage behind, or a polonaise or over-skirt, open in front, and more or less drawn back. As to corsages, they still vary from the corsage d la Vierge to the

Louis XV. corselet with long points.

As regards bonnets, there are a few escargots, with torsades of tulle, Algérienne, or bayadere Surah, always to match the trimmings or colors of the dress; then we shall also see Kroumirs, which will be worn very far back on the head, and be trimmed with flowers, and still more with buds, which, as we have said, are much in vogue. This shape is round, with a very small crown. It will be made in felt for the autumn and winter, for felt will take the place of straw, and will be much worn, especially in colors to match the dress. Felt adapts itself to all shapes, and makes a convenient morning bonnet. Indeed, it is to autumn and winter what straw is to spring and summer. At the last races of the season, and for hunting costumes, large gauze veils will be worn, tied over the bonnet, and drawn up on one side, which protect the wearer from the high

For little girls there are charming costumes which admirably suit the intermediate season. For instance, a skirt of very dark myrtle green velvet, kilt-pleated from top to bottom, in pleats two fingers wide; long pleated vest, with narrow-er pleats of écru foulard or woollen batiste, and large green cashmere jacket, cut away wide so as to show the vest, with a very broad sailor collar, deep pocket flaps, and wide cuffs of écru foulard or batiste, all trimmed with a pleating of the same material edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. Myrtle green stockings of the same shade as the dress. This costume is very becoming to girls from eight to fourteen years old. It can be made in any dark color, blue, Bordeaux, café, etc., but on condition of having écru vest and trimmings. Another toilette for a little girl was of white satinette, with a vest of dark blue satin, the skirt and vest being trimmed with English embroidery, and the wide blue satin sash passed through a band of shirring the width of the hand, which extended down the back. This sash, which was tied loosely on one side, was held by a silver clasp that matched with the buttons of

There is a fancy for high collars covered with guipure, and for gold and silver necklaces of curious or antique designs. To be fashionable, they must possess one or the other of these characteristics. There is also a caprice for little flowers, embroidered in the corners of handkerchiefs, with a motto written—that is, embroidered in script—beneath.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE PARSON'S NEW COAT.

THE village of Buzzville having gone safely through the canning and preserving season; having with praiseworthy zeal carried off the palm as regarded the "Annual County Fair," over and above the surrounding towns; having shone conspicuously in an elaborate "Harvest Festival" for their church—and yet surviving, now cast about for other worlds to conquer before settling down for the winter.

"Our minister needs a new coat," said Miss Mirandy Stebbins, rattling her knitting-needles in huge delight at first producing an idea; "he doos, most dretful bad, an' that's a fact. Hain't any of you noticed how shiny it's got?" She cast a reproachful glance on all of the circle—who, while they waged war on unbleached cotton and red flannel, also carried on admirably the war with tongues—and then proceeded: "An' I say it's a cryin' shame to see him git up into that pulpit another Sunday with that old coat on. Somethin' must be done. I'm awful glad I thought of it."

thought of it."

"You hain't thought of it any quicker'n anybody else," spoke up little Mrs. Bisbee, a stout,
buxom matron, with flaming cheeks; and her
black eyes flashed volumes. "'Tain't alwus talkin' folks gits the first idea. I've ben a-thinkin'
of that same thing for some time now," she added, with a venomous snap at the placid figure
behind the rattling needles. "An' I shall do
my best to git the parson one," she added, the
best rve-bread premium, which Miss Mirandy had best rye-bread premium, which Miss Mirandy had successfully carried off before her very eyes at

the County Fair, urging her on.
"I shall begin a subscription right straight off, this very minute," cried Miss Mirandy, with great determination, and starting from her chair, ignor-ing her rival completely. "How much will you ing her rival completely. "How much will you give, Mrs. Bassett?" she asked, going into the centre of the group to attack the "square's wife."

"An' I shall start one, with my own name first, before I ask other folks to give," exclaimed little Mrs. Bisbee, triumphantly, with an unpleasant laugh at Miss Mirandy, who was known to be "tight as the bark of a tree." "I'll give five dollars," she added, in a loud voice, determined to go without her new winter bonnet sooner than that her rival should carry the day.

"An' I'll join you with another five," spoke up the "Square's wife," looking past Miss Mirandy to the stout little figure with flaming cheeks. Now, then, Mrs. Bisbee, that's a good start, I'm

There was no show now for the spinster's side, since, for various reasons of her own, the "Square's wife" had gone over to her rival. So she stalked back to her rocking-chair grimly, took up her knitting-work, and watched, as best she might. the subscriptions grow enthusiastically under other hands than her own.

At last, as the laughter and excitement pro-



gressed on all sides, she was utterly unable to bear it another moment longer, and jumping up, she mumbled something about "must be home," and flounced out of the room.

"I'm glad she's gone," said the "Square's wife," as the door closed after the retreating form of the spinster; "I'm sick to death of havin' her always come to me for subscriptions; an' she never gives the first cent herself."

"She wouldn't see the need of the parson's coat, if she had to open that pocket-book of said a tall, square-built matron, who looked as if she had plenty of opinions of her own, and could express them when occasion required.

"Gracious!" ejaculated little Mrs. Bisbee, with who ever see that pocket-book a short laugh; ' anyway? I never did, an' I don't b'lieve any of you have either."

"A cent's as big as a cart-wheel to her," said the big square woman, who didn't love Miss Mirandy to death. "It all runs in the family. They wouldn't any of 'em open their mouths to breathe, if they didn't git somethin' at the same time they giv it out."

"Well, she won't put anythin' in her mouth this time," observed the "Square's wife," laughing, and settling back comfortably. "It's the first sewin' meetin', I guess, where she's gone home before tea."

"An' it means somethin' to go home before tea from Mrs. Deacon Higby's," exclaimed little Mrs. Bisbee, enthusiastically, with an energetic bob of her black curls over at the hostess. "So

she's lost her cake an' credit too."
"I don't know," said Mrs. Deacon Higby, deprecatingly, though she wriggled all over with delight at the implied praise to her suppers. "My doughnuts ain't so light as usual, an' the loaf-cake ain't riz quite as I'd like it. The deacon come home last night in a chill, an' I run in the midst of everythin to give him a camfire sweat. So I didn't hev as good luck as I set out to hev."

Notwithstanding these lamentable failures, the round, comfortable visage of Mrs. Deacon Higby presented a series of rippling smiles that threatened to eclipse every feature of her expressive face, while she smoothed her fat hands complacently together.

Oh, well, you can talk," said little Mrs. Bisbee, energetically, and beginning to count up her list of subscriptions to the parson's new coat, "but we all know, as well as the next one, what your cookin' is. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-one, no, twenty-two-Mrs. Spencer Higginson's makes twenty-two - twenty - five, twenty - eight, thirty, thirty-one—thirty-one an' a quarter. Oh dear! what a pity 'twarn't jest even thirty-two!"
"I'll make it up," said the "Square's wife,"

quickly, enjoying the distinction of being the only woman in the room to whom a dollar or two more or less didn't make a matter worth a moment's consideration. "Now, then, thirty-two dollars ought to git a first-rate article. Where'll we buy it? that's the question."

Hereupon ensued a lively discussion, the deacon's wife favoring employing the village tailor, and, as he was second cousin to her husband, family reasons might have something to do with her opinion. Some of the ladies falling in with the idea would soon have been carried, but for the warlike, determined attitude of the other party, who decidedly favored the coat being made

"'Twill be lots more stylish." said Mrs. Bassett, the "Square's wife," with an undeniable air that took immensely. "I sha'n't approve in the least its being done here. When we give anything, let's give a good one. How we should feel to see the parson up in the pulpit with anything but the best on!"

The view of the parson from his high perch dispensing spiritual things, with anything less than a town-made coat adorning his person, was a sight that even in imagination so filled the circle with disfavor that the whole roomful in a body went over immediately to the side of the "Square's wife." All but Mrs. Deacon Higby. She remained firm, while the round visage lengthened ominously, and the little eyes snapped.
"An' if you think 'Biah Williams would make

any but a good coat, you're much mistaken," cried, with indignation. "I must take back my subscription, then, for the deacon never'd hear to my givin' his second cousin on his mother's side sech an insult, ef the parson never saw a coat." And, all her feathers ruffled, she sat straight up, and glared at them all.

Now it never would do to offend Deacon Higby in all the world; everybody saw that at a glance: so, with many sidelong looks at each other, each lady began to cast about how she might graceiggle heck on to the other side w arousing the wrath of the "Square's wife."

"I s'pose we had orter employ our own church people," said little Mrs. Bisbee, thoughtfully, seeing no one else was willing to take it up. besides," she added, brightly, "p'r'aps, seein' it's for the parson, 'Biah Williams may do it considerable cheaper. So we'll save a good deal.

"I don't know whether he will or not," said the deacon's wife, sturdily. "I ain't in 'Biah's business, an' I ain't a-goin' to say what I don't know nothin' about. But I do say, if the job is taken away from him, an' he a church member in good an' regular standin', to give it out down in the city, why, the deacon 'll be so mad he won't git over it in one spell, I can tell you!"

"Yes, I do think," said little Mrs. Bisbee, reflectively, and giving a swift, comprehensive look at the "Square's wife" at the same time that she administered, under the big table where the work was being cut out, an admonitory pinch on that lady's toes, "that probably 'Biah Williams won't charge near so much. We don't know, you know, but probably he won't. An' then, besides, 'twould look rather queer to hev us go outside, you know, to git some one else to do the work. They'd think the 'First Church in Buzzville' had quarrelled, maybe;" and she finished up with a laugh.

"So they would, so they would," cried every lady present, delighted to find that some one else had done them the good service of whirling them over safely. "We wouldn't go out of Buzzville for anythin'; an' 'Biah Williams is jest the one to do it," they added, determined to do nothing

So oil having been poured upon the troubled waters of Mrs. Deacon Higby's spirit, she considered her husband's family honor to be thoroughly vindicated, and resuming her former jolly expression, she set about preparing to pass around the fragrant tea and the abundance of good cheer that accompanied it; and a committee of three—Mrs. Squire Bassett, Mrs. Bisbee, and, in compliment to her relationship to the aforesaid 'Biah Williams, Mrs. Deacon Higbywas unanimously appointed to confer with the tailor and order the coat.

Feeling quite sure at this point that duty had been done, and full reparation for any fancied insult to the deacon's family pride had been made, they one and all, in a highly exalted frame of mind, energetically set to work on the supper.

"I never see such eaters," said a muffled voice. The remark was addressed, in the depths of a big closet full of all sorts of family lumber and castoff articles, to another person, who, like the owner of the voice, was crammed in a most uncomfortable position up against the door that led into the "keepin'-room," where the sewing society was convened. "Whackety! if we should eat so much, I guess ma'd whip us. Just look at Miss Bassett stuff!

Thereupon the other figure bounced up with reat difficulty to get a good view from the keyhole. When he had gotten his eye fixed, he drew a long breath. "Whew! don't she, though! An' see Miss Henderson! her nose is a yard long. Look at her bite into that biscuit!"

"Let me see-let me see," exclaimed the boy on the floor, crowding up to push the other away from the key-hole. "That's my place. Get away, Tom, I say. I want to see."

'Tain't your place any more'n 'tis mine," retorted the other, in an awful whisper that but for the rattle of cups and saucers going on on the other side of the door must needs have been heard. "The closet b'longs to both of us; so of course the key-hole does.

"Well, I want to see once," said the first boy, waiving the point of exclusive rights; "so git away, or I'll holler;" and he gave a smart push to the figure enjoying a view of the society that caused it to take its eye quickly away from the key-hole, while he resented his wrongs.

"If you do, you won't git nothin' only a whack-in', an' I'll cut an' run," he declared, savagely, dumping down into the vacated place on the floor. "So do look if you want ter; then you've got to give the place back."

"She's beginnin' on another," cried the victor, as loudly as he dared. "Oh! my jum-zies! say, Tom—"
"What?" said Tom, gloomily, on the floor.

"There won't be a scrap left for us if they keep on eatin' like that. The riz cake's a-goin' just awful! Let's go out in the back yard and holler 'Fire,' an' start 'em home."

"Oh no, we mustn't," cried Tom, in alarm; "that will spoil the whole. "They can't eat "They can't eat edly. "An' then, much more," he added, decidedly. "An' then, after we've had our supper, we'll start an' tell all we know. Hain't we heard lots?" he asked, enthusiastically.

"Lots?" declared his brother; "I guess we have. Just twice as much as we did at last s'ciety; then 'twas all about Jinny Ann Rogers: that warn't no fun at all."

'Let's go to Cousin 'Biah's first," said Tom, eagerly, "an' mad him all up; an' then we'll cut 'cross lots to Miss M'randy's. Let's, Joe."
"All right," said Joe. "I don't care which

one we go to first. Oh dear! I wish they was through."

But before he could plaster his pale blue eve up to the key-hole again, the enterprising Thomas already had possession of that outlook; so he was forced to content himself with conjuring up new dark plans on the floor.

At last they had the supreme pleasure of seeing and hearing the biscuits, cake, and tea passed out into the kitchen; when, losing no time, they speedily took themselves out to the charms of a supper with no one by to restrain.

When they had finally eaten till not another crumb was possible, they each grasped his cap, and flew as fast as was possible on their pleasant

wouldn't 'a believed it." Mr. 'Bish Will iams brought his hand down hard on his knee,

then stared at his wife.
"I would," she said, spitefully. "They're a mean, hateful set. It's jest what I've alwus told you, 'Biah, only you would have your own way. Now I guess you'll go over to the Methodists."

"I'll go to the Methodists next Sunday, Sarah, if you want ter," said Mr. Williams, decidedly. "I'll jine a church where the folks ain't too big for their clothes."

"Ain't too big for your clothes, you mean," said his wife, with a bitter laugh. "To think "To think that stuck-up Miss Bassett, whose father used to peddle soap, dared turn up her nose at your tailorin' !"

"An' that Miss Bisbee, who don't know what a good coat is when she sees one," cried the tailor, in the greatest exasperation, "a-settin' herself up to tell me how much I was to charge! I guess I'll learn her how to mind her own business." And 'Biah got up and sticking his him And 'Biah got up, and sticking his big hands in his pockets, began to stalk up and down

the room in high dudgeon.
"'Biah?" Mrs. Williams stopped combing out her scanty locks, and letting them string down each side of her thin face, she eagerly faced her husband. "I'll tell you what to do."

"What?" asked her husband, stopping in sur- .

"You charge 'em jest twice as much as you would 'a done," said his wife, peering through the two wisps of light hair that hung dismally on either side of her enraged countenance, "an' git your pay out of 'em all: an' then you give it back

to the parson yourself, when the coat's done."
"Good for you!" cried her husband. "Hain't you got a head, though !"

And then he was so delighted at her cuteness. that he lifted the two wisps like pump handles, and kissed her.

Meantime, Miss Mirandy Stebbins, feeling herself overreached in her effort to be the prominent originator of the gift to the parson, and defrauded as to the supper she had counted so much upon, was doing up her corkscrew curls, in anything but a sweet frame of mind, preparatory to the sleep that wouldn't come at her bidding.

outrageous !" she hissed to herself, her false teeth being out, and carefully placed on the bureau. "I never was so insulted in my life. That little fat chunk of a Miss Bisbee too, to do it! An' Miss Higby to set by an' see 'em, an' never say a word! I'll be up to 'em, I will."

Thereupon she blew out the candle, and flounced her thin frame down into the middle of her feather-bed, trying to think of something bad enough to satisfy her thirst for revenge. Suddenly she sprang into a sitting posture.

"I'll git straight up now an' write it down, be-fore I forgit it," she cried, in great excitement. for I never 'll git it into my head so good

And clambering out of bed, she groped around in the dark to light her candle, when she proceeded to slip her feet into some flannel slippers, and herself into a monstrous bed-gown of a wonderful pattern.

"There, now, what was it? Let me see," she said, scratching her head with the end of a rusty pen-holder that she had with great difficulty found after much rummaging, in the bureau drawer.
"Oh yes, that was it. Yes; now, then."

The old pen scraped its way over the small mangy piece of paper that Miss Mirandy considered suitable for the occasion, until these words appeared:

"REVEREND MISTER BLODGETT, DEAR SIR." (On second thoughts, considering the "Dear Sir" too familiar, she had, with extreme pains, marked it over, while a blush flew over her spare countenance, and lighted up the dismal bed-gown.)

"REVEREND MISTER BLODGETT,-There bein' an efort started afoot to giv you a coat, I wish to state out of profound respeck to yourself and Mis. Blodgett an"—here Miss Mirandy, finding still quite a stock of respect left within her bosom, concluded to bestow it liberally, so she added with extra flourishes—"an your whole inclusive family, that I had the honor to propose the coat, an should a had the extreme pleasure of presentin it in a way suitable to the ocashun, if that insidious creature Mis. Seth Bisbee hadn't insulted me at the sewin society this evenin at Mis. Deacon Higby's. She started all those ladies to talk awful about me, behind my back, when I wasn't there; but Tom and Joe Higby are noble lads, an they've jest ben an told me all about it. So pardon my assumption in writin', an believe I would a give for the coat if I'd ben let to, an present my respecks to Mis. Blodgett an your eldest daughter Sarah Ann, an all the rest.

"Yours to command, MIRANDA STEBBINS."

Miss Mirandy couldn't help reading this over three or four times, she was so delighted with it. Then she blew out the light, and clambered into her feathers again.

"On second thoughts," she said, as she drew up the thick comfortable around her spare chin, "] won't send it now. I can afford to wait, an' when the coat's done, I'll jest git 'Biah Williams to stick it in one of the pockets. That 'll be 'most as good as helpin' give it;" and hugely tickled at the turn of affairs, she composed her mind and fell asleep.

On the first Sunday in December-a bright, beautiful day-the "First Church in Buzzville" was crowded to its utmost capacity. The presenta tion had taken place the evening before, and consisted in the coat being sent over at the hands of the tailor's boy, with a note containing the names of the fair donors.

All eyes and ears were therefore agog to see the parson in his new habiliments, and to hear how he returned thanks. As he went up the broad aisle, every neck was craned to catch a sight of the new coat and many no smiles were given to express the general satisfaction that was bubbling over in the audience.

After the first prayer, with a few preliminary the parson stood up and began to un-"hems," burden his mind of the deep debt of gratitude that seemed to weigh him down.

"Hem! It gives me great pleasure," he mumbled; then sought relief in his handkerchief, which being in the depths of his left-hand pock et, required a "strong pull and a long pull" to get it out. "Hem!"

Whiz-rustle-went some small white object out beneath the parson's hand up into the air; then it settled slowly, and made its way down, down, toward the floor, when it fluttered a mo ment, to land in the second pew from the front, directly in Deacon Higby's lap. The two boys leaned past their mother to see the sight, and almost laughed aloud. They didn't laugh again for many a day!

The deacon heard the concluding words of Parson Blodgett's acknowledgment, who, now that he had his handkerchief, was all right; then he slowly unfolded the paper in his hand, and examined its contents.

Which done, he turned and took a long, deliberate look at his two sons, who were placidly observing the erratic movements of a belated fly on the ceiling.

Miss Mirandy Stebbins's letter, though not in

the way she had intended, finally reached the minister's hand, and she had full revenge; so also was the soul of 'Biah Williams fully satistied.

But those "two noble lads," the deacon's sons, had the jolliest whipping ever known, and it wasn't safe to say "sewing society" to them for one good spell.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber.-Of course ladies are always helped first at table.

J. C. W.-We know of no special significance attach-

ing to the ornament you mention.

H. C. M. B.—The phrase nux post conation was used

figuratively, and simply signifies a dessert nut. S. A. C.—Get a jadnty sacque of drab cloth, with S. A. C.—Get a jadnty sacque of drab cloth, with plush collar and cuffs, for a young lady at school. It will cost \$12 to \$20 ready made. Use the new striped moire or else plush with her black cashmere dress.

Mrs. J. A. W.—A pattern of an Irish lace collar was published in *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. V. We do not reply by mail to such inquiries.

Subsorings.—Fine linen diaper in the smallest bird'seye patterns is used for napkins and doyleys to be em-

broidered in the new designs.

M. V. H.—You can buy a very elegant China crape shawl, with exquisite embroidery, for \$40 or \$50. We have no purchasing agency in connection with the

ECONOMY.—Black velvet skirts will be fashionable in the winter, though not so at present. Black satin merveilleux with flounces trimmed with a border of your brocade will be also very stylish.

ANXIOUS READER.—Get plush and satin stripes in darker green to freshen your dress. Do not alter the style, but border it with the stripes on aprons, flounce, and basque. Read hints about a black cashmere in answer given to "Twelve Years' Subscriber" in Bazar No. 38, Vol. XIV. There are newer shades than plum, such as acajou, condor brown, or porcelain blue. Why not get Cheviot or cloth, as you have cashmere and serge? You can have dresses of blue flannel. some dark and others light; also cream or brown flannel for your boy of one year, but it is more usual to put thick under-clothing on such small children and retain their white pique and muslin dresses. He should have a hat of soft beaver, with straight brim as wide as he can wear it. For his coat have dark plush in long sacque shape, with a collar almost as deep as

IRMA.—Have a black velvet dress, and trim it with fur for the street, or lace for the house. It is too soon to tell you how to have it made up for winter. A

black velvet dress is always fashionable.

A New Susscense.—Knitted zephyr shoes are first worn by babies, and afterward soft kid boots and thread stockings are substituted. The Mother Hubbard cloak of cashmere will be worn next fall by babies in short clothes.

A. N. E.—The coat would be suitable, but a Mother

Hubbard cloak would be more fashionable, and plush would be more appropriate than fur trimming. The bonnet should also be of plush, with lace. White muslin dresses are worn all winter over merino underwear and flannel petticoats by little children.

MOLLIE V .- White mull, dotted muslin, or else nuns' veiling short dresses trimmed with white lace should be used by the bridemaids. Also short veils of tulle, put on precisely like the bride's veil when thrown back from the face. Have a pleated skirt for your velvet, with upper drapery, simple basque, and embroidery, lace, or fur trimming.

MILLIE.—Black moiré, satin, or plush ribbon would

be handsome for your polonaise bows.

K. B. B.—"Anne" is pronounced as if spelled "Ann."
Miss J. D. G.—If water has taken out the color in spots, we can not tell you how to restore it; but if not, you may be able to freshen it by moistening it with

MKG.—Get white wool of sheer quality for a "pretty but inexpensive" dress for evening. Trim it with some white moiré and Spanish lace. A blue rough straw round hat or a small felt bonnet will be suitable for

Mrs. G. G.—Get very fine black camel's-hair or else cloth to make the over-dress for your velvet skirt, and trim with fur bands.

C. M. T.—Any of the large furnishing stores quoted in the New York Fashions of the Bazar has a department devoted to making children's clothing.

Elsir.—The dress at day weddings for the bride-

groom and groomsmen must not be evening dress with vallow-tail coats, no matter though you wear white satin; it must consist of a black frock-coat, black vest, and gray trousers. This is considered day dress until 6 P.M., when evening dress-coats may be donned.

D. C. D.—Get black watered slik for a skirt and yest

of your cashmere. Have the foundation skirt covered to the knees with a box-pleating of the watered silk. and allow three large box pleats to extend up to the waist on the left side. Then have a cashmere apron pointed toward the right, deeply shirred below the belt, and edged with the new black open-pattern embroidery on cashmere. Fasten the apron permanently on the lower skirt, and have cashmere drapery behind, very full, but not trimmed with embroidery. Have hmere basque with a vest, collar, cuffs, and a fan back of the watered silk, and edge the basque with embroidered trimming. Get pure white nuns' veiling
—not cream-color—or else crevette, the new shrimp pink, for an evening dress. For a street costume go myrtle green or bronze satin Surah. Read about millinery in late numbers of the Bazar, and get a plush hat the color of your green walking dress.

"No Toll."—A card case, a pair of silk socks knitted

by the giver, a cigarette case, a scarf pin, or a new book will be a suitable philopena gift to a gentleman. FATINITZA.—Comb your hair back, wear a long comb, and let the ends curl naturally.

REBEOOA.—Black or dark blue flannel. Cheviot, or else cashmere would be suitable for a teacher's dress, Make it with a short skirt that is full in box pleats behind, and has a deep apron in front, entirely without flounces if you like, but with two narrow pleatings on the gored front and side breadths if you prefer t Then have a box-pleated hunting jacket, with a Byron collar stitched on the edges, cuffs to match, wide belt, and jet buttons. You will find nuns' veiling is almost as thin as grenadine, and therefore not suitable for such a dress; you probably allude to French bunting, which wears well when it is all wool, and may be easily dusted.

DOMINIR.-Read reply just given "Rebecca." Add an elbow cape or a hood if you like it. The colored balaycuse pleating on the foot of dresses is passé.



FLOCK PATTERN.

W HY flock, we know not, but such is the name given it at the school. Being a continuous, all-over design, it can be used for buffet covers, handkerchief cases, albums, chair backs, or sofa cushions. It is worked either in silks or crewels, on linen, oatmeal-cloth, satin, serge, or velvet, and is a most useful design. The flowers are whitish-gray and the vine greenish-gray or olive green, varying with the background; sometimes the flowers are pale blue or pink.

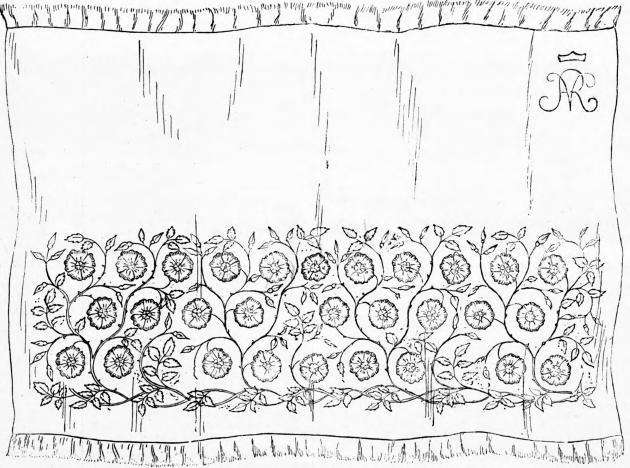
WILD ROSE DESIGN FOR SOFA BACK.

THIS sofa back is, of course, made of a length and depth to suit the sofa over which it is to be thrown. It is worked in silks on cream-colored satin sheeting in outlines. The leaves and buds are in a medium shade of green, outlined in stem stitch, and veined; the worker must be careful to observe the directions already given in the Bazar for giving full effect to the serrated edge of the leaves. The stems are outlined in brown. The flowers are in Persian pink, the outer edges of petals being deeply button-holed, but not too closely in the lightest shade; the lines on each petal are in a rather darker shade, while the innermost row of work is darker still, the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being of light and darking the stamens and pistils being the stamens and pistils being the stamens and pistiling the stamens and pistilis being the stamens are the stamens and pistilis being the stamens an

tils being of light and dark brown. The fringe edging the sofa back is made of two or three strands of silk knotted through the sheeting, and arranged as follows: cream, brown, cream, brown, cream, green, and continue thus ad libitum.

ORNAMENTAL ETCHING ON COT-TON AND LINEN FABRICS.

In this day when art-work, in the strictest sense of the word, is occupying the time and thought of those deeply interested in the im-



WILD ROSE DESIGN FOR SOFA BACK .- FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE - WORK.

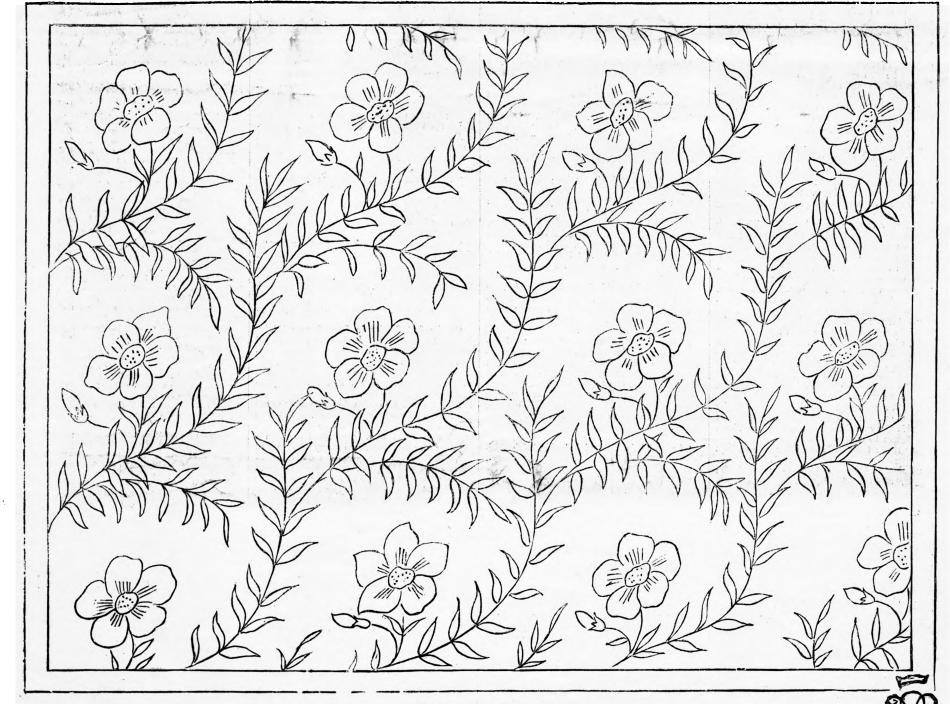
provement of our country-women, it is surprising that the pretty and useful art of etching on woven fabrics, such as linen and cotton goods, a branch of decorative art, should be so little known. It requires less time and expense than embroidery, and less real artistic skill than painting in water or distemper colors, and can be applied to a large number of articles. Table-linen, lambrequins, curtains, and covers, monograms, initials, or names on bed-linen, as well as countless small articles, such as towels, wash-stand guards or "splashers," tidies or antimacassars,

card-board knickknacks, fans, and many similar articles, may suggest themselves as eminently adapted for this artistic embellishment, while its application to panels, white-wood ornaments, and the smoothly polished surface of ivory and other similar material opens a comparatively new field to the house-decorators.

In this brief description of the method of pursuing this especially useful and ornamental variety of art-work, we will proceed to give plain and simple directions that will, we hope, enable even a tyro in sketching to make satisfactory embellishments with merely a pen and indelible ink.

We will first explain the method of decorating linen and cotton materials, and and cotton materials, and would advise as a commencement the simple "marking" of initials upon under-garments, or common table or bed linen, adding ornamental scrolls, etc., in advancing. The materials and implements for this work are neither many for this work are neither many nor expensive, consisting of the best indelible ink and a bottle of the prepared mucilage used for the purpose, pens, a hard drawing-pencil, and a well-polished flat-iron. Should the unpracticed artist feel somewhat uncertain, and find the hand tremulous at the commencement, we would suggest that a piece of muslin be prepared, and upon it various lines and figures be struck off, which will not only educate the fingers and perfect the touch, but serve as a guide to subsequent attempts of a more important character, showing where the artist is most apt to fail. The first figure may be made by pressing the point of the pen gently upon the linen, drawing it along with gradually increased pressure, then decreasing the pressure until it terminates in a long hair-like line; a number of these should be carefully made; then a second may consist of the one just made as a central figure, with one upon each side, the upper and heavy part turned each way (the one to the right, the other to the left), a third will

have a number of such marks on the left, placed close together, and a fourth the same, but on the right, while a fifth, consisting of these two united, will show the inducement for making the marks, as they form, when placed together, a solid black leaf with serrated edges. A sixth lesson is commenced by barely touching the pen point to the surface, and gradually but gently increasing the pressure for a little distance, tapering off in a long waved line; another below, but united with this at the lower hair line, using the same stroke, and uniting with the waved line, forms a long



FLOCK PATTERN.—FULL SIZE.
FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.



"REJECTED."-FROM A PAINTING BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R. A.

grass-leaf outline, which must be filled up in the centre with several single strokes, as broad lines and bold effects must be produced by repeated and successive delicate strokes rather than by one heavy one. Several such leaves, formed in various ways, will prove valuable effects, while another, consisting of waved lines with small leaves upon the sides, made with the point of the pen, adds a new variety, and is one much used in floral designs.

used in floral designs.

The pens used in this beautiful work are of two kinds, and of steel—Gillott's mapping pen, No. 291, necessary for fine lines and delicate tracery, and No. 170 of Harrison & Bradford, for ordinary work.

Flowers, leaves, scrolls, and similar designs require innumerable light strokes, described above, a gentle manipulation, and deft, light

handling of the pen—held quite upright—being necessary to success.

Let the shading be light and free, not close,

Let the shading be light and free, not close, compact, and heavy, trusting in a great measure to the powerful influence of the sun for intensifying the color, as long exposure to it will make the blackest of shading. If at any time in shading heavy parts the ink should flow too copiously from the pen, leaving a blot, at once apply pieces of the softest tissue or porous blotting-paper, and absorb it as quickly as possible. As in the subsequent exposure to the sun and air the shadows are perceptibly deepened, all shading must be intensified with careful strokes and a light hand, proceeding much the same as in India-ink sketches on Bristol-board. Never press the point of the pen into the fabric, but keep the ink upon the surface.

Those who feel doubtful of their ability to carry out the design with the pen may first sketch the outlines with a pencil, afterward following them with the pen and ink; or tracing-paper may be used, and the design transferred by means of a wooden or ivory stiletto; then, after the ink has dried, those lines showing beyond the ink must be carefully removed with a clean rubber. In making figure sketches commence with the least important parts, leaving the face until the last; then with the fine pen work out the features slowly and carefully, the most minute hair-line making a wonderful change in the expression.

The fabrics that contain stiffening require to be thoroughly washed in order to extract every particle of the starchy gloss used in the manufacture. This effected, the surface is prepared

by painting it with the mucilage, but as all gum preparations are apt to act as absorbents, it is a safe plan to apply a very warm but not scorching hot iron a few moments before commencing the work, and in case of large or tedious pieces this must be repeated from day to day.

In marking in the usual way with indelible

In marking in the usual way with indelible ink, a transient exposure to the sunlight will fix the ink; but this is not the case with art-work, which requires not less than eighteen hours, and we frequently allow three entire days, or even longer, to insure not only a permanent sketch, but that softness, depth, and richness which only succeeds long exposure to full sunlight; the longer the darker. For this reason, if the day is damp, rainy, or even dull, it might be better to defer the work; and in any case the finished piece must be carefully laid away in a dark

Hosted by GOOGLE

drawer or closef, and kept there until it can be exposed to the sun. This precaution is so necessary that non-conformity to it is a source of great disappointment and failure. For this reason it is always advisable to commence the work early in the day where small pieces are to be etched; thus the afternoon sun will set the ink, which requires six hours at least; it will then be in a condition to lay away until the sunning process

can be carried out during subsequent clear days.

One precaution we must give before closing, that is, not to neglect the oft-repeated shaking of the ink; or a better plan still is to use a widemouthed bottle for containing it, and furnish it with a little glass rod, or narrow strip cut from the edge of a pane; with this the ink may be far more readily stirred, and without danger of soiling or staining the fingers.

Certain fabrics, such as satin jeans, etc., are more easily worked across the threads than lengthwise of the goods; therefore the design might better be traced across the twill.

The very stiff table-linen, highly dressed cotton goods, or indeed any fabric containing much stiffening, should be washed in several clear waters, using only white Castile or other pure soap, and no soda, "fluid," or other preparation, as patent washing chemicals are foes to art-work.

Indelible inks vary so greatly in their preparation, and contain such different ingredients, that it will only be by trial that their adaptation to this work can be discovered; and the writer having never used any but that prepared and sold at the rooms of the New York Decorative Art Society, can not say whether the variety prepared with a gum solution for stiffening the fabric will answer for etching or not, but should imagine it would suit admirably, inasmuch as it is especially adapted to preparing the surface for ordinary marking. By following the suggestions here given, however, we believe that any of the inks that answer well for marking linen may be applied to etching. The outline illustrations in papers and magazines of figure groups, landscapes, floral arrangements, etc., are admirable for this work, and a large piece well executed is very effective.

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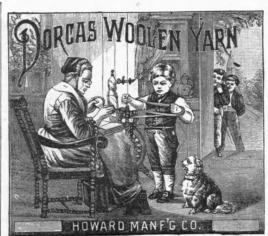
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ommend to all of the fair sex, the authoress gives not only general information in regard to the colors that may properly be worn by fair women and dark, but she carefully classifies the types of women, and gives receipts for a complete outfit of gowns for each type, not omitting the decorative effects of fancy stockings and shoes, handkerchiefs, jewels, and flowers.—Commercial Bulletin, Boston.

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As refiners of cane sugar, we are, in view of these facts, liable to be placed in a false position before the public, as the results of analysis of sugar bought indiscriminately, will seem to confirm the false and malicious statements of interested persons, who alleged it was the common practice of the leading refiners to mix glucose with their sugars. While not intimating that a mixture of glucose and cane sugar is injurious to health, we do maintain that it defrauds the innocent consumer of just so much sweetening power. In order, therefore, that the public can get sugar pure and in the condition it leaves our refineries, we now put it up in barrels and half barrels.

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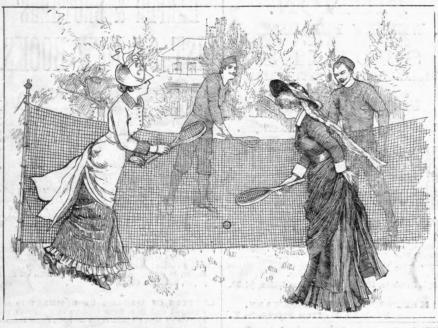
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In this deservedly popular game, when the Gentlemen are playing against the Ladies, is it fair that the Ladies should be hampered and held back by their Dress, while the Gentlemen are allowed to wear a costume the convenience of which gives them an UNDENIABLE ADVANTAGE?

BUT AS THE LADIES CAN NOT VERY WELL ADOPT THE EASIER COSTUME OF THE OTHER SEX, WOULD IT NOT BE SIMPLE JUSTICE TO COMPEL THE GENTLEMEN, WHEN PLAYING AGAINST THE LADIES, TO WEAR THE LADIES' INCONVENIENT STYLE OF DRESS?

FACETIÆ.

As idle fellow complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behindhand. He believed it would have been a hundred pounds in his pocket if he had not been born at all. Possibly it would have been many hundreds in somebody else's.

Theodore Hook once called upon an old lady, who pressed him so urgently to stay and dine with her that, as he had no engagement, he could not refuse. On sitting down, the servant uncovered a dish which contained two mutton-chops; and the hostess said, "Mr. Hook, you see your dinner."

"Thank you, ma'am," said he; "but where is yours?"

The editor of a local paper was asked by a stranger if it was possible that little town kept up four newspapers. And the reply was, "No; it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

The mearer a man is to being a fool, the more absolutely certain he is that he is nothing of the kind. Wise men know that they are foolish sometimes, but your genuine fool believes that he and folly are divided by eternal barriers.

A lady, in describing to an irreverent boy an occurrence in which his father figured, closed by remarking, "I am sorry to say that the thing ended by your father losing his temper."

"Did father lose his temper?" exclaimed the young scapegrace; "then I hope he'll never find it again, for it was the worst temper i ever heard of."

A Scotch school-master having repeatedly, and at last angrily, demanded of the pupils, "Who signed Magna Charta?" a little girl tremblingly replied, "Please, sir, it was na me."

A dentist presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint.
"It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill."
"Yes," replied the dentist, "Fve sent it round often enough to make it appear so; and I have called now to get it squared."

Barry Cornwall told that when he and Charles Lamb were once making up a dinner party together, Charles asked him not to invite a certain lugubrious friend of theirs. "Because," said Lamb, "he would cast a damper even over a funeral."

"Why is it," asked a lady, "that so many people lose their interest in church-going nowadays?"
"Because they have lost their principle," was the witty reply.

"There's my hand," he exclaimed, in a moment of courage and candor, "and my heart is in it."

She glanced at the empty palm extended toward her, and wickedly replied, "Just as I supposed—you have no heart."

Boss in his own House.—He waltzed out of the front door, followed by a wash-board and two bars of soap; and as he straightened himself and walked firmly down the street, he remarked: "A man must draw a line somewhere, or he can't be boss of the house; and I'll be hanged if I'll pump more than one tub of water for nowashing, and there ain't a woman cau make me do it unless she locks me in."



THE LATEST THING IN FANS-PECULIAR AND STARTLING EFFECT OF USING ONE.

Hicks and Thackeray, walking together, stopped opposite a doorway, over which was inscribed in gold letters these words: "Mutual Loan Office."—They both seemed equally puzzled.
"What on earth can that mean?" asked Hicks.
"I don't know," answered Thackeray, "unless it means that two men who have nothing agree to lend it to one another."

A Stethoscope—A spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

Note for Darwin.—In time a mulberry-tree becomes a silk gown, and the slik gown becomes a woman.

Not Likely.—A woman was offered five dollars if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?"

Redmond Barry said once to Corry, who was praising Crompton's performance of some particular character a night or two before, "Yes, he played the part pretty well; he hadn't time to study it."

A MAGAZINE "ARTICLE"-Gunpowder.

"An' that's the Pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver pectacles. "Gracious! what's the rest of his bedclothes like, I spectacles, wonder ?"

A very absent-minded individual being upset from a boat in the river, sank twice before he remembered that he could swim. He fortunately remembered it just before he sank the last and third time.

Practice does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied, "That is odd enough, for I have been practicing all night."

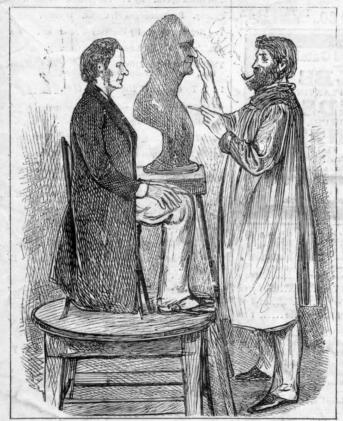
The growing custom of putting the choir at the pulpit end of the church has the very serious drawback that it prevents a man from turning round and looking up at the organ in a critical manner just before the contribution plate approaches his pew.

"I'm afraid you'll be late at the party," said an old lady to her stylish granddaughter, who replied,
"Oh, you dear grandma, don't you know that in our fashionable set nobody ever goes to a party till everybody gets there?"

Quote this at the breakfast table: If we can't count our chickens before they are hatched, we can eat them.

"Don't do that," said a father to his little son, who was about to open the door of the bird-cage.
"I'm not doing it, pa; I'm undoing it," innocently replied the little fellow.

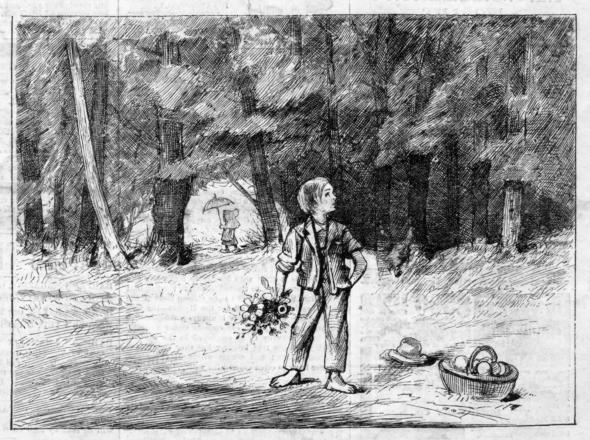
In the Vienna journals there are many advertisements in French. Unfamiliarity with the language sometimes makes them read very queerly. Here is one: "A governess, with diploma, would like to accompany a musical lady to the country and on the piano." Here is another: "Wanted—A French nurse who loves children of three, five, and eight years." And here is the queerest: "Wanted—A professor to come twice a week to the house of a noble family, in order to reform the pronunciation of a parrot."



QUALIFIED APPRECIATION.

Sculptor. "I delight in modelling your Face, Brown. There's such immense variety in it"—(Brown begins to smile pleasantly)—"one side of the Face is so utterly unlike the other, you know."

[Brown's smile extends to the wrong side of his mouth.



THE LOVER BASHFUL, AND THE MAIDEN SHY.

may serve New-Yorkers for this Terpsichorean

necessity.

There will be an effort made by some intellectual ladies to revive the old time "intellectual breakfasts," at which Mr. Bryant, Willis, Morris, Washinton Irving, Mr. Paulding, Dr. Francis, and other distinguished New-Yorkers were wont to meet at nine or ten o'clock for a talk. These have flourished in Philadelphia and Boston. It remains to be seen if they will obtain a foot-hold in New York—modern New York.

The clubs of ladies known as the "Review Club," the "Causeries de Lundi," the "Wish-Bone," and others, will continue to meet at each other's houses. So, with the undying sewing societies, the skating rinks, the riding classes at Dickel's, and the walking parties, society need not stagnate.

Amateur concerts and amateur performances of little operettas and cantatas will be very fash-One lady has offered her beautiful picionable. ture-gallery to a set of young cantatrices for the purpose of practicing, and she will later give some private concerts. These, with the growing love and knowledge of music possessed by our fair townswomen, can not fail to be very enjoyable

A club of amateur cooks has also been formed, in imitation of the Boston gastronomic experiment. Each young lady is to bring her chef-d'œuvre in the shape of a dish cooked by herself. If the end and aim of society is now matrimony, as one caustic reviewer asserts, what could be surer to bring about a happy match than the experience derived from the cooking club?

In-door tennis is to be also a favorite amusement this winter, as an empty hall is all that is needed, with the net and balls and rackets. This amusement ought to be as popular as roller skates.

At the races—the autumnal races—the habit of lunching from a hamper (the English fashion) is largely on the increase. Not alone those who are so happy as to go out in a coach, but the humbler and plainer inhabitants of a landau or victoria, are now apt to carry a basket along, and lunch on the greensward. Let us hope that there will be no wine-flushed faces, no heads of Medusa, no exhibitions of gluttony, amongst these feasters.

Among the art-industries we find clubs being formed for wood-carving, painting on china, lace and satin embroideries, which will, after the hours of work are over (and they are not very severe), indulge in a cup of chocolate and a biscuit, an hour's chat, and then a clearing house will be formed for the engagements of the future. These clubs were appropriately called "Decorative."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WRAPS.

NCREASED length is the rule for all outside I garments imported for the approaching season; this is seen in the simplest paletots as well as in luxurious great cloaks for midwinter, which are now fifty-two inches long, and envelop the wearer from head to foot; otherwise there is very little change in shapes, and if the materials are suitable, the cloaks of last winter can be worn again without being altered. The Directoire styles are repeated for coats, while jackets are in plain French shapes rather than the masculine and jaunty English styles so long in vogue. For cloaks the straight Japanese garments with square sleeves, or else with full bishop's sleeves, remain most in favor. Plush is the favorite material of the season, and will be used not merely for trimmings and for jackets, but for long cloaks as

PALETOTS, JACKETS, ETC.

Cloth paletots are more than two-thirds of the length of the dress skirt, and follow the outlines of the figure without being closely fitted. They are double-breasted, and have two side forms, one of which comes very far toward the front. Heavy warm cloths with diagonal twill, or else smooth surface and tufted wrong side, are used for these paletots, and the trimmings are almost invariably of plush. The plush collar is deep enough to be called a cape, and is cut off straight across the back, giving a square effect that is now considered stylish. A border measuring from six to ten inches in width is made of the plush, and put across the end of the paletot. Cuffs of plush are not deep enough to make the sleeve clumsy, and have the effect of being turned back from the inside. Large side pockets are seen on some garments, but the preference is for pockets set underneath the cloak, and showing merely a slit as an opening for the hand; this slit is cut bias and is bound with plush. Two rows of shell, or metal, or wooden buttons, are down the front. These paletots are shown in drab and seal brown cloths, also in dark green, wine-color, and navy blue; a great many bronze and olive tints are found among these jackets, and these are considered stylish for wearing with black dresses, and will also look well with most of the dark colors now used for costumes.

Shorter jackets fitted closely to the figure, and either single or double breasted are made of the English homespun and Scotch cloths that resemble those worn by gentlemen. These jackets are very jaunty, and are popular with young ladies. They may be cut away below the waist line, or else buttoned their entire length. A coat collar of plush is the only trimming, as the sleeves are simply bound, and the pockets are the merest slit on the hips and on the left breast. The single side form of the back is broad and short beginning in the armholes. The buttons are of colored metal or of vegetable ivory, and are chosen to match the cloth in color, but are not conspicuously large. The hunting jacket shapes are also retained for Cheviot garments, but with fewer pleats than those of last season. Two box pleats in front and one in the back are sufficient, and these are not cut in the cloth usually, but are sewed on close-fitted jackets. The cuffs, collar, and belt are sometimes of plush, but are in better style when made of the cloth. Green and white check hunting jackets are youthfullooking, and are worn with colored dresses as well as with black. Some tartan plaids of mixed blue and green are also seen in imported jackets, and there are blocks of écru and brown in other cloth garments.

Plush jackets are dressy garments for young ladies, and are liked in the seal brown shade that can scarcely be distinguished from the seal fur which they copy so closely. These are made up in the shapes just described, and are entirely without trimming. When lighter shades of tan, écru, or drab plush are used for the jacket, dark seal brown plush forms the collar, cuffs, and pocket welts. To make these garments more elaborate is sometimes an object, though it de-tracts from instead of adding to their beauty; for instance, a collarette or cape and cuffs of shaded beads may be used, and the great plush bow that ornaments mantles and cloaks may be also placed on the back of jackets; and sometimes there is a wide belt in front made of ombré satin ribbon laid in folds and tied in a bow on the left side.

LARGE MANTLES.

Large mantles are among the most comfortable and becoming of the new wraps. They are fitted by three seams behind, and have a sleeve-like side piece; the back extends low over the tournure. and the fronts hang straight to the knees. These are quite as clinging in appearance as those of last year, yet they are so fashioned that they do not pinion the arms to the sides; indeed, the wearer may adjust her bonnet, or cross her hands above her head if necessary, without pushing the wrap up above the shoulders in an uncomfortable The novelty for these wraps is to make them entirely of plush, either black or seal brown, and to line them with gay striped or ombré plush, or else with quilted satin. A great bow of plush or of satin placed on the tournure to give the stylishly bouffant effect is to be found on the newest mantles. The trimming about the neck is very full, consisting of pleated velvet, a shirred collar, a plain deep collar of feathers or of plush, or else some ornamental arrangement of passementerie and lace. Jet and colored beads in amber and bronze shades are used for trimmings, but there are a greater number of passementerie ornaments without beads. For receptions, for the carriage, and for evening wear, India cashmeres of the rich colors seen in shawls are used for these wraps, and are trimmed with plush, feather ruches, or with seal-skin fringe.

Black mantles of brocaded velvet, brocaded satin, satin serge, and striped satin, are made with bishop's sleeves, and may be shirred about the neck for slender ladies, though the plain shoulders are seen when the fabric has large fig-ures. The striped satin serge with plush stripes two inches wide is one of the most elegant materials for wraps, and there are other serges in which the stripe has threads of dead gold brocaded in satin. Plain satin serge is used for shirred mantles. This is a new fabric, with twills like those of heavy diagonal cloths, and with the lustre of satin. It has no warmth of its own, and therefore requires quilted satin linings, and glimpses of these gay colored linings are seen as facings of the frills about the neck, and on the bishop's sleeves.

For morning wear and for travelling mantles during the autumn are straight wraps in threequarter lengths, made of Scotch cloths in blocks, and in dark invisible plaids. These have a collar as deep as a cape, and there are large sleeves, and sometimes a pleating is low on the tournure to give greater fullness.

LONG CLOAKS.

Long cloaks conceal the entire costume beneath them; and though many are in the straight Japanese shape, like a great gown, others have bishop's sleeves either shirred or pleated in, and some fullness is massed at the back under a great tournure bow. Brocaded plush, satin, or velvet, with large figures or with stripes, is used for these rich garments, or else they are entirely of plain satin or plush. When made of plain satins, they are trimmed with a collar and border of plush, feathers, or fur, or with very elaborate passementerie and lace. A new French caprice is to put deep flounces of lace on these garments, sometimes the entire fronts or the middle back forms are covered with lace—not trimming lace in rows, but a single piece shaped to lie smoothly on the garment. When plush is the trimming, the cloak is single-breasted, and a broad plush band extends down each side, widening out into the border for the lower edge. The furrowed plush in lines across is very rich for trimming. When two materials are combined in these cloaks, moiré silk is sometimes seen with satin serge. The bishop's sleeves, the great bow of the tournure, and the pleatings about the neck are made of the French moiré silk. Block patterns of satin brocade are stylish for cloaks. The long cloaks of plush are as plain as if made of seal fur. Deep round collars of plush have long scarf-like revers attached to the front on plain satin serge cloaks. Feather trimmings are usually of black clipped ostrich feathers in wide flat bands, but others have a colored band through the middle, and there are many full ruches made of the tips of The latter are liked in light colsmall feathers. ors for trimming light camel's-hair cloaks, and shorter mantles for the carriage and for evening wraps. Cords of jet are placed in parallel rows on the shoulders of black satin cloaks. Chenille trimmings in ruches of loops and in flat oval pieces are much used, and there are more fringes of chenille than of all other materials; these are in the soft smooth chenille strands that are known as seal-skin fringe; sometimes each strand is finished with an acorn-shaped pendant.

Plush linings are more beautiful than ever on account of their ombré effects and stripes of contrasting colors. The red ombré plushes shading from rose to cardinal, and those of green from pistache to bronze, are seen in the handsomest wraps. For plainer garments there are black and gold stripes in the plush, or red with blue, green with red, or écru with brown. The pile of the plush is heavy enough to give sufficient warmth, and there is no interlining needed. Ladies who dress very warmly have objected to fur-lined cloaks as being too heavy and warm above winter costumes, and by these the plush linings are preferred as a happy medium.

VARIETIES

Silk mull in lieu of the mull muslin is seen in new fichus and kerchiefs for the neck. It is most liked in cream white, but may also be had in pure white. The trimming is d'Aurillac and uresque laces.

Net kerchiefs with new designs of vermicelli lace are pretty and becoming. There are many fichus imported of Languedoc net wrought on the edges, and therefore not requiring trimming lace for a finish.

Black and white silk Surahs are made up in shirred Mother Hubbard collars deep enough to cover the shoulders; these make a pretty finish for dress waists that are plainly trimmed. ish lace frills are the trimming. Blonde ladies wear these black collars without inner frills of

Ombré striped mull squares are the newest kerchiefs for general wear. These come in light drab, brown, pale gray, and olive green stripes, and are pretty with black or dark-colored dress-es. White dotted mull is used for more dressy kerchiefs and fichus, and is edged with the heavy Tunis lace.

Straight linen bands are the newest collars these are severe, stylish, and simple, and are not universally becoming, but are very pretty with simple dark dresses when fastened by a slender silver brooch, or else by a gold or jewelled col lar-button. Dark navy blue and the paler porce lain blue percale collars are made in the same way; both polka dots and stripes of white are on these colored collars. The cuffs to match are square, and fastened by linked sleeve-buttons.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and Ar-NOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE Princess "Bee" has a charming figure, slender waist, broad sloping shoulders, and a plump white throat. She looks like her bro-ther the Prince of Wales, and their ancestors the GEORGES.

—ELISHA JEWETT, of Freeman, Maine, who has voted for President eighteen times, saws his own wood and cuts his hay still, in spite of his nine-

A BURNS musical festival with eight hun-—A BURNS musical testival with eight nundred singers was held lately at Kilmarnock, Scotland, at which twenty-five thousand persons were present. Many of the songs on the programme were written by BURNS, and his statue was crowned with a holly wreath.

—When Mrs. GARFIELD the elder was left a widow with four children her neighbors once

widow with four children, her neighbors once offered to split rails for her fencing, but finding that she would not give them whiskey, according to the local custom, they abandoned the work, and she took the huge and heavy maul and split sixty rails herself. The mother tells in

the race.

—Lady Dufferin is getting up theatricals to furnish money for a new chapel at the British Embassy at Therapia. She is said to be a capital amateur actress.

-The house of ex-President HAYES, at Fre-

mont, Ohio, stands in the centre of a plot of thirty acres, and looks like an old manor.

—Miss Winslow, living ten miles from Boston, now in her ninety-second year, possesses the original certificate of membership, belonging to her father, General John Winslow, as one of the formers of the Society of the Cincinnati, dated May 5, 1783, and signed by George Washington, President, and H. Knox, Secre-

The first passport to Europe ever bestowed

en to Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia.

—Miss Pogson has been appointed meteorological reporter to the government of Madras, having discharged for several years the duties of

assistant government astronomer.

--Seventy-two winters and summers have passed over the head of TENNYSON, but the poet

passed over the nead of TENNISON, but the poet in him has eternal youth.

—It is said that the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, when arriving at the Bangor steamer wharf the other day, would have been mistaken, by those who did not receive the restate. The beautiful to the poet of who did not recognize the rector of Trinity, for a champion "strong man," as he inquired where the baggage-master was, seized his big trunk himself as if it had been a toy, and crossed the

wharf to the place of the required functionary.

The correspondence in a recent English breach-of-promise suit weighed seven pounds, although covering a period of but half a year. It included yards of poetry.

JOHANN STRAUSS celebrates presently the

officieth anniversary of his first waltz, which was written when he was at the age of six. He has written since then three hundred and ninety-eight waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles, and hus probably made more money than any other com-

The infant son of the Crown Princess of Brazil and the Comte d'Eu was christened Antonio, the Duc de Montpensier being his godfather, and the Princesse de Joinville, sister of

Dom Pedro, his godmother.

The monument to be erected at Domrémy in memory of Jeanne D'Arc, consisting of statues in bronze of St. MICHEL, St. CATHERINE, and St. MARGUERITE, surmounted by a marble statue of JEANNE herself, is to be designed and executed by the sculptor M. Allard.

—Catechising some school-children in a village

of Eifel—the country between the Mosel, the Rhine, and the Belgian frontier—the Archbish-op Melcha asked one little girl if confirmation

was necessary to salvation. "No," answered was necessary to salvation. "No," answered the child, smartly; "but when one can be confirmed, one should seize the opportunity." Highly pleased, he continued, and among other things asked, "Is marriage, as one of the sacraments, necessary to salvation?" "No," answered the clever pupil; "but when one can marry, one should seize the opportunity."

—Loco Perior who was an orderly segment

—JACOB PERICE, who was an orderly sergeant in the Revolutionary war, and who borrowed his brother's gun at the battle of Bunker Hill (it being lighter than his own), and fired it seventeen times, till it became too hot to hold, has a son, JOSIAH PEIRCE, living in Mexico, New York.

—A newspaper correspondent, while travelling toward Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, found a woman in a frontier hut, a few miles from the border, reading Middlemarch with in-

-The floors of Professor Henry Draper's house are ornamented with the skins of wild animals which he has shot in the West, he beanimals when he has shot in the west, he being, besides professor, business man, and surgeon, a capital shot. He is now bear-hunting in the Rocky Mountains.

—Dr. E. H. PLUMPTRE says that SHAKSPEARE knew something of vivisection, among other

things.

—Cooper's novel The Spy has been drama-tized under the title of Le Patriote, and pro-

duced at the Gaite, Paris.

-While recently lassooing wild horses with a —While recently associng who house the party on our prairies, the young Court Giza Andrassy left his companions behind him in the enthusiasm, and wandered for two days have the prairie without drink or food; but on about the prairie without drink or food; but on the third day he killed a hare with his last car-tridge, and the report of the gun directed to the spot his friends, who had been hunting fer him with a hundred and fifty Indians.

—M. HENRI ROCHEFORT is mentioned as pale

—M. HENRI KOCHEFORT IS mentioned as pare and pock-marked, with high cheek-bones, unquiet eyes, a quantity of grayish hair looking as though powdered, a slender black mustache, and a full face.

—The Duchesse de Richelien, who lately marked sit Harry or Recov is a Catholia while

—The Duchesse de Richellen, who lately murried Sir Hickman Bacon, is a Catholic, while her husband is a High-Churchman. She was born in New Orleans, and carries creole, Hebrew, and French blood in her veins. Her father was a Jew, who came to this country from France, and at the opening of the rebellion returned these with an enormous fortune. turned there with an enormous fortune

—When Linn Boyd, Speaker of the House of Representatives from 1851 to 1853, after a Con-gressional career of thirty years, first began the canvass of his district for Congress, he made very commonplace speeches to the people in the day-time, but played the violin so well at night for their dances that he literally fiddled himself into

Congress.

—The opera of the Russian composer Mi-

—The opera of the Russian composer MICHAEL GHINKA, Das Leben für den Zar, has been performed in Russia five hundred times.

—A pearl of perfect form and color, and weighing twenty-seven grains, was found in the Miami River the other day by John Everhart, of Waynesville, Ohio.

—At the unveiling of the Galveston monument to the nine men who fell at San Jacinto, a few weeks since, the oration was by Mr. Temple Houston, the youngest son of General Sam Houston, and a poem by Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis was read. Mrs. Davis is a slight pale woman, with large melancholy blue eyes and delicate features. She is happily married to a gentleman who is one of the editorial staff of the New Orleans Times.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales with their children are to sit for the picture to be given by

—The Prince and Princess of Wales with their children are to sit for the picture to be given by subscription to the hospital for children.
—In connection with Mr. GARFIELD's heroism under surgical operations one thinks of the Venetian senator Luisi Cornard, who, having broken the thigh-bone, bore the setting without flinching; the conqueror of Spain, too, under Queen Anne, Lord Peterborough, endured the most painful operation known to science when more than sixty, and a week afterward took a more than sixty, and a week afterward took a journey across Europe with post-horses; and NELSON, although wounded at the battle of the Nile by an iron splinter, which ripped the flesh of the upper part of his face from the bone, so that it hung over his eyes like a veil, yet directed the course of the battle during the fearful dress-ing of the wound.

and of the wound.

At the recent marriage of the daughter of
Lady Rose Lovell to Mr. Charles Francis,
the bride's travelling dress was a dark and light
blue, with corn-flowers in her straw bonnet, and
the bouquets of the seven bridemaids were of

weet-peas.

A cane which once belonged to King WILL-IAM of England—a malacca stick with two broad bands of gold, and a large ivory head with a gold plate on the top the size of an old-fashioned cent —is owned by Captain Cyrus Libby, of Portland, Maine, a present from the original owner before

Maine, a present from the original owner before he came to the throne.

—The Emperor Francis Joseph is the most popular man in his realm. His Tyroleans always speak of him as "Franzl."

—Victor Hugo's son-in-law M. Lockroy, and M. Floquet, who, when the late Czar visited the law courts of Paris, cried, "Vivela Pologne!" were recently mobbed at a Parisian entertainment but promptly resented from the rioter.

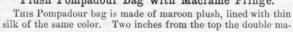
ment, but promptly rescued from the rioters.

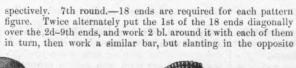
—King Kalakaua is not browner than a brown Spaniard, it is reported; his black hair is dressed with a slight curl in the European style, he clothes his elegant figure fashionably, and wears a rose in his button-hole. He thinks aloud when alone, and keeps a diary. Those who object to the fact that he took precedence in London of the future Emperor of Germany, make flings on the rose in his button-hole by reminiscences concerning the garlands which were the only raiment of his ancestresses, and the missionary roasts on which those ladies were wont to dine.

-None of the telegrams concerning his son's illness sent along the coast to General BUTLER reached him, and his first intimation of his loss was when, on coming to anchor in front of his sea-side house, he saw the flag at half-mast. It is said to have been an imposing scene at the funeral services, with the General struggling with his emotions, by his side his only remaining son, PAUL, who has a singularly fine and noble head and face, his daughter BLANCHE, who still retains her gracious beauty, and the lovely young woman to whom the lost son was be-trothed, while above them the mother looked down upon the beautiful face of her boy from the wonderful portrait painted by AMES some



Plush Pompadour Bag with Macramé Fringe.







I:- EMBROIDERED SATIN POMPADOUR BAG.—[See Fig. 2, Page 629.]

terial is run together twice to form a shirr, through which maroon ribbon is run. The macramé fringe with which the bag is trimmed is knotted with écru purse or netting silk. To make it, take a double foundation thread long enough to encircle the bag, and knot together the ends. Over this slip 162 knotting threads two yards and a quarter long, and folded through the middle, and work



Fig. 4.—PLAID CHEVIOT MANTLE. BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 1, First Page.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3134: PRICE 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 31 and 32.



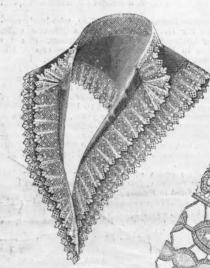
Fig. 6.—PLAID CLOTH CLOAK.

Fig. 5.—TRICOT CLOTH MANTLE.—BACK. [For Front, see Fig. 2, First Page.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 33-37.



PLUSH POMPADOUR BAG WITH MACRAMÉ

direction, with the 10th-17th ends, then with the middle 4 ends of the 18 work 1 dk. 8th round.—Work 2 dk. with each 3 ends, working around the middle end with the outer 2. 9th round.—Work as in the 7th. 10th round.—Work 3 dk. with the last 9 ends of one and the following 9 codes of the round. ing 9 ends of the next pattern figure, working around the middle 16 ends.



SURAH AND LACE COLLAR.

as follows: 1st round.— 1 dk. (double knot) with each 4 ends. 2d round.—Guide a double thread along over the ends from left to right, working 2 bl. (buttonhole loop) around
it with each end in turn.
3d round.—1 dk. with each
8 ends, working with the outer 4 around the inner 4. 4th round.—With the last

4 ends of one and the first 4 ends of the following dk. in the preceding round work a bar composed of 8 half dk., working around the inner 4 ends with the outer 4. 5th and 6th rounds.—Work as in the 3d and 2d re-

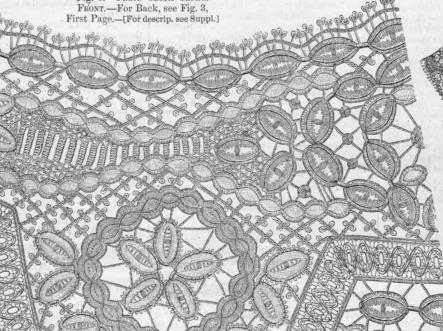


Fig. 1.—Honiton Lace Fichu. [See Fig. 2.]

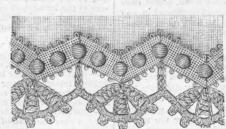
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 23.

11th-13th rounds.—Work as in the 7th-9th rounds. 14th round.—From this round 36 ends are required for a pattern figure, taking the last 9 ends of one, the 18 of the next, and the first 9 ends of the following pattern figure of the preceding rounds for each. With the 7th-12th and the 25th-30th ends of the 36 work 1 dk. each, working around the middle 4, then with the 4th-9th, 10th-15th, 22d-27th, and 28th-33d ends 1 dk.



COAT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Section of Honiton Lace Fichu, Fig. 1.—Full Size,



EDGING FOR LINGERIE.—RUSSIAN BRAID, CROCHET, AND WHITE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—Sofa Cushion.—[See Fig. 2, Page 629.] For design see Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 48 and 49.



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 38-47.

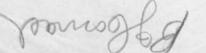


Fig. 2.-Monogram.



each, working around the middle 2 ends, then dividing the 36 ends into strands of 6, work into strands of 6, work

1 dk. with each, working around the middle
4 ends. 15th round.—
Dividing each time into
strands of 6, work 5 dk. with
the middle 30 ends of the 36,
working around the middle 2
ends, then below these 4 dk. with the middle 24 ends (around the middle 4 ends), below these 3 dk. with the middle 18 ends (around 2 ends), then 2



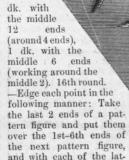






Fig. 2.—Detail of Sofa Cushion, Fig. 1, Page 628.



PLAID CHEVIOT MANTLE. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see
Suppl., No. H., Figs. 12-22.

9th ends over the 10th - 12th ends, and with these 3, the previous 2 foundation ends, and the following 3 ends, work 2 bl. each in turn around the 8th

around the 8th and 9th, and con-

tinue in this man-

Fig. 2.—Dress for Gree from 5 to 7 Years old. For description see Supplement.

weight of the fringe.





CRAVAT BOW. - SPANISH EMBROIDERY.



DIRECTOIRE ULSTER.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1-11.



on batiste or linen with fine embroidery cotton in satin stitch for broad lines and spaces, and overcast for fine lines and edges. Fig. 1 is partly filled in in knotted stitch, and Fig. 2 in back

Blotting-Book.

· See illustration on page 629.

THIS blotting-book is covered with old gold satin. The top is ornamented with couched or laid embroidery in silks of various colors. For the large figure in each corner double threads of Bordeaux red embroidery silk are laid closely side by side; transverse threads are stretched over them at regular intervals, and the latter are caught down with stitches in alternating rows. The smaller intervening figures are in heliotrope, pink, ivory, and blue. The dots, buds, and crescents are in satin stitch of olive silk, and all the design figures are edged in stem stitch with a

MAJOR WINGFIELD ON LAWN TENNIS COSTUMES.

"I HAVE been playing lawn tennis with a young lady" (writes Major Walter Wingfield, the inventor of that splendid game, to *The Theatre*), 'and I have vanquished her. She is younger and quicker than I am, and lawn tennis requires these qualifications, not great strength or vast endurance; so a woman can play as well as a man; this one did. How, then, did I win? Listen, and I will tell you a secret. I won the game simply because I was dressed for lawn tennis, and she was not. Now why should this be? When she goes out riding, she puts on a riding-habit. When she goes to bathe, she puts on a bathing dress. Why, therefore, when she plays lawn tennis, does she not put on a lawn tennis costume?

"Thus I muse; and then, as I lean back in my easy-chair, I think what sort of dress she might wear, and a vision of a fair form clad in a tunic of white flannel, with a roll collar, a kerchief of cherry silk tied round her throat, the loose ends showing from under the white collar, a skirt of eighteen inches long, a cherry-colored band round her waist, and a pair of continuations of white flannel (such as men wear, only looser), floats through my brain. It seems a sensible dress and a modest dress that would shock no one. Yet I know women are critical about each other's dress. What will they say to such a startling innovation as this? I am nervous even about making the suggestion, and hopeless about its ever being car-

"Be that as it may, still, if any club will start such a uniform, the lady members will reap the greatest comfort and benefit, and compete with all others on the most advantageous terms.

"After such a dress, I have hardly patience to

name others, but a Norfolk jacket with a kilt reaching half way down between the knee and the ankle, and with a Tam o' Shanter cap on the head, would not be bad; neither would a vivandière's dress, or a Turkish costume, with pyjamas, and a top skirt down to the knees, be unsuitable. A jersey is a comfortable garment, but I don't know how to finish it off below. Will Lady Harberton turn her attention to this matter? She will never have a better chance of introducing her divided skirt than as a lawn tennis dress.

'At this moment I am aroused from my reveries by the butler, who himself does me the honor to valet me, bringing in my bath and my dress clothes. I ask him to wait a moment, whilst I roll up all the clothes I have been playing in-a set of flannels, lawn tennis shoes, socks, cap, and my belt strapped round—and desire him to kindtake them down to the weighing-machine in the hall, and weigh them. In a few minutes he returned, with the weight written down on a piece of paper. I at once scribbled a note to my late

"'DEAR MISS C.,-I have beaten you most unfairly. The clothes I was playing in only weigh five pounds and a quarter. What do yours weigh? Will you kindly let your maid weigh them-everything you had on—and let me know?
"'Yours, W

"The butler begins to think I am not quite sane, but off he goes with the letter; and when I come down to dinner I am informed that it has been most conscientiously done, and that they weigh ten pounds and three-quarters. I saw the bundle; it was a big one, but of course I was not allowed to investigate its sacred contents. The dress was a tweed tailor's-made costume.

"It follows that my thirteen stone of flesh, bone, and muscle has only to carry five pounds and a quarter, while her nine stone is hampered with ten pounds and three-quarters.

"If to-morrow she were to play the best man in this house, dressed as I have suggested, and if he were handicapped by having a railway rug strapped round his waist, tied in at his knees, and pinned up coquettishly behind. I should be prepared to lay any wager that she would win."

A COLORED MEETING IN FLORIDA.

SOME time ago I paid a visit to St. Augustine, Florida. Do not fear that I am about to describe to you that quaintest, sweetest, most delightful of old towns, where the American foot feels as much off its "native heath" as if it were treading the soil of another continent. Those who have experienced its varied charms can never forget them; and to those who have not, many a readier pen than mine has descanted upon the weather-beaten monuments of the early Spanish settlers, the beautiful orange groves, Fort Marion, with its Indian prisoners and renowned "Old Ser geant," the wide snowy beach and old barber-pole light-house, until they are familiar to every reader. I am only going to relate a little incident of

my brief stay, which amused and interested me all the more that I had been hitherto decidedly skeptical of the truth of similar narratives. The party of which I was a member was largely composed of Northerners, who were naturally very much interested in everything essentially different from their own customs, and particularly in the manners and concerns of the large negro population. It having been incidentally remarked in our hearing one Sunday morning that there was a revival in progress at one of the colored churches on the outskirts of the town, our conversation was thereby directed to the well-worn subject of negro oratory; and as I was the only Southerner present, my opinion was invoked as quite authentic. But although I was at that time a fellow-citizen of the celebrated "Brother Jasper," whose "sun do move," to the edifying of many hearers of all complexions, and sometimes even to the ingathering of filthy lucre, I had no experience to quote from, and though my opinion was against the project, as likely to be productive only of weariness and disappointment, it was decided among us that we would go in a body that night and judge for ourselves of the

merits of negro oratory.

In the pitchy darkness that evening we sallied forth under the guidance of one of the hotel waiters. In what direction we went I know not only that after many stumbles over ruts, and plunges into unexpected holes, we espied the twinkle of half a dozen small lighted windows in the side of a barn-like edifice, which our leader proudly announced to us as our destination: "Zion," or "Ebenezer"—I have forgotten the name.

But what I shall never forget was our en-As, half blinded by the light, we slipped quietly in, intending to take the lowest seats. with a view to a possible untimely retreat, we heard the triumphant voice of the preacher welcome us in stentorian tones:

"Walk in, ladies and gen'lemen! We's always glad to see de white folks. We always gin 'em de bes' seats. Git up dar, you lazy niggers, off'n dat bench, an' gin it to de white ladies an gen'lemen!" And off of a bench considerably more than half way up the single aisle shuffled the occupants, and we, before we could remonstrate against this honor that was indeed "thrust upon us," were seated in a long quivering row, daring not to look in each other's faces, lest our overwhelming amusement should make itself forcibly visible.

Following our entrance came a pause in the ceremonies, during which the preacher beckoned to several substantial-looking individuals occupying seats close around the foot of the rude pulpit,

and took whispered council with them.

"Ah!" we all thought, "they are abashed by our superior presence. In spite of their hearty and too obtrusive welcome, we embarrass them. Poor souls, we should not have come to interfere with their devotions, which doubtless are as sincere and comforting to them as our own more æsthetic worship is to us."

The preacher arose. Was he trying to over-

come the modesty, the awe, with which our august

presence had inspired him?
"De c'lection," he said, "will now be taken

Down fell our self-esteem. This hoary-headed Christian was wise in his day and generation. Often before this had "white ladies an' gen'lemen" come to hear him hold forth, taken a back seat, and slipped away before the end of the sermon and the passing of the hat, and he was de termined that so large a prey should not escape out of his net.

We contributed liberally. We felt that we

were going to be amply rewarded.

During the progress of the hat we surveyed the congregation. It was of good size, the building being filled to its utmost capacity. The peo ple were mostly very black or dark brown, with the typical negro features, but one or two creole girls among them looked as if they belonged to another sphere. With slim, pretty figures, regular features, large dark eyes, pale yellow skins, and silky black hair brushed smoothly back from their low foreheads, they would have been noticeable anywhere, but particularly so from the inky darkness of their escorts and probable lovers who seemed to appreciate the laws of contrast,

The exercises of the evening now proceeded A hymn was sung, given out line by line, and a portion of Scripture read, followed by a prayer so long that I was painfully reminded of that worthy enthusiast so full of zeal and breath that he was only allowed to lead in prayer on condi-tion that one of the "sisters" should keep her eyes open, and fling a chip at him when she say that the patience of the assembly was waning and I sighed for that watchful sister. Then came the sermon, which I will endeavor to give as nearly in the words of the orator as possible, and I only wish I could present to you as accurately the speaker himself as he stood before us, tall, lank, gray-haired, spectacled, lantern-jawed, sawing the air with his long, bony, wide-open right hand, of which the horny thumb stood grimly erect, while the fingers seemed trying to get around the corner and grow on the opposite side of the palm. Our sable Demosthenes must either have been a faithful laborer with a hoe, or a good banjo-player, if there is anything in the science of palmistry. He gave out his text, which was the parable of the Prodigal Son, and with the air of having profoundly studied and thoroughly mastered his subject, made this unusual commencement: "Ladies an' gen'lemen!"—though, as it was probably out of compliment to us, the foreign element, I should feel a delicacy in commenting unfavorably upon it. Ladies an' gen'lemen: Dar was onst a good ole gen'leman dat lived quiet an' respectable, an' 'tended to his business, an' got rich, an' de name of dis good ole gen'leman, as we see by de headde chapter, was Prodigal. An' ole Mr.

Prodigal had two sons, an' he brought 'em up de

bes' he know'd how, an' tried to make 'em good like him. But one of 'em says to hisself, says he, 'I'm tired of this yer bein' good, an' eatin' corn pone an' fry bacon, and can't go fishin' on Sunday' (here the orator pointed with grim emphasis and long bony forefinger at an openmouthed youngster in front of him, who visibly cowered), 'can't go cou'tin' two gals at onst' (and now the unerring monitor indicated a spruce-looking mulatto in plaid trousers and green necktie, who up to this time had been ostentatiously stroking a napless stove-pipe hat, as if conscious of universal observation and admiration; now he shrunk up into a corner of the bench and hastily placed his treasure on the floor); 'bleeged to work an' work, an' nothin' to myself. I's jes' wore out, I is.'
"So he went to his father, an' he says to him,

says he, 'Daddy, gimme what you gwine to gimme,

an' lemme go.'
"Weil, de ole man he 'suaded an' 'suaded him, jes' like I'm gwine to 'suade you all to-night; but 'tain't never no use talkin' to young fools, so at las' po' ole Mr. Prodigal he gin up, he did, an' gin his boy his sheer o' all his savin's. An' would you b'lieve it? dat boy he never had de manners to say 'Thankee,' eben so much as, nor 'Goodby,' but jes' scooped up dat money, an' cooled his heels a-slopin'. My bredren, dat were a aw ful bad boy, sho 'nough. Bad as some o' you all is, I bet you dey ain't one o' you dat wouldn't say 'Thankee' for a fo' bits, an' I couldn't hardly b'lieve it 'bout dis po' sinful boy, 'cep'n' 'twas written in de Scripters.

"'An' he went into a far country,' an' dar he wa'n't contented wid workin' a plantation like ole Mr. Prodigal, but he took an' sot up a farrer bank, or a logger-beer s'loon, or some o' dem high-toned places.

Now oughtn't he to 'a know'd better'n dat? Co'se he busted. He, fotch up on a farm, an' tryin' to run dat kind of a business!

Larn de lesson, my bredren an' sistren, dat is taught in dis passage of Scripter: don't git above yourself. Ef you can drive a mule-cart, don't try to be fust rider in de succuss-drive dat mulecart 'long. Ef you kin pick cotton, don't think you's smart 'nough to tote de bales to market. Ef you kin ketch a little alligator by de tail, hold on to him, an' mebbe you kin sell him to some o' de white folks, but don't you go into de middle of de river arter de ole granny 'gator, 'caze mebbe you mightn't come out no mo'.

"Well, dis young man he had plenty of fr'en's, an' dey borrowed money from him an' never paid him back, an' dey run up long bills at his sto' an' dey never paid dem, but dey tole him how han'some he was, an' what a good fambly he come of
—for fur as dis country was, everybody know'd who de Prodigals was—an' he thought he was de biggest man in all dem parts, an' enjoyed hisself de most. But one mornin' he woke up and foun' he didn't have even a fip'ny-bit, an' de sheriff swooped down an' shot up his sto' an' his farrer bank, an' his bo'din'-house keeper turned him out, an' dar he was, as I said befo', busted. An' whar was his fr'en's dat thought he was so han'some an' nice? Well, I reckon dey was gone to a far country too, 'caze he nebber could fin' a one of em, sarch how he mought.

'Troubles comes to de rich an' de po'; You'll get your sheer, you may be sho'.' de Prodigals' son was a-gittin' his sheer An'

agin.
"'An' dar arose a fam' in de land.' My fr'en's, do you know what a fam' is? It's when vittles is so scase dat, fust, a day's rations is got to las' two days, den a week, den a mont', an' den dar ain't nothin' for nobody, an' you feel like you wish you could set down exackly opposite to de way you gen'ally does it. A fam' is a bad thing, my bredren. Lord save us from a fam'!

"Now when dis Prodigal boy had got pretty bad off, wid no money, an' de fam' besides, he went an' hired hisself out. Jes' think of one o' dat fambly hirin' hisself out! Wa'n't that a come-down for de aristocracy?

"My bredren, you's owned a marster, an' l's owned a marster, an' we knows how 'tis. Ef you own your marster, he takes keer of you, but a hired survant dat don't 'long to nobody in p'tick-lar, nothin' ain't too mean for him. An' dey gin de Prodigals' son de stock to 'ten', an' everybody knows dat's low-down work dat ain't fitten for nothin' but free niggers an' po' white trash. An' dar he sot wid de pigs, day an' night, an' de rain rained on him, an' de snow snowed on him, an' all he had to eat was de corn husses, arter de hogs had chawed de corn off. I never tried huss-

es myself, but I reckon dey's powerful po' eatin'. "Well, de hongrier he got, de mo' he thought mouf watered so he couldn't stan' it no longer, an' he says to hisself, says he, 'I's gwine back, I I's sorry I ever come here.

"Ef I hadn't 'a come here,
I never would 'a been here,
An' I never would 'a know'd what trouble was." I'll say to de ole man, "Lord knows I's sorry I done took dat money, 'caze, you see, I done los' it." I jes' wish ter mercy I had it back. Wouldn't I make dem fellers squeal fo' I gin 'em any! An' mebbe daddy 'll lemme work in his fiel' 'long wid his hired niggers, an' anvhow I won't have no mo' of dese here ole perishin' husses.' up, an' sot out for home; an' don't you know, my bredren, his marster kicked up a shindy when he come an' foun' his stock a-wanderin' roun' loose, an' nobody a-'tendin' to 'em? But de boy he went 'long, makin' up a good sort o' tale to tell his father, an' feelin' awful mean to be sneakin' back, all ragged an' dirty an' hongry, arter goin' off wid sieh a dash: an' de nearer he got to de house, de mo' he hung his head down, an' de

sheepier he felt.
"Now ole Mr. Prodigal was a-settin' in de front po'ch in de cool of de evenin', a-smokin' his pipe an' thinkin' 'bout de craps, when who should he see come creepin' 'long, slow an' poke-easy, but dat dar mizzable, good-for-nothin' boy o' his'n, lookin' like de skeercrow come up out de corn fiel'. An' de fust thing dat boy know'd, his daddy was a-huggin' an' a-kissin' him, an' took him in de house, an' gin him close an' some vittles, an' dat night he gin him a party. Fo' sho', my bredren, ole Mr. Prodigal was a good sof' ole man, 'caze ef any o' my chillen had a-wasted my good money dat way, an' den come a-pokin' back for me to s'port, nary a party would I 'a gin 'em, but a good ole-time lickin'. An' eben good ole Mr. Prodigal didn't give dat sap-head boy any mo' money learn he at least the state of the sap-head boy any mo' money, 'caze he tole de oldes' son when he 'plained of all de fuss bein' made over de young scamp, 'You's gwine to hab all de res' I got, so 'tain't no use jawin'.' So I reckon dat younges' boy he jes' knocked aroun' an' worked for his keep, an' never had a cent to hisself again as long as he lived.
"Every passage o' Scripter is meant to larn us

somethin my bredren, an' dis one is clar an' plain, an' is 'tended for young fools, for ole people is got mo' sense an' sperence. It is jes' like dem lines o' de ole song you's all 'quainted wid.

'You got your money in your han', Hol' it fas', an' dar 'twill stan'; Open your han' an' let it go, You'll nebber see dat money no mo'.'

"One mo' word, an' den I'll be done. How come 'bout dat dancin'? How come ole Mr. Prodigal, a member of de church, to hab dancin'

at his house? He wa'n't no sinner.
"Well, de only way I can splain it is like my ole missis use to splain things to me. When I was a boy I use to wait in de house, an' my ole mis. she says, says she, 'Dat dar Jim he's a smart boy, he is' (he! he!), 'an' I'll larn him to read and say his catechiz,' an' so she did every Sunday arter dinner. An' when I got so I could read right good, I use to read de Bible, 'caze I always was pious, I was, an' when I couldn't make anything out I used to go to ole mis., an' say, 'Ole mis., will you please, marm, splain dis yer passage to me?' an' sometimes ole mis. couldn't splain it, an' den she would say, 'Well, you see, Jim, de Bible was wrote long time ago, an' people talked diffunt in dem times from what dey does now, an' when it says dat, it don't mean dat.

"So now when it comes to dancin', I's like ole mis., I is, an' can't splain it nuther, but I jes' says like ole mis. did" (raising his voice), "when it says dancin', it don't mean dancin', so don't let me ketch none o' you young niggers crossin' yo' feet an' crackin' your heels roun' here, an' den sayin', 'It's in de Bible.'"

The tone of menace, the animated vibrations of the emphasizing forefinger, were sufficient to awe the most giddy-pated, agile-footed lamb of his flock, but before we could note the effect, with lowered voice and outspread digits the pastor was pouring forth a fervent blessing on his charge.

After this we were at a loss what was expected of us, but seeing no signs of departure, we determined to see the whole thing through. other hymn was sung with that perfect time which, as much as their wild and uncommon strains, renders the songs of these untutored vocalists so pleasing. Negroes everywhere, so far as I have observed, when completely untrained, introduce into their songs, besides the four ordinary parts, a fifth, which accompanies yet does not mingle with the others, harmonizes yet is still distinct; seeming above the rest, it is in reality not very high. I have often wished that some musical composer would take note of this, and perhaps benefit by Nature's suggestion.

But this is apart from our subject. Revenons d nos moutons, hoping that though they are a flock of very black ones indeed, the traditional characteristics of such cattle do not appertain to these, and that though we are soon to part company with them, we do not thereby take rank among the "goats."

The preacher got up, and with considerable excitement and not a little joy depicted on his coun-tenance, announced: "Ladies an' gen'lemen, an' perticalaly our white visitors, we thank you for the very lib'al contribution of \$7 73."

Truly the open reward promised to secret alms was in this instance speedy enough.

"An' now, my sistren an' bredren," continued the preacher, with solemnity, "Sister Sarah Jane Sims has lost in dis yer buildin' a bres'pin made outen a solid silber quarter. Whoeber's got dat bres'pin jes' better gin it back. Dis yer church 's got to keep clar of dem kind o' things. S'long as we gets lib'al contributions we don't want to steal nothin' from nobody."

The "sinners" were then exhorted to come up to the "anxious bench" to be prayed for; but no one regnanded further rection were suspended, and all the "members" arose in a body, and advanced to the front, as the time was now come for their share in the exercises. Around the pulpit a space was hurriedly cleared of benches, and in this was formed two lines in single file, one of men and the other of women, facing different ways. They began a weird chant, with a prolonged "o-o-o-oh!" and a simultaneous stamp of every right foot, while each man seized the right hand of the woman beside him, and shook it violently during the following dirge:

"Sister Marthy's gone to glory, Sister Marthy's gone to glory, Sister Marthy's gone to glory— Please de Lord we's a-gwine dar too."

The next stanza only differed from this in that it was the fate of a defunct brother that was declared; the two lines took a step forward, and each man clasped the hand of a new woman. The bodies of the singers swayed back and forth in all sorts of queer contortions, the "oh!" and the stamping grew louder, arms were flung aloft, even great leaps were made by some, the excitement seemed growing into frenzy, but still the two lines, unbroken, wound in and out in some mysterious fashion, and the cadence of the wail-



ing minor strain was perfect, now almost dying away, now swelling to the full strength of the

voices. When we had heard the departure of about a dozen sisters and brethren commemorated, our guide approached, and whispered to one of us: I think you had better go now, sir. They keeps it up a powerful long time, sir."

"Don't they sing anything more than that?"

we asked.

"Jes' that same thing over an' over again, till at last some of 'em drops down, or de day breaks, and den dey goes home.

So we plunged into the outer darkness, and stumbled on our hotelward path, feeling, if not exactly edified, certainly that a new view of an old subject had been presented to us, and that we should not soon forget how we spent our Sunday evening at St. Augustine.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOR," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII. ANOTHER LITTLE DINNER.

"I CAN not say I think you are looking your best this evening," said Mrs. Mabberley to Beatrix, as the two ladies were being conveyed in Mrs. Mabberley's soberly appointed brougham the short distance that divided her house from Miss Chevenix's former home in Chesterfield Street. It was their first time of meeting that day, and

Beatrix was out of humor. "I dare say not," she answered, with supreme indifference; "I am tired: it is a bore to have to dress myself, and I do not care how I look to-

"For people who are only my friends. I understand." Nothing could be sweeter than the Nothing could be sweeter than the manner of Mrs. Mabberley, or more complaisant than her smile. "But I don't know that you are right," she added. "When one's business in life is what yours is, it is well to use every opportuni-

ty, and wise to despise no means."
"I don't see that this is an opportunity, or that these people can put any means to my end in my You have never told me anything about them that could interest me."

Well, I suppose I have not. They are No? not in either your old or your new set, certainly; but still I hope you will be civil to them."

"I am hardly likely to go to people's houses

and be rude there."

"I do not know that by any means," said her candid friend, in a tone whose untroubled evenness grated on the ear of Beatrix. "You have such a very bad temper that it is impossible for you to have quite good manners, and I think it is not impossible your temper may get the better of your manners to-night. Keep it in order, my dear. I advise you.'

The carriage stopped at the door of Beatrix's old house; as she stepped out she glanced upward at the drawing-room window. The balconies were bare of flowers, and there were no birdcages there, as in her time.

Inside the house the aspect of things was also changed; the furniture was indeed the same, but the different character and mode of life of the occupants revealed themselves in the primness of its arrangement, and by certain changes which the quick eve of Beatrix noted instantly. The big flower-pots of old Gien stood in a row, empty, under the hall table, and that massive piece of furniture was no longer strewn with cards and notes. A London Directory, an ugly wire construction for "Post" and "Delivery," a practicallooking slate, and a square basket containing neat bundles of tracts, with a card, legibly inscribed, "Please take a packet for distribution," replaced the mundane litter of Beatrix's time.

"New blinds," said Miss Chevenix to herself as she followed Mrs. Mabberley up the stairs, "and what hideous ones!"

Her introduction to Colonel and Mrs. Ramsden over, she had leisure to look about her, and to wonder at the altered aspect that the rooms, in which every article was the same as it had been. now presented. She was not at all sentimental, and the change did not pain her, nor did she, as persons with more feeling than logic are inclined to do, resent any alteration in a place which might ave dear rem

Beatrix merely wondered that anything so ugly as the green and yellow table-covers which Mrs. Ramsden had added to the plenishing could have been designed by human invention; whether the colonel and his shrewd-looking wife held flowers to be sinful, and accordingly banished them; and what sort of people made up the Ramsden monde. Very respectable, no doubt-judging from the samples that presented themselves in rapid succession, until a party of twelve was assembledand profoundly uninteresting. The last person to enter the room was a young man, who was immediately presented to Beatrix as Mr. James Ramsden.

The son was an improvement on the father in point both of appearance and manners, for Colonel Ramsden struck Beatrix as being the very stiffest and old-fogiest individual she had ever met with; something in his air that she, with her quick perception of social manners, explained by the supposition that he had risen from the ranks. He was pompous, but he was not easy, and he occasionally used expressions and terms of phrase which, without being actually incorrect, were not

Mr. Ramsden was well-looking, in a picturesque style. The sort of man who would go as a bullfighter or a Spanish gypsy to a masquerade, thought Beatrix. And she found him amusing,

though he did not know any one whom she knew, and was not well versed in London topics.

Mrs. Ramsden was a dark, reserved, cold little oman of fifty, with watchful eyes and the hands of a house-maid. Her dress was expensive and ill chosen.

The dinner was a good one, and it lasted long, to the satisfaction of Beatrix, who looked forward with dread to the ordeal of the drawingroom hour with five uninteresting women. She wondered whether they would cross-examine her on religion, and talk of their favorite preachers.

It was so odd for her to be there at a solemn dinner, with a solemn set of people, all eating and drinking with the most serious good-will, in the same room that had been the scene of the charming little dinners for which Mr. Chevenix was famous. Dinners in the style of that at the Townley Gore's the day before - gay, unconstrained, refined; the best people among the guests, and never a trace or suggestion of the unmannerly existence of black care.

What a perfect host Mr. Chevenix was in those days! The duns in the hall of a morning did not intrude themselves upon his remembrance in the evening; and provided the best of everything made its appearance upon his table, it gave him no manner of concern when it should be paid for, or whether it was ever to be paid for at all.

Beatrix thought of these things while Mr. Ramsden was talking to her about the Italian opera and Spanish dancing, and also of the end of them. How right he had been; how much he had enjoyed life; how completely he had cheated the enemy, ennui; and how precisely at the right time he had finished up with it all. It could never be the same thing for a woman, unfortunately: the social system and her own dependence, her own nerves, place her at so great and unfair a disadvantage; it must always be essential to a woman to feel secure.

An agreeable consciousness accompanied these thoughts. Security, which should be combined with other pleasant conditions of existence, was within the reach of Beatrix. As she looked around her with disdain, carefully hidden under her most gracious smile, at the young man by her side, under whose bold glance her color did not rise nor did her eyelids droop, and from the illuminated text above the sideboard to the solemn second-rate company who were supposed to be eating and drinking "to the glory of God," she thought with satisfaction that unless she had misinterpreted the words and looks of Mr. Horndean more completely than she had ever before misinterpreted words and looks, the hateful tie that bound her to Mrs. Mabberley might be broken almost as soon as she pleased.

It was at the moment of the move that she was most full of this consoling thought, and Mr. Ramsden had just picked up her fan and handed it to her, when she observed a quick questioning glance directed by Mrs. Mabberley to Colonel Ramsden, and answered by him with an almost imperceptible nod. There was something strange in this, and Beatrix, for all her self-concentration, was so constantly constrained to think about the woman with whom she lived on terms of intimate dislike that it turned her thoughts into another channel.

The look on the one side, the gesture on the other, implied a peculiar intimacy, and Beatrix wondered whether it was at all of the same nature as that which had subsisted between her father and Mrs. Mabberley. If it were, for some reason or other the parties invested their friendship with much reserve. That dread ordeal of the drawing-room was brief, and Beatrix employed the interval in tracing the once familiar articles of furniture and ornament to their perverted places and uses. She would have liked to go up stairs and look into her own old room, but Mrs. Ramsden was not a person to whom she would propose anything of that kind. She did stroll into the conservatory, but found it bare of flowers, lighted with one dim lamp, and invaded by rubbish. Some photographer's apparatus and a box huddled up in green baize occupied the neat shelf that had been devoted to Beatrix's favorite ferns. As she came out of the conservatory the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, and she was immediately joined by Mr. Ramsden.

I fear you must think us sad Goths. My mother does not care for flowers. You love them?

Passionately; I could not live without flowers," "You will enjoy the gardens at Horndean. Mrs. Mabberley has been saying that you are go-

ing there."
"Do you know Horndean?" she asked, quickly. and well kept."

Beatrix felt vaguely curious. When had Mr. Ramsden seen Horndean? Mrs. Townley Gore knew nothing of the Ramsdens. Did Mr. Horn-She would have asked a question on the point, but at that moment a general movement was perceptible. What did it mean? Prayers, perhaps, thought Beatrix; the servants were moving tables and arranging lights. "The colonel will treat us to an exposition and an outpouring. Too bad of Mrs. Mabberley to put me in for that sort of thing." Her fears were unfounded, but she could hardly believe her eyes when the meaning of the movement was made clear, and the whole party, with the exception of Mr. Ramsden and herself, sat down to play cards in very seri-

"You look amazed, Miss Chevenix," said Mr. Ramsden; "you did not expect to see 'the devil's picture-books' in this house?"

A touch of familiarity in his tone annoved Beatrix, and she answered, haughtily, "I formed no expectations whatsoever about

this house, Mr. Ramsden." And yet you might easily have supposed us

to be too pious for card-playing." 'Neither did I trouble myself about the piety of its inmates."

"I have the misfortune to displease you by my remarks," said Mr. Ramsden, with a sudden change of his manner to that of perfect and distant respect. "Will you permit me to atone by my own poor accomplishment? I know you love music-and when they are at cards nothing ever disturbs them '

He opened the piano without waiting for her reply, and in a few minutes had won Beatrix from her ill-humor by his playing and singing in a style that fairly enchanted her.

When the Ramsden family were alone, Mrs. Ramsden left the room without speaking, and the colonel and his son proceeded to comment on Mrs. Mabberley's fair friend. The tone of their remarks was free, rather than refined, and the colonel used some expletives, appropos of what he took the young lady's temper to be, that hardly harmonized with the illuminated texts and the family reputation.

"It was a deuced clever thing of Mrs. Mabb, wasn't it?" said the young man, whom Beatrix had impressed as much by her insolence as by her beautv.

"I don't say it wasn't; but, mark me, it was s deuced dangerous thing too. That handsome minx is too clever to be safe with her eyes shut.

With this enigmatical utterance, the colonel withdrew to his private meditations, and the consumption of a good deal of brandy and water; and his son let himself quietly out of the street door, and went off to more congenial scenes.

"I wish to say a few words to you to-night," said Mrs. Mabberley, when she and Beatrix were in the hall at Hill Street; and she led the way into the small back room on the ground-floor, in which the most exact of women transacted her business of all kinds.

"I am rather sleepy," said Beatrix, as she followed Mrs. Mabberley reluctantly.

'I shall not detain you. Will you not sit

"No, thanks. It feels more like getting it over to stand."

She leaned on the back of an easy-chair, with her arms crossed, and both her face and figure expressed a fatigued indifference. Mrs. Mabberley went on in her habitual low, slow tone, and

with the customary imperturbable smile. "I have not much reason to thank you for your concession to my wishes, Beatrix, but you can not provoke me, though you are so foolish and short-sighted as to let your temper continually tempt you into trying to do so. It does not suit me, my dear, and you can not suppose that I should allow a girl like you to induce me to do anything that would not suit me. You did not behave at all nicely this evening." She pretended to be totally unconscious of the start of indignation with which Beatrix heard her, and the an gry flush in her face at this calm assumption of superior manners. "And I have no doubt you made a very unfavorable impression-

Beatrix interrupted her with a scornful laugh. "The great affair," she said, "to make a favorable impression on people like those!"

"They are all a good deal more important than you are. But we will let that pass. There will be no need for you to make any other such exhibition of your taste and your breeding. My purpose in taking you to the Ramsdens' has been effected; you will not have to go there again."

"So much the better; it does not 'suit me,' as you say. I am sure I can not imagine what your purpose was."

"No? It is not at all necessary that you should; and we will, if you please, drop the subject. I wanted to say to you to-night that you will have to limit your stay at Horndean to three weeks, as I wish you to accept Lady Vane's invitation for October. Here is a house at which it may be of great advantage to you to visit."

Beatrix sullenly signified her acquiescence. She did not say a word to Mrs. Mabberley of what was in her thoughts; it formed no part of their compact that she should do so.

"You will write at once to Lady Vane, accept ing her invitation, and remember that I shall like to know of whom her party will consist." "Lest they might not suit you?"

"My dear Beatrix, your sarcasm is as futile as it is foolish. Precisely so: lest they might not suit me. And now I will detain you no longer, but say good-night, adding a bit of news that will please you. Your new maid will be here the day after to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Beatrix, shortly, and that was all she said.

very short sojourn, and as he had visions of the very earliest of the autumnal tints at Horndean, and was in haste to realize them, he went back there a few days after the little dinner, leaving his friend to the task of attendance upon his sis ter, in which Mr. Horndean had suddenly become laudably assiduous, and to the enjoyment of a good deal of Miss Chevenix's society.

Frederick has fallen in love with that handsome selfish young woman," said Mr. Lisle to himself, as he watched the flying miles of brick and mortar that stretched far ahead before he could hope for the country tints and forms that "rather more expeditiously than I have yet seen him perform the same feat. He can afford to marry now, and so I suppose he will marry her before the fit is over. It is only to be hoped, then, that the fit may last. Mrs. T. G. means it, I should think, or she would not throw them together in the way she has done. Here's the first lane on this side town, and there's a real cottage, a tree with a brown trunk instead of a black one, and the indispensable bit of red supplied by a flannel shirt drying on a line. There's neat-handed Phyllis too, washing the greens. How do you do, my dear? What a pity we are going thirty miles an hour!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. A.—We have not the cut pattern of the dress you mention, nor of any illustration in the Bazar that is not marked below it as having a pattern.

Mrs. F. C.—Your rose-colored sample is not too dark for a foundation for a white mull or Spanish lace overdress, or else of paler pink wool, such as cashmere or nuns' veiling.

ELLA.-You could get a pale shrimp pink Surah or else nuns' veiling short dress for \$75, provided you made it simply, and if you make it yourself you might afford pink Spanish lace trimming; or else you might have pink moiré silk for the lower skirt of box pleats, with pink wool draped as an over-skirt, edged with pink lace. Then have a belted surplice waist with lace sleeves and moiré ribbon sash.

CONSTANT READER.-You should know by your signature that we do not give addresses in this column

HORTENSE.—Letters or notes to a married lady should be addressed in her husband's name, as "Mrs. John Brown," not "Mrs. Fannie Brown,"

Miss L. N. C .- Why not do the new open-work embroidery, which is a revival of the old-fashioned star and compass patterns? Make sleeves of it, and do not line them. Then scallop and embroider bands three inches deep for trimming the basque, over-skirt, and flounces. If you prefer the thick work, blue forget-menots with olive and brown foliage will be in good taste on pink nuns' veiling. The open-work spoken of is largely imported on cashmere and other woollens like that used for dresses. Your dress must be a short skirt with a shirred apron over-dress, and shirred basque or surplice waist, with embroidered sleeves.

LOTTIK.—Side-form seams beginning in the armhole are most fashionable, though those extending to the shoulders are still liked by many ladies. Get black satin Surah for your fall wrap, and trim with wide passementerie, shirring, and pleated or gathered Span-

-Split stitch, which was described in the Bazar among the South Kensington stitches, is a variety of stem stitch in which the needle is brought up through the crewel or silk instead of beside it, splitting it in passing. The doyley designs published in the Bazar are working patterns. To transfer them it will not be necessary to go through the laborious process of perforating and pouncing; but as the designs are small and the lines fine, a better plan is to place a square of black tracing-paper between the material and the design, and then trace the latter with a sharp pencil or the point of a knitting-needle, afterward going over the outlines.

Mrs. M.—We can only suggest your application to the New York Decorative Art Society and the Exchange for Women's Work.

MOTHER.—Patterns of the Child's Wardrobe, such as are needed for the first short clothes, are sold separate ly for 15 cents for each. The only patterns now sold in sets are those of infants' clothing, and two sets of these are necessary for a complete outfit; these are the infants' lingerie for under-clothing and the wardrobe for outside clothes.

Dor C .- The fluffy front hair is short hair crimped, and then the crimps are pulled apart to stand out from the head.

E. F. W.—Either of the costumes illustrated on the

first page of *Bazar* No. 39, Vol. XIV., will be good designs for an olive silk dress for autumn.

MARY.—Instead of blouse-waists, pleated and belted shooting jackets are made of dark flannels, light flannels, and Cheviots, to wear with black skirts. ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Get dark long seal fur. To

test this, and to be sure that the pile of the fur is turned upward, stroke the sacque downward with your hand, and make sure that the fleece is well dved down to the pelt, and that it does not mat, or flatten, or look too sleek.

BANGOR.-Make a princesse sacque dress for your little boy, having the fronts plain and the back pleated below the waist. Make frogs of the cords on the front, and tie the ends with tassels low on the left hip. Have a deep round collar, and use shaded pearl buttons of mixed blue and red.

Ruy Blas.—Have a short postilion basque for your blue flannel, with black passementerie frogs for trimming it, and a Byron collar. Have the short skirt to show box pleats as far as visible beneath a simply draped round over-skirt. You might have a square ved Ulster made of the same flamel.

A SUBSURIBER.—Plaids will be worn this winter, though most of them are gayer than your sample, and those of wool stuffs are preferred to silks. Have plaid flounces covering the lower half of a foundation skirt, and above this drape brown cashmere or else plain silk like the first illustration in Bazar No. 89. Vol. XIV., and use the plain goods for the full waist with plaid on the collar and cuffs.

ALICE.—Only exceptional circumstances could justify you in making a gift to a gentleman with whom you are slightly acquainted, and these would probably be such as to necessitate a note.

A Woman.-Best ask a lawyer.

HELENA.-Make your dress entirely of the silk. Have a full round short skirt, shirred below the waist, and with narrow gathered flounces at the foot. Then have a round waist, high ruff, elbow sleeves, and wide belt with a big sash bow behind. This belt and bow might be of blue velvet. Wear a mull or lace neckerchief if ruffs are not becoming. Have long lace mitts, black silk stockings, and black slippers.

ETHEL -A bill of fare for a home wedding can be simply cake and wine, or a handsome supper, such as one gives at a ball. The duty of the best man should be confined to his attendance at church, unless he chooses to make himself useful in introducing people. He does not stand with the bridal party. There be ushers. There is no such thing as a "groom cake. The bride cuts one slice from the bride cake, then allows others to cut it and pass it. A very pretty decoration for the tables can be made with green vines and grasses, if flowers are scarce. The bride should always carry her bouquet, and not pin it to her dress. She ought always to wear a veil, unless she is a widow. A Watteau dress is not appropriate for a bride. It is no longer the custom to give gloves to the bridemaids. s do not wear their veils over the face during the ceremony. The host and hostess must not be of the bridal party; some elderly friend should be asked to preside. The host of course, not being one of the bridal party, could receive. The bride throws back her own veil if she chooses to wear it over her face while entering the church. Bride cake is simply the rich black fruit cake called wedding cake, and it should contain a ring; that is the reason why the bride pretends to cutit. No finger-bowls are put on at a large wedding-feast table, unless the company sit down and are served in courses. As for travelling hats, a dark felt with feather is used, or else a turban. Harper's Bazar will afford you many patterns to choose from. Let it be

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Figs. 1 and 2 .-- Coffure .-- Front and Back.



Fig. 1.—WHITE CHINA SILK EVENING DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Crochet Hood.

This hood is worked with a single thread of white mohair wool and a bone needle in a double crochet pattern, and is furnished with a lining worked with blue Shetland wool; it the next and the following dc., 2 dc. between the 1st and 2d consists of a square centre and long searf ends, and is sur- of the next 4 dc.; repeat from * 3 times, but instead of the rounded with a border worked with white Shetland wool and ornamented with chain stitch loops and with tufts of blue 3d round.—2 ch., 1 dc. around the vein before the next dc., chenille. Bows of blue satin ribbon are on the front. To make it, begin at the centre of the outside with a foundation of 8 ch. (chain stitch) closed into a loop with 1 sl. (slip stitch), the preceding round, except at the corners, where increase as in that round. 4th-10th rounds.—Work as in the 3d round. and work as follows: 1st round.—2 ch., which are consid- The 10th round completes the centre. Next work for one ered as first dc. (double crochet), 3 dc. in the next st. (stitch), | searf in rounds back and forth between the two increasings

Fig. 2.—SATIN SURAH DRESS. For description see Supplement.

3 times work 4 dc. on the following 2d st., then 1 sl. on the 2d of the 2 ch. at the beginning. 2d round.—2 ch., 1 dc. on the vein before the next dc., * work 4 dc. between the next then throughout, 2 dc. between each 2 dc. worked together in

along one side as follows: 11th round.-Work 2 dc. between each 2 dc. worked together in the preceding round. 12th round.—3 ch., 1 dc. between the next 2 dc., then continue as in the 11th round, and work 38 additional rounds in the same manner. Work the second scarf on the opposite side of the square in the same manner, and then surround the hood with 3 rounds in the same pattern, after which work the border as follows: 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) around the vein between the next and the following 2 dc. and 5 ch.; 1 sl. on the first sc. in the round. 2d round,-3 sl. on the next 3 st. in the preceding round, * 3 ch., 4 dc. on the middle ch. of the next 5, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the following 5; repeat from *; 1 sc. on the 3d sl. at the beginning of the round. 3d round .-3 sl. on the next 3 st., 5 ch., * 4 dc. between the middle 2 of the next 4 dc., 3 ch., 1 dc. on the first of the next 3 ch., 1 dc. on the last of the following 3 ch., 3 ch.; repeat from *; at the end of the round, instead of the last dc. and 3 ch., 1 sl. on the 2d of the 5 ch. at the beginning. 4th and 5th rounds.—Work as in the preceding round. 6th round.—* 4 ch., 6 dc. between the middle 2 of the next 4 dc., 4 ch., 1 sc. between the next 2 single dc.; repeat from *. 7th round.—Work on the edge of the hood as in the 1st round of the border, transposing the pattern, and working on the st. passed by in that round. 8th round.—2 sl. on the next 2 st. in the preceding round, * 4 sc. separated by 26 ch. on the next st., 4 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the following 5,4 ch., pass 5 st.; repeat from *; at the end of the round 1 sl. on the first sc. Work the lining with blue Shetland wool in treble crochet separated by 2 ch., shaping it to fit the hood. Finally, fasten strands of blue chenille at regular intervals on the edge, as shown in the illustration. Coiffures.-Figs. 1-4.

For the coiffure of which side and back views are given in Figs. 1 and 2 the hair is parted from ear to ear, and then the front hair is parted in the middle. The back hair is tied, divided into three strands, and braided, and the end of the braid brought up to form a loop. The front hair is waved, and pinned where the back hair is tied; the ends are then brought up and arranged in a puff, above which a comb is inserted. The loose hair around the forehead and neck is lightly curled with tongs.

For the coiffure shown in Figs. 3 and 4 the

long back hair is tied, and then twisted and arranged in a knot as shown in Fig. 3. For the



ringlets in the front and on the neck the short hair is curled, and then combed out. A ball comb is inserted above the knot.

Honiton Lace Fichu.-Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrations on page 628.

THE materials required for this fichu are Honiton braid in four patterns, lace insertion half an inch wide, purl edging, and lace thread. Fig. 1 shows the full fichu in miniature, and Fig. 2 gives a section in full size, in which the various lace stitches that connect the design figures and fill in the interstices are clearly shown. Fig. 23, Supplement, gives one-half the pattern for the fichu and the design. The outlines are traced on oiled linen, on which the braid and insertion are basted, and this is backed with heavy brown paper. The spaces are then filled in with wound pars, for which the thread is stretched from point to point, and then wound back, lace wheels, wrought bars, for which the thread is fastened at one point and chain stitches are worked to the opposite point, looping the thread at intervals to form picots, and button-hole stitch, according to the illustration. Finally, the purl edging is fastened on in the manner shown in the illustration.

Surah and Lace Collar. See illustration on page 628.

This collar is of pale blue Surah, trimmed with white lace two inches and a half wide, and herring-bone stitching in white silk.

Edging for Lingerie.-Russian Braid, Crochet, and White Embroidery.

See illustration on page 628. Baste the braid on the edge of the material to e trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration, and stud it with dots worked in satin stitch with white embroidery cotton; then crochet on the lower edge as follows: 1st round (on the wrong side of the work).—* Catch together the two loops in a hollow with 2 tc. (treble crochet) as shown in the illustration, + 9 ch. (chain stitch), turn up the right side of the work, connect to the loop that forms the tip of the next point, going back over the next 6 of the preceding 9 ch. work 1 sc. (single crochet), 1 short dc. (double crochet), and 4 dc.; repeat from + twice, hen 2 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—Going back over the stitches in the preceding round, * work 3 sc. around the next 3 ch., 2 sc. sepa-rated by 1 p. (picot) around the upright veins of the next dc., 4 sc. the middle 2 of which are sep-



Figs. 3 and 4.-Coiffure.-Back and Front.



Fig. 1.—Serge Dress. For description see Supplement.

arated by 1 p. around the next 3 ch., 4 sc. the middle 2 of | the design given in full size in Fig. 2. The outlines of

3 ch.; continue to repeat from *. Embroidered Satin Pompadour Bag.-Figs. 1 and 2.—[See illustrations on page 628.]

around the following 3 ch., 2 sc. separated by 1 p. around the upright veins of the next dc., 3 sc. around the following

Fig. 2.—Cashmere Matinée.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 24-30. which are separated by 1 p. around the upright veins of the next dc., 4 sc. the middle 2 of which are separated by 1 p.

the design are transferred to the satin, and the application at the base of it is cut out of olive velvet. The velvet is at the base of it is cut out of olive velvet. The velvet is then applied on the satin ground, and edged in the manner shown in the illustration with gold cord, caught down with fine yellow silk. The lines beneath it are defined with similar cord. As shown in the illustration, the embroidery is chiefly in satin stitch; the centre and the outer petals of the larger bud are in feather stitch, and the leaf stems are in For this Pompadour bag, to be carried on the arm, a piece of olive satin eleven inches wide and twenty-three inches buds, and fine coral red chenille for the smaller blossoms, long is required; this is folded crosswise through the mid-dle, and embroidered on the side used for the front with and bracts are in several shades of olive. When the em-



Fig. 1.—FIGURED WOOL SATTEEN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SATIN DE LYON DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—STRIPED GAUZE DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—PLAIN AND FIGURED WOOL DRESS. For description see Supplement.



broidery is completed, the satin is lined with silk in the same shade, and joined on the sides to an inch and three-quarters from the top, where the satin and lining are run together twice to form a shirr. Olive silk cord is drawn through the shirr, and finished at the ends with tassels.

HIS FIRST WIFE'S RELATIONS.

HUBERT STICKNEY'S choice of a second wife was not generally approved. If Mr. Stickney had been an ordinary citizen, there would undoubtedly have been talk enough in regard to the unsuitableness of the match; but Mr. Stickney was not an ordinary citizen. He was selectman. surveyor, master of the Grange, general administrator and adviser on all legal, moral, and domestic subjects. The Governor himself could scarcely be more in demand than this well-informed and high-minded Vermont farmer. Now for such a man to choose a companion from fashionable city life was inevitably to cast some doubt on the soundness of his judgment in the past, and so friends and neighbors shook their heads sadly, and told each other that Stickney's influence was a thing of the past.

Now this gentleman, honorable as he had certainly proved himself in every department of life, had not been quite frank with his lady-love. He had told her with some pride the exact amount of his income. He had pictured the fine old homestead with the warmth of one who loves what he is describing. His intended wife had known just how many elms there were in front of the house, as well as their ages and histories. The lawn, the orchards, the mountains, the little lake in the heart of the woods, she was perfectly acquainted with. In fact, there was nothing omitted from the picture but the human figures occupying the foreground. These were the first wife's relations, and no one knew better than Mr. Stickney how prominent were the positions they occupied.

The gentleman's voice did not seem quite natural when he presented his wife to the ladies as-

sembled at the homestead to meet the travellers.

"Florence," he said, "allow me. This is Mrs.
Mazonson," presenting the elderly lady, who certainly did not look very gracious, "and Miss Maria and Miss Susan Mazonson," indicating two ladies of uncertain age, equally stiff and uncor-

Miss Susan Mazonson! The young wife, whose appreciation of the humorous was very keen, had all she could do to keep from laughing in the faces of the unbending trio with the comical names. It was very good of Mr. Stickney to invite friends to meet her, she told herself, as she pleasantly greeted her seeming guests. But why had he selected such a funereal-looking party? At the a rose in her tea-table, Mrs. Stickney, fresh as pretty summer silk and dainty laces, sat beside her husband. The elder Mazonson presided at the tea-urn. This was more inexplicable than the rest; but perhaps it was the fashion in Vermont to treat the lady of the house as a guest for a time, and so this insult was good-naturedly accounted for. The table, though unexceptionably appointed, and covered with every imaginable good thing, was waited upon by her guests. This was doubtless another act of courtesy, the newcomer told herself, but the sight of a servant would have been an inexpressible relief. It was very annoying to be served by one's visitors, but this being the fashion, she must make the best of After starting numberless topics of conversation, and having them all fall dead-even her husband seemed suddenly struck dumb-Mrs. Stickney was obliged to give up the contest. How different this was from the home-coming she had so lovingly anticipated! Such good jolly times as they had had all through their six weeks wedding tour, and now, in "the twinkling of an eye," everything had changed, or seemed to Of course it was all seeming, the young wife told herself, but it was surely very disagree able. After the wretched meal was over, Mrs. Stickney, almost ready to cry, invited her husband to take a walk, but here was Mrs. Mazonson at his elbow.

"Hiram had to go away this noon," she said,
"so I suppose you'll have to milk, Hubert."
Mrs. Mazonson was very tall, very thin, very dark, and her voice was so unutterably deep and hollow that Mrs. Stickney could not rid herself of the notion that it belonged to somebody else. The city-bred young lady knew that cows had to be milked, but she had never associated her husband with the one that performed the operation, and now turned an astonished face to that gentleman and the assembled Mazonsons.

"It must be fun to milk," she remarked, determined to put the best possible face on affairs. "I'll go and see you."

"Not in that dress, I hope," said Mrs. Mazonson, as Mr. Stickney left the room. "I was going to say, a little while ago," she went on, "that seeing as you was dressed up, you needn't mind

about the dishes."

The dishes? What in the world did this dreadful woman mean? Before she had time to inquire, her tormentor had left the room; and now, more perplexed than ever, Mrs. Stickney went in search of her husband. She found him at last in the barn-yard, and in the excitement of a new sensation almost forgot the disagreeable things that had preceded it. In a dilapidated straw hat, patched coat, and blue overalls, she did not at first recognize her husband; but when she did, she clapped her hands like a child, and laughed as merry a laugh as was ever heard on the Stick-

nev farm.
"Is that the way people always dress when they milk?" she inquired, touching the old coat caressingly with her little white hands.

One must dress according to one's work on a farm, Florence," Mr. Stickney remarked, senten-

Something in her husband's words or manner

must have recalled her late annovances for the smile faded from her lips, and her eyes grew sad and troubled. "Hubert," she said, softly, "who are those—those ladies at the house?

"Why, they are the Mazonsons, Florence Mazonson and her two daughters," the master of the Grange replied.

It was very kind of you to ask Mrs. Mazonson and her daughters to meet me," the young wife resumed, with a touch of something in her tone that her companion was not familiar with, "but I can't understand why they should seem so very much at home. Hubert.'

Mr. Stickney moved the three-legged stool to the side of another cow, and commenced milking again, before he replied.

'Didn't I mention to you, Florence, that these ladies lived with me?" he inquired. "I know I didn't dwell on the subject," he went on, "but I must have spoken of it."

"Mention to me that these ladies lived with you!" Mrs. Stickney repeated, oblivious to the rest of her husband's remark, a hard look settling round the pretty mouth. "May I ask, Mr. Stickney, who these ladies are?" I know they are the Mazonsons," she added, in the same singular tone, "but what are they to you?"

"They are relatives of my first wife," the gentleman replied, in a voice that had the calmness of desperation in it. "I must have taken for granted that you knew, Florence. Mrs. Mazonson was Mrs. Stickney's mother, and Maria and Susan

"And they have always lived here?"

"For some time before and ever since Mrs. Stickney died Mrs. Mazonson has been my house keeper, and the girls have been her assistants."

"Why was there no servant, Mr. Stickney, to

wait on the table this evening?" was the lady's next question.

We have no servants, Florence. It is not the custom with Vermont farmers, my dear."

"And all the work of your house is performed by the Mazonsons?"

"Who did it before the Mazonsons came?"

"Mrs. Stickney, my dear."
For a moment there was silence in the barn-Then there was a rustle of retreating silk, a light step going swiftly toward the house, and thus the singular interview ended. This was a very unpleasant commencement, Mr. Stickney told himself, and for a while this gentleman's milking was purely mechanical. From the bottom of his heart he wished he and his wife could be alone. On the other hand, there was a great deal to do in the house, much more than Florence could ever manage if she worked night and day. At this point Mr. Stickney really did have serious doubts as to the wisdom of this second marriage of his. For the first time he asked himself whether it would be right to impose the drudgery of farm-work on this young and delicately nurtured woman. He had thought very little about the domestic part of the programme. He was accustomed to seeing the women about him constantly occupied, and Florence knew she was accepting a farmer when she agreed to marry him. Then, too, Mrs. Mazonson was exceedingly competent: indeed, no housekeeper could be more so; and Mr. Stickney summed it all up by assuring himself that Florence could get along with the Mazonsons easily enough if she had only a mind to think so.

In the mean time Mrs. Stickney had locked herself into her room, and with clinched hands and flashing eyes was recalling every moment of the time since she first met the man she had married. She had been grossly deceived and imposed upon, and worst of all, the deception and imposition had come from the one who had promised to love, honor, and cherish her to the day of her The drawn lips grew tender and pitiful as she thought how utterly she had loved and trusted him, and how entirely she had believed in his affection for herself. "To live with these solemn and automatic Mazonsons would be worse than keeping house in a tomb, with skeletons for company," she sobbed. She could not and would not endure it. No man had a right to ask such a sacrifice from his wife. But she hadn't been asked. She had been cheated into her present position. She would leave the house where she had been and would continue to be unutterably wretched, and go straight back to her father. Little did he think that the rich and honorable Hubert Stickney would heap such indignities upon his daughter. She would go. No, she would stay, and show the Mazonsons, and her husband too, what kind of stuff she was made of.

That evening Mr. Stickney was detained below by callers. It was ten o'clock before he was at liberty, and then, to his great delight, Florence was sleep. The poor child had forgotten her troubles, and the morning would show things in a more promising light. He would do everything he could to make up for the Mazonsons, and after a little everything would go smoothly enough. Mr. Stickney would not have been so certain of this if he had seen the tear-stained face and quivering lids. Ignorant of all this, and in spite of his ten years' experience as a husband, utterly ignorant of the delicacy and sensitiveness of a true woman's nature, Mr. Stickney went calmly and comfortably to sleep.

The next morning, after waiting to be called to breakfast, Mrs. Stickney, in the daintiest of mus-lin wrappers, presented herself in the dining-room. Her husband had just finished his early morning's work, and now greeted her with a smile and a kiss. The elder Mazonson looked exceedingly flushed and flurried, and Maria and Susan Mazonson flew briskly round at the bidding of their superior officer.

I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Stickney, in her calmest and coolest manner, "I thought breakfast was ready. I hope I am not intruding."

A smile played round the lips of Miss Susan, who, in spite of her dreadful name, was not alto-gether so hideous as Florence had thought at first

sight. The rightful occupant of the chair at the head of the table waited to see if Mrs. Mazonson would occupy it, and finding that she did, went calmly round and sat by her husband.

"Yes, breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Mazonson, in a voice between a growl and a groan. "It's been ready some time."

"I hope you slept well last night, Mrs. Stickney?" This from Maria Mazonson, whose voice

Florence now heard for the first time. "Very well, thank you," Mrs. Stickney cordial-

You slept late enough, if that's any sign," said Mrs. Mazonson in her most sepulchral tone.

"I always sleep late, Mrs. Mazonson," Florence replied, as she slowly poured the cream into her

"You can't sleep late on this farm very well." the elder lady began again, her face ablaze. "I've been up since half past four," she went on, "and now it's half past seven. I've skimmed eighteen pans of milk, washed all the pans, and made twenty-five pounds of butter this morning.'

"You must be very tired," Mrs. Stickney remarked, looking the irate dame innocently in the

face.
"Well, I guess I'm tired," the housekeeper replied. "The girls helped me all they could, and-

"Oh, ma," Susan interrupted, flushing painfully as she spoke, "why shouldn't we help you, I should like to know?

At this point Mrs. Stickney made up her mind that she was going to like one of the Mazonsons

after all. "—they got this breakfast, I want you to understand." Mrs. Mazonson finished what she had

to say in spite of interruptions.

"It is a very nice breakfast," Florence remarked. "I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much."

Mr. Stickney glanced at his wife. There w something in the tone which reminded him of the barn-vard tête-d-tête. There must certainly be an understanding between himself and his wife right away, he thought. It would never do to let things go on in this style. Mrs. Mazonson must be rebuked also. Her attitude was certainly very objectionable, and should be corrected immediately. Meantime Mrs. Stickney ate her breakfast with relish and passed her cup for some more coffee. "Which of you ladies," indicating the Misses Mazonson, "made this coffee?" she asked, pleasantly. "It certainly is delicious."

"Neither of 'em made it," Mrs. Mazonson an-"Do you think I'd trust anyswered, promptly. "Do you think body to make coffee but myself?"

Mrs. Stickney had decided that her platform should be plainly understood both by her husband and the Mazonsons before she left the dining-room. It promised to be a hard battle to fight; but the young wife had courage enough now for a host of husbands and a regiment of first wife's relations.

"Are you going to be very busy to-day, Hubert?" Mrs. Stickney asked her husband, as the meal drew to a close.

'I have been away so long that my days will be occupied for some time to come," the gentleman replied.

"Perhaps, then, Miss Susan or Miss Maria would go to ride with me this morning?" and Florence threw a glance full of sweetness at the Misses Mazonson. "It is such a lovely morn-Misses Mazonson. "It is such a lovely morning!" she continued; "and after a little it will be too warm. I fear."

Mrs. Stickney waited a moment for some kind of a response, and receiving none, said, "You would like to accompany me, would you not, Miss Susan?"

This young lady was on the point of replying, but her mother came in ahead. "Hubert. began, "I should think it was high time you gave your wife to understand what kind of a place she has come to live in. I don't suppose this wife can gad off and leave the work"and now Mrs. Mazonson's voice shook with grief or anger, Florence didn't know which—"any more than your first wife, my daughter, Mr. Stickney. She never left the work till it was done."

"Perhaps if she had left it occasionally, she might be living now," the second Mrs. Stickney coolly suggested. At this crisis Mrs. Mazonson sniffled, and Miss Susan left the table

"Florence will become accustomed to our ways after a while," Mr. Stickney responded, with so much consideration in his tone for the tyrant at the head of the table that his wife felt ashamed of him. "She'll work into it after a while," he added, endeavoring to appear at his ease.

That furbelowed white gown looks like work ing into it!" said Mrs. Mazonson, defiantly.

"I am not afraid to trust my wife to do the proper thing, Mrs. Mazonson," Mr. Stickney remarked, with tardy decency.

"If I may be allowed," the young wife began, with the deliberation of one making a mighty effort for self-control, "I should like to say a word." As the brave little woman surveyed the assembled group, there crept into her face a look that one of the party never forgot. This one was her husband, who started to lay a detaining hand on her arm, but for some inexplicable reason gave it "When I take my rightful place as mistress of my husband's house," Mrs. Stickney went on, "then it will be time enough to talk of my duties You may consider me a summer boarder, if you please," she added, smilingly, "but in whatever light you may regard me"-and now the sweet mouth grew firm again, and the fine eyes struck fire-" please remember that I am the wife of the proprietor of this establishment and the owner of these acres, and expect to be treated, if not with kindness, at least with civility."

"I should like to see you make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast!" said Mrs. Mazonson, when she could recover herself. Mr. Stickney played with his spoon, and looked steadily into his coffee-cup, but said not a word.

"You never will see me make twenty-five pounds of butter before breakfast," Mrs. Stickney responded, "and I think it very doubtful if I ever make any butter after breakfast either. I don't intend to give up my music, my painting, my reading, my writing, or anything else that I have been educated to enjoy, and I want this understood also.

"I wonder what you will do if I go away?" Mrs. Mazonson inquired, dubiously but respectfully.

"Mr. Stickney is abundantly able to pay for all necessary service," Florence replied. doesn't choose to do this, then there is a last resort: I can go home to my father any time."

"I ain't got anywhere to go," said Mrs. Mazonson, now thoroughly subdued; "but I suppose I can find a place in a few days, if I may stay here till then. Maria is going to her uncle's to-mor-The basso-profundo was all broken up, and tears rained down the old lady's face.

Mrs. Stickney rose from her seat, and walked round the table to the housekeeper's side. far as I am concerned, you are more than welcome to stay," she said, kindly, laying her hand on one tyrannical shoulder. "You know better than any one else how things are done, and have my husband's interest more at heart. I am sure that Miss Susan and I will be good friends," she added, sweetly, "and I see no reason why we may not be a very comfortable family. You understand, I hope, that I do not intend to do any hard work. If it were necessary I would, but it is not. I shall never interfere with your butter or coffee, my dear Mrs. Mazonson, and I am sure you will not with my affairs."

An hour later, Mrs. Stickney and Miss Susan were driving toward Lake Dunmore as jolly a

pair as one would wish to see. "I am glad you settled it, Florence," Mr. Stickney whispered, as they stood on the piazza previ-

ous to setting out. "No doubt," she replied, with a touch of the "No doubt," she replied, when a "Yester day, Hubert," she added, "I made a discovery."
"What is it?" he asked.

"That you are a very great coward," she re-

THE SANITARY WORK OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE sanitary school-master is abroad, and is I finding apt pupils among the women of the community.

The superb example in the past of Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Garrett, Sister Dora, Miss Dix, Miss Woolsey, and the noble army of their associates in camp, hospital, and in institutions, proves woman's native capacity for public sanitary service, and is a guarantee of her fitness for private effort in the same line. And who should be interested in the sanitary condition of the household, if not those who spend the main part of their lives subject to its influence, and who are most responsible for and most interested in the welfare of the family?

There is a steadily growing conviction that the plumbing, heating, and ventilation of our homes need to be better understood. It is felt that any squeamishness about such matters is wrong, and women are wisely laying aside their fastidiousness, and asking for information about these matters. Sanitary books and periodicals are A prominent sought out and diligently conned. architect, who some time since brought home a technical journal devoted to sanitation in his overcoat pocket, found his wife reading it the next day with great interest, and he now subscribes for an additional copy expressly for her benefit.

When visiting houses to inspect their condi-tion, the sanitary expert invariably finds that the women-folk are best informed about the details of the plumbing, and also far more alive to the need of improvement than their masculine rela-Women have a keener sense of smell than men; they are also more observing and more apprehensive of anything which seems to threaten the health of their loved ones. It is surprising how callous and indifferent men will become, even despite the warning voice of women.

A lady once asked the writer if it was hazardous for a child to occupy a bedroom communicating by a window with a noisome watercloset. He answered most emphatically in the affirmative. "Well," she replied, "I am so glad to hear you say so, because I haven't been able to convince my husband that my fears for the child's health are not groundless; but now will believe you."

Yet, at the same time, there are many women who, though having a decided sense of neatness, will be content to live amid surroundings which are far from sanitary. Plumbers daily experience the difficulty of convincing such persons that their homes are not immaculate, or that it is possible that their servants or children can be careless or uncleanly. Domestics will empty slops into bath-tubs, or throw scrubbing brushes, broken china, or towels into waste pipes, and yet solemnly deny the fact when taxed with it, and their mistresses will not be convinced of their untruthfulness except by ocular demonstration.

Women visit the plumbers' shops and the wareooms of dealers in plumbing fixtures, and are fully awake to the practical advantages of different apparatus. Some of the most satisfactory improvements in plumbing appliances have resulted from the desire of women to have something new and better than the old arrangements, or from their apt suggestions how to effect. changes.

But women must go further, and investigate every detail of domestic sanitation. They must not be content with keeping the outside of the platter clean, but they must look into dark corners, visit the cellar and coal-hole, and cast



searching glances behind the wood-work of basins, closets, and other places where dust and damp, rats and rust, find free lodgment.

The responsibility for the existence of diseases too often properly belongs to the householder's lack of sensitiveness. The farmer's wife, to whom the closed and carefully dusted parlor and the preternaturally scrubbed floor are the essentials of neatness, may endure the proximity of a sour swamp or of the kitchen cess-pool for without taking offense. To many a careful and laborious housekeeper a chance cobweb or the children's "litter" of a few hours' play will outrank in heinousness a defective drain for the cellar or a badly constructed sink.

Reader, have you ever considered how much medicine is consumed in most households? The average purchases at the apothecary's store of an ordinary New York family are said to be five dollars per month. Again, why does the doctor call so often in most families? Why is there so much talk of malaria, and such steady dosing with quinine? Why do women complain so constantly of a feeling of malaise and headache, and spend so many tedious, fretful hours lying on sofas or dawdling in deshabille in easychairs, making home anything but cheerful to husband, children, or servants? Still more imhusband, children, or servants? Still more important, why do they frequently feel better as soon as they change their residence, even if for only a day, yet relapse into the old state of languor as soon as they return to their old quarters?

These queries may all be answered in Yankee fashion by asking some other questions, as the

What sort of drainage have you in your house? Is not your cellar damp from occasional flooding by rain, and does not the cellar air find free access to your living rooms? Is your house disconnected from the sewer, or does the foul air from the latter gain free admission to it? Are your drains hidden under-ground, and what certainty have you that they are not broken and leaching into the soil below your dwelling? Was your plumbing done by days' work by an honest workman in a scientific manner, or, as is more probable, "by contract"—in the cheapest possible way, and with everything "scamped" that could be covered up? Have you any traps on your fixtures, and if so what certainty is there that they do not siphon out readily, and thus open direct passage for sewer gases? Do your children sleep in rooms exposed to these gases, or in well-ventilated chambers? Lastly, have you ever given any serious thought to the sani tary state of your house, or personally examined into the points just specified?

Just now, when hundreds of homes are being repared for re-occupation by the sunburned and hardy sojourners on sea-shore and mountain, it is very proper to heed these matters. Every one has noticed how common it is for sickness to break out in the autumn months among families just returned from the country. October is a busy time for the doctors, and cases of so-called malaria will be very numerous for the next three The explanation of this apparently inexplicable fact is twofold. The so-called malaria is partly real malaria contracted by exposure in swampy and pestilent regions in the country, but it is also in scores of cases the effect of blood-poisoning from drinking the water of polluted wells in unsanitary farm-houses and tels, and also from returning to city dwellings which while closed during the summer have be-

come saturated with sewer gas. It is worth while to consider the effect which the

sanitary condition of our servants' surroundings may have on them, and also on our own and our children's welfare. We can not separate our-selves from the influence which our domestics exert on us. If a servant gets ill from exposure to sewer gas or from sleeping in a badly ventilated bedroom the fault is ours, and the consequences may fall on our own heads.

Every thoughtful and considerate housekeeper should protest against domestic servants occupying rooms on lower floors for sleeping purposes. Dr. Richardson says this is a common custom in London households, and it is beginning to be introduced in American families, yet the habit can not too strongly be condemned. It is bad enough for servants to have to spend their waking hours in many of the subterranean caves which builders contrive for kitchens and laundries, but at least give them a purer atmosphere to sleep in, if only an attic or cock-loft.

It is well known that ground exhalations are ot healthful, and that the dampness and impurities bred by our cellars, dirty streets, and halfdrained yards are far from wholesome. There is a row of superb detached houses in one of

Brooklyn's finest streets which outwardly seem

to be abundantly supplied with light and air, yet

the servants' quarters are so low down and so

dingy that only with difficulty can domestics be induced to stay in the houses for any length of time.

Again, servants should be provided with bathing conveniences as a matter of cleanliness and health. Yet in many fine houses it is common to find such arrangements lacking, and the wash-

tubs in the kitchen are thought good enough bathing-places for Bridget. Baths for servants should always be supplied with both hot and cold water, as the average domestic does not appre ciate the virtues of cold-water bathing.

After getting through the present fever about

decorative art, we may have a sanitary boom, and pay to the interests of health and physical com-fort some portion of the attention that we now do to personal and household adornment. The man who expends \$10,000 on frescoing his ceilings, or helf that sum for a work of art, may come to think it desirable to spend one-tenth as much for the sanitary requirements of his house.

The art apostle has already prepared the way for the sanitary missionary by persuading people of the desirability of bare wood floors, walls with a hard finish, and curtains instead of doors. In the quaint language of the Quakers, "the way seems open" for following up this advance toward common-sense ideas in domestic arrangements.

In conclusion, the following general recommendations are submitted as suitable for most modern dwellings:

A trap on the main drain between the house and sewer or cess-pool, with an air inlet open where it will not cause offense, so as to flush the entire system of plumbing with pure atmospheric

The soil pipe to be extended through the roof, of full size, and ending away from chimneys of windows.

Traps to be placed on all fixtures, with suitable vent pipes to prevent siphonage.

Absolute freedom from soil dampness in cellar or vicinity of foundations.

The furnace cold-air box to be raised above the ground to exclude soil moisture.

All under-ground drains to be examined or tested to insure that they are not broken, and if possible replaced by tarred iron pipe with gas-tight joints carried along the cellar wall.

The tank overflow, refrigerator, and safe waste pipes not to connect with the sewer under any circumstances, but to run direct to the cellar or to end over the kitchen sink.

No soil pipe to run into a chimney fiue. No pan closet to be countenanced, or any closet without a cistern to keep it well flushed.

No well to be located within two hundred feet of a cess-pool.

No garbage or vegetables to be stored in a damp or unventilated cellar.

All cess-pools to be ventilated by two openings

Cravat Bow .- Spanish Embroidery.

See Illustration on page 629.

See illustration on page 699.

Thus cravat bow is of cardinal red Surah, and is ornamented on the ends with applied-work in Spanish embroidery. The foundation of the work is fine écru linen; on this the design is traced, after which the outlines are defined with fine gold cord, button-hole stitched down with olive silk. The cord is formed at regular intervals into picots or loops, those on the inner edges being linked together where they are near enough to each other. The surface of the design figures is ornamented with dots, nettings, and velnings in gold thread and silk of dull tints. The linen is cut away around and between the design figures, and the work is applied on the Surah ground, and fastened with stitches invisible on the right side.

LONDON FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S.

See illustration on page 686

YOUNTRY visitors to London never feel the proud satisfaction of having done their duty till they have climbed up to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. Fortunately for the friends who in courtesy have to attend them in their inspection of the metropolis, most sight-seers are satisfied with mounting as far as the Stone Gallery, which runs round the foot of the dome. By walking round this outer gallery we take in admirable views of all parts of the city. If the visitor is very conscientious, and determined to see all that he can for his money, and if he is not utterly exhausted by the four hundred steps-be the same more o less-which have already been surmounted, he boldly ventures the ascent to the Golden Gallery, which is at the top of the dome and the foot of the lantern. As is well known, the cupola of St. Paul's is not a real cupola. It is a hollow truncated cone of brick-work, inside which is the cupola seen from the inside of the church at the intersection of the arms, and outside which is the cupola visible from the streets. Between the outer dome and the cone is a flight of wooden steps, which terminate in the said Golden Gallery. From this point a still more extensive view is visible, and the visitor is well repaid for his trouble if the day is clear. Higher still is the ball, but as the ascent is fatiguing and inconvenient it is seldom made, and is not worth making Standing, then, on the Golden Gallery of the magnificent edifice of Wren, at a height of about three hundred and fifty feet from the pavement, let us look around us. Let us look eastward down the river first, for there lies old London, or at least what is left of it. Right in front is seen the Monument, raised to commemorate the great fire of 1666, which commenced near the foot of the column in Pudding Lane. Curiously, it ended at Pie Corner. Below us, and a little to the right, the long arched roof of the Cannon Street railway station, by which the Southeastern Railray gains access to the city. In the Church St. Swithin, opposite to it, there is built into the wall the famous "London Stone," an old Roman mile-stone, from which the distances along the old British high-roads were measured, and which Jack Cade laid his hand upon as a sign that he had taken possession of the city. From Cannon Street to the river, leaving the monument to its left, runs King William Street, the great thoroughfare for London Bridge, which in our engraving is hidden by the huge roof of the station, over which is seen the tower of St. Magnus. Further to the east, on the river, is Billingsgate, the fish-market which has enriched the English tongue with an equivalent for bad language. Next to Billingsgate is the Custom-house. er down, on the river-bank, on a line with the Monument, is the historic Tower. To visit the Tower is the second duty of every well-regulated traveller. The part of the river visible here is the Pool. the extreme point of the port of London, which extends from London Bridge four miles down the river to Deptford. Sea-going steamers, river steamers, tugs, barges, colliers, and wherries here flit about in all directions, the banks are lined with craft of all nations, and the general activity tells us that we are in the centre of the world's commerce. On the other side is Southwark, with more docks, more ships, and

If we walk round the Golden Gallery, and turn

more smoke.

our faces to the setting sun, we see new London, the London in which people live, and where fashion has placed her head-quarters. In the east s made, in the west it is spent. The two bridges which here span the river side by side are Blackfriars Bridge and the railway bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railroad. From Blackfriars Bridge an approach leads to the Victoria Embankment, which is continued up to Westminster. The next bridge higher up than Blackfriars is Waterloo Bridge, on the east side of which is Somerset House. Passing the Temple Gardens, we next come to the Charing Cross Bridge, leading to the long barrel-like station and a monster hotel. Here the river bends boldly to the left. We see over the low monotonous houses of the Surrey side, with its factories and smoke, the imposing mass of the Houses of Parliament, with its clock and Victoria towers. To the right of it is the venerable Abbey of Westminster. Higher up are Lambeth and Chelsea bridges, the latter being parallel to the railroad bridges which lead to the Victoria Station. Parallel to the river, on the right as we look up, run the Strand and Fleet Street, into which Wellington Street leads from Waterloo Bridge. At Charing Cross access to the open space of Trafalgar Square is gained by Northumberland Avenue, a new street, which entailed the destruction of the historic palace of the Dukes of Northumberland. From the Houses of Parliament the river is crossed by Westminster Bridge, from which a very good view of the Houses may be obtained. On the Surrey side is the Tabernacle of Mr. Spurgeon, and on the same side, higher up and on the river-bank, at the end of Lambeth Bridge, is the palace of the Archbishops

It is worth one's while just once to climb the dome of St. Paul's, and see the city spread out before one. It is only from such a point that its immense size is realized, as it stretches away northward and westward.

FRENCH JOURNEYS.

General Vagueness on the Subject of French Travelling.—Health and Economy.—Suggestions not to be found in Guide-Books.—How to cross the Channel comfortably.—Seasons for French Travelling.—A good Centre.—Pastoral Attractions of Lorraine, and the "Loir-et-Cher" Costumes.—Amusements.—Hotel Prices.—Fees.—Civilities to "Monsieur le Patron"

NEARLY all Americans have very vague ideas about the details of French journeys. Some general climatic estimates are made, based, we believe, on experiences of ten or twenty years ago; but very few people arrive at correct conclusions about the country of all others which adapts itself to American physical and oftentimes financial needs. Sometimes one hears of little books which purport to give travellers all sorts of information necessary for foreign journeys in search of health or economy. There are always the standard guide-books; but these are one and all written for the professed tourists, the people who start out to see, spend, and enjoy; and it is only personal experience, desultory information based on nothing geographical or historical, which can help the larger class of economical, modest wanderers, who need to know the various elements of foreign travel far more than the ten thousand who remember Paris for its shops, and Nice for its good dancing. In these papers we purpose to record some vagrant but useful observations made during certain years abroad, and in beginning with France, we remember the predilection of our nation, as well as what we suggested in the beginning-its wide field of usefulness to the American abroad in search of health, amusement, or even tranquil historical interests.

As regards the various modes of crossing the Channel, we would only say a word in favor of Folkestone and Boulogne, and also to remind American travellers that the boats vary in comfort from day to day, some having large airy deck cabins, others only the lower saloons. In all cases it is greatly to the advantage of tourists likely to be ill not to take the regular tidal train from London, but one at least three hours in advance, as in no other way may comfortable places be secured. This point can hardly be too strongly dwelt upon, as it means so very much in the comfort of the journey.

Supposing that a good climate and economical living are the objects of one's journey, we should recommend visiting France between January and pril. Hotel tariffs are lower, and unless the season be exceptional, there are always places to be found where the weather is fine. Some of the best of these places are out of the beaten track, possibly not known because of their interests being small and their possessing few English qualifications. Journeying from Paris southward, we should recommend the Orleans Rail-This will make a fortnight's journey, say, to Bordeaux full of varied and delightful interest. Blois, Tours, or Angoulême is a good halt-ing-place the first day, but the first is to be recommended for its admirable hotel, the cuisine of which is famous all over France, and has penetrated as far as Buckingham Palace, whence came an offer of the position of superintendent of the kitchens to the chef. The climate of Blois and the adjacent towns is not bracing, nor is it peculiarly enervating. From the 1st of February to June the air is soft and sunshiny; the country is full of vineyards, and signs of wine-growing.

There are farms and farm-yards scattered h and there; undulations scarcely to be called hills, but now and then cliffs, or steep ascents, in town or country, up which you will find the people have built stone steps or paths of firmly grounded stone. The river scenery in these Lorraine towns is good, peaceful, and rarely diversified by more than the change from willow to poplar, lavoir or sunny bank, but something specially characteristic lends it a charm—the gray-green

of the verdure, the unbroken stillness, the quiet arches of a bridge, the coming and going of some peasant in sabots and stiff white cap: these touches seem when recorded dull, but in the French country they have a something which proves fascinating, and bring back eyes and feet to the same tranquil spot many times with a new interest. Just about Blois, or perhaps we should say in the department of the Loir et-Cher, the advantages to those in search of the picturesque are peculiarly strong. The country people dress well: in short dark shirts and prim bodices, long blue cloaks, and very pretty white caps, fitting closely, edged with double frills. Fair-days in this region bring many people together, who contribute to the artistic effect, and from nearly all these people any artist can obtain a "sitting." Their costumes are best purchased on fair-days second-hand, and the caps are best purchased directly from the wearer, as those sold in the shops or seen on the streets in fairs are never quite as picturesque. Forty cents and a little good-humored coaxing will nearly always purchase a pretty cap.

The winter or early spring amusements offered the visitor in this part of France are varied, but we think fox and deer hunting predominates. There are "meets" two or three times a week, when the show is very pretty, though the sport rather feeble after the English field. Driving can be made very interesting with some knowledge of the country, as the ancient châteaux are closely gathered about this region. A drive of three or four hours costs about four dollars, and you are expected to give your coachman an additional twenty or thirty cents. In this connection we might add that the fee to a concierge (or janitress) who shows you over any building is usually one or two francs (twenty or forty cents). By far the best arrangement for board at the hotels in the country parts of France is by the week, and the following prices will be found generally correct: For a good room and three meals a day, i. e., coffee with rolls and butter in your room in the morning, a very substantial lunch at mid-day, and elaborate dinner at six o'clock, you will pay from \$2 to \$2 50 per day. Candles are charged for as extras, about ten or twelve cents each. Incidental expenses are very few: fees to the servants depend entirely upon the length of your stay or the service required; and it is a good plan to consult the proprietor in cases of need, as he never overestimates the amount, and is likely to tell you frankly what the servants expect. In this connection we might remind inexerienced tourists of the civility usually expected by French landlords and landladies. The usual French ceremoniousness is very closely observed by this amiable and obliging class of people, and they expect very elaborate though formal greetings and leave-takings from their guests, who are also expected to express their "thanks" for the good service, etc., etc., if it be possible to accord such to "Monsieur le Patron," as the proprietor is politely called.

STUDIES IN MILLINERY.

HE illustrations on page 640 show how easy it is to disfigure or embellish any style of face simply by the choice of a bonnet.

Study No. 1 is a lady-like old face, with hard features, dressed as a young dashing coquette. The face needs softening and relieving with elegant flowing lines. The nobler part of the head should be shown, and the poor neck muffled with graceful hangings in profuse masses

Study No. 2 is a clever-looking, hard-working face, dressed with dreamy sentiment. This should look bright, piquant, and dignified; the face shadowed, and neck covered.

Study No. 3.—This is a fat, pleasant face, dressed like a picturesque highwayman. It needs some shape above the brow to relieve the breadth, and a tie which will cling closely to the large

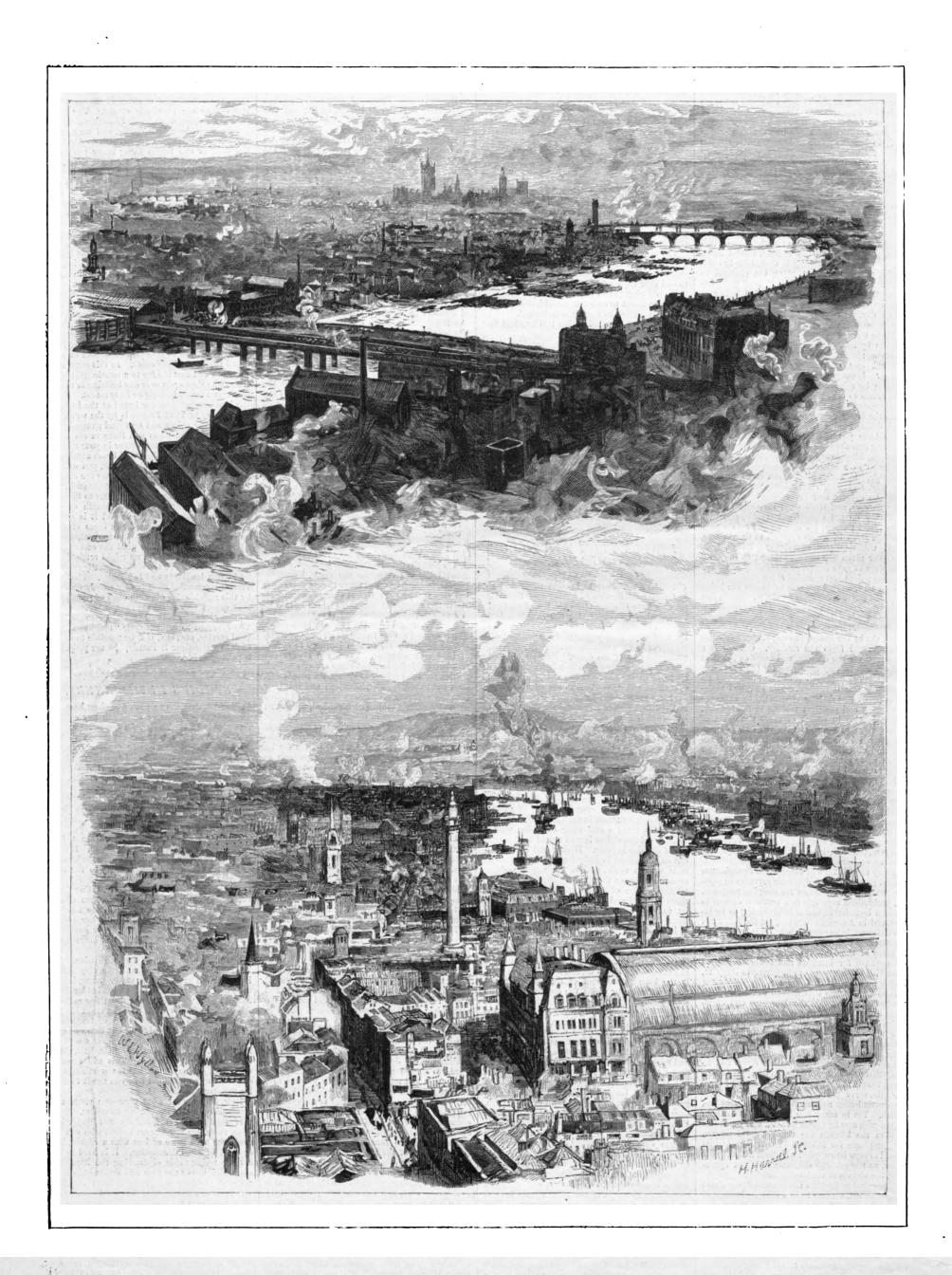
Study No. 4.—This is a pretty, rather inanimate young girl dressed in the modern affecta-tion of mannish dull plainness. She needs to wear something showy to set off her beauty, shoulder-straps to relieve her narrow shoulders a ruff to set off her thin neck, and large hat to suit her large features.

Space forbids further exemplification. The leading idea is contained in the following advice: For Heaven's sake, woman, old or young, look in the glass and try to see truly what is therein re-flected! Do not darken the room nor stand in a becoming shadow when "taking stock" in this way. Fling the shades wide open, or, better still, take a mirror and hand-glass out into the open air, and see yourself exactly as others see yo the street. Observe the full face, half, threequarters, and on all sides. This will astonish and mortify some women, but is nevertheless the only true way to find out how one needs to dress for the street or daylight.

Now, finally, wear what your own sense tells you looks well on yourself, not on others.

If this survey is faithfully and impartially done, there are few women indeed who will not cover the neck more or less with a ribbon, lace, or scarf of some description. It is hard to find a more trying mode of dressing the head than one which leaves the ears and throat quite bare, drawing the hair out of sight from the front It is amazing that women love to show their ugly ears as they do. Can there be anv softness or charm in a face whose outline of cheek-perhaps none too perfect-is relieved only by two protruding ungainly ears, with a bony string of neck exposed below? The prettiest, most interesting face is spoiled by the conjunction. In the rare case of a perfect ear, faultless throat well shaded by fluffy masses of hair, a hint of covering is still to be commended. For a woman's dress in the street there is no sentiment in better taste than modesty.

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LONDON FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S.—[See Page 635.]
(THE UPPER VIEW IS LOOKING WEST, AND THE LOWER ONE LOOKING EAST.)





. "BUONDELMONTI'S BRIDE."

FROM A PAINTING BY H. M. PAGET.—[SEE PAGE 638.]



BUONDELMONTI'S BRIDE.

See illustration on page 637.

In this weird and startling picture the artist has resuscitated one of those mediæval tragedies which abound in the Florentine annals, wherein the story is thus quaintly told: "Buondelmonti, to repair a family feud, had pledged himself to marry the daughter of his enemy, but broke his faith on his wedding morning, when he saw a beautiful girl of the house of Donati, and taking her to the church, married her in spite of his previous contract. The enraged Amadei slew him on the spot, and the newly made bride, with her husband's head on her lap, was borne in procession through the city by her own friends, to rouse the sympathies and indignation of the

Nothing more appalling could be imagined than this flower-wreathed procession suddenly turned to stone, this bride, in her wedding robes, frozen with horror, her blood curdled in her veins, and her rigid gaze fixed on vacancy, bearing on her lap the ghastly burden of the severed head of her bridegroom, pallid in death under its crown of roses. The mournful cortége is surrounded by a crowd of kinsmen and wedding guests, some bowed with grief, others breathing threats of vengeance. In front is the aged and grief-stricken father, mechanically holding his bridal wreath, with his son vainly endeavoring to console him, while the background is filled with bustling and curious spectators. In our comparatively peaceful nineteenth century such a strange and melodramatic story seems far removed from the domain of real life, and only fit for the subject of some weird fiction. Yet in the fierce feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibellines and the cruel days of the Borgias such deeds of violence were matters of frequent occurrence, too common to excite much remark, and many a bloody tragedy which would now arouse the whole community is only known to posterity by a few brief lines in some chronicle. If we of modern times have not outgrown assassination, it is at least rare enough to outrage and shock the whole community, and the contrast should prove to those who sigh for the good old days of yore that there are manifold advantages in living in an epoch of law and

Sofa Cushion .- Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on pages 628 and 629.

This oblong sofa cushion is covered with peacock blue plush, edged with heavy silk cord, and finished at the corners with wool and silk pompons. The plush for the top is left loose for two-thirds the length on the upper long side, and for an equal distance on one short side, leaving a corner which-may be turned down to form a revers, and which is faced with bronze plush, previously embroidered. The corner of the cushion left exposed is covered with peacock blue plush, also embroidered. Fig. 48, Supplement, gives the design for the embroidery on the bronze facing, and Fig. 49 that for the corner of the cushion. The embroidery is executed in satin, feather, stem, and knotted stitch with embroidery silk in dull tints. Fig. 2, page 629, shows the manner of working the large leaves in the design, and also shows one of the blossoms. These leaves are outlined and veined in stem stitch with darkest olive or roséda split silk, and then filled in with the full silk, three shades of the same color, in point de riz (rice stitch). The revers is edged with narrow colored loop fringe.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN LOSS OF APPETITE.

Horsrone's Acid Phosphate is used with great success in languor, loss of appetite, and hypochondria.—[Adv.]

RIKER'S American Face Powder is without a rival. Sold everywhere at 25 cents. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find Riker's Cream of Roses the most satisfactory article they can use.—[Com.]

BABY'S APPEAL. BABY'S APPEAL.

"What makes I cry and folks say Ize naughty?"
Cause stomach ache, and sour in my mouffy;
Cause too, can't seep, and worms bites ze belly;
"Fever"za say, feel like I was jelly;
Guess your babies cry, Dick and Victoria,
When mamma's gone, and don't have Castoria.
"You're right, they fairly yell." There, Uncle Cy;
Cousin Frank have Castoria, he don't cry.—[Adv.]

A SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL SKIN By using Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. Prepared especially for first-class trade. For sale by druggists.—[Adv.]

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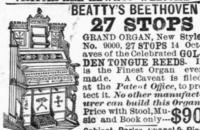
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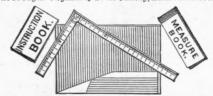
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An Apperciative Jury.—During a trial for assault in Arkansas, a club, a rock, a rail, an axe-handle, a knife, and a shot-gun were exhibited as "the instruent with which the deed was done." It was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a handsaw, a flail, and a cross dog. The jury decided that they'd have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

We once heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike.

"What is to pay?"
"Pay, sir! For what?" asked the turnpike man.

"Why, for my horse, to be sure."
"Your horse, sir! What horse? There is no horse, sir."

"No horse! Good gracious!" said he, suddenly looking down between his legs; "I thought I was on horseback."

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"How much and take groups and the reply.
"Only five pounds!" repeated the doctor. "W
I would not have preached that sermon for fifty!"

Don't argue with a fool, or listeners will say there are two of you.

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There was a Presbyterian minister who married a couple of his rustic parishioners, and who felt exceedingly disconcerted, on his asking the bridegroom if he were willing to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying, "Ay, I'm wullin'; but I'd rather hae her sister."

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Some men, between two evils, choose both,



MISS-TAKEN.

"Lovely!" exclaimed Smith, of a poetical temperament, to his friend Brown, at Newport.
"Enchanting!" responded Brown.
"They must have meant me, the bold, impudent men," wrote Miss Jones in a subsequent letter to a friend. "I was the only female within view. Such good-looking fellows too, dear."

[But, after all, they were only admiring the sunset.

Louis XVIII. told one of his courtiers one day that he was in the habit of asking his ministers whether they had a majority. When answered in the affirmative, he would say, "Very well; then you don't want me, and I can go." If the reply was in the negative, he would observe, "Very well; then I don't want you, and you can go."

She cooed; he wooed; and the old man said they could if they would.

An old Scotch minister, greatly addicted to the use of snuff, on one occasion caused great amusement among his congregation by giving out his text in the following fashion: "Ma freens, in such a chapter and such a verse you will find it written"—snuff-box produced—"Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little"—here an enormous pinch was applied with great unction to one nostril—"and there a little"—the second nostril here came in for its share. Even a Scotch congregation thought it funny.

Lord Palmerston, during his last attack of gont, exclaimed, playfully: "Die, my dear doctor! That's the last thing I think of doing."



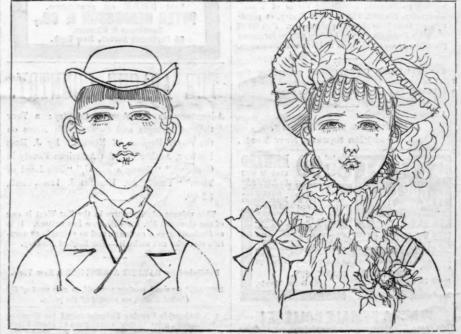
STUDY No. 1.



STUDY No. 2.



STUDY No. 3.



STUDY No. 4.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1881.

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Bridal Toilette.

THIS rich yet simple wedding dress is composed of white satin, with a blonde tunic and panier sash of white moiré. The long flowing train is trimmed with a double ruche of satin; the front has deep pleats meeting in the middle of the tablier to form soft puffs instead of set folds. On each side is a tunic of blonde held by small bouquets of natural orange blossoms and white roses; at the foot this drapery is shirred, and held by other bouquets. A large bow of flat loops of moiré is posed at the top of the tablier, and, extending in flat paniers over the hips, is tied behind in a sash bow, with ends falling on the train. The cuirass corsage of satin is given

the effect of an antique pointed basque by this arrangement of the sash. This basque has a square neck and elbow sleeves. Pleated blonde is around the neck, and forms a jabot down the front, on which rests a cluster and spray of the orange flowers and roses. The elbow sleeves have similar pleating and smaller bouquets. The wreath is entirely of orange blossoms; veil of Lyons tulle without hem.

Sunflower Portière or Curtain. See illustrations on pages 644 and 645.

WE give this week the first installment of the full-sized working pattern of an effective portière or curtain, designed and worked for

Queen Victoria at the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work. Fig. 1 shows the portière complete, with valance, in reduced size; Fig. 2 gives the full-sized bottom section, and Fig. 3 the next part, which is joined to Fig. 2 by accurately fitting together the \sqrt s that will be found on each page. The rest of the design, consisting of two more pages, will be published in the next number but one of the Bazar. The design is executed in appliqué-work of golden browns and yellows on a curtain of golden brown serge or satin sheeting. The round centre of the sunflower is of dark brown velvet, crossbarred with gold silk couching, caught down by cross stitches at the points of intersection. Several varieties of couching or net-work can be

made in the several flowers, thus avoiding too much repetition of detail. The petals of the flowers are of bright yellow silk serge, button-holed at the edge to the foundation curtain, and with centre veins, etc., in yellow silk stem stitch heavily worked, as the design requires bold treatment to give it full effect. The stems and leaves are of serge or velvet in browns, button-holed and veined with the same color in crewels. The valance design must be combined from the flowers and leaves in the curtain, as the two complete would take up too much room. The valance is edged with deep chenille or woollen fringe containing all the colors. That on the curtains is narrower, but similar. The design can readily be worked from the pattern in the Bazar.

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BRIDAL TOILETTE.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

No. 99 of Harper's Young People, issued September 20, opens with "The Last Day at the Sea-Side," a front-page picture drawn by Jessie Shepherd. It also contains "How the Day Went," a story, by W. O. Stoddard, of the last day of vacation; "Right About Face" and "The Last Frolic," poems for the close of vacation, by Mrs. Brine and Mrs. Sangster; "Pigeons and Doves," an article descriptive of the various breeds, and how to raise and care for these dainty pets; an exquisite drawing by F. S. Church, entitled "A Rainy Day"; "Sentence-Making," a game that will prove amusing and instructive to young students; and many other attractions.

Our next Number will contain a Pattern Sheet with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Velvet, Satin, Moire, Silk, Wool, Cloth, and other Autumn Dresses for Street and House Wear; Cloth and Plush Cloaks; Girls' and Boys' Autumn Suits; Ladies' Autumn Bonnets; Fichus, Slippers, Chair Backs, Key Baskets, Towels, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

WOMEN IN THE CRISIS.

In the position which women have held in relation to the President's illness, there is much that is both remarkable and interesting—a position that even in the midst of the general anxiety and suspense, where the heart of the whole nation beats as one heart, is gratifying at least to other women, and suggestive of thought. All the more is this felt because it is not a position given by gallantry, and accompanied by chivalrous nothings, but one assumed as of right and a matter of course, and marks an era of fuller appreciation of the peculiar worth of womanliness.

The foreign historian who was surprised to find the ancient Germans according to all women among them the reverence due only to priestesses—a custom, by-the-way, of which the German had all he wanted in those old times, so that he dispenses with anything of the sort to-day—would perhaps be equally surprised if, in his successor's eyes, he observed the manner in which of late the worth of woman as an individual and citizen has been publicly recognized, her influence felt, her identity acknowledged and deference paid in a crisis than which she has seldom had better opportunity of displaying the application of noble and heroic qualities to the passing hour.

The presence of the wives of the cabinet ministers in the scenes at and about the White House since the attempted assassination, although very likely but a trifling matter in itself, yet in the general public acquiescence and understanding of their need by and their value to their husbands in comfort and sympathy and counsel at such a time, the respect accorded to their opinions, the place, in short, given to such women as Mrs. BLAINE and Mrs. MACVEAGH, if all of no great moment in itself, is nevertheless indicative of the gradual rise of womankind into universal regard that has been going on long, but half felt till such moments come as these, which are the touch-stone of all true metal.

But although in quite another fashion from that of the noble self-possession of women before the world, amidst all the courage and coolness shown in these trying hours, there has been no conduct superior to the quiet beauty of Mrs. Edson's magnificent self-forgetfulness and devotion. While men were bickering and scuffling over their rights and remedies, she, an accomplished physician herself, of as good training and standing as the best, calmly laid aside all her professional pride and claim, and expended all her learning and her skill in simply acting the humbler part of the untiring nurse, till, prostrated by sleepless nights and blistering weary days, she at last leaves the patient mending to mend herself. One need not discuss the question as to whether any man would have done so much; it is a proud fact that a woman has done so, and one reflects with some gleam of satisfaction on the circumstance that perhaps the long generations of self-abnegation to which women, as a whole, have been trained, have had their fruit at length in this great and good behavior. That there is hardly a woman in the entire land, North or South, who would not be glad, if she had the strength and science, to render the service that Mrs. EDSON has done, may not be anything remarkable, nor that so many women should spring with generous

hands and thoughtful devices and gifts, to send sick-room appliances and comforts to the sufferer, but that this is so perhaps becomes more interesting as registering a state of feeling so widely spread at home and abroad as to be shared by the ruler of the leading nation of the earth, the Queen of Great Britain so far breaking through all the barriers of etiquette that are thought by the faithful Briton to be necessary for the upholding of the throne itself, as to telegraph in her own name and person messages for the wife who was passing through the fiery ordeal through which she herself had passed, to come out only upon the dust and ashes of dead happiness.

Meanwhile, from the patience of the old mother in her empty house, from the gentle but unblenching heroism and fortitude of the President's wife, a lustre is shed upon all other mothers and wives the world over, which goes far to justify the universal regard of which we have spoken. It is well known that there may be numberless wives at this very time in the country going through quite as much as Mrs. GARFIELD does in this relation, waiting on suffering husbands and fighting destruction with their own hands and without the aids she has; but it is proudly felt that, with the eyes of humanity upon her, this sweet woman not only does not fail in her place, but gives it a new glory, that glory which comes from the faithful performance of a terrible duty, the duty of buoying up a dying man above the abysses of death and despair on the strong wings of her own courage, the soul-withering task of covering with cheering smiles a trembling and breaking heart. All womanhood feels that Mrs. GARFIELD has not failed in it in this cruel hour, but has really enlarged and ennobled it, and the heart of every wife in the wide land has gone out to her in her trial, not as to the President's wife merely, but as to the suffering wife of a husband whose life hangs by a thread, as a woman holding a post they may themselves at any day occupy, and all of whose terrors they have felt beforehand, and in the imagination of which they sympathize and ache and sorrow with her quite as much as they thrill with pride to think of the place she takes in history.

$THE\ SCHOOL\text{-}TEACHER.$

LMOST every one thinks she can teach A school, if everything else fails. She runs over the list of feminine employments, and decides that teaching would be the most congenial. She does not calculate upon the hardships that beset the profession, upon the dunces she is likely to meet in this occupation, upon the difficulty she will encounter in imparting what she knows to others who may not be ready to assimilate it, and which requires a special knack or genius she may not possess, in which case all her acquirements are thrown away, as far as her pupils are concerned; she does not calculate upon the wear and tear, upon the confinement, upon the continual demand on her attention, upon the power of the school-girl to make her tasks tedious and her working hours distasteful, upon the dissatisfaction of parents and committees. It may be she thinks mainly of the salary, of the pleasure and necessity of earning some-thing, of independence. It is doubtful if the majority of those who go out to teach the young idea understand the magnitude of this enterprise. Because they have graduated in mathematics and languages, they feel able to remove mountains of ignorance. Not a few seem to think that teaching is something like pouring water from one vesel into another, that all they need to do is to unpack their wonderful budget of information for the students' benefit, as a peddler exhibits his wares, and that each mind will select what it requires most.

But the position of a teacher becomes no sinecure when it is remembered that education is necessary not only to cultivate the intellect, but to develop the natural bent of the individual-to give each mind an impetus in the right direction; and in order to accomplish this in any degree, one must take the matter to heart, not merely push through with the daily routine. To be sure, she who is in love with the profession will find this not an uncongenial task; it will be in the line of her tastes and of her ambitions, and though it will demand infinite painstaking on her part, it will interest her more than any novel of the day. The enthusiast will always receive her recompense in the visible growth of the minds which she instructs; but there is always a large class of teachers who are without enthusiasm, who have no decided views relative to their work, and no decided adaptability to it, and who naturally find it tedious and unprofitable drudgery, of small service to others. The teacher is more or less a slave, but she who loves her bondage does not wear out her strength and spirits fretting against its hard conditions.

OCTOBER WEDDINGS.

THERE is something very pleasant in an October wedding. If in the country, it has all the advantage of the finest weather which our climate produces; and if in town, it brings together all the people who have been apart for the summer. It then affords the young couple a chance for a wedding journey under October skies, and a return to town just as every one will be ready and happy to give them a dinner. Unless a young couple wish to be married in June, and go immediately to Europe, they had better, for all social purposes, be married in late October. This is the heartless fashionable view. The weddings which are to take place this coming autumn are to be characterized very much by allusions to the seasons. Several houses which have been decorated this summer in the new æsthetic style will be thrown open, and the ornamentation will be of fruits, grain, grasses, autumn leaves, as well as flowers. Pomona and Flora will combine. Vines, leaves, and bunches of grapes will be trained over the doors, arches, mirrors, and large baskets of fruits and flowers combined will stand in each corner. We all know how much effect the English produce with 'pines and palms," and there is to be an attempt here to make the fruit decorations rival a Dutch picture in color. A large water-melon cut open, crowned with gladiolus and lilies, a purple mass of plums, soft pink and yellow peaches, huge bunches of green grapes, all mingled with flowers-such will be the decorations.

Our brides are following more than ever the English customs, and those are, for a stylish wedding in church, briefly these: The bridemaids arrive first at the church, and await the bride in the vestibule. She arrives accompanied by her father. Then the gentlemen who manage the wedding, called her "ushers," open the church door, and march two and two up the aisle, followed by the bridemaids, two and two; then the bride, leaning on her father's arm, her veil over her face, follows last. The bridegroom, accompanied by his best man, having been in the vestry-room with the clergyman, comes out and stands in front of the altar rail, looking down the aisle for his bride, and as she approaches, he steps down one step and takes her from her father. The ushers have, as they approach the altar, separated and walked to either side, and the bridemaids have also passed up to the altar rail, knelt, and arisen, before the bride arrives.

If the bride have no father, some other relative or friend must be selected to give her away.

The bride's mother, sister, near friends, take

no part in the bridal procession. They go quietly to the church, and sit in the front pews. On coming out of church after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom go first, the bridemaids follow, and after them the ushers, and then the bride's mother and father. The functions of the "best man" end at the altar, unless he chooses to make himself useful at the house (and in paying the clergyman), throwing the slipper after the carriage, and generally assisting the groom to get off with his bride.

We ought to add that ushers and groomsmen are absolutely unknown at an English wedding, but always fashionable in America. The sexton of the church performs their duty in London.

Wedding breakfasts, at which the guests sit down, and the bride's health is drunk, while speeches are made, are de rigueur in England, but almost unknown here. However, an attempt is to be made in New York, at a coming wedding, to introduce the wedding breakfast at a very large house. One table will be set for the immediate bridal party and relatives, and smaller tables for the other guests.

At the bridal table the bride and groom sit in

At the bridal table the bride and groom sit in the middle of one of the sides of the table. The bride's father takes in the bridegroom's mother, and sits next the bride; the bridegroom's father takes in the bride's mother, and places her next the bridegroom. The bridemaids sit opposite the bride. The officiating clergymen sit at the head and foot of the table, and the best man sits next to the bride's mother, and proposes the health of the bride.

The refreshments should be bouillon, cold-salmon, mayonnaise of chicken and lobster, hot dishes of sweetbread and peas, suprême de volaille, terrapin and game in season, followed by ices and jellies, fruits, and hot coffee. Champagne is indispensable; sherry, claret, and Madeira also may be passed. Not more than an hour should be spent at table.

When the bride rises to depart, all the company should rise, and standing, drink her health. Nearly all the company leave after this, bowing to the bride's mother in the drawing-room. Certain intimate friends remain to throw rice and the slipper, and to see the bride depart.

It is perfectly proper, of course, to offer a standing-up breakfast from the buffet or table, if the trouble of a sit-down breakfast is not desired. The viands remain the same. Many of the most opulent families only offer cake and wine at weddings.

In England a register is always signed by the company as witnesses of the ceremony, and this custom is being largely followed here. In regard to invitations to a wedding, be careful to invite all your acquaintances or none, for if a large wedding is given, all feel hurt who are left out,

The bride's health being drunk, the bridegroom proposes the health of the bridemaids, after returning thanks for the honor done to himself and bride

In England both bride and groom remove both gloves during the ceremony. Here the bride simply allows the ring finger of her glove to be cut off, or being cut before, the bridemaid pulls it off. In England the bridal pair receive congratu-

lations at the altar and while walking down the

main aisle. Here they walk solemnly out, speak-

ing to no one. The English fashion has the advantage of ours, we think, in cordiality.

In America none call on the bridal pair who have not been invited to the ceremony, or who have not received cards. In England every one calls on a newly married pair, if they have known either party, whether they have received cards or not.

A widow can neither wear white nor be accompanied by bridemaids when she remarries.

We often receive letters at this journal requesting information as to the quality and cut of the wedding dress. It is impossible to say what should be the dress, so much must it depend upon the wearer's appearance and her purse. It should presumably be of white, with corsage high, and long train, with veil of real lace or tulle, and either diamond or pearl ornaments; the latter are thought by some persons to be unlucky.

A very beautiful wedding cress has come out for a bride of the future, of Spanish lace over white gros grain. The bodice is long over the hips, and the skirt is shirred on after the fashion of twenty years ago; the veil is of Spanish lace; the train (silk covered with lace) four yards long. Orange blossoms have been replaced with white roses, or stephanotis, or jasmine. If the bride wears her veil over her face, she throws is back before she kneels at the altar.

Satin embroidered in seed-pearls is a very favorite dress for a bride. White gros grain trimmed with lace, pearls, or blonde is also a good dress.

Brides who prefer to be married in travelling dress have the choice of every sort of dress excepting black. It is never proper to be dressed in black

As for bridal gifts, the giver should be inspired by a desire to give something which shall be useful, rather than by a desire to exhibit his own wealth and his importance. Gifts of jewelry, lace, camel's-hair shawls, and fans are apt to be appreciated by a bride more than the usual deluge of soup-spoons and salt-cellars. It may interest our young brides to know what a noble bride in Europe lately wore at her wedding: "A very transparent muslin over satin, the tablier formed of narrow muslin flounces mixed with tulle. A large tulle veil was fastened around the head with natural daisies, while below the tulle ruche was a necklace of daisies."

The first bridemaid was dressed in white Indian muslin over blue; the short skirt was looped up with bouquets of natural rose-buds tied with blue ribbon; a Louis Quinze shepherdess hat of rice straw, trimmed with a wreath of pale roses, and flots of pale blue ribbon. She carried a large parasol of pale blue silk covered with white muslin, and a wreath of natural roses, the handle studded with turquoises. Another bridemaid wore a white dress painted by hand with sprays of forget-me-nots, a thick garland of forget-me-nots surrounded the casaque and skirts, and the ribbons used for draping were shaded pink; white silk parasol lined with pink, and handle studded with forget-me-nots; immense Leghorn hat, turned up at the side with forget-me-nots.

This custom of carrying pretty parasols will be copied at an out-of-town wedding in October. The bridemaids are supposed to walk from the house to the near church, holding these over their heads, and entering the church they do not lower them until they reach the altar, when they drop them at one side, resuming them as they walk out. The effect is very pretty.

For a costume for the bride's mother, one of lilac satin, painted by hand with pansies, and bonnet of white lace and pansies, is a very appropriate, beautiful dress; or another, a Pompadour toilette of broché satin, with garnet stripes and small bouquets on a white ground, the bonnet entirely of flowers, to match the dress a large Pompadour fan; or an iron gray silk with steel fringes and rows of poppies, the hat of steel and poppies, and gray silk painted with poppies.

One young bride has elected to go to the altar in a poke bonnet tied under her chin, and a short veil depending; but this, unless with a travelling dress, is too decidedly eccentric. The bridemaids will almost universally be in little bonnets or else in large round hets.

Of the bridal trousseaux, we hear that the brides are showing the extreme good sense not to order too many dresses. Two dinner dresses, two ball dresses, two house dresses of silk and cashmere, two morning dresses, a handsome peignoir, a cloak lined with fur, an opera cloak, and an Ulster, two bonnets and a hat, and a full but not extensive order for under-linen, is all the order sent to Paris by one of the richest heiresses in New York. This is much more sensible than the usual style of ordering so many dresses that there is every probability that all of them, or nearly all, will be out of fashion before they can be worn. If a bride should exceed this limit in any direction, it should be in that of dinner dresses, for wedding dinners are to be very fashionable this winter.

After all, many a bride whose wedding dress has been of Indian muslin, and whose modest purse admits but of a few tasteful gowns, will enjoy her winter quite as much as those who revel in Worth's best conceptions.

A bride should wear high-heeled satin slippers, with large rosette of satin ribbon, with a paste or diamond buckle, or else white satin boots, with the rosette and buckle small, and white silk openworked stockings, which she must keep for good luck. This is an old and very universal superstition. She must wear kid gloves which have the long sleeves reaching without buttons to the elbow, and carry her one bouquet in her left hand. When she reaches the altar she gives this bouquet to her nearest bridemaid.

The custom of wearing natural flowers is a very troublesome one. In our hot climate and overheated winter rooms fresh flowers fade immediately, yet the effort is to be made by several brides of this winter, who intend to wear only

Hosted by GOGIC

fresh flowers in the hair and at the corsage. The idea is so pretty that we wish them success

Fans, parasols, and baskets are to be made entirely of flowers, and we have even heard of floral shoes and a flower comb as amongst the coming novelties for bridal costume.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WEDDING TOILETTES.

S ATIN, moiré, and brocaded velvet are the materials of which elegant wedding dresses are being made this season. Satin appears in all of these dresses, and is in many cases used for the entire dress, with lace for garniture, and elaborate valances of pearl, white jet, and embroidery of chenille on tulle. The Moyen Age styles introduced last year are repeated for such dresses; the bodice is pointed in front and behind, but extends only two inches below the waist on the sides, and is edged with lace; the square or pointed neck has a wired collar of the beaded work, and an inner frill of lace; the sleeves are of the beaded talle or else of the satin slashed at the top, and melon puffs of tulle are placed in the slits. The train is full and flowing, and the plain front is flatly covered with two deep valances of lace or of beaded tulle. This dress is especially liked by very small brides, as it gives a stately appearance. For very young brides the neck may be rounded in Marguerite shape, and filled in with gathered tulle and lace; sharp puffs on the arm holes and elbows of satin sleeves are then added. One of the handsomest wedding dresses prepared this season has the basque and train of moiré Français, with the front and side gores of satin, on which is duchesse lace and pearl passementerie. The satin front breadths are perfectly smooth at the top, and are finished at the foot with a pleating of satin that extends in a point on the right side above the knee. The lace, wide enough for flounces, is then placed in two rows up the front, being smooth like a panel on the right side, and extending in gathers beside the pleated satin at the foot; this reaches a point under the basque at the top, and is edged with pearl passementerie in vine and flower pattern. This nearly covers the satin front, which is made on a silk foundation cut in the new way with a seam down the middle of the front, and consist ing of only two gores, instead of the front breadth and side gores formerly used. A narrow side pleating of satin trims the foot, and also extends to the sides of the moiré train. Next the satin breadths on each side is a moiré breadth very slightly gored, and trimmed its whole length with a revers of moiré that widens toward the top, and is fastened across the tournure above the pleats of the full train. To make this train three straight breadths of moiré are sewed to the moiré side breadths, pleated into a very small space at the belt, and finished at the foot with two knife-pleatings of satin. This train mea sures two and a half yards at its greatest length, is curved at the corners to hang with greater breadth than when pointed, and is lined throughout with crinoline lawn; a very deep balayeuse pleating of stiff muslin and lace supports it at the foot. The moiré basque has a square neck and elbow sleeves made of the lace, and pearl trimming on the front of the arm, with moiré a the back; two ruffles of lace, and a folded scari of satin tied in a bow, trim the sleeves. The square neck has a row of passementerie around it, and is filled in with two gathered frills of nar-row lace and crêpe lisse pleating. Below this open square a narrow vest of satin is let in, and is buttoned by small buttons made of satin on wooden moulds. The fronts of the basque are cut into seven small scallops, and piped with white satin; the side form is plain on the edges, and the two middle forms of the back are folded in wide box pleats, one of which is caught up on the side by a bow of satin ribbon. The white flowers are clusters of snow-balls and lilacs, with a few orange blossoms; a bouquet of these is at the top, and a vine is down the left side. Brocaded velvet figures on satin grounds are used in the way the moiré is combined with satin in the dress just described: these brocades cost from \$6 to \$15 a yard, and have for their designs large roses or lilies in the thick plush pile, or else feather designs in broad stripes. A novelty this season is the brocade in moiré

designs showing rippled stripes all over the silken fabric: this is \$5 a vard. Another new design has a moiré ground with white roses brocaded upon it; this costs \$5 50 a yard. What is called French moiré is the regular watered silk in waved stripes, of which there are six or seven in each breadth; this is the fashionable choice fabrics and costs from \$4 to \$6 a vard in qualities suitable for a bride's dress; the genuine moiré antique is more lightly watered, and is considered suitable for elderly ladies. Brocaded silks and satins are far less expensive than the velvet brocades, and come in large patterns so closely wrought that the ground is entirely covered; a handsome brocade of this kind costs from \$3 to \$6 50 a yard. Plain satins for combina-tions may be bought, in the pure white shades that are now preferred to cream white, for \$3 a yard; but when the entire dress is made of satin the richer qualities, costing from \$5 to \$12, are The wedding dress illustrated on the first page of the present number of the Bazar is an excellent model; it shows the simple basque of satin, the panier sash of moiré, the full train, and also a pretty and inexpensive trimming of tulle, blonde, or gauze on the skirt, with either natural The skirt of a wedding dress should be full, with draperies that follow its out lines—not broken by cross-draperies—and over all the veil should fall in the same outlines. When a parure of point or duchesse lace is supplied, there is usually a lace shawl with it, which serve for the veil, but most brides prefer a tulle veil because it is becoming. A square of silk tulle

is provided for the veil; of the Lyons tulle made for this purpose some is three yards square, while the widest, which is four yards square, is necessary when the bride wears a very long train. One corner of this square is rounded, and this falls low on the train; the corner diagonally opposite is then gathered in a point on the coiffure, and a cluster of orange blossoms holds it in place. The edge may be left plain, after being smoothly trimmed, or it may be turned back in a hem an eighth of a yard wide, and held by one, two, or three rows of floss, or else by brier-stitching. Such veils cost from \$10 to \$15. Few flowers are used this season on wedding dresses, and these often have more roses or lilies than orange blossoms, and it is not then necessary to remove the flowers when the dress is worn after the wedding. The gloves of white kid, either dressed or undressed, as the bride chooses, are long enough to cover all the arm not covered by the sleeve. The white silk stockings are embroidered on the instep, and the slippers are of white satin.

BRIDEMAIDS' DRESSES.

Bridemaids' dresses are made short, of a single material instead of a combination of two, and are much simpler than the bride's dress. satin Surah trimmed with Spanish lace is the favorite dress for bridemaids this season, but there are also beautiful dresses of silk muslin with d'Aurillac lace, or of white China crape, or the pretty Chinese silk. Nuns' veiling and India mull dresses will remain in favor. Two or three wide soft puffs and some lace will trim the front of these dresses, while the sides will have panier fullness, and a great sash bow for back drapery made of a whole breadth of moiré or of satin Surah. The waists will be in the pointed antique style already described, or else fully shirred, and worn with a low cuirass or girdle of moiré. There are also antique bodices of white moiré to be worn with skirts entirely covered with frills of Spanish or of d'Aurillac lace. The bridemaids' veils, when the dresses are trimmed with Spanish lace, will be made of Spanish lace scarfs, either quite narrow, and tied closely on the hair to give the effect of a bonnet, or else wider scarfs will be draped like a Spanish mantilla to fall from a cluster of flowers low on the shoulders. The flowers are different for each maid, and she carries great bouquets in her hand, in her belt, and often in a basket on her arm. The gloves of un-dressed kid may be white or tan-color, and the satin slippers may be either white or black. The jewelry is very simple, and its most conspicuous piece is the brooch, locket, or bracelet presented by the bride. When round hats are worn, they will be of white plush or felt in broad picturesque shape, with feathers that cover the outside of the brim, and are held there apparently by a great flat bow of satin or of plush ribbon; the crown is left quite bare, and the brim is faced with gathered plush of a becoming color. Similar hats will be used for the two child bridemaids that now precede the bride to the altar, and their white mull dresses will be shirred, and have short waists with bunched-up sashes and straight skirt in early English styles. The groom, best man, and ushers at day weddings wear morning dress, with black frock-coat, high vest, gray trousers, and no gloves, while for evening weddings the entire suit is of black cloth, with swallow-tail coat and low

THE MOTHER'S DRESS.

Lavender, violet-purple, silver gray, and very dark garnet are the colors preferred for the dress worn by the mother of the bride, and the materials are velvet brocade, plain velvet, and satin. An elegant model for this dress has the basque and train of violet velvet, with the front breadths of silver brocade, on which are violet velvet flowers. The velvet basque has a square neck, with white silk covering the open square, on which is laid point lace, and below this square is a vest of the brocade that falls in two long square tabs; the back of the basque is longer than the front, and forms two large box pleats. Point lace ruffles trim the sleeves and outline the vest. The brocade is flat on the three front breadths, is opened to each knee to admit two fan-pleatings of the velvet, and is finished with narrow velvet box-pleating. At the top of these breadths are velvet paniers that curve low on the sides, and join the velvet train, which consists of a short sloped side breadth and three full straight long breadths; this train is two yards long, and is edged with narrow box-pleated velvet.

OTHER TROUSSEAU DRESSES.

For full-dress dinners and for evening receptions the bride will need trained dresses, but the greater number of dresses provided for the trousseau are now short costumes that may be worn alike for visiting, church, and house dresses. Velvet costumes for returning broads will not be so plain as those of last year. They will not be so plain as those of last year. are now partly plain and partly of brocaded velvet, and are made with puffed fronts and bow drapery of a full breadth of moiré or of satin Su-Glacé Surah costumes trimmed with plush, cloth combined with striped plush on cloth to match, and cashmeres of quaint color with Saxon embroidery on the cashmere, and the new moiré pleated skirts, will be useful dresses for a bride. The cashmere or cloth dress may do duty for a travelling costume unless the bride provides herself with a tailor-made suit of Cheviot or of cloth for this purpose. Bronze or myrtle green is the fashionable color for these travelling dresses. Blue that is as dark as lead-color or as old silver is stylish for the cashmere suits that are combined with moiré. Mordoré costumes with the basque of moiré and the skirt of plush are for midwinter visits, church, and day receptions. Green with red is the choice for change able stuffs and for contrasts. Black satin Surah costumes for church and for walking have a small pelerine cape and panier draperies of silver gray or other colored plush in brocaded patterns.

Gayer brocaded plushes, with red, white, or jonquil satin grounds, and black plush figures, trim house dresses of black satin Surah. These are made with demi-trains that have flowing breadths. All the costumes described have bouffant back drapery, and are worn over tournures to give

them very full effect.

Feather turbans are chosen for general wear with plain dresses for shopping and travelling, and when becoming will be used for driving. Felt round hats and those of beaver and of plush are a trifle more dressy, and will answer for many occasions; but for dress, bonnets will be used, and will be in keeping with the costume worn with them, often suggesting the dress by being trimmed with the plush or velvet used for trimming the dress. Ladies who consult economy find it a better plan to have a handsome cloak large enough to conceal the costume, and select the bonnet with reference to the cloak.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and AIT-

KEN, SON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE exquisite illustrations in Harper's Magazine elicit high praise from English as well as American critics. Miss Virginia W. Johnson, author of *The Neptune Vase* and other novels published by HARPER & BROTHERS, writes from England, in a private letter: "We have given the June magazine to an English lady because of the article on humming birds, with the ex-quisite illustrations. The lady is painting each group on tinted cards, with the flowers, and reroduces the subject with the delicacy of enam-

-The gifted young English lady, Dr. BEATRICE GILCHRIST, who graduated in Boston some two years ago, and has since been prosecuting her medical studies abroad, has just died suddenly from the effects of ether inhaled while making an analysis of condensed milk, which was to be the subject of a thesis she was preparing for her examination. She was the daughter of Mrs. ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, the widow of the author of the Life of William Blake, which she edited and published after her husband's death,

who made many friends during her visit with her daughter to this country.

—Dr. O. W. Wight, the efficient Health Commissioner of Milwaukee, who, during his four years' administration, has extirpated small-pox from that city, and placed it on a first-class santary focilize has accepted the appointment of itary footing, has accepted the appointment of Health Officer of Detroit.

—An eminent antiquary adds to the theories concerning Stonehenge one that it is no relic of the Druids, but that it really dates from the bronze period of Northern archeologists, and a temple of the fire-worshippers of that

-A set of chimes, costing six thousand dollars, to be made in London, is to be presented to the Channing Memorial Church by a Newport gentleman

—At Folkestone the third centenary of Har-VEY was lately celebrated by the unveiling of

The only wife of the present Khedive of Egypt received a European education, and is a cultivated and large-minded woman, who has her children brought up in the English style by English governesses.

WILLIAM WHEELWRIGHT, of South American celebrity, left \$138,000—which is now ready for use—to found a school in Newburyport, Mas-

for use—to found a school in Newburyport, Massachusetts, to educate young men in practical business knowledge.

—Miss Hewitt, daughter of Congressman Hewitt, of New York, received the brush at the recent Newport fox-hunt.

—Three embassics have been, from time to time, refused by Mr. Longfellow.

—The National Gallery in London has recently had a Madonna by Leonardo Da Vinci additional Gallery in London has recently had a Madonna by Leonardo Da Vinci additional carries.

ly had a Mudonna by LEONARDO DA VINCI added to its possessions.

—There is a notable difference in the behavior

of the first lady of Great Britain in ostracizing female physicians, and that of the first lady of America in putting herself under their care, and one of them about her husband. After the Queen's recent action in the matter, prompted by Sir William Jenner, Lord and Lady Gran-VILLE gave a very elegant garden party to the Congress of Medical Men, the invitations including every female physician in the country, who flocked from all parts of England to attend it, the effect being that of a pointed rebuke to the Queen and Sir WILLIAM, whether so intend-

--For the first time in his life the Emperor of Japan has been asked for his autograph. The letter hearing the request was the first ever written to any Emperor of Japan by a foreigner. It is the unanimous opinion of all persons of eminence that the asker should commit hari-kart.

-FREDERIC SAUVAGE, the discoverer of the principle on which the great screw-propeller is built, is to have a monument erected to his memory, in this monument-building period, at Boulogne-sur-mer, the celebration of the occasion to continue three days, and to consist of concerts, aquacic sports, a public dinner, balls, and free performances at the theatres.

—The Baroness BURDETT-BARTLETT-COUTTS

wore brown satin with a quantity of white lace, and fewer jewels than some Americans wear at breakfast, at her recent garden party, among the refreshments at which were sandwiches containing only spiced tomatoes and butter. The good lady is said to look up to her age, but has not a gray thread in her hair.

gray thread in her hair.

—Dictator Pierola, of Peru, has travelled over five hundred and fifty leagues on the backs of mules, and on the rough Andean roads, within five months, although for about one-half the time he was stationed at Jauja recruiting an

army.

The age of Thaddeus Stevens was always

And although he was a handsome man in youth and middle age, his fine form was disfigured, like BYRON'S, by a club-foot.

—At the recent wedding in the ARGYLL family

a new fashion was introduced, all the guests leaving the chapel before the bride and bride-

Mrs. Rachel Barnard, a niece of General Warren, of Bunker Hill, who died not long since in Kentucky, lost her eyesight when a lit-

tle past middle life, but recovered it when about ninety, and could read fine print without glasses at the time of her decease.

The present Lord Mayor of London is the

first Irishman who ever held that office. His name is MCARTHUR, and he began business as a

draper in Londonderry.

—The Princess Louise, in visiting the tomb
of her sister ALICE at Darmstadt, the Electrical Exhibition at Paris, and other places of interest.

travels strictly incognita.

—It is rumored that Mr. GLADSTONE is to offer the honor of knighthood to Mr. ALEXANDER

MacMillan, the publisher.

—At a lute meeting of the Social Science Congress Miss EMILY TALBOT read a series of notes on the infancy of his children by Mr. ALCOTT, recording the progress of mental growth until the seventy-seventh day after birth.

—A rustic in Piedmont recently found six hun-

A rustic in Fledinont recently found six nundered silver coins belonging to the first epoch of Roman history, bearing the images of BRUTUS and of COLLATINUS.

—Some one remembering that "Marlborough that adopted the control of the

has gone to the wars," says that a debate be-tween Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Mr. GLADSTONE is like what one might be between GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN and PLATO.

—Mr. OSCAR WILDE intends to come before

the public next season as a Shakspearean actor,

Mr. HEALY, an Irish member of Parliament, had occasion to say, not long since, that there were murders with which Englishmen sympathized, as, for instance, that of Charles II. But on being corrected in his history, he remarked that "an Irishman can not be expected to be up in English history.

-Mrs. Chambers, who distinguished herself BALDI's campaigns, in which her husband was

active, has just died.

—Queen Victoria has given an order for a bust of Dean Stanley to his niece, Miss Grant, who is a clever sculptor.

—The Duke of Wellington has opened Apsley

House on Sundays, to select parties of twenty or thirty at a time, at the request of the Rev. Mr. H. R. HAWEIS.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE says that comparing male

and female clerks in public offices, the palm of efficiency is to be given to the women.

—Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., who is now in

this country, has given one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to the temperance cause

in England within the past few years.

—Dr. Asa Grey, the distinguished botanist of Harvard University, is studying botanical subjects in the herbarium at Kew, England, and will study hope past reports.

return home next month.

—Mr. Bence Jones is just now undergoing the censure of the English press because when first coming into his estate he refused the old Cashelmore pack permission to tear up his farms by hunting over their fields, making his refusal so effectual that the pack had to be broken up and hunting cease in that district.

—The petition of Lelia J. Robinson, who graduated at the Boston University Law School, to practice as an attorney in the gourts of Magnetic and the second se

to practice as an attorney in the courts of Mas-sachusetts was dismissed lately by the Supreme Court of that commonwealth, on the plea that a woman is not entitled under the laws of the State to be admitted to the bar as an attorney.

—It is said that Sir Thomas Brassey is negotiating for the lease of the famous "Strawberry Hill".

-Mr. FRANK HATTON, the son of Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, has gone on a scientific exploration of North Borneo and the Malay Archipelago. He is but twenty, and a young man of great promise, being a fellow of the London Chemical Society, an associate of the Institute of Chemistry, a member of the Chemical Society of Berlin, and has now become an explorer in regions fresh to the metallurgical chemist, and is to be met by special steamer at Singapore. He is accompanied, among others, by Mr. WITTI, who has seen more of the regions indicated than any white man living.

—General MEREDITH READ recently dined on

board the royal yacht the Victoria and Albert, and on the following day was the guest of the Prince of Wales.

—The salary of the Mayor of Swansea has been

raised from fifteen hundred dollars to ten thou-sand, in order that he may give royalty a recep-

tion fitting the civic dignity.

—Consumptives are cautioned by the Rev. Dr.

J. Howard SuyDam, of Jersey City, against going to the Adirondacks in search of cure. He says that although the scenery is fine and the air pure, the milk is poor, and the beef too

air pure, the milk is poor, and the beel too tough, and the roads too rough.

—The daughter of John Bright, Miss Margaret Sophia, who was lately married to Dr. Theodore Cash after the Quaker custom, a lady friend making a prayer at the ceremony, received a marriage certificate artistically engraved on vellum, and signed by forty of those

-A boy was saved from drowning at Rye Beach the other day by the heroism of Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the pianist, who plunged in after him, but who, owing to the under-tow, could only sustain him till help arrived, while the lad's mother watched from the shore

—A niece of General John C. Fremont, Mrs. Jessie Fremont Ferris, made her debut on the stage quite recently at Rochester. Miss Braddon is writing a play for the St

James Theatre.

—Helen Gladstone, the English Premier's sister, who lately died at the convent at Cob-lentz, was at one time a reigning belle and wo-

man of fashion among the English aristocracy. —The Arthur in Tom Hughes's Tom Brown was intended for Dean STANLEY.

—The æstheticism of the day enters into Mr. MILLAIS'S new house at Palace Gate by only a few feathers in an Oriental blue-green jar on the drawing-room mantel. The view from the dindrawing-room manuel. The view from the din-ing-room window sweeps up the broad walk of Kensington Gardens. A dark Persian carpet covers the very wide hall stairs, whose balus-trade is of cast iron and polished ebony, with marble dado and pillars. All the walls of the marble dado and pillars. All the walls of the house are in variegated white. There are pan-els of brass in the sculptured marble mantels instead of tiles, and Indian rugs on the floors. The Pompeiian-red walls of the studio are almost covered with old Beauvais tapestry, and the breakfast-room is decorated only with engravings and other work in black and white the exception of one painting, a portrait of Mrs. MILLAIS in red velvet.



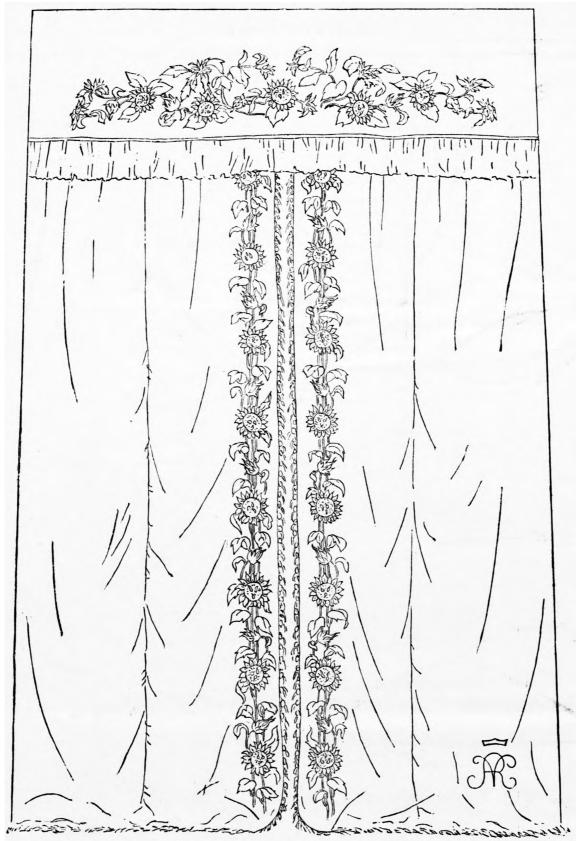


Fig. 1.—SUNFLOWER PORTIÈRE OR CURTAIN.—[See First Page.]

Designed and worked for Queen Victoria at the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

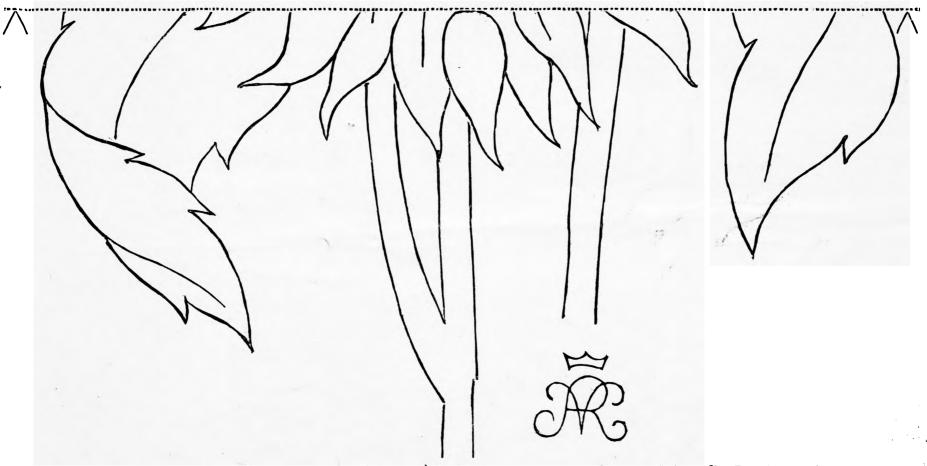


Fig. 2.—FIRST (BOTTOM) SECTION OF SUNFLOWER PORTIÈRE OR CURTAIN, FIG. 1.—FULL WORKING SIZE.—[See Fig. 2, Page 645.]

From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.

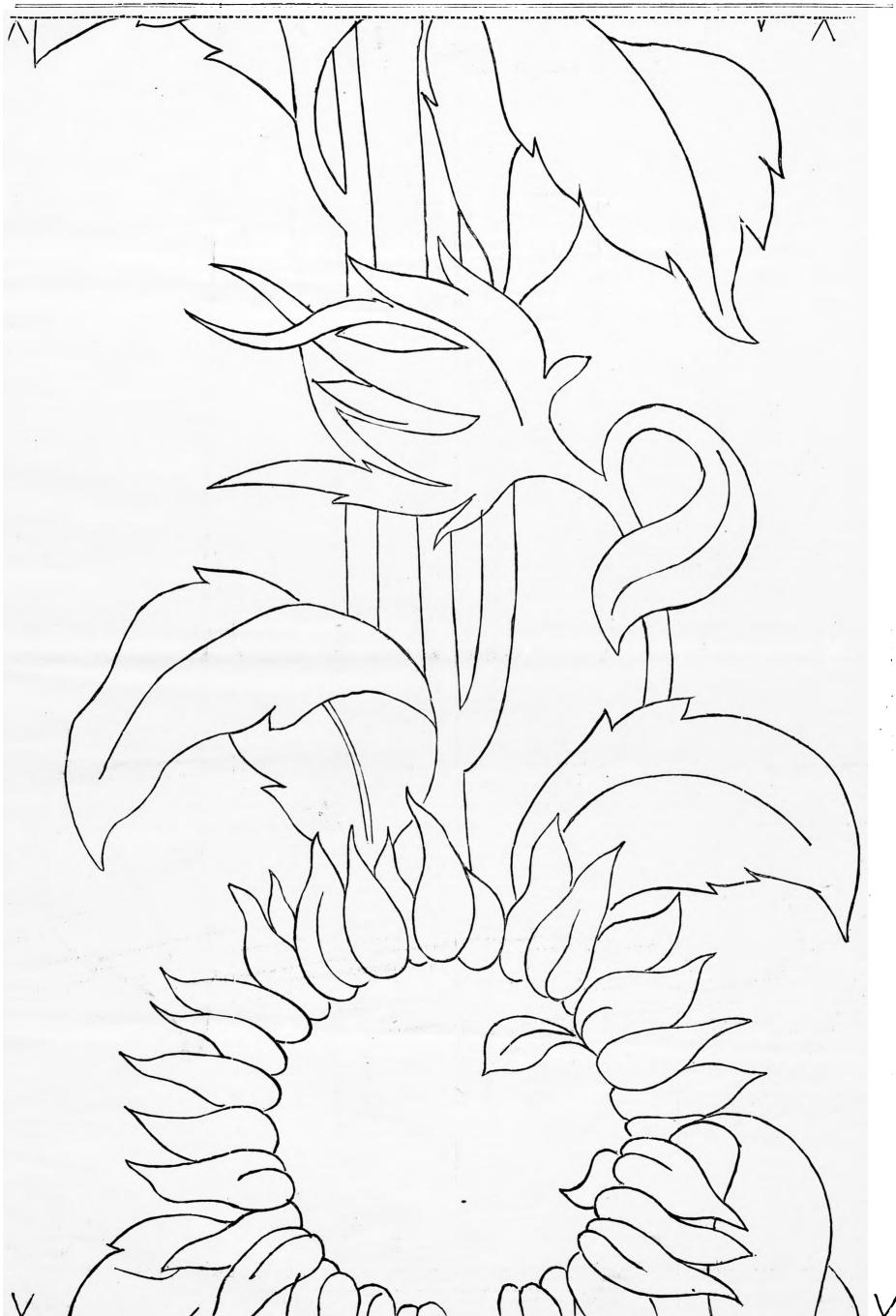


FIG. 3.—SECOND SECTION OF SUNFLOWER PORTIÈRE OR CURTAIN, FIG. 1, PAGE 644.—FULL WURKING SIZE.

FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.—[The rest of this design will be published in No. 43, Vol. XIV., of Harper's Bazar.]

HOSTED by

MORIARTY'S MARY ANN.

THEY never thought of calling her anything else at Brady's Mills, perhaps because the alliteration tickled their fancy, perhaps because her real name, Mary Ann Devlin, suggested the ancient Enemy, though it must be acknowledged that a considerable degree of freedom in using his name characterized the inhabitants of Brady's Mills, especially that part of it known as Tipper ary, where the Moriartys lived. Perhaps the habit had arisen from the fact that when she first appeared, a little girl of a year or two, under the Moriarty roof-tree, the neighbors had not wholly credited the story told by Dennis Moriarty and his sister, "the ould Widdy MacShane," that she was their nephew John Devlin's daughter. She bore no likeness to the Moriartys or the Devlins; and as for John Devlin's wife, "wasn't she the pale little slip of a thing, wid hair and all the color of a tallow candle, jist? And look at the fine gurrl Mary Ann was!

It had always been strongly suspected that the Widdy MacShane was a witch. She had been seen by credible witnesses to sail away on a broomstick on many a misty night; from some such expedition she might have returned with Marv Ann. Those who had known the Widdy in the old country testified that she had been known to have dealings with fairies: through their influence she might have become possessed of this girl, who had "a different look till her, and a dif-ferent way wid her, and was different altogither," not only from her own reputed kin, but from ev-

ervbody in Tipperary. But nobody ever expressed any doubts respect ing Mary Ann's relationship to the Moriartys in their hearing. Tipperary people were not noted for wisdom and prudence, but they were too wise and prudent for that. The logic of brawn and muscle was the persuasive logic in Tipperary; he that had his quarrel just was of but small account compared with him that had such fists as old Dennis Moriarty. The great advantage of this simple style of argument was that it was conclu-The man who on first beholding the infant Mary Ann expressed his opinion that "there was no more Moriarty till her than there was to the Queen on her t'rone," was profoundly convinced of his error by the weight of Dennis's arm, and no man ever expressed such an opinion again.

As to the women, who were naturally even more inclined to curious surmisings than the men, the Widdy MacShane kent them quiet. She was firmly believed to be in league with the devil. Not a shadow of doubt respecting the real existence of that personage or his wonderful power had ever crept into Tipperary, and this supernatural helper made the Widdy MacShane a woman not to be trifled with, in the opinion of all her neighbors.

And with this union of forces, old Dennis's fists and the Widdy's fiend, it is not to be wondered at that the Moriartys were regarded as the great people of Tipperary. It was reported that the priest himself had been seen to take off his hat to the Widdy MacShane. It was generally believed that he had only raised his hand to his head to make the sign of the cross when he saw her coming, but there were some bold spirits who averred that his reverence was like the old woman who said, "We may go to the devil, so it's just as well to bow.

Tipperary had huddled itself together in the midst of things, that is, in the narrowest, dingiest, smokiest possible nook, as Irish settlements have a way of doing. It was directly under the shadow of the iron mills, whose chimneys belched forth flame and smoke and soot all day and all night, and consequently its log-and-plaster houses, its children, and the pigs that walked its streets were begrimed even beyond the wont of Irish belongings. The Moriartys had a frame house which looked as if it had withdrawn from the others, across Brown-bread Creek and half way up the hill, in pride. They had a "bit garden, and raised their own "praties" and cabbages They had a carnet, and a pig-sty, instead of keeping the pig under the bed, as was the fashion in Tipperary. Such evidences of aristocratic feeling were not likely to make people popular in Tipperary, and it is a strong proof of the great respect in which the Moriartys were held that they were not openly hooted at in consequence.

Dennis Moriarty worked in the mills, as did every man in Tipperary who did not dig in the mines; the Widdy MacShane dug the "praties," told fortunes, took care of the poultry and the pig, and sometimes helped Mary Ann with her washing.

Mary Ann took in washing. All the "quality" in Brady's Mills were glad to get Mary Ann to do their washing. Her clothes were "as white as the foam of the sea," and never failed to have precisely the right gloss and stiffness; indeed, as the Widdy MacShane often remarked, when they were hung upon the clothes-horse in dazzling "Mary Ann's clothes wud spake till ve.

And oh, what a treasure she was to the lone lorn bachelors, for never a shirt went home minus a button, nor a stocking undarned. But, for all that, some of them were so ungrateful as to grumble because the Widdy MacShane brought the washing home instead of Mary Ann, and one of them even had the temerity to tell the Widdy that "a glimpse of Mary Ann's face was worth the price of the washing ten times over.' was a stranger stopping at the hotel, which accounted for his audacity. The Widdy MacShane's reply is lost to the world, for when she was furiously angry she gave utterance to her feelings in her native Irish tongue, but the by-standers declared that she flourished her cane over her head shillalsh-wise, and that veritable sparks of fire were emitted from her eyes. No other young man ever confided his admiration for Mary Ann to the Widdy MacShane.

Mary Ann was a beauty. You might say that she was a red-headed Irish washer-woman, and it would be true. But you could also say that she was "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," and with hair of the color that Titian loved to paint; that would be true -which goes to show how great is "the art

of putting things."

Mary Ann's red hair was like nothing so much as waves of sunshine, and it adorned a perfectly shaped head, set in as stately a fashion as a duchess's ought to be, but often is not. Her brown eves had depth and tenderness, and also amber gleams that betokened mischief. "Nature's sweet and cunning hand" had painted her skin with the tints she uses for the inside of seashells and the outer petals of blush-roses. figure was large as well as tall, but was of that perfect symmetry which gives grace of carriage If Mary Ann had dwelt in marble halls instead of in the little three-roomed shanty on the bank of Brown-bread Creek, she could not have had more ease and grace; and if she had fingered the lute instead of washing clothes, her hands might have been whiter, but they could not have been more shapely. If she had been the de scendant of a long line of princes, she would have been called "the bright consummate flower" of her race; as it was, Tipperary people said that "even in the ould counthry ye might go a summer day's journey widout seein' the likes of Moriarty's Mary Ann."

Mary Ann appeared wholly unconscious of her charms: that she was so is scarcely to be supposed. The one small mirror which the Moriarty residence boasted had several cracks across its surface, and the glass, moreover, was of that imperfect quality which reflects the features in an elongated condition, like a spoon; but if the mirror failed of its duty, the clear water in her washtubs must have reflected exquisite curves and tints, which she could not but notice; and if she were that anomaly in the sex, a woman blind to her own beauty, there were a plenty of "b'ys" in

Brady's Mills to enlighten her.
But Mary Ann devoted herself to her washing and ironing and her prayers as faithfully as if she had a hump on her back. When the washing and ironing and the prayers were properly attended to, then Mary Ann was reputed not averse to a little attention from John O'Reilly, who kept a "nate little grocery," or Cornelius a foreman in the mills, or even poor Tam O'Connell, who came every Tuesday night from the darkness of the mines to bask in the sunshine of her smile. There were many others who would have liked to make themselves agree able to her if they had dared; but though she never assumed any airs, it was tacitly understood that only the cream of Tipperary society was good enough for Mary Ann. None of the three suitors could find out who was the favored one, though each had tried his best, and yet neither of them ever thought of calling Mary Ann a flirt. She had such a frank and sisterly way with them all that it was impossible.

The Widdy MacShane favored neither of the suitors; she was suspected of thinking that "quality itself was not good enough for the likes of Mary Ann." That the young men braved the Widdy's frown was strong proof of their devotion to Mary Ann, for it was calculated to strike terror to the stoutest heart. The Widdy had, moreover, a lean old cat as black as a crow, with eyes that gleamed like coals of fire, and a wailing, unearthly voice that made night hideous all over Tipperary, and led the neighbors to give it the name of the Banshee; and whenever one of Mary Ann's three lovers approached the house, the Widdy, by some means known only to herself, made the Banshee howl. And the Banshee's

howl was trying to the strongest nerves. It was reported in Tipperary that the Widdy's hostility to all three of Mary Ann's suitors was due to the fact that Mary Ann possessed also an admirer who belonged to the "quality." Stanhope, who, by reason of being superintendent of the Iron Company, and one of the largest owners in the mills and mines, as well as a wonderfully successful speculator in oil, was the autocrat of Brady's Mills, had sent for his nephew to assist him. He was a young man who had grad-uated from Harvard College, and for four or five years afterward had struggled somewhat unsuccessfully with destiny for his bread and butter. And this young man, Stephen Corwyn by name was said to have taken it into his head to make love to Mary Ann. Of course this love-making was done upon the sly, and equally of course somebody found it out, and reported it to his neighbor, and very soon Brady's Mills was in possession of the knowledge that only a gentleman was good enough for Moriarty's Mary Ann, and Brady's Mills shook its head, and declared that "no good would come of it." But Tipperary feared no harm for Mary Ann while she had old Dennis and the Widdy MacShane, with her shillalah and the Banshee, to protect her. And "was it anny wondther if the young gintleman wud like a dacent gurrl for a wife, besides the crathurs that he saw at the masther's, wid the heads of um like a mop, and the tails iv their gowns scrapin' the flure like a paycock, jist, and they skin and bones, like a witch?" That was what Tipperary said with the exception of the young women who were envious of Mary Ann, and the young men who were jealous of Stephen Corwyn. Stephen Corwyn was not a favorite in the mills, even before began to forget that Mary Ann was only an Irish girl who did his washing. Wages had been cut down since he came, and the men were confident that it had been done at his suggestion. They threatened to strike, but no notice was taken of the threat. They had never failed to intimidate the Colonel by this means before, and their wrath was aroused against Stephen Corwyn. A strike in Brady's Mills was no trifling matter, for the mill hands were a mixture of Irish, Welsh, and Belgians, who, from constant fighting among themselves, had acquired skill in the arts of warfare, and, united against a common foe, they became utterly desperate, and reckless of conse-

Stephen Corwyn sneered at their threats, and used all possible arguments to induce his uncle to persist in keeping the wages down.

While matters were in this condition several horses were stolen one night from the Iron Company's stables, and though the country around was scoured in search of the thieves, no trace of them could be found. Stephen Corwyn declared that he believed the thief was to be found among the disaffected mill hands, and was loud in his threats of finding and bringing him to punishment, and this circumstance did not tend to increase the young man's popularity among the workmen.

One night two pistol-shots, fired in rapid sucession, startled the slumbering echoes all over Brady's Mills. All Tipperary was aroused, and even the dwellers in the Moriarty mansion, on the other side of Brown-bread Creek. The Banshee, who, contrary to her usual custom, was spending the night in the bosom of her family, pricked up her ears, and lifted up her voice and howled.

Up sprang the Widdy MacShane from her bed, and called upon Mary Ann to follow. afther dhramin' of rid roses I am, and I'll see blood spilled before I slape agin!" she cried, in a terrible voice, that made Mary Ann quake, although she was far from standing so much in awe of the Widdy as the neighbors did. But now she was in constant terror of a riot, and the Widdy's prophecy answered her thought.

The Widdy dressed herself hurriedly, enveloping herself in her red cloak, which it was thought she wore on purpose to add to her witch-like appearance, and Mary Ann followed her example full of fears inwardly, but outwardly as calm as ever, which was Mary Ann's way. Old Dennis had relapsed into snoring, after awaking sufficiently to declare that "aither the pig was afther breakin' loose, or the day of jidgment had come.

The Widdy MacShane, who had but a poor opinion of the male sex, remarked, contemptuously, as they left the house, "Lave the ould felly till his slape, like a baste! Sure it's no good but harrm he'd do!"

Tipperary was astir. In the strange red light which was cast by the flames from the mill chimnevs they could see dark forms hurrying along the streets. At length they met a procession carrying a man's inanimate body, with a wound in the head, from which drops of blood were falling. In the weird red light his upturned white face was plainly visible; it was Con Driscoll, foreman in the mills.

"It was Corwyn did it!-an' him pertindin' to take Con Driscoll for a horse-thafe! Con heard a n'ise in the stables, and stole in softly, thinkin' he had the thafe sure. And young Corwyn heard the n'ise, by the same token, an' stole down an' shot at Con twicet, an' it as light as day, as it do be now, an' Con right in front of him, by the token that wan ball hit him in the stummick, and the other in the forehead. We all know the gridge he had agin poor Con-more than wan iv

That was the explanation that was poured into Mary Ann's ears by a dozen voices, accompanied by loud threats of vengeance.

Con Driscoll was shot, probably fatally, and it was Stephen Corwyn who had done it; that was all that Mary Ann comprehended for a while. She found herself borne along by an excited, hurrying crowd that was pushing its way toward Colonel Stanhope's house on the hill—the house that held Stephen Corwyn.

As her brain cleared, and she realized the probable consequences of the desperate rage of the crowd, she looked first to the Widdy MacShane for help; she had sometimes great influence over the Irish people, and now the Irish were the ring-leaders. But the Widdy MacShane was wildly excited, and uttered terrible prophecies in the Irish tongue. In her calm moments she would have defended Stephen Corwyn, but now better anything should happen than that this affair should end tamely. A cold gray dawn was making the flames from the iron mills look pale and wan as the crowd surged up the terraced slope before Colonel Stanhope's house, clamoring fiercely for Stephen Corwyn. They had been fierce and bitter against him before, and not one of them thought of harboring the idea that he might really have mistaken Con Driscoll for a horsethief. Con was a leader among the strikers, and he was also the most devoted of Mary Ann's suitors. For those two reasons Stephen Corwyn had cherished a "gridge" against him, and he had shot him down as if he were a dog, thinking the feeble excuse that he thought him a horsethief would shield him. This was the view of the case that the crowd took, to a man, and they were determined to avenge poor Con.

The household were evidently already aroused. There were lights in the windows, and Mary Ann saw, pressed against the pane, the pale and terror-stricken faces of Colonel Stanhope's daughters, and of the young lady who had come a few days before to visit them, and who was reported to be Stephen Corwyn's sweetheart. That report was not true; Stephen himself had told Mary Ann that there was no foundation for it but even in her excitement she looked eagerly at the It might be a pretty face, but it did not suit Mary Ann.

But there was no time to think about that now, or to wonder why it made her both sorry and glad. She pushed her way into the front ranks of the although her progress was impeded by the Widdy MacShane, who clung to her so that she was forced to pull her along, the Widdy being resolutely determined to "grace battle's brunt,

The front door, at the head of a long flight of stone steps, opened, and Colonel Stanhope ap-He was a little man, and timid. looked blue and shrunken and shivering as he stood in the pale gray morning light. The affable smile which he tried to assume was a failure, and his voice shook, and gave way altogether when he attempted to speak to them.

"It's not you, it's the murderer, we want," they shouted.

Stephen Corwyn suddenly stepped out of the door, and the colonel retired precipitately. There was a jaunty and smiling defiance about the young man's manner that surprised them, but it was rather exasperating than soothing. In the front of the crowd a pistol was aimed directly at Stephen's head. It was Mary Ann's hand that struck it up; it went off in the air. But it was a signal for the letting loose of the fury of the crowd. There was a rush for the steps, at the head of which Stephen stood, growing pale, and losing his jauntiness, but showing no signs of retreating.

Mary Ann liked to remember that afterward; he did stand his ground. But when the rush was made, Mary Ann was ahead of them. She ran to the top of the steps, and stood before Stephen, thrusting him aside with her strong arms when he attempted to come forward, as if he were a child. The Widdy MacShane followed like a cat, and stood beside her, flourishing her stick. The excitement had probably been too much for her old wits. She only realized that if there was to be a fight, it was her place to take Mary Ann's

Tipperary held Mary Ann in great esteem, especially on account of the mystery that hung over her birth; but, in the infuriated condition of the whole crowd, it is probable that they would not at first have heeded her, if it had not been for the Widdy MacShane. She was in their eyes the representative of the Evil One himself, and his was a power that they feared, being constantly warned by the priest of the strong probability of a more intimate acquaintance with him. And the Widdy MacShane—a poor feeble old body, whose wits had never been of the strongest stood there, with her little black eyes gleaming like coals in her yellow, wrinkled face, her red witch-cloak flying in the wind, and her stick waved like a sceptre, and held the fierce crowd at bay.

Mary Ann's voice rang out-just such a voice as she should have had with her physique-strong and bell-like. "Stand back, ye spalpeens! It's shame I take for ye, ye cowards! Sure there's niver an Irishman amongst ye that wouldn't give a definseless man a fair chance?"

"Is it a fair chance he gave poor Con?" called

"Wait till ye hear what he says, and what Con says, if he lives to spake," said Mary Ann.
There came some half-stifled words from the

crowd. Mary Ann's quick ear caught them.

"Of course ye'll stand up for the gintleman agin poor Con, an' ye thinkin' he'll marry ye, and make a lady of ye."

The color surged over Mary Ann's face, and she trembled. She felt that she was weakening, and the crowd felt it too. The hoarse murmure arose again; it would be only a moment more that they would hold back.

There was only one way. Mary Ann was not imaginative, but she saw all the coming years of her life unrolled in the one moment before she chose that way. But when her voice arose again, there was no tremor in it:

"Is it annybody I'm likely to stand up for agin poor Con, when it's Con's wife I'm to be if he lives, and his widdy all me life if he dies? But isn't it himself that's tellin' yez always to be patient and paceable, and not be afther ruinin' yerselfs wid yer ugly timpers-though he belaves in yer right to the ould wages as much as anny of yez? Isn't it thrue, now, what I say?-answer me that."

They knew that it was true. It was Con's influence that had kept the peace until now. And if Mary Ann was to be Con's wife, that made her interference a different matter-made her, in some sort, his representative.

Go home wid yez now, qui't and paceable, and lave the law take its coorse wid a definseless man, that maybe meant no harrm."

Even then Mary Ann might not have prevailed. if one of the more belligerent spirits, determined not to be appeased without the excitement of a fight, had not fired a pistol. The ball whizzed past her head in rather dangerous proximity. It probably had not been intended to hit her, but the wrath of the inflammable crowd was instantly turned against the man who fired it. Mary Ann was a woman, one of themselves, and Con's promised wife; the leaders of the party were now chiefly concerned with avenging her.

"Lave him alone, and go home wid yez, will yez, now?" called Mary Ann.

They did not obey the first mandate; the ownof the pistol was roughly handled before he succeeded in making his escape; but they did disperse, some of them slowly and sullenly, but still they went.

Mary Ann turned and allowed Stephen Corwyn to come forth from the embrasure of the porch

into which she had thrust him.

He seized both her hands. "You saved my life; they meant to have it. But what you told them wasn't true, Mary Ann? It is my wife, not Con's, that you are going to be?"

Mary Ann looked at him, flushing and paling, but shaking her head, with a sad smile. He never had said that to her before. He never would have said it but for this, Mary Ann knew. The love-making that people talked about had never amounted to anything more than a sly strolling by her side whenever it could be managed, a great many flattering words and tender looks.

Is it the likes of me, wid the burr undther me tongue and the smill of the suds clingin' to me, that wud be a fit wife for you? It's many a time poor Con is afther askin' me, and I niver said yes till the day, but though it's not till himself I said it, I'll kape me word. If he lives, I'll

be his wife, and nobody's else if he dies."

"He is sure to live. I found that out before I left him," said Stephen. "But, Mary Ann-Mary Ann turned away from him resolutely,

Hosted by **U**(

with only one look—perhaps the same look that Maud Muller might have given to the Judge as he rode away.

The family came thronging around her, the girl who was said to be Stephen's sweetheart among them. She was a little creature with a pert and supercilious air. There was angry suspicion in her eyes as she looked from Stephen to Mary Ann.

"I don't suppose Mr. Corwyn really needed you to protect him, but it was brave of you," she said. "Has nobody given you anything?" and she drew out her purse.

"Put up your purse, ye ill-mannered thing," said Mary Ann, looking serenely down upon her from her superior height. "Are ye afther thinkin' that everything in the wurrld can be bought wid money?"

And then suddenly Mary Ann's womanly weakness asserted itself, and she burst into tears. But she did not mean to have her weakness known. She hurried away, shutting her ears to thanks and praises. On the steps that led from the last terrace to the street she found the Widdy MacShane smoking half regretfully the pipe of peace.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] The Etiquette of Calls.—Reception-Days.—Gentle-men's Dress.—Paris Entertainments.

MERICANS who come to Paris to spend the

A winter season are often annoyed by not understanding the differences that exist between Parisian etiquette, as in vogue in the American colony, and that practiced in the United States. Perhaps a few hints on the more salient points may not prove uninteresting or unwelcome.

In the first place, the new arrival must under-

stand that he or she is always expected to pay the first call. None of the residents will call on a new-comer, except by special stretch of courte-The only exceptions to this rule are made in favor of the American official circle. The Minister's and the Consul-General's wives are always to receive the first visit. Any neglect to pay that visit simply means that the person omitting the formality does not choose to associate with the members of the American official circle. When the bearer of a letter of introduction to the Minister or to the Consul-General desires to present it, he or she must call in person, either at the Legation or the Consulate, or else at the house of the official to whom the letter is addressed, and must leave the letter, accompanied by a card bearing the visitor's name and Paris address in full. This latter formality, by-theway, is one that is by far too often omitted, to the great bewilderment of the official called upon. The Minister or Consul and wife are now expected to leave their cards on the new-comer, who will then pay a second visit on the reception-day indicated on the official's cards. As to the returning of the calls in person by the Minister's wife, should the new-comer be a lady, that practice varies with different individuals. There have been wives of the American Ministers in Paris who never paid personal calls. They contented themselves with leaving cards. Mrs. Noyes, on the other hand, despite her delicate health and the pressure of her social duties, always contrived to pay at least one visit in person on every caller. It must be confessed that the amount of visiting which the Minister's wife is expected to go through with, in addition to her other social duties, to say nothing of her home

ones, is something appalling.

The calling hours in Paris are from three to six. Any lady who goes into society at all has her reception-day in every week throughout the season, which extends from the first of November till the first of May, though many ladies begin their receptions as late as the first of December, or even of January, and cease to receive on the first of April. It is not considered polite for a visitor to call on any day except the hostess's reception-day. Such an action, except on the part of an intimate friend, is held as an indication that the caller does not wish to see the hostess. Neither is it considered good manners for a caller to arrive on a reception-day before three o'clock. He or she in that case runs the risk of finding the lady of the house unprepared to receive the early comer, the fire unlighted, and the parlor in disorder. Tea is sometimes served on reception-days, accompanied by sandwiches, thin bread and butter, or the little hard cakes known as petits fours secs. No other refreshments are ever offered, excepting possibly a glass of wine to a delicate or aged person, or one who appears to be very much fatigued. The caller should invariably leave his or her card bearing the address

The rules respecting dress are much more strict than they are in the United States. It is considered the height of bad manners for a gentleman to present himself at any entertainment, no matter how small or of how informal a character, in any other costume than a full-dress Many very punctilious gentlemen, even in the American circles of Paris, never pay even an informal evening call except in evening dress. They would be expected to do it in French society.

once knew of a very agreeable and intelligent American gentleman who got himself ' out" of one of the pleasantest houses in the American colony because he came there to a little soirée musicale in a frock-coat and gray trousers. And the American gentleman abroad must remember that gloves are never to be dispensed with in Parisian society. They are de rigueur on every occasion, from an afternoon call up to the largest of balls. And here let me protest against the very "nasty" habit (I can call it nothing less) that I hear is prevalent amongst the gentlemen of America—of going gloveless to all forms of entertainments. A bare and perspiring hand is unpleasant to touch, and is highly detrimental to the dresses of the ladies with whom the ungloved

individual waltzes. Even in England no gentleman ever goes ungloved to a ball, though the custom of dispensing with gloves at dinner parties has for some time past been in vogue there. Another custom which is unknown in Parisian society is that of sending young ladies costly bouquets before a ball. Flowers are never carried by ladies in Paris to any species of entertainment, and thus a very foolish and onerous tax on the purses of young society men is wholly avoid-If a gentleman wishes to show some attention to a lady to whose house he has been invited very often during the season, he may send her a bouquet or a basket of flowers on New-Year's Day, or else a box of sugar-plums; but he is not expected to load down his young partners in the German with incessant floral offerings. If the young society men of America wish to economize let them do so in the matter of bouquets for their lady friends, and not in that of gloves for them-In other respects Parisian entertainments are

far less formal than are those of the same calibre in the larger American cities. Costly gifts at dinner parties are unheard of, and costly favors for the German are considered in exceedingly bad taste, lavish expenditure at the most extravagant of balls or of dinners taking the form of rare wines, forced fruits, or profuse and novel floral decorations. At large balls refreshments are served all through the evening in the dining-room at what is called "le buffet," these preliminary refreshments consisting of ices, bonbons, sand wiches, chocolate, lemonade, syrups and water, and Champagne. Supper is not served till the close of the German, when a multitude of little tables are brought into the ball-room and drawingrooms, at which every guest sits down to partake of the supper, which is a long and elaborate meal, beginning with soup, and passing through various courses of cold salmon en mayonnaise, boned turkey, hot truffled game, salads, etc., down to ices and fruits. At smaller entertainments no supper is given, the refreshments being confined to those served at the buffet. Dinner parties are not nearly such ponderous affairs as they are in The guests seldom remain at table over two hours, and a dinner party is very often followed by a soirée musicale, or a reception. A very delightful custom is prevalent amongst the wealthier class of entertainers in Paris of engaging noted actors and actresses of the Comédie Française, or singers from the Opéra Comique, or the Grand Opera, to add to the amusement of their guests. So general is this custom that plays are written expressly for parlor performances, adapted to suit the powers of such artists as the Coquelin brothers, or Miles. Bovithet or Beretta, to say nothing of hosts of monologues. Among the prime donne of Paris, Mlle. Marie Van Zandt has a special reputation for her performances at private entertainments. This adjunct to a reception or a soirée is, of course, exceedingly costly, some artists receiving as high as \$300 per night for their services, and none less than \$100, while Madame Patti received on one oc casion \$2000 for singing the third act of Aida in costume at a ball at the house of Baron Hirsch; Signor Nicolini, who aided her, was paid \$1000.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

MODERN ÆSTHETICISM.

WITH the strains of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's Patients in Messrs. livan's Patience in our ears, we find a calm analysis or definition of nineteenth-century æs theticism rather difficult; yet assuredly the appropriate moment has come, when Mrs. Cimabue Brown is weeping over her overestimate of self, and the phase of feeling of which society has heard so much has reached the climax of a public representation. That æstheticism is widely known is demonstrated by the fact that the public thoroughly understands the charming opera of *Patience*. When the Major exclaims, "But what in the world has come over you all?" and Jane answers: "Bunthorne; he has come over us; he has come among us, and he has idealized us," the audience enters at once into the cleverly sarcastic jest, and her tragic "My eyes are opened, and I despair droopingly; I am soulfully intense; I am limp; I cling!" produces the laughter of comprehension, of keen appreciation, impossible had not sestheticism or its effects reached the masses, and distinctly impressed the ideas of that body known "the cultured class."

Whence came this ridiculed "wave" of æsthetic feeling, of delicate sensibilities, of artistic emotionality, of realism draped in alluring colors, of passionate poetry and intensity of temperament? There are stories told of a period when there gathered together in a certain drawing-room a few friends who discussed realism in art, who understood pre-Raphaelism, who had ideas on Japanese coloring, who began to disregard fashion-plates, and to cultivate the graceful creations of a hundred years ago. Could it have been from that artistic room, with its fragrances and soft tones and charming fireside circle, that this now widely recognized result has come? We are inclined to think that it must have come as much from a direct craving for something better than had yet been given in people who, as the young lady in the New Republic says, "can only talk, poor things, of art and books and human nature; for—don't you see ?—they know so few people to talk about." Of course it came crudely balked here and there on its mission of good, hindered by grotesqueness and some overflorid interpretations, but it was undoubtedly a gospel of the truth in art and color, and as such it ought to be accepted as a real thing, with real powers, and while discarding exaggerations, the purity and usefulness of its purpose should be taken home.

For what, in its best sense, does real æstheticism mean ?- Distinctly The Best, however, whenever, wherever, it can be had. We must expect excrescences, like Mr. Gilbert's "Je ne sais quoi

young man," but we must also admit the really beneficial influence of this absurdly impressionable person; for do we not through exaggeration often reach the root of what is new and bewildering? If there were no "Je ne sais quoi" poets, no "Janes," no "souls" ready to proclaim their daily yearnings for the undefinable, no fingers ready to weave intense sunflowers, and flaunt the beauty of the marigold, would the world so readily have filled its drawing-rooms with simple blossoms? would the helpfulness of the best in literature have been asserted? would the meanings of the unuttered though suggestive inner appeals for what is truest in life and work and ambition have grown so clear? We are disposed to regard these exaggerated outcomes of aestheticism kindly. They have had their day of usefulness, and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the good they have done. Where they are powerless to enervate, we may be indulgent, and unforgiving only where they are accepted as the real expression of the æsthetic, either in nature or art.

It was impossible in listening to Mr. Sullivan's music and Mr. Gilbert's text not to look back to the period when such a performance would have driven London mad with perplexity, and this emphasized more perfectly the opera; the charming music, graceful groupings, artistic costumes, and perfect acting all belong so entirely to to-day that the theme seems to have simply drifted from some drawing-room to the stage. The audience appear to be friends gathered together, after discussing the music and the topics illustrated thereby, in some favorite country house, and a flavor of sympathy exists between listeners, bringing a peculiarly novel charm. The piquancy of æstheticism is given in its most dainty form, and all that is unwholesome or morbid in the social tendencies of the age is laughed to scorn in that exceedingly clever song of Bunthorne, beginning,

"If you're anxious for to shine In the high sesthetic line—"

We question whether Walpole could have enned a cleverer satire on social folly than these half-dozen verses, which at the first hearing sound only funny. The root and principle of real æstheticism, of course, lie far beneath this surface of easy ridicule.

Like all innovations, the movement has its contentions both with the doubtful and the overfervid: but there is comfort in the thought that where a purpose is really good, it can not be long denied its fulfillment; and where the basis of thought is strengthened, where one's sense of the "eternal fitness of things" is exhilarated and purified, the dross cast aside, the gold truly believed in there can not but be a final result for which posterity will have reason to be humbly grateful.

Frisette, Braids, and Chignons.—Figs. 1-6. See illustrations on page 653.

See Illustrations on page 653.

The hair in the frisctte or "wave," Fig. 1, is mounted on a net foundation. The frisette is designed to be pinned over the front hair, the short locks in the middle falling on the forehead, and the longer ones on the sides being combed in with the side hair.

The braids, Figs. 2-4, are used in completing the coiffure in the back, and are added to the natural hair at pleasure. In Fig. 2 the hair is divided into two equal strands, which are simply tied or looped together at regular intervals. For Fig. 3 the hair is divided into three equal strands, which are curled at the ends, braided once at the top, and pierced by a tortoise-shell hair-pin. Half way between the ends the first strand is knotted, and pinned to the remaining two, and lower down the second strand is pinned to the third. In Fig. 4 the hair is arranged in a braid of three strands, the ends of which are curled.

The chignons, Figs. 5 and 6, are attached to the hair by means of an invisible comb. In Fig. 5 the hair is divided into three equal strands, which are loosely twisted and intertwined. A ball comb is inserted a little to one side. For Fig. 6 the hair is divided into two equal parts, which are twisted and colled about each other. A jet pin is on the left side.

HOW TO PACK PLANTS WHEN TRAVELLING.

T is not so difficult to preserve living plants as it might seem at first sight; and if we have a garden, however small, in which to cultivate them, there is no reason why living floral relics should not be treasured up as carefully as dead

It is not necessary to have specially prepared boxes to transport our specimens. No doubt these are useful enough in their way, but few would care to go to the expense of buying them, or the trouble of adding them to the luggage, which, as a rule, is always an impediment in travelling.

All that is wanted is some stout colored calico

and a needle and thread. The process to be followed is simple enough Take the plant you wish to preserve; cover the roots with earth sufficient to keep them from getting bruised or broken; tear off a strip of calico, and fold it round and round the plant, leaving the stems and leaves free. When the roots and earth are quite covered up, sew the ends of the calico together with strong thread, taking care not to draw the calico too tight over the roots. for fear of stifling them. Place the plants when sewn up in a soup plate, and keep them damp; but do not give too much water, as it would not the calico. When travelling, the little parcels can be stowed away in a basket, or, if fairly dry, in a trunk among ordinary clothes, the simple expedient of sewing them up in this manner doing away with all fear of making a mess with wet

If the above directions are carried out, plants can be brought very long distances, and kept out of the ground for weeks, without suffering any harm.

earth.

As an instance of this, it may be mentioned that a root of Asplenium marinum was taken from its home on the sea-cliffs and kept six weeks wrapped up in calico before replanting, and it is alive and flourishing to the present day, although some years have elapsed since it exchanged a sea-side for an inland dwelling-place.

In this way it is possible to transport with ease the plants which pleased us in a foreign land to our own gardens, and so possess in all their beauty those flowers, ferns, and even mosses or grasses, which hitherto we have only seen preserved in the pages of the herbarium.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. W. F. C.—Have a shirred waist for the white dress, putting many rows of shirring around the waist, and fewer about the neck. Let the full ends below the waist line hang like a flounce, and shirr other flounces below it to cover the skirt. Trim with embroidery or

VIOLET. - A camel's-hair, Cheviot, or cloth travelling dress, a fur-lined cloak, and an extra travelling shawl will make you comfortable for winter travel. You should have a jacket of the dress material also to wear instead of the cloak in warm countries in the south of Europe. When the bride wears a dark satin dress during the ceremony, the groom should wear a black diagonal cloth frock-coat, with vest of the same, both cut high, and gray trousers. If you prefer it, have a A Sussoniers.—Illustrations of embroidered stock-

ings are in Bazar No. 5, Vol. XI. No special designs have been given, but any pretty spray of small leaves and flowers is suitable, as, for example, branches of the vine in the South Kensington Flock Pattern in Bazar No. 89, with or without herring-bone-stitched

F. W.—If you do not send cards or put an announcement in the paper, no one is bound to call on you.

The latter should be done. Your only way to make friends for your wife will therefore be to give a party, and invite all your desired friends.

CONSTANT READER.—It is improper to send cards within a year after the loss of a near relative, and as you are not intending to go into society, you can not need to inform it of your whereabouts. When you are ready to be visited, your aunt should send her cards with yours. A young lady never sends her own

Mrs. M. E. H.-Why not have a Mother Hubbard dress of pale blue cashmere for your little daughter. and put the new open Saxon embroidery on the yoke, sleeves, and as edging for the skirt?

Mrs. S. L. S.—Any simple polonaise pattern with bouffant drapery will suit you. Trim black silk with Spanish lace. Velvet and plush skirts will again be fashionable. We know of no depilatory to commend. Read about such things in the book called *Ugly Girl*

Papers.

Kathering.—You do not make your question plain

A SUBSCRIBER.—Cleansing the scalp with alcohol applied by a soft nail-brush will sometimes prevent the hair from falling out. We do not give addresses in these columns.

COBA.—Get a striped wool, a dark green or blue flannel, and a cashmere dress for a girl of twelve years.

Make the flannel with a box-pleated belted waist, and full round skirt laid in pleats from the belt down. Mix plain material with the stripes, using the plain for a basque and sash drapery, and the striped for a skirt and vest. For the cashmere get dark red, and trim with plush of the same shade, having a shirred basque, with deep cape of the plush. Get a wide-brimmed felt hat, or else a feather turban.

JANE L.-Red and green will be fashionable together. and gayer than green and gold. You can have it in glace fabrics, or else in stripes of red plush on a green ground

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Get lead-colored cashmere and moire for your suit to be married in, and make it by directions given below to "Mrs. C. G. S." Have an extra wrap of the same if you like, but a fur-lined cloak

will be better for travelling.

QURREO.—Use your striped slik for pleated flounces, and get either black silk or black cashmere for a basque and over-skirt drapery.

A COUNTRY GIBL.—For your bridemaids' dresses

A COUNTRY GIRL.—FOR YOUR DIDGEMAINS GRESSES have white mull and Breton lace—not Italian—and make them like the white China silk dress illustrated on page 632 of Bazar No. 40, Vol. XIV. The white silk for the bride will be handsome made like the wedding ss shown in Bazar No. 41, Vol. XIV., and trimmed with ruches of the same, pleated tulle, and natural flowers. Get brown or nyrtle green Cheviot or lady's cloth for your travelling dress, and have a feather turban to wear with it. See Bazar No. 38, Vol. XIV., for hints about hats. For a black silk get satin Surah, trim it with embroidery, and make by design marked Satin Surah Dress, on page 632 of Bazar No. 40, Vol. XIV. Read about wraps in New York Fashions of the same number.
A Subsoriber.—Try fresh benzine and also chloro-

form for taking paint out of silk.

Anner G. H.—Scrim for curtains is coarse sheer linen as thin as grenadine. It is very inexpensive, costing from 25 cents a yard upward.

Belle.—Put three deep straight gathered ruffles on the skirt of your gingham dress. Then have a gathered belted waist, and wear with a wide sash with great

An Old Subschiber.—Send the soiled lawn cravats to the laundry to be made fit for use again as cravate.

Constant Reader.—Plain brown flannel or cloth should be used for your pleated basque to wear with your plaid skirt.

Mas. D. H. H.-Get blue satin Surah to combine with blue brocade, using the latter for flounces and basque, and the former for Mother Hubbard cane and for scarf drapery tied at the back in a great bow. Do not combine black velvet with blue.

LETA.—Make your dress entirely of the blue silk, by the design for a satin Surah dress shown on page 632 of Bazar No. 40, Vol. XIV.

Mrs. C. G. S.—Cashmere is suitable for combining with moiré as follows: Have a foundation skirt of cheap silk, with a deep box-pleating of moiré on it from the knees down, allowing three broad box pleats to come up the left side to the belt. Then have an apron of cashmere, pointed low on the right, deeply shirred below the belt, and trim the side that slants from the box-pleated left side of the skirt with openworked embroidery done with silk on the cashmere. Fasten this permanently to the skirt. Next drape a breadth of cashmere behind, beginning with two box pleats at the top, and letting it fall low on the meiré pleating of the skirt, but without embroidery. Then have a pointed antique waist of the cashm collar and cuffs of the embroidery, also an edging of the same. A plastron or vest of the moiré will be handsome. Brocaded satins and velvets are much used in combination with plain satin.





THE BATHING HOUR.

THE RING AND THE ROLL.

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"Good-by, Tom," she cried, regardless of appearances.

"Good-by. I suppose we meet at Mrs. Maynard's dinner to-night?" but she was at the carriage, beside her husband, before the words had passed Tom's lips.

"Aren't you going to help me in, Don?" she asked.

"Do you wish to enter?" asked the Grand Llama

"Why, certainly I do. I told John to drive round, and wondered he was so slow."
"Slow? Too quick, I should say," he answer-

ed, while John shook his white reius to the prancing beasts.

"Oh, now, Don," she exclaimed, "you are an-

gry at poor Tom's palaver."
"I don't know any right your poor Tom has to

be talking palaver to my wife."
"He was telling of his happiness with Kate Despard."

"I don't know any right my wife has to receive confidences from another man.

"Don, aren't you ashamed?" cried Lucia, desperately. "An old friend, all but brought up in the house with me—"

"Is that any reason he should be saying to you that once he expected to call your hand his own? You, a married woman, listening to him! And for all I know he had kissed your hand. is shameful! it is monstrous! it is abominable!"

He never kissed my hand."

"Why is your glove off?" "Oh, Don, my darling, how ridiculous you make yourself!"

Answer my question. Have you been exchanging rings with that rascal?" he cried, his eyes blazing in his white face. "By the Lord, if that is so, I will have his life! Where are your

Gracious, Don, what a flame vou can blow un from a spark! Do you expect me to wear my rings about like so many fetters? Rings hurt one's hands under gloves, and I don't always wear them.

"You will let me see"—his eyes growing blacker and blacker, as if his wrath condensed its darkness through them—"every ring I have given you, the moment we enter the house, whether you find them fetters or not!"

And the brilliant and ruby gemmel in Tom Dunstable's pocket! What on earth was she to do? Why had she not told him the whole story Now, under threats, it was too late. at first? He would not believe her. He would be only the more infuriated.

Do you mean to say, Donald," she exclaimed, turning on him her beautiful eyes, "that you are accusing me, your faithful wife, of anything your words imply?" Then the worm turned. "How long do you think you can keep my affec-

"I don't imagine I can keep them. I don't imagine I have kept them—" And when, as just at that instant they reached their own door, a band of music set the horses to dancing, the carriage wheels ran up the stepping-stone, and a crash ensued, out of which she was lifted in a dead faint, Lucia counted it one of the good fortunes of her life.

Of course, with the servants running this way and that, and with confusion and cries in the house, rings and reproaches were forgotten, and Mr. Donald McDonald, calling himself a brute, hung over his wife in despair, and Lucia had a delightful hour of recovery and devotion; and then, against her husband's remonstrances, proceeded to dress for Mrs. Maynard's dinner.

"Ah, what a hypocrite and actress I am becoming!" she sighed to herself. "And what a coward! And all because I love him so."

But nobody would have thought the lovely creature sweeping into Mrs. Maynard's drawingroom, in her white gold-embroidered satin, was any of the horrid things she called herself. They were the last arrivals, and when Lucia went out on Mr. Maynard's arm, she found herself, in a little spasm of fright, with Tom Dunstable at the other hand, and her husband nearly opposite. It was a moment of absolute terror to Lucia. She knew that the sight of Tom Dunstable would bring back all her husband's mood. She saw the black cloud shut down over his face instantly, and she felt that her least motion would be watched with lynx-like narrowness.

But she must get that ring, and before she put on her gloves again. "Tom," she whispered, not at him, scarcely moving her lips, and her face placid as sunshine, "give me that ring at once, as you value my life."

"Great heavens!" murmured Tom; "it is at

the goldsmith's. The consternation and pleading in her eyes would have ruined her had not her husband trodden on Miss Ormond's train in the general seating, and been a moment preoccupied. In that moment Tom, nodding excuse to his neighbor and to Mr. Maynard, slipped into the hall, and was back again before the rustle had quite subsided. It seemed to Lucia as if every oyster were a turtle; sipping her soup was like the effort of the old woman to sweep the sea from her door. Through roast, entrée, course by course, what interminable torture was this she endured! She would have declared they had been at the table half the night. All the time she felt her husband's glance pursuing her, while she manipula-ted her hand to evade it; and all the time she had to talk with Mr. Maynard, and give her repartees on this side and on the other, as if the gayest of the gay, with no more idea of what she was saying than if in a trance. What an eternity it was becoming! what a reckoning was to follow! She was receiving the punishment of her deceit a thousand times. Dazed and dizzy, a scarlet spot on either cheek, she felt hardly able to keep her Dazed and dizzy, a scarlet spot on chair. She wanted to scream out to her husband

the whole story; she was afraid she should.

The prairie-chicken was being served, when

she saw, as if in a dream, a waiter, who had just come in, stooping to pick up Tom's napkin, and a sidelong glance showed her Tom fumbling with a tiny parcel. In another breath it was all right. The color left her cheek; she understood what was said around her; the prairie-chicken had some flavor. She stretched her hand for a bit of "I beg your pardon," said Tom, "this is your roll, I think." And she crumbled the roll between them, and the ring touched the tip of her finger, and with the help of the crust and the table-cloth she worried it into its usual place while answering Mr. Maynard's question as to her preferences regarding game. And as she raised ner hand to brush back a love-lock falling too low over her beautiful eyes, Mr. Donald McDonald saw the blood-red flash of the ruby gemmel-

But it was not till a year and a day that he heard the story from his wife's lips, and forgiving her for her part, promised better fashions for his own.

MOTHER MINE.

WHEN by the ruddy fire I read, In one old volume and another, Those ballads haunted by fair women, One of them always seemed my mother.

In storied song she dwelt, among Those fairest women under heaven The foam of Binnorie's bonny mill-dams, The bowing birks, the sisters seven.

Burd Helen had those great gray eyes Their rays from shadowy lashes flinging; That smile the winsome bride of Yarrov Before her tears were set to singing.

That mouth was just the mouth that kissed Sir Cradocke under the green wildwood, Fair Rosamond was tall as she was, In those fixed fancies of my childhood

And when she sang-ah, when she sang! Birds are less sweet, and flutes not clearer. In ancient halls I saw the minstrel, And shapes long dead arose to hear her.

Darlings of song I've heard since then But no such voice as hers was, swelling Like bell-notes on the winds of morning, All angelhood about it dwelling.

No more within those regions dim Of rich romance my thoughts would place her; Her life itself is such a poem She does not need old names to grace her.

Long years have fled, but such her charm, It smiles to see that years are fleeter; Scotch songs are still as sweet as ever, But she is infinitely sweeter.

For love, that shines through all her ways, Hinders the stealthy years from booty; A soul divinely self-forgetful Has come to blossom in her beauty.

While the low brow, the silver curl, The twilight glance and perfect features, The rose upon a creamy pallor,

Make her the loveliest of creatures.

Now, with the thrill along the tone, The light that on the face has found her, As sunbeams flowers, a strange remoteness, Half like a halo, hangs around her.

Half like a halo? Nay, indeed, I never saw a picture painted— Such holy work the years have rendered-So like a woman that is sainted.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN. By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOR," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETG.

CHAPTER XXIX. A NEW LIFE.

JANE MERRICK kept her engagement with the concierge at the house at Neuilly punctually. She received from Madame Moreau the visit of Mr. Lisle, an assurance that the par-cel left in Moreau's charge had been given to him, and the additional information that Mr. Lisle had appeared to be totally unprepared to find that madame had departed to England, and that monsieur himself changed she (1 dame Moreau) could hardly believe he was the same person who had taken the apartment, and engaged her daughter Delphine as an attendant

"You can hardly believe it," repeated Jane, quickly; "but are you quite sure this person was

the same?" Oh ves: Madame Moreau was quite sure: there could be no doubt at all; what she had said was only a way of speaking; it was very surely Mr. Lisle. And he had remained a good while up there, and had gone away finally leaving no word or message for any one. Madame civilly hoped the young couple were happily re-united, and that all was well with Madame Lisle. Jane contented herself with a vague reply, and returned to Paris troubled and confounded by the result of her visit to Neuilly. She had not expected to hear anything of Mr. Lisle; she had come to believe, with her aunt, that he had merely forsaken Helen; that he should return to look for her, and, finding her gone, take no further step in reference to her, was out of Jane's calculations; and she was afraid of the effect which this inconsistent conduct might produce on Helen. Mrs. Morrison and Jane were both of opinion that she must be told; and they were surprised at the

way in which, after her first agitation and tears, she took the incident.

"I am so glad, so happy, so relieved," she said, that he was not so bad as you thought, as you were afraid he might be. And I am so thankful to know, to be quite sure, that he is living, and that no harm has come to him. You will forgive me, I am sure, if I can not yet think much of anything else."

She said very little more on the subject, and though she was very quiet, and would sit absorbed in thought, and seemingly unconscious of things around her for long lapses of time, she improved in health day by day. Her aspect was grave for her years, the impress which is not to be shaken off had been set upon her beauty; the glow, the glitter, and the gladness had passed away from it, never to return, with the girlish trust, the universal hope, and the absolute inno-cence that does not fear hurt, because it does not know the existence of evil; but there had come something in the place of these that left to Helen a deeper and a more potent charm. The varied suffering she had undergone within a period really brief, but which seemed to her to have been endless in duration, had educated Helen's mind as years of mere teaching might have failed to educate it, and if the self-confidence, the fearless expectation of youth and inexperience, had departed from her forever, some precious things had come in their place, accompanying and tak-ing the sting out of her condemnation of herself for the grave fault of which she had really been guilty. Those precious things were the gifts of humility, of self-knowledge, and of patience; the dawning of the perception that happiness is not a flower of this world's growth, and therefore they who strive to pluck it labor in vain, and to the hurt of their own souls; and the release, accomplished only with an almost intolerable pang, from the bondage of a love which was for the most part visionary.

Helen became aware of this release shortly after she had heard from Jane the result of her visit to the house at Neuilly; and she suffered, perhaps, as terrible agony in the first conscious ness of it as in any of the hours of miserable suspense from which she had been delivered. So many feelings went to the composition of the state of mind into which she fell, and among them there was burning shame, self-contempt, and self-condemnation. The two good women who loved the girl, and watched her with deep commiseration that was never intrusive, and patience that never gave way before her variable moods, could not, probably, define the phases through which she passed, but their sympathy availed as much as if they had accurately analyzed her feelings. They regarded her as a sick person, snatched from death, and now needing to be nursed back through convalescence into health; and they did the nursing accordingly, without bothering their patient, or even so much as asking her in words how she did, but with intelligent observation of symptoms, and judicious administration of nourishment and stimulant, with the happiest results to the mind diseased It was a condition of her state that Helen should but dimly, if at all, apprehend this wise and constant care of theirs, and it was not until long afterward, when life had taught her many another lesson, and she had extended perceptions and enlarged sympathies of her own to help her to a comprehension of them, that she rightly understood and duly estimated the skill, the tenderness, and the sympathy with which she had been treated in that terrible sickness of the soul. But when that time came, Helen wondered at these things no longer, for she had learned the meaning of that "grace of God" that Jane had been used to speak of in their school-days, and she knew the smile, the touch, and the whisper of the chief among its ministers-Charity; which knowing, there was no more "amazement

The time of such refreshing and establishment as this was, however, in the far future, and it is with the fever and the feebleness we have to do.

It was when Helen knew that Frank Lisle was not dead, but that he had made no sign, that she began to feel conscious of a growing freedom. All was dim and doubtful beyond the fact that his conduct was not explained by the only solution that would have proved it to be involuntary; and after a short time of great misery, she knew that she no longer suffered from that vagueness and uncertainty. Her youth asserted itself, though its elasticity was impaired; the new atmosphere of cheerful activity and happy helpful companionship aided her; the imaginary world gave place to the actual, and Helen had to realize, with a great shock of conviction, and a sense of something like self-loathing, that she no and lived upon the memory of Frank Lisle.

'I must be the worst and wickedest creature that ever lived," such were her hard thoughts of herself; "for I can bear to be without him now, and when he was with me I did not grieve for papa. Oh, is there nothing real? Does nothing last? Or is it only I who am so fickle and so wicked?"

Thus did the unlessoned heart strive against itself, and against the inevitable law of human life. It was with feelings which she could summon up in her memory all her life after that Helen asked herself one day whether, if she had really been Frank Lisle's wife, she could ever have ceased to love him? If he had been faithful to her, and the life they had pictured to themselves had "come true," the life of the hardworking artist, and his helpful, admiring, trustful wife, what then? But Helen, for all her dreams and fancies, and for all her ignorance of life, was not devoid of reasoning faculties, and she was insensibly learning to use them; so she knew that she need not torment herself with such a vain question, for it was because Frank Lisle was not true" that the fabric of her fancy had revealed itself as air-woven, and had vanished in the reve-

And she? Was she false because she could bear to live without him, because she could lift her sorrow-bended head and heavy eyes and look out once more on the fair world in which he had no more part for her? She knew very well in her pure heart that she had loved loyally, with a great humility too, and willingness to take the lord of her life for its law in all things, small and great, and there was something beyond and different from the sad repining of a love-sorrow in the conviction that this love was a dead thing, only fit to be buried out of her sight, by no pow er to be raised from that death, though she should wear her weeds for it forever. The strangest thing about this mood of Helen's, to her own perception, was the way it dealt with time.

She seemed to have lost the measurement of that; there was a great gap, a gulf with dim vapors floating up from its depths, between her and the past, and she sometimes asked herself whether the Helen Rhodes who now stood on the near side of that gulf was really the same Helen Rhodes who had stood upon the far side. She was still so young that she could not but make of herself her chief occupation, and her good friends made all allowance for this, but skillfully tried to substitute other interests.

For instance, Madame Morrison laughed at Helen's French a good deal (as she had laughed at Jane's when her niece left Miss Jordan's lishment), and proposed that she should take lessons in the language. And then she set her to learn some of the lighter and easier details of her own business, and she employed her occasionally to write English letters for her. Helen took to it all very kindly, and Jane proposed that she should be called Kate Nickleby, but an objection to that sportive plan was raised by Helen. Were Madame Morrison and Jane prepared to become respectively Madame Mantalini and Miss Knagg? When Helen propounded this query, with her smile, and brought the book and read the Mantalini scenes until the two girls cried with laughter, Jane began to feel a comfortable conviction that she would "do."

It was not very long before Helen, with all the heart-felt acknowledgment of their goodness to her that she could put into words, and carefully fencing herself from being supposed to think that any such matter was in their thoughts, broached the subject of doing something for herself. Then there arose a discussion that might have reminded the friends of that which they had held at the Hill House on the day when Helen had seen Mr. Townley Gore for the first time. Helen maintained that she should never be able to make herself sufficiently useful to Madame Morrison to be of any "real good" in the business; indeed, she told Jane she was perfectly aware, for she had found out a good deal from the "young ladies," that her own share was the merest make believe, and she wanted Jane to fulfill her promise of getting her employment as a governess. She had now some additional qualifications for that occupation, but she was still disqualified by her too good looks, her youth, and her sensitiveness. That the incident which had made so sad a difference in her life was one which she was, or her friends were on her behalf, required to regard as a drawback, never entered Helen's mind or Madame Morrison's: the one was too innocent, the other was too sensible. Jane had some difficulty in persuading Helen to let the matter stand over for discussion at a future time, and she had only just gained her consent to this when the first interruption of Helen's isolation from the past of her life took place. Mr. Townley Gore's letter reached Madame Mor-

The terror with which her kind friend's suggestion that this renewal of communications, slight though it was, might lead to a proposal for her restoration to the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore filled Helen's heart was accompanied by a scruple of her mind. Was she not, by shrinking from such a possibility with the unqualified dread that she had plainly displayed before this scruple occurred to her, imposing upon the generous kindness of Madame Morrison? If Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore would indeed receive her, had she any right to reject this means of relieving Madame Morrison from the charge of her? This view had not for a moment presented itself to her generous friend, whose sole consideration was Helen's own advantage. After fretting over it a great deal, Helen spoke to her very frankly, and the matter was set at rest for her in a few sentences.

"Of course," said Helen, "if they offered to take me back, I must tell them the whole truth. They would have a right to know it; except, I suppose, I should not be bound to give up the names. I could not do that, on account both of -him-and his friend. And then, I do not think Mrs. Townley Gore would let me into her

"No, I suppose not," said Mrs. Morrison, thoughtfully; "I never considered that necessity. And I tell you this, Helen, once for all," she added, with her characteristically brisk and decided air, "if she had to be told, and if she did agree to take you back, with my consent you hould never enter her house. She was a detestable tyrant to you when there was nothing to blame you for: what would she be with a secret to hold over you? No, no, my dear, we may look upon that matter as over and done with, and I am heartily glad your conscience has made a way of escape for mine."

How glad Helen was she could not have told. Her eyes brightened; her tread grew lighter; her needle flew more quickly through the light tasks that were set her; she took a livelier interest in the show-rooms, and disconcerted Madame Morrison's ideas of her want of taste-founded, not unreasonably, on her doggedly English mourning by some very ingenious and original sugges-tions. Indeed, "the treatment of jet" on Miss Chevenix's gown which Mrs. Townley Gore was

Hosted by

so good as to admire, and so shrewd as to recognize as a test of expense, was a "treatment" of Helen's devising. The impertinence of the agent whom Madame Morrison employed for the looking up and stirring up of her unpunctual customers in London, and who had found Miss Chevenix one of the most unpunctual and impracticable of the number, had been condoned by Beatrix when she found herself enabled to pay the long outstanding.bill.

"Nobody dresses me like Morrison," said Miss Chevenix when she was arranging matters with Mrs. Mabberley; "and, after all, I suppose these people have to be rude sometimes to get their

money."
"No doubt," assented Mrs. Mabberley, with her

It was October—a beautiful mild October with no chill upon it as vet—and the woods at Chantilly, at St. Cloud, at St. Germain, and elsewhere in the neighborhood of Paris, were putting on the autumn tints that are so beautiful when one has not English woods to look at, but which sink into such insignificance when one has. Madame Morrison and her husband had made a short excursion aux eaux, but Jane and Helen had not been away at all. There was a great deal to be done at such an establishment as Madame Morrison's, even in the slackest season, and Helen had got on very well indeed with the correspondence. Jane gave her a fair share of the work to do, and she liked it. She was well, and although she would not have consented to make the statement in words just then, she frankly admitted afterward, in looking back upon that time, that she was happy.

A great many orders for England were on Madame Morrison's country-house coshand. tumes were much admired, for she had been in at least second-rate favor during that wonderful time when each fair visitor to the beautiful arbitress of fashion took twelve dresses to Compiègne to be worn in three days. Some of the orders were for wedding dresses, and in one instance the prospective wearer had come to Paris, and was a good deal about at Madame Morrison's. She was a pretty, rather awkward, English girl, and Jane and Helen were quite interested in her as she came, day after day, with her fat, rich mamma, and had her mind expanded and her taste corrected on the subject of dress. Her name was Ellen Smith, and she has nothing to do with this story except insomuch as that she was the cause of Helen's being placed in an absurd The wedding order and embarrassing position. was completed, the fat rich mamma and her pretty daughter were about to seek once more the white cliffs of Albion, and to spread astonishment not unmingled with envy among their female friends, for the dresses were costly and beautiful, and the owners were feasting their eyes on them previous to packing, in the last of Madame Morrison's three spacious and hand-somely fitted up show-rooms. The doorways between the rooms were draped with velvet of a dark neutral tint, which did not "try" the colors that had to be displayed, and velvet divans lined the walls, on which hung handsome mirrors.

Mrs. Smith and her daughter, Jane and Helen in attendance upon them, were intent upon business, in which all four seemed interested, in the third room; two dress baskets, lined with spotless holland and covered with shining leather, gaped open-lidded for their splendid load, a part of which was spread over the tables and heaped on the divans, while the four ladies were eagerly considering two objects that lay on a chair within easy range of the bride-elect's bright shy eyes. Those objects were a large square of very rich Brussels lace, and a wreath of myrtle and orange

blossoms tastefully composed.

"Nothing could be more beautiful," said the bride-elect, "only I never quite know how a square veil should be worn; and there's so much in the way a thing of that kind is put on. Don't you think so?"

Jane assented. The fat mamma wheezed, and looked doubtful; she had misgivings about the Lancashire methods in such matters

"It is quite easy," said Jane. "I could show you in a moment. It depends on whether you wish to wear it thus, or thus."

She held a couple of fashion plates with two happily impossible young women simpering at their prayer-books depicted on them, for Miss Smith's selection of a method.

"I am sure I could not look like either of those," said Miss Smith, frankly; "my head is too big, and not the right shape. Could you not

show me some pretty way of your own?"
"I think I can," said Jane, smiling; she liked
this English girl. "Helen dear, your hair is dressed just right. If you will allow me to, Miss Smith, I will put the wreath and veil on Miss Rhodes's head, and you can judge of the effect."

This proposal was acceded to with eagerness. Helen seated herself, and Jane draped around her slender lissome figure, and folded over her glossy braided hair, the rich filmy lace, having set the crown of flowers on her head; and then, bidding Helen stand up, stood back to look at her handiwork.

"How extremely becoming!" said the fat

"How beautifully done!" said Miss Smith. "Thank you so very much. I quite see it now. So simple! only two long pins and a little twist."
But at this moment Helen started violently,

for in the long mirror before which she was standing meekly and patiently, like a lay figure, she caught sight of a man's face intently gazing at her image, and two voices in the second room uttered simultaneous exclamations of "Oh! oh!"

"Who is there?" said Jane, hurrying into the second room, while Helen hastily took the pins out of the veil and snatched the wreath off her

"I beg your pardon," said a gentleman, to each

of whose hands a pale-faced little girl was clinging, as she stood on tiptoe trying to see more of the lovely vision in the next room. "I am afraid I have intruded; but a young lady told me I should find the representative of Madame Morrison in the show-room, and I did not find any one in the first room, so I went on."

"I am Mrs. Morrison's niece," said Jane, directing him by a polite gesture to retrace his steps to the outer room, and accompanying him thither, much against the will of the children, who pulled at him spitefully, "and I can attend to any business you may have with her."

"My business with her is not on my own account," said the gentleman, who had by this time shaken off one of the children and removed his hat, and he smiled as he spoke in a singularly pleasant manner. "I have been sent here by my sister, and these little ladies would come up My sister is Mrs. Masters; she said Madame Morrison would know all about it. She has unfortunately sprained her ankle, and can't get out, and she is anxious to see Madame Morrison. I was to ask if it would be possible for Madame Morrison to call upon her.'

"Mrs. Masters from Chundrapore, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Yes; come home on account of the children. This is the address, madame, Avenue des Bois de Boulogne;" he handed Jane a card. "Will you have the kindness to give my sister's mes-

Jane took up the card when he had bowed himself out of the room, and read the name on The Paris address was written underneath the following: "Mr. Warrender, Chesney Manor."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE very diversity of styles of dress necessitates some means of regulating the public taste. How many dresses and wrappings make their appearance only to disappear and sink into oblivion, having been worn for the moment by those who, provided a thing is new, care little whether it is stylish or becoming! In Paris the chief of these arbiters of fashion is unquestionably Mr. Worth, whose establishment we have just visited in the interest of our readers, and who has kindly permitted us to inspect not only his work-rooms, but his private office, where he devises his exquisite toilettes, aiding his fertile imagination by careful studies of historic cos-

We first looked at wrappings, which are the most important articles of dress at this season, and can say positively that they will be long and ample, especially for carriage wear. We saw a large cloak of black brocade lined with red silk; the Valois sleeves, puffed at the top, seemed small, but were quite full in reality. There was no trimming; the back was slashed, so as to give ease of motion, the slit being finished on each side by a double fold. The only ornament was a magnificent black and gold passementerie, which outlined a sort of large jacket and edged the bottom of the sleeves.

Then came a large pelisse of a wholly new and very remarkable fabric, which called to mind in its rich coloring and designs the antique Bagdad shawis, being very fine palm leaves on a red or black ground. The effect was exceedingly har-monious. This garment was lined with silk, and bordered with a strip of plush four inches wide. Pelisses are edged with deep fringe, and furnished with the graceful pagoda sleeves. We must also mention a very stylish wadded wrapping of black brocade, pleated throughout from the neck to the bottom, the neck being shirred in clusters a considerable distance apart. This sleeveless garment was richly lined with bishop's violet plush, and furnished with convenient inside pockets. The bottom was trimmed with superb jet fringe, and the neck was finished with jet cord and tassels. We will close the subject of cloaks by saying that Mr. Worth has devised for visiting dress an exact imitation of the Louis XVI mantles, with large hoods covering the shoulders like a little cape. The model we saw was made of black brocade silk, trimmed simply with a ruffle of the material, and lined with plum-colored The very long tabs are intended to be plush.

As to dresses, among the various styles seen at Worth's we will speak especially of a simple toilette composed of very dark bluish-green mate silk and figured plush in very warm colors, but so harmoniously blended that none strikes the eye in particular. The bottom of the dress was laid in pleats intersected by columns of plush; above this was a sort of second skirt, the pleats of which seemed as if flung to the right by a graceful sweep of the hand. Over the hips was thrown a plush scarf, held in place by a large bow. There were other rich and costly dresses, the description of which we will reserve until another time, in order to devote more space at present to practical hints on the making of dress The stuffs chiefly used for these magnificent toilettes were satins, mat and lustrous, da-massés, plain and brocaded velvets; and plushes, plain, striped, plaid, and with arabesques and branches covering the whole ground, were used above all for trimming and lining large cloaks, as was chenille in the piece, which could be cut and arranged according to fancy.

Round skirts are the only ones permissible for dresses worn in the daytime, and are also much used for evening. It may be useful to speak of the manner of making them, as on the arrangement of the trimming depends the grace and style of the dress. The flounces, draperies, etc., are all put on one skirt, and this must hang with the greatest exactness, so as to be perfectly round, and to be gracefully adjusted when the wearer sits or stands. For this the first rule to

be observed is that the bottom, which should be about two yards and a quarter wide, should be cut perfectly straight by a thread. The slight differences of length caused by the bustle, etc., will be provided for at the top in setting the skirt on the belt. The front breadth is cut bias on both sides, and the side breadths on one side only, the straight edge always being sewed to that on the bias. The back breadth is cut entirely straight, a soufflet or gore being, however, arranged at the bottom to facilitate the spread ing of the skirt. This is composed of several pleats laid inward, which furnish the fullness necessary for walking. This soufflet is in general about ten inches wide, and is proportioned to the waist of the wearer. The flounces, of course, extend across the soufflet, being made somewhat scanty so as not to increase the size too much. A deep balayeuse some fifteen inches wide supports the bottom of the skirt. A few rows of shirring are often run in the back, so as to regulate the fullness. The general rule of putting all the fullness in the back is sometimes modified by the poufs or style of the costume.

Faille, which was abandoned, has been brought back to favor by Worth, who intends to use it for many of his dresses.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

HARD-BILLED CAGE BIRDS.

WHILE among the lovers of birds the canary is, as he should be, the favorite, there are very many which bear confinement as well, and make quite as interesting pets. From the family of finches, of which very many of the hard-billed birds are members, the selection of pets is more often made, from the fact that seed-eating birds are more easily cared for than those for which food must be specially prepared each day.

Among these birds, and after the canary chief of the hard-billed pets, is the goldfinch, sometimes called thistlefinch and goluspink. It is to him that naturalists have given what seems the most applicable of all the hard-sounding names they delight in, Elegans, although ornithologists insist on the disagreeable Fringilla carduelis. This finch is from five and a half to six inches in length, with a sharp white beak, white cheeks, a crimson forehead, with black on the top of the head, which extends toward the breast. It has a brown back, white under parts, with brown each side of the breast, black, yellow-spotted wings, and a black tail dotted with white. The female is smaller than the male, has less red on the head, and brown instead of black shoulders. Bird-fanciers know several varieties of the goldfinch, such as the white-throats or cheverals, which have a white stripe down the throat; bastard white-throats, when the stripe extends but half way down; speckled, which have one or two white spots instead of the stripe; and red-capped, which have the entire head covered with crimson This last variety is the rarest, and consequently the most expensive. These pets should be fed on canary and rape, with maw or poppy seed now and then, and thistle-seed whenever it is possible to obtain it. Green food, such as chickweed, lettuce, or water-cress, should be given at least twice each week. The goldfinch is such a tractable bird that no opportunity to teach it should be lost, and the number of amusing tricks it will learn depends entirely upon the patience of its

The bullfinch is another tractable bird that lives well in confinement, and is the most often selected as a whistler, some having been known to pipe five distinct tunes correctly. The German fanciers spend a great deal of time on their education, dividing them into regular classes, with a teacher to each class, who plays the tune to be learned by his pupils on a flute or organ, or whistles it, all the lessons being given in the dark during the first four or five months. Those fanciers most successful in teaching the birds take them from their nests when they are from one to three days old, feeding them by hand, and com-mencing their musical education the first day. The male bird has the top of the head, wings, and tail black, the back dark red, and the breast red. The female only differs from the male by having a gray breast instead of a red one. Bullfinches can be easily bred in captivity if given a very large cage in which is a small pine bush, with fine moss, dry grass, and bristles, with which to build a nest. The breeding season is from the first of May until the last of July. These birds should be fed on rape, poppy, and millet seeds, with occasionally a little sprouting wheat, barley, or oats; once or twice each week they should have lettuce, water-cresses, and ripe fruit. Young bullfinches should be reared upon rape and hemp seed soaked and bruised, or buckwheat meal; but it is hardly advisable for any one to attempt to rear the young without studying the matter at

greater length than can be given here.

The Germans say "a chaffinch is worth a cow," but perhaps the correctness of the saying depends upon the value of the cow. At all events, the chaffinch makes a good pet, for even though his natural song is not brilliant, he is easily taught. The French apply "gay as a chaffinch" to a cheerful, happy disposition, and he is quite as gay within the gilded bars of his cage as when in a state of nature. The fore part of his head is dark brown, the upper part a grayish-blue, the back and shoulders brown, under parts greenish, cheeks and breast reddish-brown, and the lower part of the belly white. He should have plenty of water for bathing, with a moderate amount of green food, while his regular diet must be summer rape and canary seed. He needs plenty of fresh air, and it is better that the top of his cage be covered.

If one's stock of canaries become weak and delicate, the greenfinch is a good bird to breed with, in order to give strength and general tone to the brood, although he will not improve the song. His color is yellowish-green, with yellow, white, and black wings. Rape and hemp seed, with green food occasionally, and a full bath-cup all the time, is what he needs.

The siskin, or aberdevine, is a remarkably good bird to cross with canaries both for song and plumage. Its head and throat are black, neck, back, and sides green, and the back spotted with black. Poppy and rape seed with crushed hemp should be given, with small quantities of green food: but care must be taken to prevent him from overeating, since he is a thorough

The cardinal-grosbeak and the red-breasted grosbeak are fine birds either for cage or aviary, both being sweet, powerful singers. The cardinal is a large bright red bird, with a glossy black about the head and neck, and he makes melody by night as well as by day. The female is a trifle smaller than the male, with brown plumage tinged with red. The red or rose breasted has black plumage above, white underneath, and a blood-red breast. The female has white spots on the back and wings, and a brown breast. Both of these varieties should be fed with canary and hemp seed and unhusked rice, and should be given a bit of sweet apple twice each week.

The redbird, or Virginia nightingale, has a brilliant red plumage, save at the throat and around the beak, where it is black. Quite eight inches long he is, and the tuft on his head, which can be raised at will, gives him an appearance of being much larger. His food is canary and hemp seed, unhusked rice, and a moderate amount of

green food. The male bluebird, or indigo finch, is colored as his name implies, while the female is brown tinged with blue. They are good cage birds, about the same size as the canary, have an agreeable song, and may be fed on canary, rape, and millet seed. They need plenty of water and

The yellowbird, sometimes called the American goldfinch when a dealer hopes to get an advance on the regular price for him, is really a beautiful, contented pet. A bright yellow body, with black, yellow, and white wings, the male has, while the female is more often dull green and brown, sometimes yellowish-green, with but few black markings. Their food and treatment should be the same as that of the canary, to whom it may be said some day, when we know more about our feathered friends, they are closely related.

The nonpareil, or painted finch, is an agreeable bird either in cage or aviary, save at certain seasons of the year, when he is inclined to be quarrelsome. They are not in full plumage until they are three years old, when the male has a rich purple-blue hue on the head and back of the neck, the under parts bright red, the back a shining yellow tinged with red and green, and dusky red wings, sometimes edged with green. Around the pupil of the eye is a red circle, which gives a rather dissipated look to the little fellow. The female has dull green upper parts, and yellowish-green underneath. They may be fed on millet, rape, and canary seed, with a little green food, and should be allowed a chance to bathe often.

The gray linnet when one year old, is graybrown on the back, wings slightly darker, breast red, and belly gray. After moulting in confinement the breast becomes gray. He is a fine singer, and gives his owner but little trouble. Summer rape and canary seed, plenty of green food and gravel, and a constant bath, are what he

The red-winged starling is supposed by some to need such food as is given to soft-billed birds, but that he will thrive upon hemp and canary seed has been proved by the writer in two cases. At two years of age the male is entirely black. with the exception of the wing-coverts, which are yellow and red. The young males, and females of any age, have the black spotted with brown, and but a suggestion of color on the wingcoverts. They require a constant bath and plenty of gravel.

Java sparrows are favorite birds with every fancier, more because of their beauty than for their song, which is of no account. They are about five inches long, with a thick rose-colored beak, white cheeks, purple-gray belly, black head, throat, and tail, and the remainder of the body a fawn-color. They are particularly fond of bathing, and should be fed on unhulled rice, hemp, and canary seed. As an instance of their great affection for those who care for them, one is known to have found the greatest delight in nestling in the hands of his mistress, remaining there as long as she was willing to attend to him.

This fact best illustrates the companionable qualities of the bird, since it is so very seldom any of the feathered tribe will voluntarily come in contact with the human flesh, because of the loss which they sustain in the dressing so carefully put upon their feathers.

Of the diminutive finches there are so many varieties that very much more space than is usually allowed would be necessary to describe them all.

The amandavat, wax-bill, paradise, grenadier, cinnamon, tiger, Napoleon, and strawberry are all interesting, and easily kept in either cage or aviary. They may be fed on millet and canary seed, with sweet apple and lettuce occasionally, and must have a bath-cup always filled. As they are in the habit of perching very close together in order to keep warm, they should never be kept singly, but in pairs, and the greater number, within reason, one has of them, the better they will

As a matter of course, there are many other hard-billed cage-birds that have not been named, for the dealer will exhibit one species after another until the fancier has a severe attack of vexation that he can not own them all: but those which have been mentioned comprise the majority of those usually kept on sale or as pets.





ENTANGLED.



Silver Bouquet-Holder.

THE handle of this silver bouquetholder is furnished with three movable bars attached to it at the upper end, which may be ex-tended to allow of its standing on end, as shown in the illustration. When held in the hand the bars fall close to the handle, where they are held by small projections which fit into slots on the latter.

Coiffure for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

For this coiffure the hair is parted from ear to the short front hair is parted off, and the rest of the front hair on each side is



COIFFURE FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

put back and caught together in the middle. The ends are divided into three strands and braided, and the end of the braid and the loose back hair, which is slightly waved, are held together with a tortoiseshell clasp. A bow of sat-in ribbon is set on the back of the head, and the short front hair is curled. .

Coiffure for Girl from 14 to 16 Years old.

THE hair in this coiffure is parted from ear to ear,

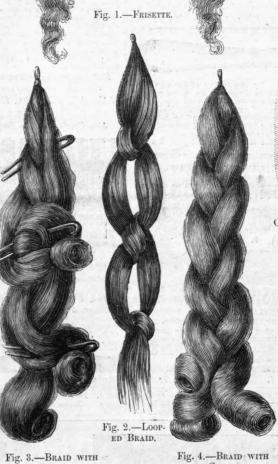


Fig. 4.—BRAID WITH CURLS.



Fig. 6.—Coiled Chignon.

of an oval piece of stiff net eleven inches long and four inches and a half wide, which is bor-dered with folds of crape, and covered a cascade of

Drawn-work Borders for Buffet Covers, Towels, etc.-Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE drawn-work borders are suitable for ornamenting linbuffet covers, towels, Java canvas tidies, and other articles in coarse linen or linen canvas. For the border Fig. 1 draw out six double threads of the can-vas, then twice alternately pass two double threads and draw six. Secure the

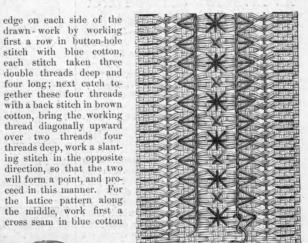


Fig. 2.—Drawn-work Border for BUFFET COVERS, TOWELS, ETC.

over the space, encircling four threads on each side, but dividing in the middle the strands of four held by the brown stitches on the sides in the manner shown in the illustration; then work a second similar seam, taking up the threads that were passed in the preceding one. Run an écru thread in and out along the middle under the linen threads and over the points of intersection, and along each side work with dark blue cotton, alternately catching down

the point of intersection and taking

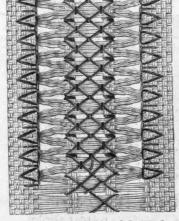


Fig. 1.—Drawn-work Border for BUFFET COVERS, TOWELS, ETC.

and the back hair is braided low in the neck; the end of the braid is brought up and fastened on the back of the The front hair is parted in the middle, carried back from each side, and fastened together over the end of and lasteried together over the end of the braid. A tortoise-shell clasp is in-serted, and the ends of the front hair are twisted about it in the manner shown in the illustration.

Crape and Lace Collar.

THE foundation of this collar consists of a stiff net band an inch wide





CRAPE AND LACE COLLAR.

and seventeen inches long, to which is joined across the back a three-cornered piece of white English crape, the bias upper side of which

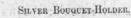
CURLS.

edge of the crape and the band on each side inches deep with white stiff net. The net is stiff net. The edged with white lace two inches and a quarter wide, and covered with a row of similar lace. Lace is joined to the upper edge of the band, and folded over on the outside. The jabot attached to the front is composed

is seven inches long,

a stitch around the two lengthwise threads as shown in the illustration. For the border Fig. 2 draw out four double threads of the canvas,







SATIN SURAH AND BROCADE GAUZE EVENING DRESS.



SATIN DE LYON EVENING DRESS.

red cotton over the four lengthwise threads on cach side. On the four lengthwise threads along the middle of the border work cross stitches in red cotton, alternating with Smyrna stitches in brown.

Satin Surah and Brocaded Gauze Evening Dress.

See illustration on page 653.

See illustration on page 658.

The satin Surah skirt of this light blue dress is trimmed with shirred puffs of that material and drapery of brocaded gauze. The basque is made of the latter material; it is cut in heart shape at the neck, and sloped away below the waist line, disclosing vest fronts of sutin Surah. The short puffed sleeves of gauze are trimmed with white lace and satin ribbon bows. A very full lace fraise borders the heart-shaped opening, and extends along the middle of the front. A spray of roses is fastened at the point, and carried upward on the left side.

Satin de Lyon Evening Dress.

See illustration on page 653.

The skirt of this dress, which is of coral pink satin de Lyon, is trimmed with draped flounces of white Spanish lace. The basque is low-necked and sleeveless. It is edged at the top with a full soft white tulle ruche, from under which fall loops of satin de Lyon. Similar wider loops extend across the front and sides at the bottom, where they are met by a large sush bow of the material, which depends from the back.

AN INVALID'S OUTFIT FOR A SEA-VOYAGE.

S to wearing apparel, an invalid going to sea A will require clothing for cold as well as hot weather, with under-clothing suitable for every variation of temperature. A pilot-jacket should not be forgotten, with warm gloves, mufflers, plaids or shawls, and easy head-coverings not likely to be blown overboard by the first puff of wind. Rugs and shawls are very desirable vademecums. If you think of wearing linen underclothing, take *Punch's* advice to people about to marry, and "don't." They get damp so soon, and have to be changed every day, and it must be remembered that there is no laundress on board. Find out beforehand what accommodation for stowage you will be allowed in your cabin, and take therein only enough clothing or necessaries of any kind to last you until you can have access to your heavy baggage, which is always put below; for many boxes in a cabin, and coats and dresses hung behind doors or against the bulk-heads, not only look extremely untidy, but they take up the room that would be far bet-

ter occupied by fresh air.

Be careful to find out what fittings the cabins are allowed by the companies, and if water is supplied to the basins through pipes; if not, a broad-bottomed water-can should be procured. Whether the company supplies towels or not, have your own bath towels, and your own large sponge in a water-proof bag, to take to the bathroom with you every morning. A prettily ornamented cabin pocket for toilette requisites should hang at each end of the basin-stand; the lookingglass should be above—the larger it is, the better; and alongside this, and not far from your berth pillow, your swing reading lamp should be fixed. Everything should be of small dimensions and neat and tidy in a cabin, which indeed should resemble a small bouldoir affoat. You will want some small editions of your favorite authors, and a lit-

tle book-shelf properly constructed for ship's use.

The bed in your cabin will be a narrow one, but not, I think, uncomfortable on this account, if only well furnished. See to this before you start. Do not forget to buy a lounge-chair for deck use. They are made of wood, and fold up. A little pillow should be strapped on behind for the neck to rest upon, and the chair should have your name written distinctly and indelibly on the back. Have everything so arranged in your cabin that it is impossible for it to shift; otherwise, if the ship begins to roll, you will be in sad confusion. But do even more than this: have everything so arranged in your boxes, as well, that there may be no shifting there. Sailors kick about the passengers' traps below in a marvellous fashion, so not only should the boxes be the strongest of the strong, but the contents should be so fixed that any amount of capsizing won't affect them. Take any medicines with you that your doctor thinks you need, especially some nice cooling effervescents. Take also an apparatus for heating water with spirits of wine—be very careful how you use it—a jar or two of extract of meat, a few bottles of essence of coffee (a tea-spoonful of this mixed in cold water makes a very refreshing drink), and a tin or two of well-baked Bath Oli ver biscuits. If you care for it, eating-chocolate is very nourishing. Now you may ask me why should you take these little articles if you sail in a first-class ship. I have the answer ready at hand. There will be occasions when you may desire a slight refection, in order to stem what I may call a hunger wave that is apt to come over one at all sorts of odd times when the berth steward is not at hand. They are commonest just before you go to bed, but they may actually wake one up at night; and this hunger wave, if not stemmed, will effectually banish sleep; and so forewarned is fore-armed.

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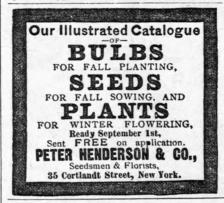
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FACETIÆ.

Generosity.—An Aberdeen teacher, after reading to her scholars the story of a generous child, asked them what generosity was. One little Aberdonian raised his hand and said: "I know; it's giving to others what you don't want yourself."

An Irish member of Parliament once said that "a man can't stand on nothing unless he's a bird."

Hr. "Did you read my last poem?"
Sur. "Yes; it was simply perfect."
Hr. "Oh, come now, really, you know, nothing is perfect in this world."
Sur. Oh yes—nonsense is."

Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale was excellent, on the latter saying he would repeat some good thing Tom Moore had mentioned to him: "Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."

George the Third scolded Lord North for never going to the concerts of ancient music.
"Your brother, the bishop," said the king, "never misses them, my lord."
"Sire," answered the premier, "if I were as deaf as my brother, the bishop, I would never miss them either."

Many of the richest planters of San Domingo live on coffee grounds.

"Farewell" was the title of a poem sent to a newspaper; and the cruel editor, in acknowledging its receipt, said: "It is a good thing that the gifted authoress bade it good-by, as she will never see it again."

"How much coal is there, Susan? How long will it

"How much coat is the last ?"
"Well, ma'am, it will last quite a while if you don't have any fires."
"Then there isn't much left?"
"There isn't any left, ma'am."



AWKWARD FOR TOMMY TOD.

He has got his head through a hole in Deacon Howe's Fence, and can't get it back; and there is that little black-and-tan Pup inside making it pleasant for him.

Wise and Otherwise.—Few people are wise, and fewer are weather wise; but many are otherwise.

Edward Walpole, being told one day at the "Garrick" that the confectioners had a way of discharging the ink from old parchment by a chemical process, and then making the parchment into isinglass for their jellies, said: "Then a man may now eat his deeds as well as his words."

Music of the Future-Promissory notes.

A mendicant would be apt to make a poor tailor.

"I'll make it warm for you," as the heated iron said.

NEW CURATE (who wished to know all about his parishioners), "Then do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side or your mother's" COUNTRY LAD. "Zometimes one and zometimes the other, 'ceptin' when feyther whacks 'em both, sir."

A brother actor, who had not exactly "taken the house by storm" at his first appearance in London, very stupidly asked Compton:
"Was my acting good?"
"Well," was the reply, delivered in his inimitable style, "hum! ha! Good is not the word."

When is a girl like a music-book?—When she is proud; because then she is full of airs.

The Bailli de Ferrette was always dressed in knee-breeches, with a cocked hat, and a sword the slender proportions of which greatly resembled those of his legs. "Do tell me, my, dear Bailli," said Montrond one day, "have you got three legs or three swords?"

No one is more ready than a forger to write a wrong.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents, I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being subject to that abominable vice."



A MODERN TOURNAMENT.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

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IN MEMORIAM.

See illustration on front page.

Our best, our bravest, tenderest, dearest loved, Our knightliest son, untimely to the grave By bitter stroke of cruelest fate removed, Not all our love nor all our prayers could save.

For weeks we fought the awful, stealthy foe,
That menaced him with quivering poisoned dart—
For weary weeks, till hope beat faint and low, And gloom lay heavy on the nation's heart.

Our love for Garfield mated with our pride; He towered majestic far above the throng, Like some tall pine that on a mountain-side, By wrestle with the storms, grows lithe and strong. Heroic motherhood his cradle rocked; Heroic struggle nerved his ardent youth; No siren false his stainless manhood mocked; To simple duty faithful, true as truth.

His was the leader's calm, undaunted soul, Too self-restrained to sway at passion's His the grand fortitude that took control, And smiled a challenge in the face of death.

What matchless patience! Tried with utmost pain, By anguish tortured, under weakness crushed, Martyr and saint, he bore the fearful strain, Till in that presence lesser griefs were hushed.

Above his pulseless form what shadows bend! What glory wraps him, coffined, could we see! The victors of the ages call him friend— Of Lincoln, Washington, the peer is he. Columbia's hand shall write his name in light, Her sons shall lisp it by the hearth's red flame, And generations hence shall measure height By this great man's white altitude of fame.

Still must we weep! We stand, the Thirty-eight, Joined hand in hand, with broken hearts to-day, The mournful guns proclaim the mourning state—
Its Chief so foully, strangely reft away.

Droop lowlier, flags, to symbolize our woe!

Toll slowlier, bells, and time you with our tears!

Tread softly, soldiers! There are those shall go

Uncomforted through all thair longly wass Uncomforted through all their lonely years.

Our leader fallen! But his work remains Unfinished as he left it. East and West And South and North arise the stern refrains That call his country to the hour of test. No dwarfed ideal can we brook, who hear His voice serene and steady from the skies.
The listening air throbs palpitant, and clear
Around us glows the fire of sacrifice.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

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a fascinating story of life among the Indians of the Southwest. Mr. STODDARD'S short stories have won great favor among the readers of Young Propie, who will be pleased to learn that the new serial will run through the winter.

The second and last part of the full-sized Working Pattern of the Sunflower Portière or Curtain, designed and worked for QUEEN VIC-TORIA at the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work, will be published in our next Number.

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

OVER the world this week there has been a cloud of mourning. The humblest cot in the farthest wilderness has been under its shadow. It has blighted the sunshine of palaces set in the color and sweetness of their sumptuous flowers and fountains. Never since civilization made the world and its races almost homogeneous has such a wide and universal sentiment of hope and prayer and grief cemented human hearts together, nor has such a wail of sorrow ascended like sacrificial smoke from a common altar.

One feels a vague regret when one sees a noble tree laid low. How much more keen and vivid the emotion when it is a noble man that is stricken! How acute and eager the pain when it is the noblest man of all, the great and reverend ruler of an adoring people, the one who in the proudest moment of realized ambition is plunged headlong to the darkness of the unknown future, and the negation of still unaccomplished work!

The workman at his bench to-day feels the sob heave up from his heart at thought of the fearful sufferings in the long hot days and nights, of the hard fight for life that went on upon those pillows—a harder, braver fight than that which his comrades of the blue, his foes of the gray, celebrate together in peace and tears-of the cruel alternations of hope and despair, of the sinking, of the dying, of the blank where once was radiant life; the senator at his desk sobs with him; the sailor in mid-seas passes the fatal message on from tossing ship to ship; the traveller far off in distant lands takes the dark word, and feels the pulse of his country beating with his own in the common sorrow—the sorrow felt by a nation that, with a long breath of relief and peace, had known its power safe in strong and trusted hands, and that loved those hands which it believed to be so white and pure.

A man without blemish is a loss in private life when he goes beyond the bounds of mortal sight. How much more is such a loss when the man stands spotless in "that fierce light which beats about a throne," which illumines the recesses of a career, and brings all hidden things to light! The country had a President of whom it was proud, and had reason to be proud, before the universe; a man of vigor and force, of education and accomplishment; a courteous gentleman, a successful soldier, a brilliant orator, a broad statesman, a wise administrator: a man who combined in himself all the virtues and graces of an ideal: a man as faithful to his family as to his country, as noble in his domestic as in his public life; a man who shone over the wide horizon of the world with the glory of a white star, a sun in his own orbit.

Never was there a public incident more calculated to affect throngs to tears than this death of a great man, with all its pitiable, its dramatic and pathetic features. From one end of the land to the other men and women have united their affections with the family pursued by disaster from the moment that fate with its great promises seemed to crown them with honors and rewards; the brave old mother waiting in the distance, who had seen her boy brought to the highest point of her ambitions only to the ruin of her happiness; the heroic wife who with a breaking heart had held her husband up over the gulfs of despair on the strong wings of her courage and will; the young daughter fainting at her father's feet; the boys just entering life, full of joy and sunshine.

Yet great as the grief is, whose expression comes from West to East, from South to North, there is still a solemn universal sense that even in his death the good man has wrought a good work. Nothing that can be imagined or devised, neither foreign nor domestic invasion, could have so brought together the dissentient fragments of a country still quivering, after the lapse of nearly a generation, with the passion of its angry convulsion. But that fatal shot, those weeks of agony, that universal hope and prayer, have welded all sections together in one mass of mutual emotion, and have established, not a mere good feeling, but the unity of a common family. And not only has the good work been wrought at home, but all our hearts have been warmed to foreign peoples who shared our sorrow and suspense, and especially to that people of a common language and ancestry, who should be next and dearest to us, whose monarch forgets to be a queen in remembering the bleeding heart of a woman.

With such work done at home and abroad. did he who wrought it die in vain? Surely as ever a cross was lifted up on high, the man whose dying did what mighty forces failed to do, laid down his life for his country, and made its people one.

BARGAINS.

MRS. TOODLES, like all good carica-tures, is but an afternoon shadow of a very real original. Most women delight in what they call "a bargain," which means an undue value for an insufficient price. Where the terms of the transaction are reversed, and the tradesman receives the benefit of this disproportion, his customers are apt to accuse him of a too eager thrift. But so long as girls are untrained in the wise expenditure of money, so long will women expect and delight in seeming opportunities to make one penny buy two pennies' worth.

It is, of course, inevitable that most bargains are bad bargains. For the small and cheap shops, having no reputation to lose, are given to offer poor wares for good, where the sham is concealed under the gloss of newness. But even if the buyer save a few pence here and there by spending her days in the pursuit of bargains, there is the reckonable expenditure of car fares, and the unreckonable outgo of strength, time, nerves, and vital force, to be set down on the other side of the account. For few labors are more exhausting than shopping. The eyes suffer; the mind wearies of a constant appeal to the attention without the slightest intellectual interest; the temper is apt to attest these discomforts with acrid energy.

More than this, the habit of shopping is frivolous in the extreme. This going from counter to counter, from shop to shop, becomes a sort of dipsosis. The confirmed shopper travels from Dan to Beersheba, and finds all barren if the way lie not among mercers and drapers and haberdashers. The loveliest landscape, the stateliest avenue, the most brilliant morning, are but means to her end. For libraries and picture-galleries she ceases to care, and presently counts that

day lost whose low-descending sun sees at her hands no busy shopping done.

Could there be waste more extravagant, more melancholy, than this? Could any saving of shillings make good the loss? Nor need a woman buy the first thing recommended her by the first facile salesman. There is often a slight difference in prices between houses equally reputable and honest. It is the policy of many merchants to reduce a certain line of goods at times, that they may sell a certain other line at greater profit. Of such opportunities it is always wise to take advantage. But to spend one's days in seeking them is to give them a ruinous value.

When women voluntarily squander whole mornings in scanning kitchen towels or matching sewing silk, remonstrance is no doubt useless. If Ephraimetta be joined to idols so vain, nothing remains but to let her alone. But there are involuntary shoppers who are not offenders, but victims. Thousands of women consciously, grudgingly, but obediently sacrifice reluctant weeks of every year to this thankless task. Country friends and relatives implore the help of their taste and experience. It may be a bonnet or a gown which is wanted; a set of china, a piano, a washing-machine, or a wedding present. But unvaryingly the agent is assured that her choice will give entire satisfaction.

This, of course, is the one point of which the victim can not feel certain. The desires of these polite tyrants are always vague, their instructions always meagre, their expectations great. To their inexperience the city is a vast bazar of bargains. They have no conception of the time and pains which their slight requests demand. And the conscientious buyer, who has, perhaps, dispatched her whole season's shopping for a large family in a single morning, and almost at a single shop, goes a vast round, and makes her tardy choice with fear and trembling, lest she should seem to fall short of the duty of friendship or the honor of confidence.

This polite extortion is more annoying than the unthinking know. Society women in large cities lead even busier lives than their hard-working country friends. There is hardly a minute of their day which is not mortgaged to some claim as imperative and possibly as unwelcomed as dishwashing or shirt-making. To become commissionnaire is to neglect nearer duties, or to be hurried with a sense of overwork and overhaste.

Aforetime good fellowship and the spirit of helpfulness really demanded this sacrifice; for the rustic mind must have remained in outer darkness as to fashions, and the rustic body destitute as to their concrete form, had not the obliging city friend become the source of light and medium of supplies. But now the great shops sow their catalogues broadcast. They send samples of goods to the remotest hamlet of Oregon. The package post conveys the pomps and vanities of life for a trifling sum, and Santa Fe may buy of New York almost as easily as Harlem or Jersey City. Nor have we mentioned the professional buyers, who for a small commission will purchase and forward any article desired.

Let shopping, then, be relegated to its own place. Let it be the business of dealers and commissionnaires, the infrequent necessity of the multitude, the opportunity for judgment, thrift, economy, perhaps even the occasional entertainment of the idle. but neither the burden of friendship nor the

dissipation of folly.

MR. WHISTLER'S NEW PORTRAITS.

By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

MR. WHISTLER has settled in London again, after his Venetian experience of last year we intimated some months ago, when referring to his beautiful "Venice Pastels." He no longer occupies, however, that "White House" to which in former years he had given renown, but he has taken possession of a new house, also in Chelsea, and indeed in the immediate vicinity of his previous establishment. Tite Street is the somewhat extraordinary name of the thoroughfare in which the studio stands, and it is of so recent creation that it is as yet not entered in the Directory. The buildings are of fine red brick, prettily designed after the latest fashions. Several lots are still vacant, and ready to be built upon; but the rents are rather high, owing not ss to the excellence of the houses than to that of the situation. Tite Street is less than an eighth of a mile in length, and lies at right ans to the Thames Embankment. Opposite Mr. Whistler's studio is the house occupied by Mr. Oscar Wilde, the author of the volume of Po ems lately published, and by Mr. Frank Miles, who is known as the portrait painter of the London professional beauties—an artist who is reputed to have mastered the difficult art of gilding refined gold and painting the lily. Next door lives Mr. Frank Dicey, brother of the Edward Dicey who visited America during our civil war, and wrote a book about his adventures, and who now edits the great London Sunday paper The Observer. Mr. Frank Dicey is a rising artist, and his picture was this year hung in a conspicuous position in the Academy. Round the corner, on the Embankment, is the studio of another artist, Mr. John Collier, who painted the picture of "Hudson," which was bought by the Academy. Altogether the neighborhood is, from the artistic point of view, a very fashionable one, and much visited by "carriage people" during the

Mr. Whistler has lately been at work on two portraits, both of them female subjects, and treated with more than his usual subtlety and skill. We found the artist in his studio-a room nearly bare of furniture, but looking like a place meant to work in. The canvases were set up at the further end of the apartment, the spectators—upward of twenty were present—being collected at the other end; for Mr. Whistler's portraits require distance in order to their proper appreciation. On the left was a small four-legged table made of polished mahogany, finely wrought, and fitted on the top with a sloping desk-like surface between two narrow compartments. This is the artist's palette; he mixes his tints on the sloping surface, and keeps the tubes of colors in the compartments. The brushes he uses are for the most part larger than are generally employed by artists, and his method of work is in many respects original, as are the results he produces by it. The artist himself was on this occasion attired in his working costume, which consists in the removal of coat and waistcoat, and the revelation of a fine white shirt. With his swarthy lation of a line white shirt. With his swarting brilliant face and jetty curling hair contrasting with his spotless cambric, Mr. Whistler might be considered a masterly arrangement in black and white in his own person. And this may have been a bit of artistic harmony on his part, the principal one of the portraits on exhibition, or that one of them which alone he wished to be considered finished, being also a study in black and white of the purest kind. You see the fulllength life-size figure of a beautiful woman, who stands nearly facing you, in a pose which is won-derful for ease and character. She is dressed in a flowing black robe, broadly trimmed with soft white fur or swan's-down. The arms and neck are bare; the features, though only indicated, are full of individuality and expression. The background is wholly black, yet it appears not as a black surface, but as a mellow depth of darkness. How Mr. Whistler contrives to give an effect of softness and harmony to a subject which in any other hands would appear hard and crude is a mystery known only to himself. He may be criticised for not working on a different principle, for not finishing his work in the manner of other artists, but from the point of view of his own artistic conception he is above criti-cism. What he does, no other man can do. In delicacy and truth of tone he has probably never been equalled. He apprehends color in all its shades and relations with a kind of inevitable instinct; and though he is never neglectful of form, and can draw the human figure with a liveliness and accuracy that leave little to be desired, he appears to care for that department of art only in so far as it may conduce to the most effective presentation of color. His portraits, and his work generally, suggest objects as they would appear to a near-sighted man with an unerring percep-tion of color. There is a mistiness about them, a vagueness, a mystery, but the longer you look at them, the stronger is the charm they reveal to you. You feel that the reality in all its details is there, though, as it were, behind a veil. It is, however, almost impossible to express in words the peculiar quality of Mr. Whistler's pictures. Like all works of genius, their language is their own, and untranslatable. They remain in the memory as few other pictures do; they are the lyrics of pictorial art.

The other portrait, apparently of the same sub-ect, was treated in a subdued tone of brown and brownish-red. The pose is somewhat as before, but the figure is enveloped in a long brown fur cloak reaching nearly to the feet. In its present unfinished state the artist deprecated criticism; but though the scheme of color is less striking than in the former work, the management is quite as masterly. In both portraits you get a strong impression that a real human being stands before you—not a type nor a generalization, but a particular and distinct human person. That this impression should be wrought by work so defiantly unelaborate in detail and broad in treatment is another indication of the workman's curious genius. But nobody is more human than Mr. Whistler.

The walls of the studio were colored a sort of gray flesh-tint—a singularly cold and unsympathetic hue, but, according to Mr. Whistler's idea, all the better adapted on that account for a studio, which, as he remarked, should not be itself a picture, but a place to make and exhibit pic-tures in. "Now my other rooms, they are pic-tures in themselves," added the artist, and we were allowed to inspect two or three of them. Pictures they were indeed, and exquisitely delicate and effective ones. Shades of yellow were present in all of them; in one room there was no other color besides yellow. But it would be impossible to describe the subtle variations which had been played upon it; how the mouldings, the ceiling, the mantel-piece, the curtains, and matting on the floor enhanced and beautified the general harmony. In the dining-room the mass of color was a strangely vigorous blue-green, the precise counterpart of which we do not remember to have met with. This was picked out with yellow in the mouldings, cornice, etc., with a result extremely satisfactory and charming. All the decoration was entirely free from anything in the way of pattern or diaper; the color was laid smoothly and broadly on the hard-finished plaster and the effect depended solely mon the conter, and the effect depended solely upon the con-

Hosted by

trast and disposition of the tints. Such a method would fail in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for the least mistake in the selection or placing of a color would spoil all; but Mr. Whistler has done his work for himself, and it is faultlessly done. We venture to say that the exhibi-tion of this house of his in some generally access-ible centre of civilization would do more to refine the public conception of decoration than all the examples, lectures, and books of which the mod-ern decorative clique is just now so prolific.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BONNETS AND HATS.

PENINGS of millinery at fashionable houses O confirm the announcement made early in the season that the picturesque will prevail in millinery, but that while large pokes and round hats are shown in great numbers, the small bonnets and becoming turbans will also find favor. There can be no definite rule about these shapes, as large bonnets are not limited to large heads, for they are sometimes particularly becoming to small ladies; the face alone decides the matter, and in the great variety of shapes shown, some thing is easily found to suit each physicgnomy. The poke bonnets are greatly improved in shape by the small tapering crown now used instead of the broad flat crown, like that of an old lady's bonnet, worn when they were first introduced; indeed, nothing can be more coquettish than these quaint pokes, arranged as they are now to leave the small sloping crown quite prominent and bare, and mass all the trimming on the brim. The most youthful-looking pokes have the brim covered or edged with down, or fur, or plush with very long pile, while the crown is of smooth plush or of moleskin velvet. This is beautiful in dark green, brown, bronze, or garnet pokes to match costumes, with the full furry edge that is so becoming to every face; and for trimming, a bird is placed close against the left side of the brim, or a panache of feather tips, and on the right side two small bands like folds of plush pass toward the back of the crown, where they are fastened by an ornament of old silver. For dress bonnets this design is carried out in pink, white, or pale blue plush that has moiré marking upon it for the smooth small crown, while the brim is covered with pearl lace, or else white Spanish lace in which are two or three rows of great white beads cut in facets; the strings are also of this lace; and for ornaments there are half a dozen humming-birds placed in a row, to show the brilliant hues of their breasts and throats.

ered with pearl lace, with feather tips for their trimmings, but fewer white or light dress bonnets are shown than usual, as dark bonnets are known to be most becoming, and are of such rich fabrics that they are dressy enough for most oc-casions. A novel trimming laid on the outside of the brim and below the crown is three full frills of uncut velvet laid double, fully gathered, and overlapping. These ruffles are an inch deep when finished, and are very effective when made of the glacé velvet showing two colors, one of which is in the plain velvet that covers the crown; thus a brown velvet small crown has frills of red and brown changeable uncut velvet, and the edge of the brim has a gathered binding like a puff made of red uncut velvet. Ribbon of uncut velvet on one side and satin on the other forms a square bow low on the left side, and there are three tips of ostrich feathers at the top. Another poke that points down on the forehead instead of projecting above it has the brim cov-ered with lophophore feathers, while the crown is green velvet. There are also black lace pokes of the new heavy guipure silk lace with droop-ing jet ornaments along the lace and on the strings, while black ostrich tips are the only trimmings; a bow of narrow moiré ribbon ties the lace strings below the throat. Another black poke of real Spanish lace has two rows of large jet beads that are made to droop and dangle on the edge of the brim. A black felt poke that has a fur-beaver brim has two rows of black Spanish lace on the outside of this brim.

There are also Marie Stuart pokes entirely cov-

The bows on pokes are very flat, and have long loops—either two or four loops—of double-faced ribbon, and one edge of this ribbon is folded over so that both faces are seen. Moiré ribbon with satin or plush back is very effective for such These bows are placed far back just on top of the crown, with the middle closely strapped, and a loop falling toward each side of the crown, are long and extende the right side, while the left has a panache or pompon of feathers. Another fancy is for a bow with very long loops placed with the strap close to the brim on top, and the loops extending far down the left side. A stylish and useful small poke of black beaver has a double bow of black ribbon—satin on one side and moiré on the other —placed at the top of the crown, and falling close back upon it. Two jet turtles fasten the loops down; a small black panache is on the left side; a row of black faceted beads half an inch in diameter is on the outside of the brim. Strings are "bowed" up close to the throat without long hanging ends. Bias velvet or plush, hemmed and not lined, is used for strings as well as ribbon.

The great round hats of plush, felt, or beaver are much larger than any yet worn. They are like the picturesque hats worn by players in old comedies, and have forests of feathers that droop and nod with every motion of the wearer. The tapering crowns are also seen on these hats, and are usually in bold relief, with the trimmings of feathers and of plush massed on the wide brim. Sometimes the edges are plain, and the brim is so broad that a pleating three inches wide of doubled velvet is sewed inside the brim, beginning where the crown leaves off, and this surrounds the face, without coming near the outer edge of the brim. Smooth beaver and felt are liked for these hats, but the brim is most often of fur beaver, or plush with long pile, or else the edge is bound with a puff of velvet that breaks

the hard line, and is very becoming.

Feather turbans are the favorite hat for general wear this autumn, and are the extreme opposite in size of the great Devonshire and Pompadour hats just described. For travelling, for morning shopping, and for driving, the jaunty turbans are most useful, and are sometimes made of plush as well as of feathers, and are often furnished with a muff to correspond. The entire hat of feathers is expensive, although it is very small; from \$15 to \$20 are asked for pheasant, lopho-phore, and peacock turbans, and there are sets of the muff and turban of fine plumage sold for \$80. The dark green and black cocks' plumes make simple and pretty turbans that may be worn with any dress. The imported turbans have usually the bird's head in front slightly toward the left side, and sometimes there are two heads, one being placed on each side. A smooth edge of velvet is on French turbans, but the fluted velvet binding softens this hard edge, and is so becoming that it is afterward added. The plush turbans have softly folded crowns, with nothing set or regular in the folds, and these folds extend over the edges, unless a row of down or of fur is used to finish the edges. A cluster of plush fruit shaded as if by painting is a pretty trimming for such turbans, and is repeated on the bag-muff which accompanies it.

Among other caprices there are small fur bonnets made of chinchilla, and also of coney-skins of mixed white and black that produce gray effects. The coney bonnets are not smooth on the frame, but are in folds like the plush turbans, and have crowns shaped like a great fluted bow. Plush and moiré strings and some breast feathers are the trimmings for these.

The veils most used are the black net masks with large dots, and these are confined to small bonnets and turbans. A large poke or round hat has its style entirely destroyed by a veil. Some dark garnet and bronze green tissues and gren-adines, with or without chenille dots, are shown for the scarf veils that are worn when travelling, or in windy weather. The fancy for fluffy front hair continues, as this full framing for the face is necessary with large hats. Since veils are dis-pensed with, the invisible net for the front hair s useful, but when it is at all visible it detracts from the studied carelessness of the coiffure, and is most unbecoming.

BEADED TABLIERS, ETC.

The beaded tabliers, valances, and garniture for dresses are among the handsomest trimmings imported. These are front breadths of black net black satin, or Surah, and also of white, wrought in elaborate designs with beads of various sizes; the black bugles, nail-heads, and small faceted beads give great variety to jet embroideries, while those done in white are varied by having differshades of white in the beads, such as pearls of different tints, opals, and transparent white A single embroidered breadth costs from \$40 to \$125, according to its elaborateness, and this is accompanied by bands and collars for the

The open Saxon embroideries are imported done on black cashmere, black Surah, white Surah, and white nuns' veiling. When colored embroideries are used, they are done to order on the

material of which the dress is made. Side panels and bands half a yard wide are shown of very gay embroidery, done with silk floss on a net foundation that is cut out, and the embroidery has strong edges, to be applied so that the needle-work seems to be wrought direct-ly on the fabric. These are without beads, but there are most remarkable beaded passementeries in colors and in floral designs, showing every shade of the flower, and these are perfectly shaped, such as asters with petals that can be lifted, and rounded lily bells with swaying pistils. The steel beads so popular last year have disappeared, and there are fewer gilt and amber beads than were formerly used. The fancy is for ombré beading in colors that are seen in the fabric, and these beads are combined with chenille threads, satin piping cords, and knotted silks that are very

VARIETIES.

Striped plush is used for Directoire collars, and is trimmed with white English laces that are darned in long stitches to outline drooping flow-

New sash ribbons are brocaded to represent acocks' feathers. Those showing only the eyes of the feathers are newest, and have many threads of gold. Plush sash ribbons are very elegant, and there are mixed moiré and plush sashes in wide stripes. Moiré sash ribbons for children to wear with their white dresses are chosen in very dark shades of garnet, sapphire blue, or myrtle

The long Biarritz gloves are now shown in olive and silver gray shades, as well as in the popular tan-colors.

Watered silks are combined with cashmere, Surah, and plush in the French costumes imported for misses and little girls.

Cloth princesse dresses for small girls have a quilted silk lining throughout the skirt and

Mother Hubbard cloaks for little children are now made of navy blue cloth, with plush facings of old gold, bronze, or red; or else they are of gray corduroy, with deep collar of blue or red

For information received thanks are due Madame Hartley; Madame Kehoe; and Messrs. Aitken, Son, & Co.; James McCreery & Co.; Ar-NOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; WORTH INGTON, SMITH, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE Duke of Marlborough is about to sell the famous Sunderland Library of twenty thousand volumes, many of them priceless to bibliopolists. These great lords are getting in want of money,

apparently.

—Young women have taken a remarkable place in the late examinations of the London University. The class for mathematical honors had but three members, one of them a girl, who took the palm; a girl also came out ahead for English honors; and two of the four for German honors were girls, who again distanced their male rivals; one of three, again, placed at the head for pharmaceutical chemistry, was a girl; and Miss Prideaux was first in the honors list for anatomy, coming from the London School of Medicine for Women, and beating both of her rivals from Guy's Hospital.

—Lieutenant-Commander Benjamin Long Edds. one of the victims of the torpedo disaster The class for mathematical honors had

EDES, one of the victims of the torpedo disaster at Newport, was the fifth in descent from the Revolutionary patriot BENJAMIN EDES, who took part in the famous "tea party," and his wife was GRACE FLETCHER, a relative of the first wife of Daniel Webster, at one time a belle in Washington society.

—Prince BISMARCK'S little estate of Schön-

—Prince BISMARCK's little estate of Schönhausen, which has belonged to the family for four centuries at least, was a present from the Margraves of Brandenburg; and it is there that he passed most of his childhood.

The first lady to adopt the profession of architecture is Miss MARGARET HICKS, a recent graduate from the course in architecture at Cornell University.

The Queen has built Mr. John Brown a house within the grounds of Balmoral.

The slab at the head of Peter Parley's grave, in the county grave-vard near Southbury, Con-

in the county grave-yard near Southbury, Connecticut, bears as an emblem an open book with several dog-eared leaves.

several dog-eared leaves.

—Judge Richardson, of the Court of Claims, this year placed in the Unitarian Church of All Saints, in Washington, the finest stained-glass window to be seen in that city, in memory of his wife, who was formerly Miss Marston, of Machiasport, Maine, and in her youth a great beauty.

—A silver cradle has been given to the Mayor of Liverpool, England, on the birth of his son.

—The wife of Senator Burnside was on her mother's side a descendant of Roger Williams.

-In a recent address Sir John Lubbock said —In a recent address Sir John Lubbock said that the sky was studded with extinct stars, now cold as our own sun will be in seventeen million years, and viewless, but once brilliant as that sun is now.

—The great vine at Hampton Court, which is one of the wonders of the world, has been given by the Queen to the Princess FREDERICA, and it is feared that the private gardens will shortly be closed to the public. It is said that the grounds and walks at Hampton Court are so poorly kept as to be in great contrast to similar places on the Continent.

—The Gobelins tapestry has been recently re-

stored in the morning room at Holyrood, where are the chief relics of MARY STUART, including chairs whose covers were worked by her. In

twenty years the Queen has but twice spent any time at the palace.

—Mr. George Turner's famous flock of Leicester sheep in England was recently dispersed by sale. Mr. Turner's herds have been in existence more than a hundred years, and have taken more than six hundred prizes.

—Madame Patti will receive nearly a hundred

and twenty-five thousand dollars for her concerts here.

—The Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, who be-

—The Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, who became Madame Esmarch by marrying a surgeon of great authority but of common birth, does not regret her royal title, and her home at Kiel is open to students and artists, and is a delightful and happy one. Their imperial relatives often visit them; for Madame Esmarch is aunt of the future Empress of Germany. At the late Medical Congress in London the Crown Princess took great pains to give the Professor a flattering introduction to her mother the Queen.

—Miss Genevieve Ward brings with her this season the magnificent costumes prepared for her by Worth.

—Mrs. Newman Hall was recently saved by her husband from a frightful accident in Switzerland, her mule refusing to pass a yawning chasm left by a recent avalanche.

—The night before his wedding the Duke of Argyll sat out a debate, and drove to the train at daybreak. His wife is but little older than her step-children.

—At the "Congress of American Artists" to be held at Madrid this month the sword of Pianes.

be held at Madrid this month the sword of Przarro and the banner of Cortez will be exhib-

ZARRO and the banner of CORTEZ will be exhibited by King ALFONSO.

—JOSEPH STOVES, aged ten years, and JAMES SUTHERLAND, aged twelve, helped themselves, the other day, to three pennies' worth of apples from the garden of Thomas Anderson, in Durham, England. They were sentenced respectively to two months' and one month's imprisonment at hard labor.

—The Grand Duke KARL THEODOR of Bavaria is a comping occulist and works without a fee

is a cunning oculist, and works without a fee. He has lately founded a hospital for diseases of

The has latery formed a hospital for diseases of the eye, at his own expense.

—Dr. Bradley, the new Dean of Westminster, was a pupil of Dr. Arrold. He is about sixty, and has been for a few years chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. He has genial manners and wide sympathies, sound scholarship, and is a Broad-Churchman.

—At the great review of the Scottish Volun-teers, where Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury

teers, where Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags were packed with people, the Queen stood up in her open carriage throughout, and was thoroughly drenched.

—JEAN INGELOW spends much of her time in visiting the poor of London, and gives a dinner three times a week to discharged invalids from the hospitals, and to other of the sick and disabled in went abled in want.

A mission to Lapland has been organized by the King of Sweden's sister, the Princess EU-GENIA, who has busied her leisure in preparing articles of painting and needle-work for a bazar in aid of the work. -A wit recommends that the pitcher which

has remained in an Amherst family unbroken for one hundred and twenty-five years should be

education, contributed to that paper, that they offered him a salary of eighteen hundred pounds a year to go on their staff; but finding he would

a year to go on their staff; but finding he would not be free to say what he thought, he declined.

—Dr. E. L. HOWARD, a grandson of FRANCIS S. KEY, the author of the "Star-spangled Banner," was lately drowned at Baltimore.

—Mr. WHITTIER has been ill at his old home in Amesbury, Massachusetts.

—The Duchess of Edinburgh receives loud demonstrations when she visits the city from which her husband takes his title. The people there lately cheered her so that both she and her husband had to present themselves on the balcony in a pouring rain.

—One Hundred Wives is to be produced at Salt Lake City, the proprietors announce. They will doubtless feel quite at home there.

—Lord CLANDEBOYE, the eldest son of Lord

-Lord CLANDEBOYE, the eldest son of Lord DUFFERIN, has swum the Hellespont from The-rapia to Belcos in a little more than an hour—a

rapia to Beicos in a little more than an hour—a swim said to be longer than that of Leander or of Lord Byron, from Sestos to Abydos.

—Miss Abby L. Peirce, seventy-five years old, ravelled the stockings made from the fleece of "Mary's Little Lamb," and arranged bits of it on pieces of card to sell at the Old South Fair, earning thereby a hundred and fifty dollars.

—A statue of Mariette Bey, the French Egyptologist, is to be executed by M. Jacquemart for the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, at a cost of six thousand dollars.

—Miss Vanderbilt's wedding present from her father will be, it is said, "The Bride's Toilette," upon which M. Jules Lefebre is busy.

—Edmund Yates flies to the defense of "bangs," and says that "a fringe on the brow of

her father will be, it is said, The Brides 2.1.
lette." upon which M. Jules Lefebre is busy.
—Edmund Yates flies to the defense of "bangs," and says that "a fringe on the brow of a graceful lady is a thing of beauty, and that many faces will look bleak enough without it."
—The only person that ever shook hands with all the Presidents' wives except Mrs. Garffeld, Mrs. Sarah Davis, of Washington, died recently at the age of ninety-four.

Mrs. Sarah Davis, of Washington, died recently at the age of ninety-four.

—Ismaïl Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, has only eight wives staying with him in the villa at Vichy once occupied by Napoleon III.

—A fine cottage at Appledale, on the Hudson, is the home of Mr. Palmer, the sculptor, where both buildings and grounds are full of ingenious contrivances for comfort, Mr. Palmer having the inventive as well as the artistic faculty.

—At Raby, the seat of the Duke of Cleaveland (who, by-the-way, is in one strain descended from Sir Harry Vane), a carriage drive runs directly into the great baronial hall.

rectly into the great baronial hall.

—When Mr. J. B. WALLER, of Chicago, entertained the Scotchman Dr. Andrew Bonar, he showed that divine a flag of the Scottish Covenanters borne at the battle of Bothwell Brigg, bearing the date and the name of the Laird of Kilbryde from whom Mr. WALLER, traces his Kilbryde, from whom Mr. WALLER traces his

descent.

-No President of the United States, from —No President of the United States, from Washington to Garfield, was born in a city.
—The Cock Tavern, where Dr. Johnson held forth, and Izaak Walton's house, in Fleet Street, London, as well as the house in Holborn where Haydn is thought to have composed the

where HAYDN is thought to have composed the Creation, are doomed to destruction by the march of modern improvement—or vandalism.

—The life-size figure of MARCO POLO, discovered in Canton and sent to Venice, represents the great Venetian seated in a red arm-chair, with a porcelain vase for perfumes at his feet, wearing a Chinese costume, except for the European cloak and hat, and with his mustache and beard stained a dark blue.

—Nearly three thousand people, according to

—Nearly three thousand people, according to Professor Swift's record, claim the first discovery of the comet, and therefore the prize will not be awarded, but is offered for the best essay

not be awarded, but is offered for the best essay on comets.

—King Kalakaua is to receive the Order of the Legion of Honor from M. Grévy, who in his turn has received the Order of Kamehameha from the "King of the Cannibal Islands."

—A little boat two and a half feet long and one foot wide, called the Sea Messenger, brought a letter lately for the Emperor William, from his grandson Prince Henny, to Klitmöllen, on the west coast of Jutland, the boat having been sent by the Duke of Edinburgh from the Scottish coast on July 24, and having made its way across the water unaided.

across the water unaided.

The late Judge Waldo, of Hartford, Connecticut, taught school from the age of fourteen till he was twenty-one, devoting the intervals of time to farm labor in support of the family, and taking his Hedge's Logic, etc., into the fields with him. with him

—A gold link bracelet worn by CHARLOTTE
CUSHMAN as Lady Macbeth has been given to
GENEVIEVE WARD.
—The Earl of Dunraven, who owns thirty

thousand acres in Colorado, drawe the greater part of his income from Ireland, although rarely visiting his fine estate there—Adare Manor, near

-Slender, of middle height, with chestnut hair mand beard, with soft blue eyes, and of reserved manners, is the picture given—by his enemies—of M. Henri Busson, the possible successor of M. Gamberta as President of the French Chamber.

—The approach to Maison Close, Alphonse Karr's house at Saint-Raphael, runs between

hedges of roses, and among the art treasures is a cast of Carpeaux's head, taken by a friend shortly before his death, and retouched by the great scalptor himself on his death-bed.

—The Very Rev. Joseph Memerbasia, vicar of the Syrian Patriarch of Antioch—a see said to have been founded by St. Peters—offered in the

have been founded by St. Peter—offered up the sacrifice of the mass, according to the Syrian rite, at the Church of St. Ignatius in Baltimore

rite, at the Church of St. Ignatius in Baltimore not long ago, having come to this country for the purpose of collecting money for the Church, impoverished by Moslem persecution in Syria, in Palestine, and in Mesopotamia.

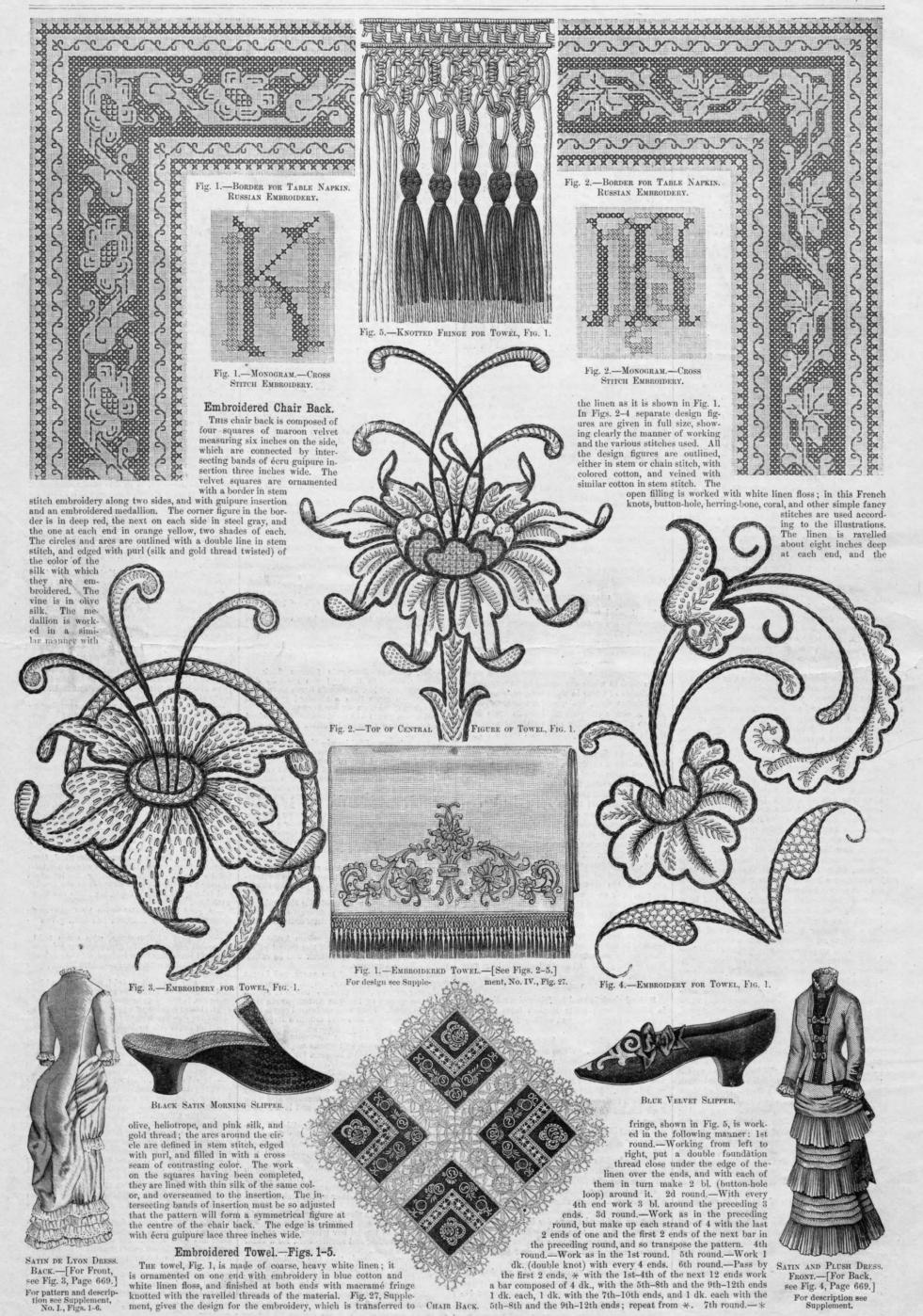
—ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE, who is the leader of modern military art, was, before he attained his present eminence, so industrious a worker in black and white that it is said the walls of the Maison Hachette (his publishing house) the Maison Hachette (his publishing house) might be papered from cellar to garret with his drawings

drawings.

—Mr. Ruskin gave a festival to the school-children of his neighborhood last spring quite after his own mind. He would not have the prettiest girl chosen queen, but the "lovablest," and she to be taken from the junior class, crowned with wild flowers, her gown bunched with bramble roses and stellaria, and her sceptre tipped with cuckoo-flowers. To the other girls she distributed Mr. Ruskin's gift of all his works, and by his direction kent a pretty gold cross engaged for the Boston Nine.

—When Cardinal Newman was a poor young man at Oxford, the directors of the Times were so much impressed by some letters of his on herself.

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1 dk. each with the 1st-4th and the 5th-8th of the next 12 ends, a bar composed of 3 dk. with the 9th-12th ends; repeat from *. 8th round.—Pass by the first 2 ends, * with the 1st-4th of the next 12 ends, observing the illustration, work a Josephine knot, then divide the ends into two at about half an inch below the knot, and tie them; take 6 ends double the length of those hanging beneath the knot, slip them through the loop, folding them through the middle, and tie them to form a tassel; then take 5 double ends of blue cotton about ten inches long, slip them over the threads that tie the white tassel in such a manner as to surround the latter, knot each two of them, and tie the tassel with blue cotton below the knots in the manner shown in the illustration; work a bar composed of 6 bl. with the 5th end around the 6th-8th ends, a similar bar with the 12th around the 9th-11th ends, tie the middle 2 of these 8 ends, add to them 4 new ends as previously described, work 1½ dk. around the latter, and form a tassel like the preceding one; repeat from *. Finally, cut the fringe of even length.

Key Basket.

The sides of this small willow key basket are covered with copper-colored velvet, which is ornamented with embroidery in several shades of olive and copper-colored silks. The design is outlined in stem and chain stitch, and the larger figures



KNITTED AND CROCHET BLOUSE FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 5 YEARS OLD,

are filled in with herring-bone and other open fancy stitches. Over the sides of the basket, between the ends of the two embroidered vines that extend around it, round k. 2 st. together throughout; in the first round of the second repetition after every 3 st. separated by t. o., t. o. and k. 2 st. together, and to correspond with this







Fig. 1.—SILK GAUZE AND LACE FICHU.

For description see Supplement.

fall three-cornered pieces of olive velvet, on one of which a monogram is embroidered in satin and stem stitch with lighter olive silk. The basket is lined with olive velvet, the bottom being bordered with a fold of the copper-colored, and is finished at the top with a border in gimp crochet of olive tapestry wool, edged inside and out with crochet picots, for which every two loops of the border are caught together with 1 sc. (single crochet), and 1 picot composed of 5 ch. (chain stitch) and



Fig. 1.—Scotch Cloth Mantle.—Cut Pattern, No. 3135: Price 25 Cents.—[For description see Supplement.]

Fig. 2.—Brocaded Plush Mantle. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. V., Figs. 28-32.

1 sc. on the first of them is worked between each two sc. The handle is wound with chain stitch cord in olive wool, and studded, as is also the upper edge of the basket, with balls in pink silk and wool. Pink and olive tassels are arranged as shown in the illustration.

Knitted and Crochet Blouse for Girl from 4 to 5 Years old.

This blouse is knitted with white Shetland wool in a puffed design, and edged with crochet scallops. Narrow pink satin ribbon is drawn through the row of holes around the neck, and at the shoulder and wrist, and finished with ribbon rosettes. The blouse is fastened in the middle of the back and at the front of the sleeves with white silk buttons and button-loops. To make it, begin at the bottom with a foundation of 140 st. (stitch), and knit in rounds back and forth as follows: 1st-13th rounds.—Knit plain throughout. 14th round.—

* Twice alternately t. o. (put the thread over the needle) and k. (knit plain) 1, then k. 2 st. together; repeat from * 15th round.—

plain) 1, then k. 2 st. together; repeat from **. 15th round.—Alternately t. o. and k. 2 st. together. 16th–19th rounds.—Work as in the preceding round. 20th round.—Alternately k. 2 st. together twice and k. 2 st. 21st–23d rounds.—Knit plain throughout. 24th round.—Alternately t. o. and k. 2 st. together. 25th–27th rounds.—Knit plain. Next work two pattern figures, repeating for each the 14th–27th rounds, but in the first round of the first repetition alternately t. o. and k. 1 st., and in the 7th

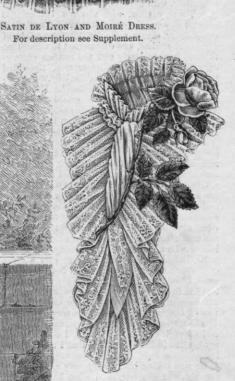


Fig. 2.—Silk Gauze and Lace Fichu. For description see Supplem ut.

in the 7th round alternately k. 2 st. together 3 times and k. 2 st. To form the armholes, work for the front on the middle 60 st. 20 rounds as in the first 20 rounds of the preceding 2 pattern figures, and work for the back on the last 32 st. on each side (cast off the intervening st.) 6 rounds as in the first 6 rounds of the preceding 2 pattern figures. Unite all the st., casting on 10 new st. between the back and fronts, and work on them the last 8 rounds of a pattern figure, then work one more pattern figure, and cast off the st. For the sleeve, begin at the bottom with a foundation of 30 st.,



and work 6 pattern figures in the same design, but at the close of each of the first 6 rounds in the first 3 pattern figures increase 1 st.; at the end of the 3d-6th rounds in the last pattern figure shorten by leaving unused 5 st. of the preceding round, insert 2 rounds in the same pattern as the preceding 6 rounds between the 6th and 7th rounds, and work off all the st. left aside previously, then finish the pattern figure, and cast off the st. Sew up the sleeves all but the last 10 rounds at the bottom, which are left apart for the slit, and set them into the arm-holes Take up the foundation st. at the bottom of the sleeve, work on them the last 8 rounds of a pattern figure, and then cast off the st. Finish the edges of the blouse and the bottom of the sleeves with crochet scallops worked as follows: 1st round .- Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next st. on the edge and 3 ch. (chain stitch), passing 2 st. 2d round.— * 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 3, 1 ch., 5 double crochet on the middle ch. of the next 3, 1 ch.; repeat from *.

LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

LAST summer-time I heard the folk complain Because the Sun, returning to his own, Cared not to win with smiles what we had

But brooded in unkindly cloud and rain;

And the sad season naught to him would yield, Who, like a churl, so scorned the wealth untold Which needed but his glance to make it gold, Slighting the free-will offering of the field.

Chill hearts, whose fires are low, whose light is dim,

Even stray smiles-Love's usurers-oft have

A mighty harvest at a little cost.

Love waits until ye crave a gift of him; Ye kill his kindness by the untimely frost That cheats the Brethren of their summer sun.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX. A PRIVATE VIEW.

THE end of September was at hand; the beautiful and solemn autumn season was in its glory amid the woods of Horndean and the more extensive ones of Chesney Manor. The weather had been very fine during the whole month, and the fresh sharpness in the breeze, telling of the coming of "chill October," was but a charm the more to people who were young and strong, who had not come to a regretful counting of their auhad not come to a regretful counting of their autumns, and who might still take pleasure in "a nipping and an eager air." Horndean and its surroundings were beautiful at all seasons, in a grave, rich, well-cared-for way, and in the autumn especially beautiful, because of the great variety of trees, whose foliage had to fall so splendidly, with gradations of fine color. Even Mrs. Townley Gore, who was not enthusiastic Mrs. Townley Gore, who was not enthusiastic about nature, and usually suspected every place out-of-doors, except a fashionable promenade, of damp and spiders, was constrained to admit that the woods were lovely and the sunsets extraor-dinarily fine that year. "Our sunsets," she called those evening pageants, proprietorially. Septem-ber had been a success "all round" at Horndean, and every one was in high good-humor—Mr. Townley Gore, because he had capital shooting, rooms in the aspect that suited him best, and no gout; his wife, because things were going smoothly in the grooves which she approved, and the allegorical crumpled rose leaf had not made itself felt; Mr. Horndean, of Horndean, for certain reasons that will presently appear; and Miss Chevenix, because she had of all the most solid grounds for satisfaction. The other guests who came and went during the month had been judiciously selected. Of the women there was not one who could rival her, or who felt inclined to do so. Of the men there was not one who did not admire her, or who admired her too ardently.

Mr. Horndean did not know or care a great deal about these people; he had been so much away, he explained to Miss Chevenix, that he had

lost the thread of society, so to speak.

"People die," he said, "or go under in one way or another, except quite the very big people orla, who are kept perpetually in sight and all their doings registered. I consider this my brother-in-law's year, and that I am in train-

ing."
He was taking his training very well, Beatrix thought, and she wondered what had been the history of that wild time when Mrs. Townley Gore was afflicted with a "troublesome" brother He was an unusually amenable one now, at all events, and except that he had occasional fits of depression—which did not, Beatrix was quite sure, proceed from ennui, and which she therefore imputed to importunate recollectionswas nothing to indicate that he had passed through a "stormy" youth. Frank Lisle was still at Horndean when Sep-

tember was nearing its end. He was going to Florence for the winter, and he had, for a while, cherished the hope that his friend might be in-

duced to accompany him.

Settling down was all very well, of course, in Mr. Lisle's opinion, if one did not carry it too far; but to settle down to an English winter, even under the exceptional advantages which would attend that operation when performed at

Horndean, would be to carry it very much too far.
In vain did Mr. Horndean represent to him that he ought not to confound an "English" with

a London winter in a general and sweeping condemnation.

Frank Lisle would not listen to any fair but futile distinctions. He could not get through a winter without sunshine. He did not mind the cold winds or the absence of "comforts" abroad. He had never had many, and though he knew them when he saw them, he did not miss them when he did not see them. There was no sunshine in England at that season, and no color, so he must be off.

He speedily relinquished the hope of inducing Mr. Horndean to go to Florence with him; for in his jolly, light-hearted way Mr. Lisle was a sensible person, and never thought of contesting against a woman's influence. Mr. Horndean, he knew, was in love with Miss Chevenix, and, unless by a freak of fortune, which he felt would be too good for him to deserve, she would take it into her head that the city of flowers would be pleasanter than the city of fogs, there would be no chance of getting his friend to go there.

This melancholy consideration somewhat dash-

ed the spirits of Mr. Lisle, and as he did not come round from his first impression respecting Beatrix, but still disliked almost as much as he admired her, he had no very bright anticipations for the future.

Horndean, with Beatrix for its mistress, would not be a tempting place of sojourn to him, and he roamed about the gardens and the woods during those last days, sometimes extending his rambles to Chesney Manor, while the other men were shooting—an occupation which Mr. Lisle held in aversion—or he shut himself up in his painting-

room and worked vigorously.

On Mr. Lisle's working days he did not appear at breakfast, and then Mr. Horndean would invade him, before he set about the business or the pleasure of the day, and they would have a pleasant talk together. There was no external symptom of a slackening of their friendship, such as Lisle ruefully foreboded from what he called "the wiles of the red-headed witch," but it was not without significance that they had left off discuss ing Miss Chevenix. Mr. Horndean was frankly communicative on every other subject, not even excepting his sister. He would say to Mr. Lisle in the easiest way, that it amused him very much to observe how his altered position had, to use the expressive Irish phrase, made "a white-headed bog" of him in the sight of Mrs. Townley Gore; and he would dwell with a grim humor upon sundry episodes in the joint experience of himself and his friend in which it would have been use-ful and consoling to have had a stock of sisterly sympathy to draw upon, such as he might confi-

dently resort to at present.

"And I don't think I'm a better fellow," he added, after one of these retrospects.

"Perhaps not; but you're ever so much better off," answered Mr. Lisle, with simple seriousness, pausing in his work and drawing his head well back to get a good view of the object he was painting. "You were a considerable nuisance in those old times, which, upon my word, I often suspect you of regretting; and it is not like you, you know. I should always have hated this sort of thing, to own it, I mean, and have the what-do-you-call-'ems of property as well as the thingumies; but you never could do without money, and a lot of it too; and that's why I don't understand your being so dismal sometimes. There! The organ comes in beautifully. I flatter myself I've got the right old leather tone and greasiness about the strap. Now if I could only get a monk-ey to sit for his portrait!"

"Had the man a monkey?" asked Mr. Horndean, who was well used to his friend's discursive-ness, and never minded his ending a dialogue a

ness, and never minded his ending a dialogue a thousand miles from its starting-point.

"No, he hadn't; but he ought to have had. Why, an organ is nothing without a monkey in a blue frock and a flat red cap. I think the waltzing marionettes are a great improvement also, but I can't draw on my imagination for that fact in this instance, as my 'grinder' is in 'an atti-tude of repose,' that is, fast asleep."

Haven't vou idealized him, Frank?"

"Not a bit of it; he was a very good-looking fellow, but a foul-mouthed rascal. I have only idealized his clothes; they were too clean and too British—regular slops—so I have given him a touch of the Savoyard—dirt and finery. There you are! Now I'm ready for the private view. The ladies are coming at three o'clock to look at 'Notley Green at Noon-tide.' Sweet name, isn't it? So we must clear up here, Fred."

At three o'clock, Mrs. Townley Gore being de-

tained by visitors, Mr. Horndean persuaded Miss Chevenix to go with him to the private view.

Liste is such an impatient fellow. libelling the absent artist without scruple; "he

can't bear to be kept waiting."

In spite of this assertion, Miss Chevenix was not very much surprised to find that Mr. Lisle was not in his painting-room.

The picture, with a sheet thrown over it, was placed on an easel in the proper light, and two old tapestry chairs, which Mr. Horndean's house-keeper had rightly considered quite good enough for such a scene of "muddle" as Mr. Lisle's sanctum, had been dusted after a rudimentary fashion and placed in front of the canvas.

To crowd everything that could be got out of the way into one corner, and barricade the heap with a big table, was Mr. Lisle's notion of "clear-

ing up," and he had carried it out.

Beatrix looked around her with amused, slightly contemptuous, curiosity, and having seated her-self in one of the old chairs, said to Mr. Horn-

"Take that thing off, and let us see the picture.'

"No, no," objected Mr. Horndean; "Frank would never forgive me. He will be here presently. I dare say he has only gone for flowers, or to fetch his cat—to look at a queen. We must wait for him."

He spoke rather hurriedly; he was in high spirits. She was smiling, composed, and looking remarkably handsome. A subtle change had passed of late upon the beauty of Beatrix Chevenix; there was a softer lustre in the diamondbright eyes, and the smile that had formerly failed to touch the keen lines about the finely curved red lips had a flickering sweetness quite new to any expression of her face. When she was alone, now, she had many troubled thoughts, and there was one in particular that filled her with perplexity, and would stick to her with a pertinacity al most bewildering, in spite of her firm will and resolute habit of looking facts in the face; but, evertheless, she had a source of happiness with in herself; the dreariness of her godless and self-centred life was changed for a vital interest and hope, in which, although there were restless and threatening elements, there was an undream-ed-of sweetness. This hope was at its full tide within her breast as she met the gaze that accompanied the words of the young man who was looking at her as if her fair face were a vision of eaven, and knew what his next words would be. Why they were spoken then and there Mr. Horn-dean could not have told; there was no lack of opportunity in the social life of Horndean, nor would he have been slow to make it if there had been; but now, for the first time, he silenced a scruple that had hitherto withheld him, he gave every doubt, every consideration, to the winds of chance, and answered the smile, queenly, not coquettish, with which Beatrix received his compliment, by an ardent declaration of his love.
"You knew it, my lady and queen," he said,

as he knelt before her unrebuked, and taking her unresisting hands kissed them passionately. "From the moment I first saw you, my love, my life, have been yours. Will you take them? Tell me, Beatrix."

She did not answer him in words, but he was

satisfied; the hands he held tightly returned the pressure of his, her head drooped, her breast heaved, a deep blush suffused her face. That moment of strong and true emotion had renewed the girlhood of the beautiful worldling, who had had no chance of better things. This was the only man she had ever loved, and he was at her feet Another moment and she was in his arms, and there was no past and no future, only that ineffable now; and in all the wide world, for those two,

only themselves.
The wonder of it! The triumph of it! With the beauty and the brilliancy of Beatrix there had always been something that had kept Mr. Horndean at a distance, even in his thoughts: a certain stateliness and finish of manner-for to him, as he did not ruffle her irritable temper, she had never been rude, abrupt, or disdainful—and the air of a woman perfectly versed in the ways of a world with which his own acquaintance was fitful and not profound. And now that queenly head lay upon his breast with a strange meek ness, and the thick up-curved lashes that hid the bright eyes with that new and beautiful softness in them were wet with such tears as Beatrix Chevenix had never before shed-happy, shy girlish tears of love, avowal, and surrender. The superficial nature of the man, who had wasted and made havoc of such power of feeling deeply and nobly as he had ever possessed, was also touched by something far below that surface: a keen, extraordinary pang of remembrance and remorse wrung his heart, beating high under the cheek, smooth and pure as a blush-rose leaf; amid the tumult of his feelings the still small voice protested, and was heard; and he knew that there was a soundless answer, as of vicari-

ous penitence.
"I will be true to this woman who loves me;

she shall be happy; so help me, Heaven!"

Frank Lisle did not come in; Mrs. Townley
Gore's visitors still detained her; the lovers had the painting-room to themselves for a whole hour —a precious hour, a blessed hour, Mr. Horndean called it—and that was time enough in which to settle their plans for the immediate future. Standing by the half-shaded window of the painting-room, supported by her lover's encircling arm, Beatrix looked out upon the fair domain that stretched before her, and felt an exultant con-viction that she had risen superior to her own design. She had, indeed, intended to marry Mr. Horndean before she had even thought whether she could love him. Love had no place in her calculations in that time which now seemed to have rolled back to an incalculable distance, and to be of no account at all. But she might forgive herself for that, and forget it to herself, for she loved him-loved him so well that she could allow herself the full luxury of feeling assured that there was no thought of anything but him. no sense of triumph in a successful scheme, no thing but the one pure joy of womanhood's highest privilege in her heart. For that brief hour at least the blind had a yearning for sight and the deaf for hearing. If Beatrix Chevenix could have got at the notion of God, she would have thanked Him.

They were talking of her approaching departure from Horndean.

"I wish I knew Sir Edward Vane," said Mr. Horndean; "I might manage to get myself asked to Vane Court; but I know very few of the county people. I never cared about it until now. When your visit there is over, you will come here again? My own love, say you will, and that I may tell my sister before then."

The first shadow fell upon Beatrix. The remembrance of her compact with Mrs. Mabberley crossed her mind for the first time since she had stepped over the boundary of the common world, hand in hand with her lover, and into the en-chanted land. What must she say to him? How must she tell him that her actions were not free, and yet not tell him how or why? In a moment she was brought back from the enchanted land to the common world, and to the fetters which she had been so incredibly foolish and short-

sighted as to impose upon herself. Beatrix was very clear-headed, but it would have ural had she been able to look at the position "all round," and to remember just then that it was the expedient by which Mrs. Townley Gore, and people in general, were deceived, that had procured her present happiness and future prospects for her. It was more than a shadow that fell upon her; a cold thrill of vague and shapeless fear passed over her, and her lover looked at her anxiously.

Waiting for her reply, she forced herself to answer him in her usual tone:

"I am not sure what I shall be able to do aft-

er Vane Court, and your sister will not be here."
"I am sure she will remain to oblige me, especially when she knows. It would be so delightful, and so much nicer than town, unless you were at Kaiser Crescent. Your Mrs. Mabberley might not like to be troubled with me, and I rely could not promise not to be troublesome.' Beatrix smiled, not very readily or brightly.

"But you must not be troublesome, and Mrs. Townley Gore must not 'know' for the present."
"My sister must not know! Why?"
For one second Beatrix hesitated. Should she

nswer this question with the imperious manner that Mr. Horndean knew so well, though she did not direct it against himself, and make him understand that such was her will, and he merely to conform to it? This, standing on such slippery ground as she did, might be a wise initiative. Or should she take a more womanly, more winning attitude? She decided quick as thought, and, turning her magical eyes upon him, she said

"Because my Mrs. Mabberley, as you call her, has a prior claim to 'know'; because I owe her much, and especially consideration for her little foibles; because jealousy is one of them. I suppose you know nothing of such a weakness, and she would be deeply hurt and offended if any one were to 'know' until after she had been told. You know, Frederick, she is the only person in the world who even imitates relationship to me; I am quite alone. I owe her all affectionate ob-

That Mr. Horndean should assure her, in the words that every lover uses, that she was an angel, was a matter of course. He went on to dwell with appropriate rapture upon the termination of her state of isolation, telling her in fervent words and with all the earnestness of the very strongest of his "fits," as Mr. Lisle called his love affairs, that he valued the position and the fortune that had come to him solely because they were not wholly unworthy of being offered to her, to whom, however, all the wealth and honors of the world could lend no beauty, no power that was not her own already. He would implicitly obey her; not until she gave him permission would he tell his sister that he had won the prize of his life; their engagement should be a dear, delightful, precious secret for the present; but would not Beatrix promise to let Mrs. Mabberley know soon? To this Beatrix replied that he must leave that to her. Mrs. Mabberley, for all her quiet insignificance, was an oddity, and oddities, even when by chance they were amiable, were notoriously hard to manage. They would still have a few days of each other's society before Beatrix would have to go to Vane Court.

"And now," said Beatrix, with a smile to which all the radiance had returned for she was religiously

all the radiance had returned, for she was relieved and re-assured by the ease with which her lover had accepted her sentimental explanation, "do you not think we had better give Mr. Lisle up, and retire from this very unusual private view? Mrs. Townley Gore has forgotten all about the picture, evidently. I think I must go to her

"I suppose so," he said, reluctantly; and they were turning from the window, when they perceived Frank Lisle coming across an open space of smoothly rolled lawn in the shrubbery, on which the painting-room looked, at a tremendous pace, and with his soft hat in his hand.

He caught sight of them, waved his hat, darted round the end of the house, and in two minutes was in the room. He found Beatrix seated in one of the tapestry chairs in her usual attitude of graceful composure and unconcern, and Mr. Horndean turning over some sketches with attentiveness that was perhaps a little overdone.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss Chevenix," said Frank Lisle. "I am so distressed at having kept you waiting, and so much obliged to you for having waited so long. Mrs. Townley Gore could not wait, of course.

He was busy with the easel, and the conscious pair exchanged meaning looks. Neither explained; both accepted the situation. Was there ever pair of lovers who would not have done precise ly the same thing?
"But what on earth detained you, Frank?"

inquired Mr. Horndean.

Quite an adventure. I thought I should like to put in a monkey; you know we talked of it this morning—you'll see why presently, Miss Chevenix—and I remembered that Dr. Osborne's boys have one, and so I thought I would go and have a look at him. So I went; but when I got to the rectory I found the monkey was dead, and I was coming back quite disconsolate, but in good time for the private view, when I witnessed a very sad accident. It was near the post-office in the village; a very pretty little white dog ran across the road just as Brachen's cart—Brachen is the butcher, Miss Chevenix, and his boy is a de-mon—came tearing down the hill. In an instant the little dog was under the wheels, and I saw at once that it was terribly hurt. The demon pull-ed up at sight of me, I picked up the dog, and two little girls ran toward me, screaming. dog was theirs, and the children were quite fran-tic with grief. I am a little bit of a surgeon, as you know, Fred, and I saw the poor thing's leg was broken, but I thought I could manage it, so I adjourned with my patient, the children, and their governess, who was nearly as much upset

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A TOURIST IN VENICE.

See illustration on page 665.

THE Piazza San Marco is the heart of Venice. the centre to which every tourist gravitates Here in the afternoon he comes to hear the band play; here in the evening he comes to eat ices, drink the best coffee in the world, and smoke Unlike most public places in large cities, the Piazza is utterly free from that roar which rises ceaselessly from noisy streets. No tramp of horses, no rattle of wheels, no jingle of horse-cars, here offend the ear, and the absence of these sounds, which are associated with all our usual ideas of out-of-door life, produces a peculiar effect. The Piazza seems to the stranger a vast salon filled with a large evening party. But no salon can boast the beauty and grandeur of the Piazza, and no historic halls have the picturesqueness of, or call up such poetic memories as, this al-fresco drawing-room of the Venetians. On the east side, the background of our illustration, rises the famous cathedral in all its Byzantine splendor, with its vast domes, its brilliant mosaics, its arcades and statues and sculpture, while over its main portal the celebrated horses which once adorned the Church of Saint Sophia in Constantinople prance in immortal bronze, a constant reminder that the Great Republic once captured the capital of the Greek Empire. From Rome Constantine transferred the group to his new city on the Bosporus. Dandolo, the blind old hero, brought them as an offering to Saint Mark. a brief time they were dragged at the chariot wheels of the triumphant Napoleon, and were placed on the Arc de Triomphe in the Place du Carrousel—a token of French rapacity. Now they look down on the crowds that fill the Piazza with figures, if less gay, yet more varied than ever traversed it in the days of the dead and gone Carnival of Venice. Over the porches, over the doors, over the figures of saints, flocks of the pigeons of Saint Mark are wheeling and flitting, very pretty to look at, very unpleasant to be near. In front of the cathedral, to the right hand of the picture, is seen the commencement of the Campanile, four hundred feet high, at the corner of the Procuratie Nuove. The side of the square opposite Saint Mark's is filled by the palace named Fabbrica Nuova, while the left side is closed in by the Procuratie Vecchie, the palace, in republic-an days, of the Procurators of Saint Mark.

Running southward from Saint Mark's are the Doge's Palace, the Library, and the twin pillars of Saint Mark and Saint Theodore, and the Mole washed by the sea. Such are the limits in which the social life of Venice displays itself. Under the Procuratic the ground-floor is filled with a brilliant line of glittering shops and gay caffe.

The filled with loungers and strollers.

He paterfamilias, determined to do at Venice as the Venetians do, installs his family at one of the little tables. Flower girls offer their little bouquets, and Italian dandies, irresistible in their conceit loop at his fair heired daugh ible in their conceit, leer at his fair-haired daughters with a rude license of glance which is little less than an insult. No lady can trust herself on the Piazza alone. The Italians who stray about in the crowd are handsome, well-dressed men, with conspicuously clean linen and well-polished boots. Usually they have not much money, and have nothing to do. One Venetian father, when asked what profession his son had adopted, proud-ly replied, "È in Piazza!" This means that he bore a cane, wore light gloves, and stared at the ladies. Since Venice has been united to the kingdom of Italy, the Piazza is gayer than it used to be. The Caffè Vittorio Emmanuele is always thronged, and the seats in front of it command a view of the whole space, with the fairy-like church in the background. To and fro promenaders of all kinds take their way. Nurses come to the Piazza with their infant charges. Contadine with their bright costumes—every Venetian still has an eye for color—their glittering head-dresses, and their necks encircled by rows of that delicate chain-work which is a specialty of the Venetian gold-workers, move through the mass with stately grace. At night, however, when all the caffè are lit up, the scene becomes still more striking, the crowds greater, the gossip louder. Parties from the opera and the theatre come to eat ices, and men of business, throwing off their cares, resort hither to seek the society of their friends, whom they are certain to find here, for the Piazza is the home of every Venetian.

BILLY JOHN.

ONE good old day, long before "the war," Caryl Hamilton was riding along the sandy path that led through the pine woods of the Southern sea-coast.

The day was hot and brilliantly bright. The sun came blinking through the pine needles upon the ground that was dun with sand and straw sparse grass that sprang from it was parched and meagre. The dry note of the locust shrilled forth abruptly, and there was an under-tone of inner life that thrilled and quivered like the air against the rough boles of the trees, and the pulse of the universe throbbed with heat and light and color. Meanwhile Caryl rode on his way smiling to himself, and whistling snatches of old songs, for he was on good terms with the whole world. And why not? He was young, strong, wealthy, and handsome, with a pretty lit-tle wife, and two wonderful children; therefore his smiling was not without cause.

These idle pleasant musings came to a sudden end as he perceived through an opening in the woods the figure of an Indian bound to a tree, while two other members of his race were making preparations to shoot him.

The victim was awaiting the death-shot with

victim was awaiting the death-shot with pical submission to the inevitable, and he made

"Hullo!" cried Caryl, stopping short. "What's all this ?

After exchanging a glance of question and reassurance, one of the men explained, in his hybrid language, that this man had been guilty of manslaughter, and that a life for a life was the law of the Chata tribe.
"Come," said Caryl, in an argumentative tone,

"I'll give you a dollar to let him go."

They grunted, and shook their heads. "Two dollars, then?"

They still demurred; but when the white man offered three dollars, and painted a glowing picture of the amount of fire-water they might purchase with it, they showed symptoms of yielding. A grunt interrogative was answered by a grunt affirmative, and the bargain was clinched, one of them savagely ripping with a gleaming knife the

rawhide thongs that bound their sacrifice.

Thus released, he betrayed no vulgar exultation, only stretching out his stiffened arms cau-tiously with a slow sense of freedom. Then he straightened himself, and looked with dignity at

his preserver.
"Well, old man," cried Caryl, jovially, "it's all right. I've bought you, body and soul. Cut

The Indian nodded understandingly; but, contrary to Caryl's expectation, he followed him at a light, agile pace when he turned his horse's head once more homeward. Caryl had supposed that he would disappear among the underbrush with the others; yet, being of an easy disposition, he did not send him back.

On they went, the followed and the follower, until they came out upon the soft sandy beach of the Gulf, where stood a long, low, rambling house in the midst of orange and bloomy acacia trees, and grape arbors with clustering leaves. Before it outspread the wrinkled water, winking with a million baby waves that dissolved themselves against the low shore with the soft, hushing sound of an infantile kiss. The piers and bathing-houses stretched far out from land: a boat washed up and down with the swing of the tide. Sometimes a ship raised its white wings against the far horizon, and the red flag of a buoy fluttered rebelliously in the wind.

This house was one of the many that were scattered irregularly about the beach, and it was here that Caryl Hamilton spent his summers, when he

left his Mississippi home.

Within, upon the long, awning-shaded gallery, Clelie, his wife, was swinging sleepily in a hammock, now and then touching the floor with the toe of her tiny slipper in order to prolong the agreeable motion. She was a charming, fairy creature, one of nature's most delightful inconsistencies—a blonde creole—and she was goodnaturedly alive to the fact of her beauty. Caryl junior was making the tour of the wide hall in the arms of his nurse; and Aunt Betsy Macmillan, an honorable veteran and pioneer, swayed comfortably in a rocking-chair. Outside, Armenaïde -called Missy on every-day occasions-was trotting about among the strawberry beds, overlooked by Matilda, her maid. Missy was a rosy darling, with a dimpled, cherub face, hair as fair and fine as corn-silk, in flat curls all over her head, and big blue eyes full of wondering, cherubic innocence. Some of the wonder and glory of heaven seemed to linger still in their lucid depths. All of the angel had not yet fallen away from her. At this moment she was plucking a large ripe strawberry.

"Missy, now, Missy," cried Matilda, "don't you know you's forbid to do dat?'

Missy turned upon her, holding up a little, reproving finger. "Show marster, Tilta," she replied, with dignity. Here, somewhat inconsistently, she popped it into her own small mouth.

"Now, Missy," warned Matilda, as this was re-

peated.

"Show marster, I say, 'Tilta," cried the autocrat, severely frowning and stamping her foot. "Show marster!"

"I say, 'Show marster!" retorted Matilda; and as she said these words, "Marster" himself rode through the gate, and the Indian, always following, closed it gently behind him.

Caryl received an effusive greeting from his family. Missy swung vivaciously to his coat tail, and even the baby crowed and kicked in his nurse's arms. Caryl had a smile for every one. "What does that Indian want, cher ami?" ask-

ed Clélie, glancing at the man, who had quietly seated himself on the steps, with the air of one who had come to stay. Caryl told the story brief-ly, eliciting from Aunt Betsy the remark:

"Yes, Caryl Hamilton, it's just what a body would expect of you, petting up a nasty Indian that would be only too happy to scalp us all in cold blood. I haven't forgotten the time-

"All right, Aunt Betsy; I promise he sha'n't scalp you," interposed Caryl, hastily, for he knew Aunt Betsy was going to recount the wonderful history of how she, being left alone with her sister's two little children, had been forced to fly from the Indians; how she had rowed across Borden's Creek, and when they pursued her to the bank, she covered the children with her body and gave them back shot for shot. "And I but a lass of seventeen," she was wont to conclude, triumphantly. "I'd like to see a girl nowadays that could match that deed."

"I think Caryl did exactly right to buy his release," cried Clélie, who had never yet detected

her husband in any wrong-doing.
"He won't do any harm," said Caryl, "except to hang about, and want to be fed, I suppose; but, thank the Lord! we've enough for ourselves and beggars too.'

"Mark my words," said Aunt Betsy. "You'll see trouble with that fellow yet."

All this time the Indian had kept his place, calm and impassive as if he had been hewn out of granite. He was tall and well-knit, and his features, which were rather handsome for one of his race, were vei by an expression of impene-

trable gravity. It is to be questioned whether his mind, except at those brief and infrequent periods when he spoke, did not relapse into a blank state; but he had at least the appearance of one who pondered. It was as if he had abstracted his soul from the scene, and left the mere outside husk sitting there to cheat the world. His probable age was from thirty-five to forty.

His costume was a scarlet Mexican blanket, that is, a blanket with a circular hole in the cen-tre, in which the head is inserted, the rest of the drapery falling in sculpturesque folds as dignified as those of a Roman toga. A string of wampum around his neck completed his attire.

The rest of the family having dispersed to different parts of the house, Miss Armenaide seized the opportunity to hop down the steps and con-front the stranger. "What you' name, man?" she demanded.

She had a sweet shrill voice, and something in the sound affected him pleasantly, for he looked up and almost smiled, as he answered, in guttural tones, "Billy John." The translation of his own real name was Hole-in-the-Day, but for some reason he preferred the title given him by common consent

"Billy Don!" echoed the child. "Dat's a funny name. I name Missy." She advanced confidently and began to examine his wampum. He submitted to this attention, and even seemed pleased with it. In return he stretched out his hand and felt the texture of her silky hair, then touched her cheek cautiously with his finger, and looked at it to see if the bloom had rubbed off.

"Missy," cried her nurse, angrily, from the orway, "you come right in hyeh. Ain't you doorway, "you come right in hyeh. Ant you 'shame' y'self, lettin' a nasty Injun paw you dat

"G'way!" responded Missy, with an expressive motion of the elbows. "Name of Matilta," she added, solemnly, to Billy John, pointing out the obnoxious nurse. "She's a mean ole sing; never

lets me be."
"Come right in, Missy, 'less I tell you' maw,"

sang out Matilda, warningly.

Billy John rose to his full height, folded his blanket majestically around him, and gave utterance to these words: "Injun first, white man next, dog next, nigger last!" and he spat upon

the ground.
"Impidence!" muttered Matilda, flouncing

Having thus placed matters upon a proper footing, Billy John resumed his seat, and waited for his dinner. It is needless to say he got it. Caryl soon found, however, that Billy John was

an expensive purchase. About a mile distant there was a small village, Crawford by name, and thither Billy John would repair, whenever he could beg or borrow a small sum of money, to indulge his weakness for whiskey. As he always became uproariously drunk, he encountered many fines for disorderly conduct, and Caryl, whose property he considered himself, was always obliged to pay them, although he vowed each time never to do it again.

Even in his intoxication Billy John managed to preserve a drunken dignity of demeanor, and it was a sight to see him reeling majestically after a crowd of jeering boys, shouting denunciations in his own tongue. Vain were Caryl's lectures. Billy John heard, and disobeyed.

"Serves you right," was Aunt Betsy's verdict. "If you saddle yourself with a drunken savage, you may expect him to ride you hard. And the way you are bringing up that poor child is shocking, allowing her to run about all day after a hea-then like that."

It was but too true. Whenever Billy John was not hunting or getting drunk, he was at Miss Ar-menaïde's heels. "Missy Papoose" was his only name for her, and though Matilda never ceased to turn up her nose at him, he relieved her of a good deal of wearing responsibility, and she endured his attentions to Missy on that account. Together they ranged the beach, picking up shells and weeds, and catching "fiddlers" to Missy's heart's content. He was her slave, and would swing her in the hammock for hours, only too happy if he were allowed to perch uncomfortably upon the edge, and play with her small majesty, who, as soon as she grew tired, would dismiss him with emphatic kicks, and the remark: "Det out o' my hammock, you old Billy Don. Don't want you any mo'." This rudeness did not decrease his admiration for her in the slightest degree, and it is something to say in his favor that he never came near the child when he was intoxicated. In the mean time Billy was an inveterate beggar of ammunition, Caryl being the chief sufferer. Billy John always advanced so suavely, with his hand outstretched, and the invariable remark: "You gimme powder'n shot. I shoot partridge; shoot duck; shoot ven'son; bring you some—maybe so," adding these words in an audible aside. But alas! these promised presents always remained among the "maybe so's" of life.

"Gratitude is Billy John's strong point," said

Caryl, smiling ruefully.

"But then," urged Clélie, "he is so fond of Armenaïde, and always finds her when she runs

"Set a thief to catch a thief," was Miss Betsy's

complimentary rejoinder.

There was an undying feud between the old lady and Billy John. "Ole squaw she heap mean," he sometimes remarked, and for her part she was always lying in wait to pounce upon his misdeeds. It was her firm conviction that some day he would do something dreadful, and the thought cheered her wonderfully.

One pleasant morning she was returning from One pleasant morning she was returning from an informal call upon one of their neighbors, shaded by a large yellow umbrella lined with purple, that gave her the appearance of having been choked till she was black in the face. As her eyes roved sharply in every direction, as if she suspected that the landscape might be making faces at her behind her back, she perceived a bright spot of scarlet relieved against the sombre potato ridges of an adjacent field. Straightening herself, she shut up the umbrella, and went stealthily in that direction. Sad to say it was Billy John, provided with a gunny bag, and in-

dustriously "grabbling."

Miss Betsy fell upon him, and belabored him with the stout parachute to such good purpose that he fell flat between the ridges, and submitted tamely. Then she dragged him before Caryl, too stupefied to resist, but still clutching his bag

of potatoes.
"A-ah!" cried Caryl, fiercely.
catch you at this again, you dog.
"Don't let me
Get along with you, and take the potatoes."

Aunt Betsy's disgust was too deep for words. She positively gasped while Billy John went away to assist Missy in her latest piece of mis-

Her favorite morning work was to tread down the edges of the garden beds as soon as Alban, the distracted gardener, had shaped them neatly; but in answer to his grumbling, Matilda always maintained that her ungrateful charge was

Her a angel?" said Alban, in deepest scorn. "Den don't neber lemme see no debils. Don't y' be fooled, Matildy! Wasn't hit jes' t'odder day she put her foot in my new tin cup? I done t'rowed it away. I ain't gone to drink arter no-

body's foot."
"Go'long, nigger!" retorted the nurse. "Dat's a mighty high kick fer a low cow."

But Missy was far from angelic, although her face warranted such a supposition. Whatsoever her hand found to do she did with all her might, particularly if that thing were reprehensible. She had a sweetheart named Tom Fling, and as he lived next door, she was fond of crawling through a gap in the fence-they had torn off the palings for that purpose—to partake of a delectable compound called "cush," namely, corn-

bread stirred up with gravy.
"I make a rule," Clelie would say, with dignity,
when speaking of the management of children, "that Armenaïde shall not eat between meals."

"Hum!" observed Aunt Betsy. In fact, Clélie was a charming theorist; but only strangers believed in her, being further misled by Missy's face of cherubic innocence

Having seen some children running barefooted on the sand, the strict mother said, "Now, Missy,

"Oh, no'm," said Missy, looking up from her plate with large, wondering eyes; then she changed the subject by saying, "Marster, gimme a peach." "Scuse me, please," she said, presently. In her opinion, the phrase meant merely, "Help me out of my chair," and she always used it, irrespective of her position. She went out with a business-like air. Billy John was hanging about the gate, and she was soon hoisted upon his shoul-der, and carried down to the beach. "Put me down," she commanded, as she saw Tom Fling in the distance. She sat down and calmly divested herself of her shoes and stockings, although it had never occurred to her to do so until her mother forbade it. You keep dese, Billy Don," she said, flinging them in his face. "You mus'n' wear 'em," she added, sharply, with a sudden,

comical glance of suspicion.

"I not wear," said Billy John, unconscious of the absurdity of such an order; then, while Missy and Tom enjoyed a glorious run on the burning and fom enjoyed a glorious run on the burning sand, he packed each stocking into the extreme toe of each tiny shoe. Placing them on a stump, he staid beside them like a faithful watch-dog. It was not long before Missy returned, bawling

piteously, for her tender feet were badly blistered, and Billy John carried her home on his shoulder.

It is needless to say that this prank went unpunished; but Aunt Betsy tried to improve the occasion by relating the life and adventures of a naughty child who would walk barefooted on the sand, and how she went from bad to worse, until she became such an outcast from grace that even her own mamma wouldn't speak to her. It was evident that Aunt Betsy had made an impression. Missy's lip quivered, a sob struggled in her throat, and at length she broke out: "I'm sorry for dat naughty child. I fink her mamma was real mean.'

Clélie gave an ecstatic little chuckle.

"Of all the little heathens!" cried Miss Betsy.
"Never mind, Aunt Betsy," said Caryl, conlingly.
"It's a poor moral that won't work solingly. both ways."

Billy John was a degenerate and unworthy member of the Chata tribe, who were a sullen and vindictive people, still unforgiving for the loss of these their native woods and waters. Billy John stole from the white man cheerfully, and with a contented spirit; they stole from the white man revengefully. Their begging requests were usually granted, perhaps from some unacknowledged idea of propitiation, and their depredations and their depredations. dations were often passed over in silence.
On one occasion a large party of them encamp-

ed under the oak-trees in front of Mr. Hamilton's vard, and amused themselves by drinking, shouting, and dancing. No one was at home but Clélie, the children, and the servants, and, emboldened by whiskey, the Indians swarmed into the house in a body. The nurse, with the baby in her arms, whisked hastily behind the door, to be out of harm's way; whereupon a stalwart brave came and leaned against it, very nearly to the annihilation of the infant. One of the squaws addressed poor timid Clélie as "Sister," and wished to embrace her; and when they said they were going to cook their food in the kitchen, Clélie was too much frightened to forbid it. Missy enjoyed it all highly, thinking it was done for her especial amusement.

At this point Aunt Betsy appeared upon the scene of misrule. "What's all this?" she said. "Has the house turned into a wigwam? Clélic, you're a perfect goose!" This remark, loudly ut-

tered and emphasized by stamps of the foot, reduced the savage visitants to something like lence; but as they did not go, she charged in among them with her faithful umbrella. "Get along!" she cried. "every man Jack of you! Do you hear? Clear out!"

As she advanced toward the door, brandishing

her weapon, and "shooing" them before her, the wild band, led by a ferocious old chief with a hor-ribly tattooed face, circled around her in a defiant dance, whooping loudly, and making some re-markable ballet steps. It was fortunate that Caryl arrived opportunely and dispersed them, for Miss Bersy and the ancient chieftain were on

the point of coming to blows.

They went, it is true, but not without sulky mutterings, and revenged themselves one night by settling down upon Caryl's orchard, like a flock of crows on a corn field, and leaving it bare. The largest patience has its limit; and when Caryl discovered some of the thieves, and had them punished, it may be believed that they did not love him any the better.

Autumn was searing the leaves when, one day, Caryl came in looking heated and worried; and when Clélie asked the reason, he replied: "Our visit here is going to be cut short, my dear. The yellow fever is raging in New Orleans, and we'll have to go home across country, in the carriage." "Oh! do let us hurry, then," urged timorous Clélie.

"To tell the truth," said Caryl, "I am not sorry to go. I've offended those rascally redskins, and they would be none too good to set a torch to the house some fine night."

"In that case, of course, your pet Billy John would have nothing to do with it, I suppose," remarked Miss Betsy.

Missy was disappointed. She had thought it great fun to go in the "loky-moky"—one that we would consider clumsy and badly managed at this date—and ser ilda's white apron and bandana turban set are by showers of sparks from the engine. Any change, however, elated her, and she prattled her thoughts into Billy John's pa-

With the sweet hard-heartedness of childhood, she felt not the slightest regret at leaving her bond-slave. When he stroked her little silken head wistfully, she returned the compliment, obhead wistfully, she returned the compliment, observing, as a result of the experiment, "You've dot awful stiff, ugly ole hair, Billy Don—jes' like a pig's." After she had given it several hard tugs to see if it were stationary, she resumed: "We's doin' 'way to-morrow, an' you dot to det me a lill wee turckle—a lill baby turckle, Billy Don; an' if you don' det it, you sha'n't come to my house nebber no mo'."

The solemnity of the threat appalled Billy John, and he gave the required promise with his usual

and he gave the required promise with his usual

gravity.

Caryl's plan was that they should travel by night, to avoid the dry autumnal heat, and he would lead the way on horseback before the two

Billy John had hung about the premises all day, presumably to take a last look at Missy, but toward dusk he disappeared, and was seen no more.

Caryl's horse had been fastened to the rack, with his long cloak thrown over the saddle, and his sombrero hat hanging on the pommel; but when they were ready to start, the steed had vanished.

"Shucks!" cried Alban, suddenly. "Thought I seed Billy John sneakin' roun' mighty quiet. I mistrust he's tuk dat ar hoss."

"Confound the rascally, ungrateful thief!"
Caryl exclaimed, as if this were the last straw.
"I told you so," said Aunt Betsy, in an uplifted tone. That moment repaid her for many dis-

appointments.

A short search having proved unavailing, Car-

yl had no choice but to become an occupant of one of the carriages, and the procession moved.

The night was clear, and the full moon behind

the western groves shed long rays of light and shadow along the road. The wind wafted abroad aromatic odors from the pine woods, and the night was full of the reiterated and still unsettled question whether Katy did or did not do that thing which nobody knows. Sometimes a mis-named screech-owl uttered its soft plaintive little

note from a way-side bush.

They proceeded in silence for about a mile beneath the overhanging trees, when the horses shied suddenly, and sprang across the road. Peter, the coachman, drew them back trembling upon their haunches, and a chorus of screams

"What's up?" asked Carvl.

"Dey's sumpin in de ro-ud, sah," said Peter, peering through the dusk by the aid of a lantern In a moment the whole party, servants and all,

had gathered around. It was Billy John, his face turned up to the sky, looking at death with the same composure that he had accorded life. A sluggish stream of blood crawled through the sand that sucked it

up, leaving only the ghastly stain.
"Why, hullo, Billy John!" said Caryl; "where's

Billy John answered slowly, in labored breaths "Chatas—dey gone to shootin' you. I knew—I hear. I steal hoss. Soft, quick, come along through trees; dey shoot me 'stead."

"Well, well," said Aunt Betsy, turning aside

her face; but Clélie sobbed audibly.

"You're not going to die, old man," cried Caryl, huskily; "you're going to get well."

Billy John's failing eyes wandered over the ring of awe-struck faces around him. Here Missy's shining head of curls thrust itself between

"You sick, Billy Don?" the small sweet voice piped. "Why you lay down in de dirt? An' where's my turckle—my lill wee turckle?"

His roving gaze settled upon the little face, and became still.

"Missy Papoose, I not forget," he said, faintly, and with a painful effort he drew from his bosom a small box containing the promised treasure. "I not—forget," he whispered. And so died.

THE FARMER'S CORN.

AT early dawn, when o'er the leaves The hoar-frost creeps and steals their bloom, When trees stand stiff in gloom Beneath the sunless morn, Old Farmer John salutes his sheaves Of ripened corn.

Bright jewels 'mong the stubble gleam, And sparkle from his careless tread, And gossamer, outspread, Enrobes the naked thorn; But Farmer John, to all a-dream, Moves through his corn.

The startled hare before him springs, And down the furrow speeds like wind, While crisp leaves spirt behind; The yellow mists, upborne, Skim o'er the vale on noiseless wings

Above the corn.

But Farmer John with anxious eyes The struggling streaks of dawn surveys. And through the spreading haze That veils the face of morn A blood-red rim he sees arise To greet his corn.

And tear creeps through his trembling veins As the rising sun dilates in red, And as each mountain's head His crimson hues adorn, John quakes to think the coming rains

Still high o'erhead the waning moon Reveals a patch of clearing blue, And hope comes peering through With Luna's welcome horn, That yet a favoring sky at noon Will bless the corn.

May swamp his corn.

The changeful sun, erst steeped in fire, Behold, pours forth rich amber streams That quench with bright joy-gleams
The frowns his face had worn, For Heaven and he may now conspire

See, o'er the east a golden mantle's flung!
Fast move the mists from out the north,
And as the winds come forth, To little shreds are torn The great cloud-masses that o'erhung The golden corn.

And lo! the wakened crows soar high; How arrow-straight they upward fly O'er bits of dappled sky, And leave the earth forlorn! While clouds of lazy rooks float by The tempting corn.

What smiles sleep in the farmer's eyes! To-day he'll "in" that precious grain, For he knows the dreaded rain Such bodings dare not scorn

So, whistling thanks to sun and skies, He leaves the corn.

COMPANY IN THE COUNTRY.

GREAT part of the world lies under the delusion that the only place where people ought to have or desire to have company is in the country. Country teas have come to be proverbial for their abundance. And yet in many respects it is much harder to entertain in the country than in the city. Country residents must be thrown upon their own resources, and are obliged to rely upon them; and though the results may be most satisfactory, yet the attainment thereto is by no means so easy.

Now in these days of railroads and telegraphs, that seem as by magic to bring everything to your own door, there is great danger that the hosyour own door, there is great danger that the hospitality peculiar to a country life should lose something of its distinctive character with the good teas (not suppers) of our grandmothers, which are now almost traditionary. We are sticking up their old china on hanging shelves as objects of curiosity instead of use, and their good old recipe-books are likely to be laid on the shelf with them until entertaining in the country bewith them, until entertaining in the country becomes a trial instead of an enjoyment.

It is folly to attempt to transplant city fashions and city ways so entirely into the country as supplant the easy, natural which good cheer consisted quite as much in coming from the heart as from the abundance.

Therefore many houses are closed, and many nice bright families, who might entertain cheerfully and agreeably, give up all company, because they have not the means, taste, or inclination to vie with fashions they are unused to, and they are afraid of being either laughed or sneered at if they fail to follow.

Entertaining in the country is, however, very pleasant, and helps to brighten up life. Why should it be made a burden? There surely is no reason, if the entertainers will only be independent, and instead of trying to imitate the ways of others, would inaugurate ways of their own.

For instance, if you want to give an evening party, why need the supper have the aroma of a restaurant about it, tricked off with Frenchified names not one person in twenty can comprehend? Why send five miles for oysters and ice-cream, when Plenty is smiling at your own door, holding out her hands filled with riches a city caterer little dreams of. If you have no oysters, you have South Down mutton that, served like venison, with jelly, makes a dish no one will quarrel with. With a fine poultry-yard close at hand, why need you sigh for pâtés and truffles?

A game pie rightly made might be regarded as a treat at any table; in fact, you can bring out

of your own larder, with a little trouble and care, most beautiful and appetizing dishes. cream and milk without stint, who dare say that whips and blanc-manges can not be made to rival any pretty trifles in a confectioner's bill of fare?

Home-made ice-cream is very acceptable, even if it is not served in shapes like pagodas, castles, and all the creatures that ever went into the ark. Home-made cake is confessed on all sides to be without a peer; indeed, there is something in the sweet words "home-made" that is so enticing to the human mind as descriptive of domestic felicity that it has become typical; and we have often been struck, in passing through some dingy city by-way, with the sight of a sign triumphantly displayed, "Home-made pies," "Home-made biscuit." To be sure, if your supper is home-made, it may lack some elements of elegance only to be found in the great metropolis, but it will more than make up by its freshness and originality of design and abundance of good and substantial dishes for all that it misses otherwise.

Very much depends upon the garniture of the table: and in the country, with our wealth of autumn leaves glowing with every hue divine, and our holly in winter, our bright and varied assortment of berries, from the dusky sumac to the bitter-sweet's pale red and yellow, all are orna-mental and effective in dressing a room or table tastefully; to say nothing of summer with its trailing festoons of flowers, its glossy leaves, and cool ferns. Make but use of what is with you and around you, and there will be no room for other adornment.

In giving a party, too, study the season if you want to have "a success." If you have pretty grounds and a show of flowers, then give a garden party, or a haying frolic, or a lawn ten-nis party. If, on the other hand, there are plenty of young people who are musical, then an evening gathering is more advisable.

How much more will your taste and outlay be appreciated if it is your own, rather than a rehash of every other party given during the season. We were once present on occasion of set-ting a supper table, when the pyramid of nat-ural flowers, exquisitely arranged by members of the family, was ruthlessly set aside for a struc-ture all bristling with artificial roses, French mottoes, and crimped oranges! Were these as suitable for a country party? We can remember, too, a beautiful wedding where the wedding cake elicited universal admiration as it rose with a peak of glistening snow from amid a bank of flowers as white, and it was secretly whispered round that this was a dernier ressort, made at home and ornamented by the ladies of the family, owing to the dire failure of the arrival of the wedding cake proper, which had been ordered from a distant city.

In the country, fruit parties are always delightful and always acceptable. We can call to mind a really splendid entertainment, where all the long suites of rooms were decorated with fruit in every imaginable way except an ugly one. Peaches and early apples peeped out from be-hind clusters of graceful leaves; festoons and piles of grapes and flowers vied with any ever offered at Ceres' or Flora's shrines in fragrance and beauty. When you have nature, use it; it is before you in the country; when you have art, employ it; it is all you have in the city; but pray do not banish nature, which you do understand and know perfectly, to bring in art, which has to be studied, or else is ridiculous.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to cite a supper two centuries ago among the Long Island farmers, when primitive forests and primitive sim-plicity were to be found together: "We pro-ceeded toward Gowanus, where we arrived in the evening at one of the best friends' of Genet, our guide, named Symon. He was very glad to see us, and so was his wife. He took us into the house, and entertained us exceedingly well. We found a good fire, half way up the chimney, of clear oak and hickory, of which they made not the least scruple of burning profusely. There had already been thrown upon it to be roasted a pailful of Gowanus oysters, which are the best in the country. They are large and full, some of them not less than a foot long. We had for supper a roasted haunch of venison, which he had bought of the Indians for fifteen stivers of Dutch money [twenty cents], which weighed thirty pounds. The meat was exceedingly tender and good, and also quite fat. It had a slight spicy flavor. We were also served with wild turkey, which was also fat and of good flavor, and a wild goose, but that was rather dry." (It is to be supposed that by the time the writer came to the goose, after so much good cheer, he had grown rather critical.) "Everything we had was the natural production of the country.

This was a right royal way of treating unexpected company, which is one of the peculiar conditions of country life. In other places unexpected company means a call, or can be construed as such; but in the country the stage leaves the visitor, and there is no help for it, but he must be made welcome, even if you have scarlet fever in the house. But sometimes unexpected company is a blessing. The very phrase "unexpected" ought to teach such that they are not to expect much. And suppose the best china is not on the table, and the dinner-bell has just rung, let them take their chances; they certainly have no one to thank but themselves if they do not find everything to their taste. And as for the perplexed hostess-well, she must make the best of it, and if they see a happy smile and an untroubled brow, and hear a kindly voice of welcome, her self-invited guests ought to be satisfied, even if they have only patriarchal fare set before them.

But such visitors are easy compared with those who set the time, and do not come. The carriage meets the train at four precisely. The man has been taken out of the haying field to harness up

and drive, only to find the labor in vain, and another afternoon has to be wasted on a similar errand. How a little consideration would obviate all this trouble! If any one makes an engage-ment to visit in the country, and expects to be met at cars or steamboat, it ought to be a settled rule that nothing but illness should prevent that engagement from being kept.

The "spare room" has been set in order, other friends have been put off, the bountiful tea or the late dinner has been set to suit your hour. Everybody has dress and face all fixed for a welerybody has dress and face all fixed for a welcome. How disappointing to see the carriage return empty, with no happy face beaming out a pleasant return for the vociferous welcome of children and dogs! Perhaps the next day will not be so propitious; the man of the house may be cross, the horses lame, the harness out of order, or else some one else "has stepped in before you." A friend is twice welcome who comes promptly. But how few think so! Many fancy they are conferring a wonderful favor in bestowing their society at all where else they fancy it must be so lonesome, and who take it for granted that be so lonesome, and who take it for granted that horses and men must be always ready at the dis-posal of every visitor who deigns to relieve such

Another hint to those who visit in the country. Do not fancy that you will find everything so very rustic that you can leave all your good gowns at home, and embrace the occasion for wearing out all the old-fashioned ones that chance to be left of last year's wear, too often in a sadly dilapidated condition.

It is very well to have one stout "mountain" or "sea-side" dress, but have also something tasteful and new in case you are invited out, that you may not mortify your hosts; for be sure country people know just as much about good apparel as others; and even if it were not so, it is by no means flattering to be reminded of their deficiencies by the display of a shabby wardrobe. In fact, few can appreciate the latest fashions, or the newest styles, or the pretty, dainty little touches that finish off dress, more than those to whom they come with the freshness of novelty; and although we ought not always to be judged by our dress, yet that is almost the only way by which strangers can judge; and a neat, genteel appearance goes far toward winning favor in the eyes of our friends' acquaintances. A young lady of style at home would hardly wish, when she visits abroad, to have the remark made, "Who was that dowdy girl in the Joneses' pew?"

or, "A pretty face, only how forlorn she looked when I met her at Mrs. E—'s party!"

Now as to having friends as guests. It is often made a task where it might be a pleasure, because instead of letting them slide into your ways, you try to fashion your domestic arrangements to

Every one enjoys once in a while a change. If your friends have been in the habit of dining at six, a mid-day dinner is a treat, followed as it surely will be by a dainty tea. If they never breakfast at home till nine, teach them what a fine thing it is to have seven-o'clock breakfast, and be sure the early drive afterward will more than compensate them for your cruelty in rousing them out of their beds at the very "peep of

Instead of letting all the wheels of life stand still in consequence of company, let the company, no matter who they are, see that you are to be by no means defrauded of your household engagements by their presence, and by-and-by they will enjoy a little ramble alone, or a book on a sunny piazza, until you are at leisure to join them, or else will gladly go the rounds with you, cut-ting the flowers, training the plants, inspecting the poultry-yard or kitchen-garden, or even dis-

pensing the stores from the store-room.

Time then will pass easily and agreeably. Although there are many inconveniences attending company in the country, still they need not be increased by useless care and foolish ambitions. Few people but feel the tacit compliment of being made for the time being one of the family, and happy in being sharers in all that is going on. The very dogs instinctively know such guests, and enjoy their society full as much as do their masters, and indeed in the country your dogs and birds and cats do their full share toward entertaining your friends, and making them feel at home. As for the children, they dote on

In fact, when you have guests that tarry overnight, for days, or for weeks, let them be sharers in the life you always live, and you can not go he more in contrast i iss and own, the more refreshing probably will the vari-

If the entertainment is for the many, have your own way, and stick to it. Some may have a pe-culiar dish they may be famous for, and that gives tone to the party.

We once knew a lady whose resignation from a society famous for its "teas" and its "charity' was received with unfeigned regret, and as she was always a most quiet, unobtrusive member, the reason playfully assigned was that when the society met at her house "she always had waffles"; and another, whose pound-cake was so renowned that her house never went by any other name than "Pound-Cake."

Suppose you give breakfast parties where every one else has evening companies, or tea handed where it is the custom to sit around a table: whatever the way is, let it have a tone of originality and individuality that will amply atone for not being an exact copy of your neighbors.

Have your own waffles or pound-cake, or jellied chicken, or whatever it is, and then though you may not be able to give dinners with twelve courses, you never need tremble for fear of being ridiculed for failures when what you have is your own particular style, in true accordance with your means, station in life, and opportunities. Few people thank others for mere display.





Figs. 1 and 2.—Cashmere and Moiré Dress.—Front and Back. Cut Pattern, No. 3136: Basque and Over-Skirt, 20 Cents each. For description see Supplement.

HINTS FOR IN-DOOR GARDENING.

FOR in-door gardening very much depends upon the plants chosen. Many plants could not live in a room, even with the greatest care and attention; fresh air and plenty of it are absolute necessaries of their life. Nor are flowering plants advisable in a room where much gas is burned. The plants may grow, but the buds drop off and the flowers wither. It is possible to introduce a plant in full flower into a room with gas, and keep it in good condition for a time, but it will not live and throw up fresh blossoms. The best foundations for drawing-room effect are large-leaved leathery plants; these, and very many kinds of ferns, will flourish admirably, and, carefully chosen and blended,

form an ever-fresh, ever-cool mass of green, amongst which a few bulbs or flowering plants show to the utmost advantage. It is best to begin on a small scale, and try one's powers with two or three plants before venturing on more. Those thoroughly conquered, it is easy to add to the list.

Before commencing drawing-room gardening in real earnest, the following implements should be procured: A piece of cotton cloth (about a yard and a half square), a brass syringe, a tiny trowel, a pair of good scissors, a little piece of sponge, Castile soap, and a long zinc tray (say 3 feet 6 inches long, 18 inches broad, 10 inches high), an old linen handkerchief, and a stout nail-brush. The cost of the whole is very trifling.

Now for the plants. In the first instance, purchase young ones, and of a good florist. Young plants may be educated to live in rooms where utter failure would attend oid specimens. Your plants home, see if they want water—i, e., if they are nearly dust-dry—and remember never to water unless a plant is thoroughly thirsty. Then give a plentiful supply, and allow it to drain away. Set your plants where you wish them to remain, which must be a place where they can have a fair amount of light and air, and which is not exposed to a draught, and for the present leave them in peace. Too much kindness is often a fertile cause of death. air on all days when it is wise to do so; and I think a very safe rule upon this very necessary point is simply to judge by one's self. If the day is soft and balmy, they can searcely have too much air; if foggy, fog destroys plants as it does us; if bright and fine, although cold, a little air will freshen them up; if a sharp east wind which seems to shrivel one, it will shrivel them too. Having attended to their wants regarding air and water, next comes the all-important secret of keeping room plants in health—the bath. Spread the cotton cloth on the floor, and place on it your zinc tray, soap, sponge, syringe, a basin of warm (not hot) water, and a large can of water as nearly as possible the temperature of the room. This last is another secret of success. Never water plants unless they want it (I can not help repeating this), and never water with water the wrong temperature. Either let your can of water stand in the room for an hour or two, or else add warm water, and test with a thermometer. Having placed your plants in the zinc tray, select one and look it over carefully to see if there is any blight or scale. Then lather it well with Castile soap and warm water, avoiding the young leaves and tender shoots. Rinse it thoroughly, syringe gently, and wipe dry with the soft handkerchief. Then

water it well, using the syringe, and set it aside to drain. Repeat the process with the next until all the plants are washed. They will require this bath once a week during the winter, when fires and gas are plentiful, but probably only once or twice during the summer, although even then their leaves and stems should be sponged with plain water every week. If the pots are at all dirty or incrusted with green, give them a good scrubbing with the brush, and do not forget to stir up the earth on the surface of the pot every now and then, or it will cake and keep air from the roots. In spring and autumn the plants should be turned out of their pots, and if they require repotting, do it yourself. It is easy enough. Put on a pair of gloves, choose a pot one size larger than the present one, have it thoroughly scrubbed and dried (if not new), put some clean crocks at the bottom and a layer of cocoa-nut fibre



Figs. 3 and 4.—MYRTLE GREEN CLOTH DRESS.—BACK AND FRONT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-15.

if you have it, then put in the earth or compost (loam, peat, and silver sand answer for most things, peat and sand only for ferns), tapping the pot to shake it in. Break the ball of earth round the plant and pot it, pressing very gently, and adding more earth. Be careful not to fill the pot too full, or the water will run away. There should be quite half an inch left. If not pressed in sufficiently, the plant will not thrive, but be careful not to break the delicate root fibres.

delicate root fibres.

The treatment described above applies to all leathery-leaved plants; for ferns, somewhat different management is required. They must have more water, and will not bear bathing. Perfect drainage and shade from the heat of the sun are their chief requirements. All plants when growing are much benefited by



Fig. 1.—Coat for Girl from 7 to 15 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3137: Price 20 Cents. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.—Front. [For Back, See Fig. 6.] For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 83-40.

Fig. 3.—Cloak for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 16-26.



Fig. 4.—Suit for Boy from 6 to 8 Years old.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 50-57. Fig. 5.—Coat for Girl from 9 to 11 Years old.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 41-49. Fig. 6.—Dress for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.—Back. [For Front, see Fig. 2.] For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 33-40.



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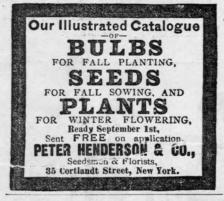
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PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] RESIDES the visits paid to renowned modistes, the châteaux now furnish us notes concerning of which the season no

hwe. The dlow the occasion We have that were chatelaines ad a charming-

i billard green

opened over this shirred part, and was then drawn backward to form a pouf. The corsage, which was entirely plain, with points in front and behind, was very short on the hips, and was surrounded by a drapery in three pleats, which was confined at each point by an artistic enamelled pin. A fichu formed of drapery was fastened in front by a similar brooch. The elbow sleeves had three pleats at the bottom to match those of the corsage, and confined like them by a brooch,

to accommodate them to the present mode, the waist must be greatly lengthened, while the chest keeps its place. The fashion inclines strongly toward the polonaise; that is, body, pouf, and over-skirt in one piece, which forms the essential part of the toilette. The pointed basque, however, must be bound so as to simulate a separation, while the paniers appear to be gathered on the waist. According to the style of draping, the pouf makes a part either of the back or the

ed in the back and straight in front. A stole, shirred the whole length, and either square or pointed, is finished at the waist by a large bow of ribbon. The skirt of this wrapping, which is or ribbon. In skirt of this wrapping, which is pleated throughout en soufflet, may be rendered still more elegant by a colored lining. On the side are square pockets, under which the side form is pleated to the bottom. The front opens in shawl shape, with a large sailor collar, and is finished on each side with fiat pleats which extend to the bottom. tend to the bottom. Pilgrim or hanging sleeves at pleasure.

The trimmings most in vogue for the winter will be furs and passementeries, often both to-gether. Heavy embroideries will also be much worn.

will be made to dethro terie, well suited winter stuffs, bu it is impossib to say whether will be succ ful. Jackets continue to worn, trim butte with often very et ly, at elega-little collar, and brandebourgs, sometimes mixed with gold thread, which give them an air of great distin moment th er-dress is great favor. This is a convenient cloak which envelops the whole figure, and which very useful at this season, serv-ing in turn as duster, water-proof, shawl, travelling cloak,

An attempt

ried as one pleases. We will con-clude with a description of a toilette seen at Worth's, which was magnificent enough to figure in a tale of the Arabian Nights. It was composed of copper glace satin and satin with a cream ground, entirely embroidered feathers running the whole gamut of the shades of copper from black to cream. This stuff formthe train, which was immense. The copper satin skirt had a tablier formed of several lengthwise pleats, embroid-

or even dressing-gown, and being rolled,

folded, or car-

Fig. 1.—CLOAK FOR GIBL. FROM 7 TO 15 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, NO. 3139; PRIOE 20 CENTS.

with a c drawn scarf tightly over the hips, and forming a pouf be-

Another dress, designed for autumn dinner parties, was of very thick and pliant écru satin merveilleux, and was trimmed with écru lace. The corsage, which was open in front, had a drapery trimmed with lace and adjusted in shawl shape around the neck. A the scarf of marron moiré made the whole width of the goods pass-ed around the body, forming a huge bow be-hind, the ends of which were looped in pa-niers, and then fell to the bottom of the skirt. The short skirt was cov-ered with lace flounces four or five inches wide, finished at the bottom by several narrow pleatings, alternately marron and écru. We should mention, by-the-

way, that every toilette must have at the bottom of the skirt a series of pleatings com-

For pattern and descrip

tion see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12-16.

posed of the different colors of the dress. Next came a costume of fawn-colored nuns' veiling, trimmed with groseille satin. The straight breadth of the skirt was trimmed half its length with fine shirring. An over-skirt of nuns' veiling, lined with groseille satin, which extended a little below the edge so as to show the contour,

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl from 7 to 12 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3140; Price 25 Cents. For pattern and descrip

Fig. 3.—Dress FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

which was naturally smaller. The bustle, which

with this kind of corsage, for the position as well as shape of the bustle is regulated by the style

of the costume, and the increasing favor of the Camargo and Louis XV. toilettes must necessa-rily bring about changes therein. Short-waisted

and high-chested dresses have had their day, and

now obligatory, must be worn very low down

Fig. 4.—COAT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—Sult for Boy from 4 to 9 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3141: Price of Sult, 25 Cents. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 67-76,

Fig. 5.—Dress for Child from 1 to 2 Years old.

ulate an over-skirt

Fig. 7.—COAT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

The large travelling cloaks are more elegant

than ever, and the autumn brings a great variety of these wrappings, the most marked of which resemble the Dowager shape, being half adjust-

Fig. 8.—Suit for Girl From 12 to 14 Years old.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—OVERCOAT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For pattern and de No. VIII., Figs. 61-66.

For description see Supplement.

side forms. The paniers are generally short, and very bunchy and bouffant; a few, however, while ered with beads of all the shades of copper up to gold. Low waist of copper satin, with short half open over the skirt, are long enough to simbouffant sleeves.

As a detail of the toilette we will mention that mousquetaire gloves, negligently wrinkled on the arms, continue to be the height of fashion.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

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ÆSTHETIC LOVE.

THE APPEAL.

PRIMROSE Della-Cruscan maid! Maid, ah, quite too too! Plumes and cat-tails 'broidery laid On thy gown of blue! Bric-à-brac of my desire, With thine eyes of peacock fire, Utterest maid beneath the sun, Let the Bishop make us one— Cultured maid, ah, do!

THE DENIAL.

Ah, thou fell wan lily man! Quite too fourteenth-century man! Whisp'ring to my storky fan, Hie thee hence! Ah, do! All of us consummate girls Wedded are to crewel twirls. Mates and mating I abhor, sir-Never even mate a saucer. Know that I am One already, In my gown of blue; And I choose that you and I, sir, Still shall be two too.

CONCLUSION.

Did he pine, intense, but fated, Like an odd piece, never mated? Oh, no, no; Quite not so.

In full and half and quarter moon, And just the least bit out of tune, He kept up his too-tooting beneath the lady's

And now the pair are furnishing a lovely English-basement.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881.

WITH EXTRA-SIZED SUPPLEMENT.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued i, contains portraits of five young peof late, namely, MOLLIE GARFIELD and her woo der brothers, and KATE SHELLEY and CHAR-WHITE. The adventures of which the two mentioned young people are the heroes are elated in stirring verse by MARY A. BARR. A h of the boyhood of the late PRESIDENT GAR-LD will be read with deep interest, and the tinued servies and other articles combine with .ose dready referred to to make an unusually attractive number.

A SUPPLEMENT containing a doublepage illustration by HOWARD PYLE, entitled THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

' be issued gratuitously with No. 1296 of HAR-WEEKLY.

SOCIAL NON-CONDUCTORS.

THE brilliant Madame DE CHEVREUSE declared that she had no disinclination to die, for the reason that she should have the delight of conversing with all her acquaintances in the other world. This saying of the famous duchess fairly illustrates that esprit de sociabilité which is so marked a characteristic of the French people. They talk instinctively, at all times, on all subjects, and not with voice alone, but with feature, gesture, and eloquent emphasis of the body. The English race, on the other hand, both in the native and the transplanted stock, is taciturn and inexpressive. We Americans may not deserve the sarcasm of the traveller who averred that "an Englishman refuses to speak just in proportion as he has anything to say." But the keen and urgent atmosphere in which we live has by no means driven out of us that English slowness and social reluctance which we inherited with our speech.

Certain cultivated English observers, indeed, think they perceive that the American side of the house tends to develop French characteristics. But even these polite critics have not hinted that the French genius for conversation is among our present or possible acquisitions. One of the best English talkers of the day gives it as his deliberate conclusion that in the Englishman, and by implication in the American, neither habit nor temperament inclines to that sympathetic intercourse in which the pleasure does not so much consist in the thing communicated as in the act of communication. and that throughout our branch of the human family "there is a stolid disinclination to value and cultivate that true art of conversation, that rapid counter-play and vivid exercise of combined intelligences, which bears to the best ordinary speech the relation which serious whist bears to 'playing cards,' and which presupposes, not previous study, but the long and due preparation of the imagination and the intellect."

This conclusion seems borne out by the fact that so many clever and cultivated herself, thus to dissipate it upon such ob-

Englishmen have been the least interesting of talkers. DRYDEN was saturnine and reserved; Pope, taciturn and timid; Cowper, absolutely silent: ADDISON could talk with two or three intimates, but was dumb in general society; HUME talked so confusedly that HORACE WALPOLE declared he understood nothing until he had written upon it; GOLDSMITH was commonplace in the extreme; CHARLES II. insisted on an introduction to "Hudibras" BUTLER, whose poem he thought a masterpiece of satiric humor, and found him so like the character he describes

> "Although he had much wit, He was very shy of using it,
> As being loath to wear it out,
> And therefore bore it not about,
> Unless on holidays or so, As men their best apparel do"-

that the disappointed king declared so great a dunce incapable of having written the book.

Among the ablest Englishmen of our own time the good talkers can easily be numbered. And how well does an American hostess know the difficulty of making unfamiliar persons converse! The raw material of talk certainly exists in profusion. The guests of an average evening party have sense and sensibility. They are well-bred and amiable. They have information and intelligence to use it. They have read and travelled, with candid minds and an eagerness for knowledge. They feel, they think, they act, with forcible readiness. Some of them are eminent in their callings. Yet out of these promising atoms the cleverest hostess fails to produce that chemical combination whose consequence is airy and brilliant talk. A mere mechanical juxtaposition of particles, barren of conversational results, is too often her best success.

These social delinquents know their short-comings and lament them, struggle to reform, and fail. No sooner do they essay to entertain some festive fellow-being with amusing chat than they fall into a well of silence from which no rope of commonplaces proves long enough to pull them up, or they find themselves uttering the most solemn platitudes with the manner of Pallas-Minerva, or they blunder upon the very subject which ought not to have been mentioned to that especial interlocutor, or they can not invent the felicitous phrase which shall gracefully dismiss their bored companion to happier fields.

By heroic will: d patient endeavor, by a courage which deserves success, and a study which commands it, some of these incapables do become good if not brilliant talkers. But the most of them go home self-abased from every social gathering. Yet this noblest and finest art of social life depends far more on education than on any extraordinary mental resources or natural gifts. It must be cultivated at home in the daily intercourse of the family. Good talkers do not come out of the households where the father is absorbed in his newspaper, the mother lost in her sewing or her novel, and the children remembered only to be rebuked for their creditable restlessness and noise. Children trained to observe, and to tell the results of their observation freely and graphically to sympathetic yet critical parents, will gradually, naturally, and easily acquire the art of conversation, and when their social life begins may spare themselves the regret of the majority, that, possessing the glorious gift of speech, responsible for it, they yet know not how to use it.

THE DRESSMAKER.

WE are all more or less dependent upon our dressmaker, and at the mercy of her prejudices. It is she who decides in a measure whether we shall be dowdy or stylish; she can conceal our deformities, and of our fine points: s supplement our lack of taste by her own. Many a woman owes her reputation as an artist in the toilette to some unknown mantua-maker, whose fancy has been obliged to work in fabrics, when it would have done credit to more æsthetic materials. The majority of professional dressmakers naturally take more pains, perhaps, and put more thought and taste into combinations of fine stuffs, into the velvets and satins that are intrusted to their care, than they bestow upon simpler and less expensive goods. One can achieve much finer effects with the sheen of satin than with the lack-lustre cashmeres: there is as much difference between the two as between art-embroidery and the household mending; though one may be more useful than the other, it is the embroidery which delights the eye; and yet the satins and velvets can shine by their own light, while it is the lack-lustre cashmeres which need the artist's touch to render their simplicity attractive; but she who will lavish her best upon one's old or cheap garments is an anomaly in her class, and must feel a wealth of fancy and skill within scure articles, which will advertise her ability only to the keenest observer. There is the dressmaker who leads one into extravagances which at the time appear absolute necessities, but which have the advantage at least of resulting in "things of beauty" and there is her opposite, in whose hands one becomes an economist, and learns the secret of making a gown out of scraps; there is the slattern who never finishes off her seams, whose dresses hang by a thread, so to speak, but whose disposition is obliging; and there is her sister work-woman, who knows everybody's affairs, and tells them, who repeats the make-shifts of her last customer, and who, you are confident, will carry a strict account of your own short-comings to her next. Perhaps it is no wonder that, living in such an atmosphere of fashion and frivolity, the dressmaker sometimes becomes possessed with an exaggerated idea of the importance of fine clothing, especially when she knows that the subject holds such a prominent place in the minds and conversation of people who ought to be devoted to more ambitious things, who are not obliged to earn their daily bread by concentrating their thoughts upon it; people who can dismiss the matter from their minds, or delegate it to another at pleasure. Unless she takes special care to develop herself in other directions in her hours of recreation, she endangers the vitality of her intellectual life. Because one is a dressmaker shall she not speak the shibboleth of the cultured woman? Shall nothing but frills and furbelows be expected of her? Shall she not think of other sciences than those of shirring and pleating and stitching?

WASHINGTON GOSSIP. [From Our Own Correspondent.]

S long-established a fact as the transitory A nature of Washington society has been, surely there never could have been a time when so many and such lamentable changes took place

within a few months as have already occurred in 1881. Although the country, following the campaign cry of the Republican party last autumn, decided that it did not want a change, by electing that party to continue in power, cruel fate seems to have ruled to the contrary, and changes in every branch of the government service hav sued. We have had three Presidents

seven months—Hayes, Garfield, and Ar sets of cabinet officers have presid ernment departments with

a third set is expected to h President.
Death has indeed been

our city this year. The na dent; the oldest Justice of preme Court, Judge Cliffor ate has lost Carpenter an Burch, the Secretary of the Banks, the Stationery Clerk

of New York, and Hendrick B. Wrigan, sylvania, both men who had long served in the House of Representatives, the first continuously, and the second at different periods, have died. Mr. Carlile Patterson, the Chief of the United States Coast Survey, has died, as have numerous private citizens of Washington holding high places in the community, among them Mr. George Riggs, the banker. General Sherman, who has always had a strong affection for the officers on his staff and their families, has had to sympathize with them in many afflictions. Last year Colonel Audenried died, leaving a sorrowful widow and child. General Poe last winter lost his beloved mother, and his wife not long before lost a bro-General M'Cook's wife died suddenly during the summer just passed, and since then Colonel Bacon has lost his only two children. General Sherman, rugged soldier that he is, has a most sympathetic nature, and mourns sincerely with those he loves when in affliction.

Thus it will be seen that Washington has had more than its share of mourning during the current year, as the death of the President was far from being the first occasion for a public display of the sable insignia of grief. The Department of Justice wore mourning three times this year before assuming it for President Garfield; for three each of whom had at one time presided over it as Attorney-General—Akerman, Stanberry, and Justice Clifford. The period of mourning for an ex-member of the cabinet is thirty days, but only the department over which he presided-unless he had presided over more than one is draped with black for his death. Of course the Supreme Court was draped for Judge Clifford, and the Coast Survey Building when its chief died. Several of the foreign legations, all of which have draped the buildings they occupy with mourning since the President's death, had previously used it officially on account of deaths of those of high estate in their own land. The Russian Legation mourned as we do, last spring, for the assassination of the head of the nation, and funeral services were celebrated at the minister's residence for the dead Czar. The Chinese Legation shortly afterward went into mourning on account of the death of the Dowager Empress of China, and had solemn memorial funeral rites at its minister's

Possibly the great depression so many and such notable deaths have naturally occasioned during the hot weather (in which, as De Quincey has said, we feel more depressed by deaths than in winter) partially accounts for the number of suicides which have occurred within a few weeks in Washington.

dency up to his departure for New tember 29 did General Arthur house in which he now has the e to dwell, the Executive Mansion, whi more elaborately draped in mourning for of his predecessor than any other publi at the national capital, the majority of wh had very shabby and scant mourning in comparison with the costly and elaborate real decorations of private buildings even 1 Northern cities. It is small wonder that the President has not yet cared to enter the sal draped White House, whose interior, now in progress of thorough repair, preparatory to refurnishing, is dismal enough. Sight-seers are not permitted to go through it now, of course, and the few who have business with the Executive clerks and the late President's devoted private secretary, Mr. Brown, unconsciously walk on tiptoe and converse in whispers, as though the beloved invalid who suffered there for over nine weeks were still there to be disturbed by loud voices or footsteps.

The temporary occupancy of another than the Executive Mansion as his official residence by a President of the United States recalls the memory of the other dwellings in Washington city which have been thus used by Chief Magistrates. After its partial destruction by the British during the war of 1812, the White House was not used for some time by President Madison and family. They resided successively while that building was being repaired in a house (still stand-ing, but much altered within a few years) on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth Street, and the old Tayloe mansion, known as the Octagon House, on Eighteenth Street and New York Avenue, which is still little changed since their occupancy, and is in quite good repair. The house now owned by Hon recupied by him

prior to

tenderea Hooper, cupied it sination of MI

The residence which Presidence residence when in most elegant of an Magistrates have or House, and in being spects excels the

the national apitar, containing all the finest buildings, the Capitol only excepted (and that is seen from the front windows), can be viewed, as well as the river, Georgetown, and Arlington Heights. The bedrooms in this couse are of unusual size, and have more conveniences attached than usual in even such spacious private dwellings. A regular barber's room, with all the necessary arrange-ments for shaving and hair-dressing, adjoins the bedroom President Arthur uses. This bedroom runs across the front of the house facing the

St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, which President Arthur attended on the day set apart for mourning for his predecessor, September 26, and the Sunday previous, was for many years the place of worship attended by successive Presi-dents and their families, Lincoln being the first in a long term of years to choose another. General Jackson's family, the Van Burens, the Tylers, the Polks, Mr. Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan, are some of the occupants of the Executive Mansion who were regular attendants at St. John's Church, the oldest Episcopal church in the city of Washington.

Whether it was done by design or not is not known, but when he was at the services at St. John's, President Arthur took the same seat in which his late wife, when little Ellen Herndon, used to sit with her father, Lieutenant Herndon, U.S.N. Her childhood and girlhood, it will be remembered, were passed in Washington, and those who have long been regular attendants of St. John's Church noticed with pleasure that the new President took his late wife's former place in the pew, and were gratified by the sentiment on his part this suggested, if done by design.

Although the precedent established in the case of the last three Presidents-that of having an only daughter-is followed in that of President Arthur, the charm is broken in two other equally important respects: he is a widower, which condition, while a well-established precedent for a Vice-President, has seldom been the estate of a President: and there is no likelihood of Hon. Stanley Matthews being at any time mistaken for him, as he has been many times for Grant, Hayes, and Garfield. At the last Inauguration Ball Judge Matthews was at different times during the evening spoken to in turn for Hayes and for Garfield. During General Grant's administra-tion, once when left over at a way-station in Ohio, he was besieged by a brass band, and a crowd of villagers demanding a speech of him, insisting that he was General Grant. When used within a few weeks a Washington.

Not from the time he succeeded to the Presi-

Hosted by

Jarfield and me, though we don't look like other."

ast spring the writer heard President Garfield in reply to a playful request of some lady to give her Mollie," "Oh no, we can't spare Mol-ie; she is our only daughter," and then called his attention to the fact that he was the third successive President who had an only daughter, and that General Hancock, his competitor in the Presidential race, had never had but one, "That is true," exclaimed the President; "you positively make me superstitious. I never thought of that before." He spoke as if much impressed, as he always was by coincidences.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FRENCH DRESSES.

THE most refined black dresses for the house and for carriage toilettes are brightened by touches of color. Worth gives pretty effects by hand embroidery done in chenille and worked on the dress after it is made. For instance, a demitrained skirt of black satin is first laid in the great box pleats that now mass the fullness at the back, and its upper draperies of jetted net and jet lace are arranged, leaving the lower part of the skirt untrimmed except for its balayeuse of pale pink satin; the untrimmed part is then wrought all over with pink moss-roses, buds, and pale green foliage, done in chenille, and so naturally shaded that the embroidery is at first mistaken for painting. The waist is round in front, with a sash ribbon and fall of lace at the waist with a sash ribbon and fall of lace at the waist line, while the back is a pointed basque with an edging of cut jet beads. Jetted net draped like a fichu trims the front of the basque, and forms the sleeves. The moss-rose pink satin is then used for facing a black satin bow that is placed high on the right side of the neck, and in the sash bow and drapery of the back. Very narrow black satin ribbon bows are on the top of the sleeves, at the elbows, on the fichu, and holding up the at the elbows, on the fichu, and holding up the net draperies on the skirt. Other black dresses have facings, borders, collar, and sash bow of plush either dark green, garnet, pale blue, or olive. Chinchilla fur borders and wide bands of feather trimming half a yard deep are on the velvet skirts black satin. Thus a basque

ray chinry nar-

half yards wide, nure. The pointed antique waist of plain velvet has satin paniers, and retroussés of the leaf-figured velvet on the sides. A large bow at the back is formed of the panier scarfs. Similar borders of leaf plush in dark green shades are used on a cloth costume, this being the only trimming on the skirt which has side pleats in front and box pleats behind. The over-dress is a great-coat or polonaise of rifle green cloth lapped diagonally, and fastened by old bronze buttons, while the back is caught up in one large cluster of folds on the tournure. The sides and front are absolutely plain, yet the severe style is relieved by the soft drapery of the back. The plush re-appears in a box-pleated collar and cuffs.

NEW COMBINATIONS OF COLOR.

Among new combinations of color is a dress showing olive with plum-color and old gold, another is golden brown with myrtle green, a third is deep green with drab, and a fourth revives the old favorite contrast of garnet with pearl gray. In the first of these, broad stripes of plum-colored satin brocaded with old gold are placed length-wise in a skirt of plain plum-colored satin that has clusters of pleats between the brocaded stripes—an excellent suggestion to those who wish to use handsome brocades stylishly. With this plum satin skirt is worn a panier polonaise of dark olive satin Surah, trimmed with merely bosom drapery, collar, and cuffs of the brocade shown on the skirt. This is a very distinguished yet simple costume. The next combination car-ries out Worth's favorite fancy of brown with The satin petticoat of golden brown is quite plain, and has a low-draped Greek overskirt of dark green velvet, open up one side to the belt, and trimmed up these sides—not on the lower edges-with gold-bead passementerie. The pointed green velvet basque has a puffed vest of the brown satin.

PREVAILING FEATURES.

Paniers, bow drapery at the back, antique cor-sages, Greek over-skirts, polonaises of most simple shape, and great-coats with short pleated skirts are the prevailing features of the new walking costumes that are meant for morning wear in the house, and for the entire day for out-of-doors, receptions, etc. When demi-trained dresses are made for the house for afternoons, they are very simple, with a few flat pleats down the front, some frills at the foot, and three flowing breadths behind, with a simple basque that has elaborate bosom drapery of mull, or silk mus-lin, with very full jabots and ruches of the new darned laces with purling on the scallops. Such a dress is made of satin de Lyon of a quaint

color, such as the dark peacock green that shows great deal of blue in it, and this may be transformed into a carriage dress by adding a greatcoat or a true Polish over-dress of velvet of the same blue-green shade, made without drapery hanging free from the neck down, yet following the outlines of the figure most gracefully; lined throughout with pale blue watered silk, and tied at throat and waist with pale blue ribbons, this completes a tasteful toilette. There are no sleeves to these outer garments, but merely high puffs in the armholes.

NEW LACES ON WRAPS.

The novelty for great cloaks of black sating plush, or velvet is festooned drapery of a Spanish lace flounce nearly a yard wide. This is put on in four great scallops near the bottom of the cloak, and between the scallops are rosette clusters of the lace and drooping jet ornaments. This is very elegant on black plush cloaks with great bishop sleeves, and a collar and cuffs of black beaver fur, with gold-colored plush lining. Similar festoons of Spanish black lace are on cloaks of ombré red leaf plush, and white lace is thus festooned on opera cloaks of white brocaded satin or of pale blue plush.

IMPORTED COSTUMES, ÆSTHETIC DRESSES, ETC.

A stock of newly imported costumes shows many combinations of the various kinds of satin now in use—the satin duchesse, satin Rhadames satin merveilleux, etc., as the principal parts of the dress-because they have the lustre and sheen that have superseded dull silks. Thus black satin Rhadames for a trained dress has black plush with a relief of jet for its trimming. An drapery of satin merveilleux, with olive striped plush for the lower skirt. The Hortense dress has the basque and train of brocaded satin, with the skirt front of satin duchesse, trimmed with chenille fringe and jet. Another suit of black has a moiré basque with velvet collar and cuffs, with the puffed and shirred satin merveilleux for a skirt. A great deal of machine stitching for confining tucks and pleats that are afterward drawn out in puffs and in paniers is seen on imported costumes. Sometimes the vest and entire fronts of a velvet costume are formed of machine-stitched satin, and the effect is so good that it will do away with much of the outcry against machine sewing—an outcry begun by the very Parisian modistes who now use it in the most conspicuous parts of rich dresses. Æsthetic gowns representing some of the quaint fashions adopted by Englishwomen are now on exhibition. Among these is an "Early English" frock made of brick red satin, with round short waist, huge high on the close sleeves, a mammoth bo and six full straight breadths in the ient Greek robe, similar to those

Patience, is of white Surah with

s painted upon it. This cona garment of several straight d on the shoulders by cameo

ed at the waist by a loosely tied ow ribbon. The bastard Greek toi-fter a design by Millet, is a graceful of the Grecian over-dress with its successive to the outlines of a clinging modern train. With blue cashmere for the basque and over-skirt, a white cashmere train, white pineapple gauze for the sleeves, and gold borders in the Greek key pattern, this makes a most pic-turesque toilette for the house.

rms being exposed by the open

GLOVES.

The long loose-wristed gloves now in fashion are much easier put off and on than those requiring six or eight buttons to fasten them; they are chosen in larger sizes than the close-buttoned cloves, and consequently will wear better; and finally, it is not necessary to match the dress and gloves in color, as tan-colored gloves—some light gloves in color, as tan-colored gloves—some light and others dark—are this season worn with any dress, white, black, or bright-colored. The Biarritz gloves of heavy dressed kid, like dog-skin, are made in the stylish loose long shapes—as long as those fastened by six or by ten buttons—and cost 75 cents or \$1 a pair. These are shown in tan, dark blue, green, or olive shades. The chamois gloves are of wash leather, and may be easily cleansed. They are excellent for travelling and morning wear, and cost, in lengths equal to those morning wear, and cost, in lengths equal to those fastened by six, eight, or ten buttons, from 75 cents to \$1 25 a pair. The smallest sizes of these are marked 51, but it is the sensible fashion this season to buy all gloves a quarter of a size larger than any the wearer has previously used. The Tyrol gloves, made of the fine skins of the Tyrolese goats, are the loose-wristed gloves that are chosen for dress occasions in white, buff, and dark tan shades. These cost, in six to ten button lengths, from \$2 to \$2 75 a pair. The Mousquetaire gloves that have two or three buttons to secure the glove just above the hand, and are closed above on the arms, are preferred by ladies with plump arms, and may be had in the favorite Biarritz, chamois, and Tyrol skins. There are also mitts of undressed kid to pull on with loose wrists, shown in colors and in black, at \$1 75 a pair. Those who prefer the buttoned gloves still find their choice lie between the fine thin undressed and dressed French kid gloves. These are shown in what merchants call "strong colors"—deep tan, plum, old-fashioned lead blue, bottle gree and olive, with the usual wood, mode, drab, and mastic shades. These kid gloves of light quality are also preferred by many ladies who use the loose-wristed gloves, and may be had in all the stylish shades for day and evening. White castor beaver gloves with buttoned wrists are fashionable for morning wear and for horseback riding. These will wash also, and cost from \$1 25 a pair upward. Black Biarritz gloves and those of un-dressed kid with loose wrists are liked by ladies in mourning, and are also much used with colored

FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR DRESSES.

A corsage bouquet of artificial flowers is now sent home with nearly all street costumes, and invariably with house toilettes. For the street they are worn at the waist line, while for the house a second small cluster is added on the left side of the neck. Begonia leaves and autumn leaves in shaded plush are liked for such clusters, and are very pretty on fichus of black Spanish Gayer bunches are of small yellow peonies, or one large red peony; asters of many different colors form a pretty cluster; nasturtiums of vellow shades are liked with white, or with black, brown, or dark green dresses; golden-rod clusters, and those of thistle-down, imitate nature closely. The rose clusters are most often of Jacqueminots or of Marshal Niel buds partly blown, and combined with myosotis. Muffs of satin and of lace are trimmed with a cluster of plush or silk roses and shaded leaves. For dress garnitures a magnolia set of three pieces is very handsome. The æsthetic lily and sunflower sets are said to be liked for black velvet or lace dresses, and consist of three clusters that cost sometimes \$20 the set. Lilacs are now much used with the orange flowers of bridal sets, while others entirely of orange blossoms have a few tiny mandarin oranges amid the flowers. Liliesof-the-valley and white roses are also worn by brides. Bridal sets vary from \$9 50 to \$30 in price; those costing \$30 include the tulle veil. Débutantes wear rose-buds and lilies-of-the-valley bouquets, with maiden-hair ferns for foliage. For information received thanks are due Messrs.

Arnold, Constable, & Co.; A. T. Stewart & Co.; Moschcowitz Brothers; the Co-operative Dress Association (Limited); and the Parisian Flower Company.

PERSONAL.

FLETCHER URLING HARPER, the grandson of the late FLETCHER HARPER, the youngest founder of the house of HARPER & BROTHERS, died October 4, in his thirty-fourth year, at the residence of his father-in-law, Hon. ALEXANDER MCDONALD, in New York city. Mr. HARPER was placed at an early age in the Moravian Seminary at Nazareth, Pennsylvania, where he remained for two years. He then studied for four years at a German university at Frankfort-on-the-Main, after which he returned to America, and prosecuted his studies for three years at Fay's Institute, Newport, Rhode Island, and finally went again te Europe for a year's finishing course. In 1870 he began his business training in the HARPER establishment, where he occupied an important position until four years ago, when he was stricken down with malignant diphtheria, which broke his constitution, and FLETCHER URLING HARPER, the grandson of cupied an important position until four years ago, when he was stricken down with malignant diphtheria, which broke his constitution, and forced him to devote the rest of his life to vain efforts for the re-establishment of his health. In 1872 he married Miss Tacie B. McDonald, the daughter of ex-Senator McDonald, of Arkansas, who survives him, with three daughters, the youngest only four weeks old. Mr. Harper was a popular member of the Union League Club, and took an active interest in politics. His frank, genial manner and generous, sympathetic nature won the regard of all who knew him, and made him a universal favorite. He was of an Italian type of countenance, slender, of medium height, with a clear olive complexion, well-cut features, dark hair, and remarkably fine large brown eyes. His bright young life was full of promise, and its premature ending is a loss that is shared by a large circle of relatives and friends.

—Sir Bartle Frere states that in one year

and friends.

—Sir Bartle Frere states that in one year diamonds to the value of \$17,500,000 have passed through the Cape Town post-office.

—Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS rents as an official residence one of the most stately palaces in Vienna, belonging to Count Nako, the walls and ceilings of the interior magnificently carved in oak, and full of antiques and other objects of art, Mr. Phelps lately gave King Kalakaua a dinner party there.

dinner party there.

—When Senator Burnside had a speech to prepare, he used to sit with a pot of hot tea beside him, and a music-box jingling its little tunes not for way.

side him, and a music-box jingling its little tunes not far away.

—MARIO, the great tenor of the past, employs his leisure in his Italian home carving and carpentering, and though still young in feeling, has grown entirely gray.

—The song of "Evangeline," by WILLS. HAYS, was written with the end of a charred stick on the top rail of a fence, and the notes for four voices on the four lower rails. A kiss from the pretty lass who copied it off, and coaxed the author to the completion of a second verse, is all the pay he ever received for it, although it has sold three hundred thousand copies.

—Grace Greenwood is still in London in an invalided condition from attacks of acute bronchitis. But she is more grieved by her inability

chitis. But she is more grieved by her inability to use her pen than by all her other troubles. —It is said, by those that should know, that

—It is said, by those that should know, that the Emperor of all the Russias leads a tolerably happy life. He rises early, walks in the park, transacts business till noon, and after lunch receives dispatches and drives in the country. He dines at half past seven, and often spends the evening alone with the Empress and the elder children. The Empress is herself the patroness of eighty institutions. Russian is always spoken in the family, although the children, with of eighty institutions. Russian is always spok-en in the family, although the children, with their tutors, speak French one day and English the next. The Emperor is deeply religious, and maintains two splendid choirs at the chapel of Peterhof. He is also passionately fond of flowers, and has just imported several thousand pounds' worth of flowering shrubs for one of his

ers, and I intend to have sentences from his last speech embroidered in gold on white satin to be used as doyleys at the table." The lady was the wife of Mr. Disraell. Apropos of Beaconstello, his stained glass memorial windows in Hughenden church are to illustrate the principal "angelic appearances" of the Bible.

—Sir E. Watkins related lately a toast which Daniel O'Connell felt obliged to give an unpopular ministry: "Gentlemen, in Ireland, when we have a broken window, we stop it with an old hat. The least said, the soonest mended. I beg to propose the health of her Majesty's ministers."

—Major Ben Perley Poore is to write a bi-

-Major BEN PERLEY POORE is to write a biography of General Burnside, who was his inti-mate friend.

-Mrs. PARRIS, ninety-five years old, tells many interesting stories of Lafaverte when he was the guest of her husband, Hon. Albion K. Par-

the guest of her husband, Hon. Albion K. Par-Ris, Governor of Maine some fifty years ago.

—The African explorer Stanley promises a third volume on the sport and the natural his-tory of the Dark Continent.

—Cephas Thayer, of Medway, Massachu-setts, went to General Washington's funeral when he was eleven years old, and lately attend-ed the memorial services of President Garfield beld in that town

ed the memorial services of Fresheat Gaarisis.

—The Spanish ambassador had to wait forty days for an interview with the Sultan, who is growing morbid, it is said, about his personal safety, and does not invite foreign diplomates to

safety, and does not invite foreign diplomates to the palace any longer.

—The bride of the Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden, Sophia Victoria of Baden, is tall, blonde, lovely, and accomplished, while her lover is dark and of a pleasant countenance.

—Circus-riders are looking up socially; for to say nothing of Elise and her friendship with an Empress, one of them now wears the title of a French prince, another is about to marry one of the noble Batthyanis, and another, lately leaving the ring, is reported to have been the loveliest woman in Saratoga during the season now closing.

—A monument has been placed by his relatives on the spot where BRYANT was born, in Cummington, Massachusetts.

Cummington, Massachusetts.

—The lady who was about to become the bride of ex-Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, has just become insane. It will be remembered that another lady to whom he was engaged a year or two ago, after the death of his wife, died very suddenly, and to the general regret.

—A correspondent relates that the hust of a poor German woman who had suffered

—A correspondent relates that the hust of a poor German woman who had suffered relapse in her illness through the excitemen caused in her by the passage of President Garfield's funeral cortége under her window, going to view the remains at the Capitol, brought back to his wife a bud that he caught as it loosened and fell from Queen Victoria's love; wreath on the casket. It bloomed by her bedsid closing a dove in the centre, and the poorman, calling it the Christ flower sent fadead President to heal her, began to memediately. It was an orchid, the Espito, and as they are usually sold—the twenty dollars a blossom, it gloss one an of the royal prodigality of the wreath.

—The camp equipage of Lorne, who is

The camp equipage of Lord Lorne, who is a "crack shot," and is travelling in the Northwest, is of the roughest, and the Governor-General and son-in-law of the Queen enjoys himself in flannel shirt and trousers, and hobnailed shoes. His wife is said to look older than her years, to have grown thin, and lost her roses.

—JULES VERNE is yachting in the Zuyder-Zee, and the Dutchmen are pleased with the hope of a story in connection with their rapidly disappropriets. pearing lake.

SHAKSPEARES still continue to turn up. Besides the Mayor of New Orleans, another has appeared as counsel in a theatrical suit at law in Philadelphia, and WILLIAM of the name is very prominent in musical circles in London.

—At the Mechanics' Fair in Boston is exhibited pottery made by the Zuni Indians—a remnant of the Aztecs possibly—some of the pieces grotesquely representing owls, tortoises, and antelopes, and others of similar designs to the

Egyptian.

—The Marquise of Rochambeau expects soon

—The Marquise of Rochambeau expects soon to travel over this country, having a great liking for America.

—It is urged that at the Yorktown celebration

—It is urged that at the Yorktown celebration some peculiar recognition of our reasons for gratitude to the British sovereign shall be given.
—It is said that on one occasion, when a number of red men were in the house, EDWIN FORMEST'S war-whoop at a performance of Metamora was so entirely after the Indian fashion that they rushed on the stage to the rescue of the last of the Wampanoags, recognizing it as a call for re-enforcements.

for re-enforcements.

The snake dance, in which the dancers carry the reptiles in their mouths and hands, while others fan the snakes with eagle feathers, is still kept up by the Moqui Indians, says Lieutenant

-The father of Dr. SCHLIEMANN, the Trojan explorer, was a preacher in a small German vil-lage, and although he knew no Greek, was an lage, and although he knew no Greek, was an intense lover of Homer, which he read almost every evening in translation, to the delight of his son, often, when such affecting passages occurred as Hector's farewell to Andromache, both father and son shedding tears. Schliemann himself began to study Greek in his thirty-fourth year, and could read Homer, which, to be sure, is easy Greek, in a very few months.

—The Toby Tyler is the happy name bestowed by Mr. James Otis Kaler on the pretty little steam-yacht in which he and Mrs. Kaler, with one or two friends, have just set out on a long

one or two friends, have just set out on a long cruise. After attending the Oriole Celebration in Baltimore, and participating in the centennial observances at Yorktown, the little yacht will steam down the coast, taking the Dismal Swamp —When Mr. Levi P. Morton took a mansion in the Trocadéro, the name was at once changed to Place des Elats-Unis. The house is that next the Duke of Montpensier's, and is but ten minutes' walk from the Champs Elysées.

—The King of Sweden, who has long figured as a poet, is now having some success as a novelist, his story of The Palace of Kronberg having been translated into French, German, and Russian.

—A lady a few years since, not being able in her shopping to find white satin good enough for her purpose, was asked what that purpose was. "Ah," said she, "you never would guess. But my husband gives a dinner to the party lead-





Brocade Silk and Lace

Caps.-Figs. 1 and 2.

The cap Fig. 1 consists of a full puffed crown formed of a

square of blue and gold brocade silk measuring fourteen inches on the side; the corners are rounded off, and the edge is pleated and sewed to a small

frame made of two bands of stiff

net joined to each other at right angles by the ends, the one to cross the top and the other the back of the head. The frame is concealed under two rows of

white lace, which is embroidered with blue silk.

The frame for the cap Fig. 2 is formed by two bands of stiff net

an inch and a quarter wide; one for the front, which is twenty inches long, and adjusted by a

three-cornered pleat taken in at the middle, the ends being con-nected by the second band, which

is six inches long, and extends

Fig. 1.—BATISTE AND LACE

SAILOR COLLAR. — [See Fig. 2.]

shown

across the back. On this is ar-CHEVIOT DRESS .- BACK. ranged in the [For Front, see P. 693.] CUT PATTERN, No. 3149: manner BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 17-29.

in the illustration a piece of brocade silk fourteen inches square. White lace borders the front, and three upturned rows of

similar lace are set across the band in the back. Table-Cover.-Applied-Work and Satin Stitch Embroidery.

This table-cover, which is of bronze plush, is ornamented with a centre design and a border in applied-work and embroidery. Fig. 84, Supplement, gives one-quarter of the design for the ont; e, and Fig. 85 a section of the border. The

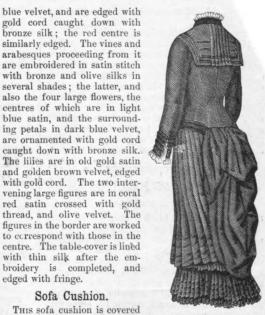


TABLE-COVER.—APPLIED-WORK AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY. For designs see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 84 and 85.

bronze silk; the red centre is similarly edged. The vines and arabesques proceeding from it are embroidered in satin stitch with bronze and olive silks in several shades; the latter, and also the four large flowers, the centres of which are in light blue satin, and the surrounding petals in dark blue velvet, are ornamented with gold cord caught down with bronze silk. The lilies are in old gold satin and golden brown velvet, edged with gold cord. The two intervening large figures are in coral red satin crossed with gold thread, and olive velvet. The figures in the border are worked to correspond with those in the centre. The table-cover is lined with thin silk after the em-broidery is completed, and edged with fringe.

Sofa Cushion.

This sofa cushion is covered with olive plush. The top is



SERGE DRESS.—BACK. [For Front, see P. 693.] CUT PATTERN, No. 3148: PRICE 30 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

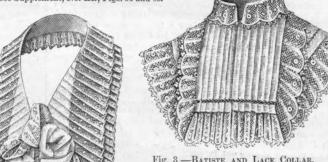


Fig. 3.—BATISTE AND LACE COLLAR. [See Fig. 4.]

ornamented with a band of

ornamented with a band of golden yellow satin serge set on diagonally, which is embroidered with a vine in shades of olive and bronze. The edges of the band are covered with narrow silk galloon, and the cushion itself is edged with heavy olive and gold silk cord, and finished at the corners with silk pompons and tassels as seen in the pompons and tassels as seen in the illustration,



Fig. 1.—Brocade SILK AND LACE CAP.

outlines of the designs are transferred to the plush, and the various figures are cut of velvet and satin, and pasted in place; the embroidery is executed with silk. The circle at the centre of Fig. 84 is cut of coral red satin, and the leaves upon it are worked in satin stitch with olive silk, and edged with gold silk in chain stitch. The leaves surrounding this are alternately of light blue satin and dark



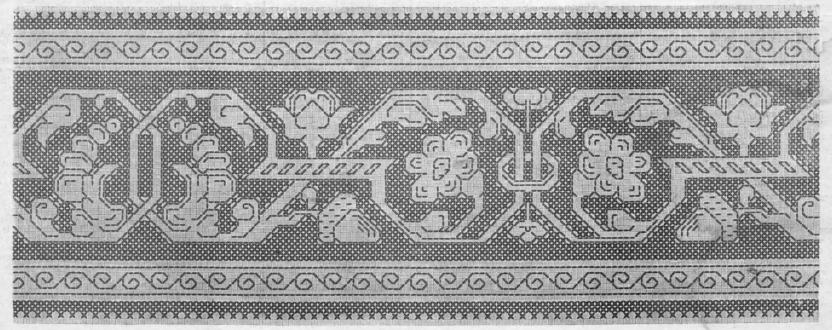
SOFA CUSHION,



Fig. 2.—Brocade Silk and Lace Cap.

Cuffs and Collars.-Figs. 1-5.

The sailor collar, Fig. 1, is made of double white batiste; it is five inches and a half deep in the back, and is bordered with stitching at an inch and a half from the Pointed ends of double batiste six inches long and an inch and a half wide are attached to the front corners of the collar, and lace three inches wide edges it at the bottom, and, closely gathered, surrounds the ends. Fig. 2



BORDER FOR TABLE-CLOTH.—RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

shows the cuff to match, which is a straight band of double batiste, lapped at the ends, and edged with lace around the top.

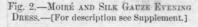
Fig. 3 is a deep square collar of double batiste, which is bordered with a bias band of similar material that is herring-bone stitched down along the upper edge, and edged with lace. The neck is finished with a standing collar, over which a row of lace is folded, and attached to this on both sides of the front is a pleated batiste chemisette that is trimmed with herring-bone stitching and lace. The cuff, Fig. 4, which is worn on the outside of the sleeve, is similarly trimmed.

The collar Fig. 5 consists of a curved band of double mull twenty-eight inches long, on which two





-SATIN SURAH EVENING DRESS. For description see Supplement.



co droop over the

front, and two dark red roses

set on the left side as seen in

illustration. Black satin rib-bon strings.

with foliage



SERGE DRESS.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Page 692.] CUT PATTERN, No. 3148: PRICE 30 CENTS.

For description see Supplement.

Plush and Velvet Bonnet. The stiff crown of this capote-shaped bonnet is covered with claret-colored velvet, which is cut in strips an inch and a half wide, that are turned down at the edges and braided in the manner shown in the illustration. The brim is faced on both sides with claret velvet, which is shirred at intervals of an inch, except at the edge, where it forms a full binding an inch wide on each side, and is sewed down along each shirring to form puffs. Claret satin rib-



PLUSH ROUND HAT



PLUSH AND VELVET BONNET.

bonnet, and carried downward to each ear, where it is fastened down with a cut steel clasp, the ends forming the strings. Three ostrich tips are set toward the left side of the front-one claret-colored, one pale pink, and the third shaded from one to the other of these

Plush Round Hat.

THE brim of this round hat droops on the right side and flares on the left; it is faced with seal brown plush on both sides, that toward the face being shirred, while that on the

Hygienic and Economical Dress.

OF late years the spirit of revolt has pene-trated the domain of Fash-ion, and associations have been started where the pro can be debated.

To the strenuous efforts of the English Ladies' Sanitary Association is due the introduction in England of the suspenders and the union or combination garments, which not only re-lease the knees and waist outside is plain. The crown is covered by a full puffed scarf of gold and brown tiger plush, which is pierced on the right side by six large gilt ball pins inserted irregularly among the folds. On the left side are arranged a shaded brown plume of medium length and three seal brown ostrich tips.

Velvet Bonnet.

The brim of this small black velvet poke bonnet is studded with two rows of jet beads. The crown is encircled by black satin ribbon three inches wide, and is trimmed in the back with a fall of Spanish lace and a jet ornament. Seven black ostrich tips are arranged



CHEVIOT DRESS.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Page 692.] CUT PATTERN, No. 3149: BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 17-29.

Border for Table-Cloth.—Russian Embroidery.

See illustration on page 692.

This border for a table-cloth is worked on the linen with ingrain embroidery cotton, either red or blue. The background is in cross stitch, and the fine lines and veinings are in Holbein stitch. Napkin borders to match it were given in Bazar No. 42 of the current volume.



VELVET BONNET.

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from ligatures, but also from any undue weight. After much consideration, the members have decided on a dress which embodies hygienic and economical principles. It might be termed a princesse outfit, for it comprises drawers and chemise in one, petticoat and bodice in one, and skirt and bodice in one, known as the princesse

The next step in the reform was the attack on the ostentation and extravagance too often displayed in mourning attire.

Then came the jersey mania, with its accompaniments of tight lacing and strained skirts. To such an extent was the compression carried that it provoked some indignation, and eventually led to the Rational Dress Reform, under Lady Harberton. The object of the society is to protest against corsets or tight-fitting bodices of any kind, high or narrow-heeled boots and shoes, heavily weighted skirts, tied-down cloaks-like some of the Mother Hubbard styles-which impede the movement of the arms, and against crinolines and even crinolettes. The adopted

costume is characterized by the dual skirt.
"It never rains but it pours." And now working gentlewomen in England are organizing another society where no peculiar garb will be imposed, as their position does not allow them to adopt an attire which might attract too much attention by its singularity. Their object is simply "to be relieved from the demands which frequent changes of fashion or the supposed obligation to wear expensive materials in dress make upon their time or purse." Velvet, satin, and ostrich feathers are prohibited. This "proposed society for the protection of moderate dresses" entitles itself the S. E. G. Association, meaning by these initials that it specially desires to inculcate "simplicity, economy, and grace." Here too, the standard costume is the princesse gown.

TRUE ART-NEEDLE-WORK. By MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE. No. I.

WHEN such elaborate and numerous exam-W ples of skillful needle-work are to be met with everywhere, all labelled "art" needle-work,

eems rather superfluous at this late day to be cating the principles of true art as applied to needle-work, and were it not that the majority of that we see is unworthy the name, we should not deem it needful; but in this, as in all true and good work, it is necessary for the worker who wishes to produce something really artistic to study the rules and reasons of art.

In the first place, the needle-worker must be sed with a sense of the dignity of her art, rightly used, it is valuable in itself—a re "fancy-work," which is thrown away as worthless when soiled, or when the fashion or whim which gave rise to it passes away. She should be ambitious of producing something that could not only be cherished in this generation, but handed down to the next; and if she have such ambition, she will wish to have some true basis to work on, and not to trust to an imitation, more or less successful, of work done in former ages, such as most of the so-called art needle-work is. Of course the work produced at the Royal and a few other schools of needle-work is most of it done on true art principles; and we do not refer to this, but to the brainless imitations of it by those who are satisfied with a mere superficial resemblance, and who think such work artistic because done in crewels, or on crash, or in dull coloring. These things do not make "art" work, any more than a stiff eccentric arrangement in flowers, or blue china, or nursery tales illustrated by badly drawn, oddly dressed children; these things may be fashionable, but they are not necessarily artistic. Art needle-work, to be true to its name, to rise to the dignity of an art, must be governed by the rules that guide all art.
Just as all language, be it prose or poetry, is
founded on grammar, so the principles on which Raphael or Buonarotti worked are needful in decorating a quilt or a curtain.

Mr. Poynter, R.A., in one of his art lectures, says, "There are four subjects of which the painter must acquire knowledge—form, tone, color, and finally composition." Though speaking then of the knowledge needed to produce work of a high order, he elsewhere says that a true understanding of these four subjects is just as requisite for the production of good work of a lower order, or such work as holds the subordinate position of being merely decorative. We first propose to show that these four points are the great entials, and that no good out them, and then to show how they must be applied to needle-work to make it truly artistic.

First, then, we will take form. A knowledge

of form is of the first necessity to an artist, though few who have not studied drawing know how much the perception of form demands the cultivation of the eye to see, as well as of the hand to execute. There is no study equal in value to that of the human form for the cultivation of eye and hand in correct drawing, even if the ultimate object of our labors be only decorative work. It stands to reason that a correct eve for form is as necessary even in choosing a design as it is in making one of our own, and knowledge in this respect will save us, in our needlework, from flowers with disproportioned centres, from stalks that could not possibly support the flowers they are meant to hold, from plants placed in pots which they painfully overbalance, and from all the bulging lines and shaky curves which so effectually destroy a good design, more especially when worked in outline or applied-work. Slovenly drawing may sometimes be partially hidden by shading and color, but it is always an annoyance to a practiced eye. It is obvious, then, that drawing lies at the very root of this art, and a knowledge of form and a correct eye may therefore be taken as the first requisites of a designer.

We next come to tone. Now tone is a subtle quality, which it requires some artistic training to understand-not to appreciate, for it is often appreciated without being understood; that is, one is attracted by a picture, and instinctively feels it to be good, though the subject may not interest, and the general color be unattractive. There is something about it hard to define, though one feels it to be true art, but art so consummate that it appears like an easy transcript from nature; nothing forces itself into notice, nothing is exaggerated, because it is good in tone. Tone is, in fact, to art what good-breeding is to society—a thing whose presence escapes notice, though its absence would at once be felt. The French call it les valeurs, and tone is really having a correct sense of the value of each object and color in a picture in relation to every other object and color in that picture. Thus tone is not maintained when some unimportant detail is so worked up as to be brought prominently forward, and distract the attention from the real subject of the picture, or when some shadow or light is intensified until out of keeping with the rest of the painting. Ruskin says that tone is the perfect relation of the shades of objects to the chief light of a picture, the exact rela-tion of the colors of the shadows to the colors of the lights, so that the whole of the picture may be felt to be in one climate, under one kind of light, and in one kind of atmosphere. A very bright brown, for instance, out of sunshine may be precisely of the same shade of color as a very dead or cold brown in sunshine; but it will be totally different in quality, and that quality by which the illuminated dead color would be felt in nature different from the unilluminated bright one is what artists are perpetually aiming at, and connoisseurs talking nonsense about under the name of "tone." The want of tone in pictures is caused by objects looking bright in their own positive hue, and not by illumination, and by the consequent want of sensation of the raising of their hues by light. It is want of tone which makes so many pictures vulgar. They may be correctly drawn, and each object individually true in itself; but if they are not true in their relation to each other, they want the subtle quality of tone, and though they may interest from their subject. they are not satisfying as works of genuine art.
Applying this quality of tone to our needle-work will make us wary of violent contrasts in color, and of striving after novelty and singularity rather than beauty in our designs

As to the third requisite, we all know how essential good color is to a picture. Now many pictures are failures f om overbrilliancy of color, implying, of course, loss of tone, for brilliancy in itself is consistent with the highest art. Brilliancy becomes vulgarity when it is unchecked by any thought of its neignbors, and harsh contrasts are produced, or when one color is forced into a prominence to which it has no right. In writing upon color one naturally uses musical terms, such as a "scale" or a "key" of color, and the more general terms "harmony" and "tone." If we know anything of music, we see how very signifi-cant this phraseology is, the gradations of color and their relations to each other corresponding so closely with the successive notes of a scale and with harmonious chords. The best colored pictures are those planned upon some special scheme or "key" of color, in which a wrong shade is as easily detected by the practiced eye as is a false or discordant interval by the cultivated ear; and just as a great composer intro-duces changes of key and intricate harmonies that an inferior one would not venture upon, so a master colorist can make pleasant to the eye colors and contrasts which, used by a less perfect artist, would produce a harsh, disagreeable effect. The eye can be educated to appreciate subtleties of color, just as the ear can be trained to discern delicate harmonies. In needle-work the study of harmonies in color should be made a special object, for in that art it is of great importance; sweet and pleasant coloring will atone for much want of skill in designing, though it will not cover all faults, as is apparent in outline-work,

where grace of form comes first.

The last of the four fundamental objects of study for the artist is composition. This, we might almost say, includes the whole art of designing; without composition, unity of effect is lost. A building or a picture, whether figures or landscape, is spoiled by carelessness in this respect. A palace or public edifice is made grand and imposing if the architect has considered well the effect of the pile as a whole; but if he has been led away by this detail or that until the leading lines have been broken up, the depth of the shadows lost, and the masses of the building distributed without order, the effect will be alto-gether bad; there will be no unity, no imposing effect as a whole; it will be only a collection of windows, arches, pillars, and towers, each having its individual merit as it stands by itself, but not bound together by the art of composition, or putting together. It is the same in painting; without composition, figures become isolated, groups are straggling, or the whole story of the picture is huddled up in one spot, and the rest of the

canvas is an unmeaning blank.

The French artist J. F. Millet says in one of his letters that "things should not look as if they were brought together by accident and for the moment, but they should have among each other an innate and necessary connection." "A work should be all of a piece, and people and things should be there for an end." The small accessories of a picture, such as baskets and vegetables in a market scene, are placed, not hap-hazard or to fill up a space, or even because they are necessary adjuncts of the subject, but they are ar ranged with a careful regard to composition, sometimes for the purpose of repeating a form or color, sometimes to conduct the eye to another group, and so bring the two together, or to balance the grouping either by weight of shadow or brill-

iancy of coloring. If well done, the cause is forgotten in the art which makes all look the most natural thing in the world. In landscapes, careful composition is equally necessary, or we have a confused mass of picturesque objects and scattered lights without their at all conveying the impression sought. Ruskin says composition is to make of many one, and among various laws of composition, he mentions the law of principality—to have a leading object in the composition, to which all others are subsidiary.

Composition is also necessary in decorative work, and under this head we put the choice of a design and its suitability for the situation it is intended to occupy when finished, as well as for the material on which it is done. This leads us necessarily to the consideration of conventional treatment, which will require more space than we can give in the present article. Meanwhile we have said enough to prove that these four great art principles are worthy of study if we desire our handiwork to deserve the name of art. A little study of them will give us greater and more comprehending pleasure in works of art, and will help us, even if we do not design our own work, to choose what is good, and to distinguish what is based on art principles from that which is only an intelligent imitation of a fashion.

THE MISSES TEMPLETON'S TEA-POTS.

WELL, ef it don't beat all! I'm struck all of a heap!"

An' what's more," pursued the striker, leaning a little farther from his wagon, and speaking through tightly shut teeth, as if thereby the sound would be prevented from passing beyond the listener, "there ain't no backin' down, as you might think. If ever you see a face sot, you'd 'a seen it this mornin', an' she lookin' back all the time too, as if I was carryin' her to the vault in the lower grave-yard. I declare I'd just about as

on. I hain't got over it yit."
"But for the land's sake! Why didn't Dian-

thy stop her?"

Past stoppin'. These still folks, when they do take the bit between their teeth, don't stop for 'whoa.' Dianthy wasn't up nuther. You'd ought to hev seen her when I druv up with Lucindy. She come nigher speakin' out when I handed in that hair trunk than she's done for ten year. But I guess the town 'll be in an uproar when it knows. It ain't a-goin' to allow it."

"How'll it hender it, Lamson, I'd like to

know? "Don' know," said the first speaker " got to be a way found. Why, the come out, an' his wife too. folks ef they do run the town sez, 'Now, Miss Templeton, I to are f I choose to change places with nobody's business but my own. F let her go, I'll stay here whether o

meetin' ain't till spring, an' I've made up my mind. There ain't nothin' but death can change Lucindy clim up to the seat before Hiram could interfere, an' I druv off, an' how they'll settle it I can't say, but there she is. The last word I heard her say was, 'Hiram, there's no peace for me anywheres but here, an' here I mean to stay.'

"She's out o' her mind," said old Hubbard, picking up the rake dropped in his first surprise There'll hev to be a special meetin' called, an'

I'll see about it this very day."
"Better let folks manage their own affairs," returned Lamson, gathering up the reins. "I don' know as I'd 'a druy her over if I'd understood exactly what she wanted, an' then agin I don' know. But I will say I thought I'd like to see how Dianthy would take it. It beats me. Chloe Templeton in the poor-house, an' them Templetons 'ith money enough to buy you 'n' me out this minute."

"Twouldn't take no great to do that," said old Hubbard, returning to his work, astonishment still predominating in his leathery face; and Lamson drove on, the tall figure of a woman appearing in the open doorway of a house above. as if she had been watching the interview, and were half disposed to speak. Hubbard made a step forward as if uncertain whether to speak or not, but retreated suddenly as the door shut with "Templeton temper," he said, sha his grizzled head; "but who'd 'a thought Chloe had any of it? I cal'late she got desprit, an' struck out for any kind o' a change, an' I don't wonder nuther;" and with another shake he settled to work, pausing at intervals to ejaculate, "Well, it beats me!"

Half way up Breakneck, so towering and assertive a hill that anywhere but in New Hampshire it must have been a mountain. Even now its claims to that title were not to be disregarded. Year after year the selectmen threatened to labor no longer on a road more and more given over to gullies and sudden small landslides and big stones, which, appearing mysteriously in the way, could never be accounted for save by diabolic agency. Year after year the two or three farmers who tempted Providence by a permanent wrestle with the thin layer of soil barely hiding the granite below, gathered to work out the road tax, the patient oxen painfully marking out the deep furrow on either side, and pondering why human beings should make so much evidently useless work both for men and oxen. For road-making in the New England hill country is simply a piling of clods and lumps and loose stones down the centre of the winding way, chance wagons in part distributing it, and rain

and wind soon returning all to the original posi-

tion, ready for the next annual upheaval.

Why Isaiah Templeton had chosen Breakneck pastures, when river meadows fat with corn and wheat lay below, he never told, but the choice had been made. Half way up the hill. A turn in the road, and between two rocky pastures, where sweet-fern and brake disputed place with every root of grass, a strip of land, every stone long ago laboriously removed, and entering into the well-built wall on either hand. On the pasture side raspberry bushes and wild grapes and rambling vines in general had it all their own way, but Isaiah Templeton's life-long fight with weeds had not been unavailing, and Diantha, his eldest born, pursued them with an even greater vigor and determination, affirming that had every farmer done his duty half as well, Canada thistles would have been confined to Canada, and daisies have become an extinct species.

Diantha, Althea, and Chloe—strange names for the three middle-aged women in the weatherstained house with sloping roof, where mosses grew in spite of Miss Diantha, and on whose sides a faint red still lingered, though sixty years had passed since it first showed bright against the dark wood behind and above it. Whatever latent poetry in the rusty little farmer had prompted the names had died with him, Watts's Hymns being the nearest approach to such frivolity tolerated by either Diantha or Althea, two grim and determined females, with faces as hard as the stones that made up the most of their patrimony, and who, through Miss Chloe's girlhood, had carefully repressed the tendency to sentiment less

sedulously hidden then than now. Years had thinned Miss Chloe's hair, sharpened still more the nose sharp in the beginning, tipped it with a frosty red, and printed crow's-feet about the faded blue eyes, always a little perplexed and troubled—always gentle and apologetic, and filling with tears as quickly as in her silent and sensitive girlhood. Life held small leisure. Books were a waste of precious time, and more and more butter and cheese the chief end of woman; and thus Miss Chloe's sentiment found no outlet save in the flower bed, which, in spite of Miss Dianthy's arguments, held its place under the south window, and in summer filled the little sitting-room with a perfume o' of place in those upright

In the old towels and treas bea

relling was did not, and all day long the hard voices sounded from kitchen or pantry, Chloe cringing as they rose and fell, but silent as years had taught her to be. Miss Althea preferred "salt risin's"; Miss Diantha, "hop 'east, strong o' the hops." Miss Althea demanded pumpkin-pie without eggs; Miss Diantha pronounced them, in that condition, "not fit for pigs." Miss Althea demanded Orange Pekoe, steeped; Miss Diantha, Oolong, boiled. Miss Chloe in her private mind clung to Young Hyson, but would have drunk gall and wormwood rather than make any difficulty-in fact, may be said to have done so in any case. Miss Diantha, as eldest, threw out the Orange Pekoe, rinsed the teapot viciously, with expressions of deep disgust at the fatal blindness of any creature who would drink such stuff, and stood guard over the stove until the tin tea-pot gave out the rank steam she

With many desires for revolt, none had yet come; but one morning Miss Althea, having watched the operation up to boiling-point, both for herself and tea-pot, determined upon active measures, and suddenly seizing it, ran across the road and threw it with all her force over the fence bordering the "gully wood road," where, bounding from stone to stone in the almost sheer descent, it lay at last in the brook below.

Miss Diantha, for the moment speechless, pour-l out, as breath returned, a torrent of rage on the triumphant Miss Althea, who took down an earthen tea-pot from the shelf and proceeded to

"As sure as I'm a living sinner, I'll break it if you put it on the fire," 'said Miss Diantha, a new grimness in voice and eye.

"Try it," said Miss Althea, defiantly. "I calculate you'll find more'n one kind o' tea kin be drunk in this house. I've stood you some years too much, an' as fast's you break, I'll buy. hain't forgot the will, an' that all expenses has got to be equally shared by the three, or as many as It'll be a leetle hard on Chloe, but then she's used to your imposin' on her, an' a grain more won't make much difference."

"Sisters," Miss Chloe began, in an agony of tremulousness and apprehension, "for mercy's sake! Oh dear! how can you? Why don't we each have a tea-pot, an' why didn't I think of it before? There's one for each, and a caddy apiece too—the little ones grandfather brought home. Oh, don't look that way, Dianthy, an' Althy too! To think that we're all sisters, an' alone

in the world! For pity's sake!"
"Be still!" said Miss Diantha, imperatively. "An' now, Althy Templeton, you hear my last word to you. When you say you're sorry for this morning's work, I'll say back, an' not before.

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The will's fixed so't we can't split nor divide, an' long as we live there's got to be three in the

one word had Miss Diantha been heard to speak. If direction was needed, she wrote on a slate and handed it to Miss Chloe, who acted as mediator and interpreter. Confident that a day would end it, Miss Althea had gone her way, missing more than she would have told the war of words which, after all, had been only words-a family privilege never destroying a certain family feeling holding its place under all assaults. But as day after day went by without a sign, she too grew more and more determined, and if an occasional spasm of desire for the old state—or perhaps a better state-of things visited her, she put it sternly away. Daily the two faces settled into harder and harder lines; daily Miss Chloe's eyes grew more apprehensive.

The three caddies she had filled at once, the time for some decisive action on her part seeming to have come at last beyond any question, and daily she took down the three tea-pots, hidden for years in the recesses of the upper shelf of the china closet—one old blue, the last piece of a set long ago scattered or destroyed; one a tiny Wedgwood, a great-aunt's property; and last, the bronze-colored earthen their mother had sometimes used. The three had each its own place on the stove, and curious neighbors, who had heard there was "something beyond the common goin' on at the Templetons'" looked at them with suspicion as in some way accountable for the difficulty, and at last with a shake of the head as the silence refused to yield. The minister argued and pleaded, the deacons came singly and in a body, exhorting and threatening suspension of church privileges, and the parish was in a ferment, till a new cause for discussion arose in another quarter, reverting to this, however,

with surprising constancy.

By degrees Miss Althea had grown almost as silent as the elder sister, whose life seemed a black shadow, darkening even the sunshine of summer or the golden light of autumn on the bills.

Miss Chloe grew more haggard every day, and dorn blue eyes, red-rimmed with much crymonths, as she looked aper. Anything was

son, after a paus nal smash for whatever comes between

Miss Chloe had come between, and her looks indicated something equivalent to "tarnal smash."

Lucinda Wetherbee, once the owner of a small but profitable farm, had "signed" for her brother, a luckless scamp, who fled to the West when the final crash came, leaving Lucinda at sixty to face it as she might. The end was the town farm, where the poor creature went for life, too crushed

where the poor creature went for life, too crushed by the sudden cessation of all the small activities that had made her world to think of other methods. Her mind failed partially, and she ap-

peared periodically at houses she had been accustomed to visit, complaining that the society at the town farm was not what she had been accustom-

ed to or expected, and that "she'd come to stay

a spell, an' git the taste out of her mouth."

When Miss Chloe had made the arrangement

and agreement to exchange, she refused to tell, answering every inquiry in the same unvarying words: "We thought we'd each hev a change."

She took up her life on the hill as if forn to

the place, and, to the astonishment of every one,

Miss Diantha accepted the change with no break in the immovable silence. But when the select-

men appeared, and appealed to her to end the

scandal and go in person for the sister, who had banished herself in the hope of bringing about peace, she listened till even old Lamson had said

moments, laid the slate on the table and left the

"She's got a dumb devil," said Deacon Piper,

"'Chloe has made her own bed, and she can lie

Miss Althea went to the town farm but once, a

fury of anger possessing her as she crossed the wretched threshold, and venting itself in words

that brought terror to every one within hearing distance. Underneath the storm, hurt feeling

and affection really lay, but Chloe had passed be

yond any power of interpreting the perverse and tumultuous manifestation. She lay back in her

chair with closed eyes, her patient face a little

more patient, and slow tears falling one by one.
"When Diantha comes for me, I'll go back,"

was all she would say, and Miss Althea, worn out

with her own vehemence, went unwillingly away.

Lucinda "by inches," as the neighbors said, as if

in this way to atone for past lack toward Chloe.

The reluctant New England spring came slowly

on, and in the "Devil's Gully," by the mill, faint green showed here and there between the linger-

ing drifts. The road to the town farm, seldom

The winter went by, Miss Althea waiting upon

in it. She chose to go, and she can stay. If you will not have her any other way, I will pay her

having written for a

word, and then.

as he read slowly:

se three

ence, and the two

used, had been almost impassable, but Hiram at intervals had brought word that "Miss Chloe was about the same, fur's he could see, but may-be her own folks could tell better." The hint passed without notice till one evening in early April, when a messenger rode swiftly up Break neck, and burst into the house where the three sat by the dim lamp, Lucinda keeping up her monotonous flow of words, the two sisters si-

lent.
"She's dyin'," he said. "The doctors said she might-live till you got there." "Who?"

Miss Althea had risen, and stood now, fierce and rigid, clutching the frightened boy as she

spoke.
"Miss Templeton," he said, struggling away.

"Hiram told me to get you a team."
"Run, then," Miss Althea screamed. 'fastest Viall's got. Tell him to be quick."

Lucinda burst into loud crying.

"Be still, you fool!" rang out Miss Diantha's voice, with its old sharp command. "I'm goin' on the hoss," and snatching her hood, she ran to the gate, climbed from the long-disused horse-block to the horse's back, and with dangling stir-rups and flapping rein she held her place by sheer will, as the frightened animal tore down the hill and through the village street, still, as speed slackened, urging him on over the four miles between her and the chance of speech. Up hill and down, through thick wood and between low meadows, the rush of the swollen river drowned in the clatter of hoofs, and at last the faint twinkling lights of the farm. The horse stood with drooping head and streaming flanks as she slid from his back, and pushing aside the startled and curious group about the door, went up the stairs, and toward the room to which Hi-ram pointed. She passed swiftly in, the doctor and attendant were motioned out by a hand so imperative that none could gainsay it, and Diantha, bolting the door, turned to the bed, and after one look at the motionless form upon it, fell on her knees and buried her face in the coverlet.

"I thought you'd feel bad, Dianthy," Miss Chloe said, the words coming faintly, and as if from some remote distance. "I thought you'd come, an' I held out an' waited. There isn't any time now, but, Dianthy, you must promise me one thing. You must go home and let by-gones be by-gones.

I want you to be good to Althea."

Miss Diantha raised her face, white and set, as if death had touched her too. She lifted her

"Don't, Dianthy-don't!" Chloe cried, trying

"Before you that I've killed, I swear it," said
Diantha, solemnly. "I've held my tongue
"e, an' I'll hold it now for punishment.
"d I say to livin' soul I say to you
empleton."

hthy, don't!" wailed Miss Chloe, fallther pillow, ending with this last ap-g entreaty of her life. When Miss red with the doctor, the elder sister ss and silent by the bed. In silence to Miss Althea as the one to make s, and waited till nothing further re-

to be done. In silence she rode home, and shut herself into her own room, and there she remained till the hour for the funeral services, held in the old church on the common

From every quarter the people flocked in. No such opportunity had come for years of seeing all the actors in this village tragedy, and Miss Diantha faced them all with a composure that made the more sensitive shiver, and moved many to fierce anger. The old minister broke down as he tried to tell the gentleness and patience of the soul that had passed beyond need of human words, and for an instant there was an ominous rustle, as if then and there judgment must be had on those who had laid on it a burden too heavy

Miss Diantha stood by the grave until the last shovelful of earth had been laid on, then turned and walked home, stopping for a moment at the village store. When Miss Althea and Lucinda returned, her door was shut, and no sound was heard from the room until next morning. But as they made preparations for tea, Miss Althea saw that the three tea-pots and caddies had been removed, and that an earthen one and a tin caddy filled with Orange Pekoe stood on the lower shelf, and knew that by this sign Miss Diantha had spoken, and renounced her own will once for all.

Years followed. Lucinda lingered, unchanged in look, and clinging more and more to Miss Althea, who had aged suddenly when Chloe died, and who made continued efforts to break Miss Diantha's silence. But though a certain wistfulness seemed at times to show itself, she only, when appealed to, shook her head solemnly, and retreated to her own room. What secrets the old walls knew, who can tell? What sorrow What secrets the and late repentance! But none knew till a morning came when, alarmed by the long silence, Miss Althea went in to find her with wide-open eyes. but powerless to move from the floor where she had fallen. In the open drawer of the old bureau lay Miss Chloe's Bible, the worn volume of Mrs. Hemans, and near them the broken frag-ments of the three tea-pots, each in a folded

A week of quiet waiting, and then in the hours between night and morning Miss Diantha suddenly lifted her head.

"I thought you'd come, Chloe," she said, and

with the words was gone.

When her will was opened, they found, first, a legacy of one thousand dollars "to Hiram Steele and wife for kindness to my sister Chloe," and then an order that on the plain tombstone erected for her should be simply the words, "Diantha Templeton, aged 73. 'I was dumb. I opened not my mouth for shame."

And so at last people knew that the scorn and indignation, never quite lost even in the long

years since Miss Chloe's death, had been accepted as just punishment, and that Miss Diantha had known sorrow, and left this last me tacit confession and repentance.

REMINISCENCES OF DEAN STANLEY.

WHILE Dean Stanley was in America, I re-W member the great pleasure we experienced in hearing from one of his correspondents bits of his letters. The Dean was a man of unlimited sympathies, the finest kind of imagination—at once keen, subtle, and yet accurate—and he had an almost passionate sense of justice, so that of all travellers in a strange land he could best give value to a journey's record. Everything was judged cleverly and fairly by him. Whether he looked on or took part, he was alike interested, genial, and prone to see the best, so that his American trip was full of sunshine, both while it lasted, and when he came home to the dear old Deanery—the quaint oak-colored house, just in the shadow of that great Abbey with which his name will always be associated lovingly and reverently.

I saw him for the first time just after his return, and I shall never forget the impression his personality made. He was not a striking-looking man in any way, yet his face and head were wonderfully fine; the pale, clear-cut features, the white hair, the strong, imaginative brow—it was impossible not to admire all this; and then his kindly smile instantly dispelled any suggestion of severity. I used to think of a great many historical faces, looking at his—St. Thomas Aquinas, perhaps, or some slight-built, keen-eyed Crusader. He had the look of the man of deed and daring, as well as of far more dogmatic spirituality than

His manner was delightful, as all who knew him remember—winning, affable, and courteous to one and all, but full of a charming dignity. Light and sparkling as the conversation might be, if the Dean varied its tone, there was something peculiarly impressive in his way of doing it. That calm, sweet-toned voice commanded the most respectful attention; and I like to think of him describing some bits of a favorite work of art in Italy in his peculiarly choice English, his eye kindling, his ordinarily quiet gestures a little more eager, yet his tone fixing one's attention wholly on the fact that it was he who was speaking, and with an authority which he made you

instinctively feel the highest. One day, soon after his return from America, it was our good fortune to lunch at the Deanery, and all of that time is a pleasant memory, from the Dean's note of kindly informal invitation to

the Dean's note of kindly informal invitation to the hour of talk we had before luncheon in the beautiful old drawing-room, where modern tones of warmth mingle delightfully with the sombre colors of mediaval days. This drawing-room opened on the old hall and broad oaken staircase, and I remember the Dean's figure coming down slowly—he was not very well even then—and as he came into the brighter lights of the long room his glance of hospitable welcome met us so warmly that we scarcely needed the words of greeting which followed; but they were bright, informal, and touched with the quiet humor which often and touched with the quiet numor which often characterized his remarks. "Oh, you Americans! How nice it is to see some of you! Aren't you nice people, though!" And then almost at once he fell to talking of the States, calling upon a gentleman near by, who had been of his party, to add his note of enthusiasm now and then. It was a very pleasant hour, and kindled many desires to see and know more of Dean Stanley. How little it occurred to us that the chances on earth

would be so few! At luncheon he was full of good-humored talk, and some reminiscences called up by chance remarks were delightful. Rugby happened to be mentioned, and the Dean's face glowed, for the famous school and its honored master, Dr. Arnamous school and its nonored master, Dr. Arnold, were dear subjects with him. As a boy he
had been a pupil of that great scholar and wideminded gentleman Dr. Arnold.

After luncheon the lean insisted upon taking
us himself through the Abbey, and can we ever
formet his interesting discussion as we went the

forget his interesting discussion as we went, the verger opening various locked places, while the keen, brilliant face of the Dean lighted with enthusiasm over the past which he mingled with the

"How you Americans love the old places!" he said once. "Ah! you really own all this old past as much as we do." In referring to the last century he frequently spoke of "the Separation," by which, we gradually found out, he meant the Revolution. Andre's tomb moved him much; and there was a pause full of reverential silence before the marble which recorded the death and birth of his beloved wife. The Dean was indefatigable in showing us his Abbey's treasures. We lingered until time for evening service, when he took us into his special pew, and my last glimpse of him on that occasion is the one which always comes back, dwarfing other memories which seem more widely social. He was standing in his sombre, richly colored hallway, saying good-by. I turned to look at the beautiful old corridor, the quiet, wide-stepped staircase with wintry lights upon it, and below, the Dean's figure, slight and delicate and poetic, stood carved against the oaken colors, his face full of kindliness, his smile bright and genial; something about him seeming to be the typical scholar and friend, and framed in the rich colors of his old home, this picture of the man has grown indelible.

It was a wintry afternoon as we walked down the Close;* there were snow-flakes falling; the sky overhead was gray and full of stormy lights; but all that we remember of that day is the sun-

* The Deanery is within the Cathedral Close; an old oaken doorway leads to it.

ny cheerfulness diffused by our kindly host. It just one of the radiant links in a chain of kindly English events.

Dean Stanley was the son of the Bishop of Norwich, and was born in 1815, so that he was only sixty-six at his death. His career at school and at Oxford was exceptionally brilliant. At the university he took the Newdigate prize for verse, and stood in every way among the leading spirits of his class and period. His offices were various, and finally he came to be Dean of Westminster an office which is considered one of the most

dignified in the English Church.

He was always an intimate friend of the Queen, who desired him in 1862 to accompany the Prince of Wales to the East, and on all occasions showed the utmost regard for his opinion and wishes. His wife was the sister of Lord Elgin—Lady Augusta Bruce—and up to the time of her death enjoyed the Queen's confidence and peculiarly intimate personal friendship. Lady Augusta was a leader of society, and yet her sweet simplicity remained untouched in the most brilliant surroundings. The Dean's married life was ideal. His wife shared all his interests and pursuits. Her charity was boundless, and it seems only yesterday that she died, for the void left has never been filled.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

School-Girl.-Make a kilt skirt and a box-pleated hunting jacket of your flannel. The fur trimming is appropriate. You should read an article about the

etiquette of mourning lately published in the Bazar. E. M. B.—Velvet basques both colored and black, also plush basques, will be much used this winter. They may be either single or double breasted, with small buttons, and need no trimming, though feather smail outtons, and need no trimming, though feather and fur borders will be added to many; also the solid jet or colored bead embroidery. For a school dress for a girl of seventeen get dark green, brown, or wine-colored cashmere, or else Scotch Cheviot, and make it with a hunting jacket, apron over-skirt very much wrinkled and short in front, with bow drapery behind, and a bit skirt. and a kilt skirt.

SEPTEMBER.—Have a border of velvet or plush, or of SETTEMBER.—Have a border of velvet or plush, or of the wide feather trimming, to lengthen your jacket. For a young lady's stylish black suit have a basque and drapery of cashmere trimmed with open embroidery, and wear it with a moiré box-pleated skirt.

MISS H. A. S.—Get plush of the same shade for border, collar, bow at the back, and cuffs. Make with a basque and apron drapery. A mantle or doub breasted jacket would look well with the plush, and a poke bonnet of the plush, with feather of the plumpake bonnet of the plush, with feather of the plumpake bonnet of the plush.

poke bonnet of the plush, with feather of the plush-color and pink—not roses.

OLD MEMBER.—We do not furnish special mono-grams at the request of our readers, and we have not the pattern on the napkin.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A plush coat and cape of dark maroon or blue will be prettiest for a child of three years.
You can also have white plush if you prafer it. There
are seal sacques for very small children.
MARIE.—The blouse belted and short skir'

with Turkish trousers, will be appropriate for a gym-

H.—If you have enough plain black silk, make your dress entirely of it by the design for a satin Surah dress on page 632 of Bazar No. 40, Vol. XIV. Trim the waist and scarf with solid jet, or else with the new

Saxon embroidery.

Kitlagga.—The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand, and serves after marriage

Ms. B.—The New York Fashions of Bazar No. 39, Vol. XIV., will tell you how to use watered silk (moiré) in combination with satin Surah or with cashmere. Use solid jet trimming or else open-figured embroid-

ery.

DEE.—We can furnish you the mantle pattern with three seams and a sleeve-like side piece, but have no Raglan pattern for boys, and do not cut single patterns

to order.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your patterns are white mull and silver gray silk. There is no such thing as linen nuns' veiling; the veiling is sheer wool. The bride and groom should wear gloves at an evening wedding. The relatives stand near the bridal party.

Anxious Inquirer.—Your sample of velours is a good color, and would look well combined with plush for a suit. Spanish lace and heavy jet passementerie and embroideries will be worn on black silk this winter.

Correspondent.—Your tan brown silk is a good shade for combining with cashmere and open-work

shade for combining with cashmere and open-work embroidery. Have the silk for a box-pleated skirt, and the cashmere for a basque and over-skirt, or else get Cheviot in blocks of red and brown for the overdress, and let it be a panier polonaise.

Constant Reader.—We know of no book published

CONSTANT READER.—We know of no book published about millinery.

Mother.—Get wine-colored lady's cloth for a young girl's dress, and make it with a box-pleated skirt and basque, trimmed with plush to match.

basque, trimmed with plush to match.

Kiddle-A-Wink.—Take French lace thread, which is a fine linen thread sold in small balls for point lace and similar work, and use the medium (No. 500) for sewing around the bars, and coarse (No. 250) for darning the initials, and for the narrow border and the button-hole stitch edge.

Snow-Bird.—Wear your hair in crown braids or in a bow high on top of your head, as you are short and

Mss. D.—Get a gay brocade, and make a very bouf-fant Marie Antoinette polonaise for your daughter to wear with a black velvet skirt. For your own velvet suit have one of Worth's great-coats like those described in Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV., or else use the pattern of the polonaise and skirt illustrated on the first page of that paper.

Mrs. R. S. P.—Make a plaid polonaise with the

brown cashmere skirt by pattern just commended to "Mrs. D." The tinsel fabric is poor stuff. Velvet or plush would be better, with a bonnet of the same or

E. B. D.-Have scrim curtains with antique lace, or if you want coarser material, get gray double-faced Canton flannel draperies, and trim with a band of blue at top and bottom, but not on the sides. Then have rods and rings for hanging them.

Mrs. J. W.—Dark French-blue, wine-color, and myr-

tle green will be becoming to you. Brown and olive green, also pale blue, will not suit you.

S. H. W.—A tailor-made suit and coat of green or seal brown cloth with a black fur border will be handsome for your winter costume. Then have a plush poke or a feather turban. Shoulder capes will be more used than hoods on coats.





Fig. 1.—Satin de Lyon Cloak,
Cut Pattern, No. 3142:

Price 25 Cents.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere and Morré Dress.—Back.

[See Fig. 9.]

Fig. 3.—Brocaded Satin Cloak.—Cut Pattern, No. 3142:

No. 3143: Price 25

For description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-11.

Fig. 4.—Dress for Girl from 5 to Girl from 4 to 6

10 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3144: Price 20 Cents.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Walking Coat for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old. For description see Supplement,

Fig. ...—Dress for Girl from 4 to 9 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3145: Price 20 Cents. For pattern and description see Sup-plement, No. X., Figs. 77-83.

Fig. 9.—Cashmere and Moiré Dress.—Front.

[See Fig. 2.]

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 10.—Sult for Boy From 4 to 9 Years old.

Cut Pattern, No. 3146;

PRICE 25 CENTS.

For description see Suppl. For description see Suppl.

Fig. 11.—Brocaded Velvet
CLOAK.—Cut Pattern, No.
3147: Price 25 Cents.
For pattern and description see
Supplement.

Fig. 12.—English
Homespun Mantle.
Fig. 13.—Dress for
Girl from 9 to 11
Years old.
Years old.
For description see Supplement.
For description see Supplement. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1^a, 1^b-4.

For description see Supplement.

For description see Supplement.

KING COTILLON.

THE accomplishments of men Who accomplish social rises Are productive, now and then, Of some rather sharp surprises; But the gentleman who least Troubles any known instructor Is Unreason's new High Priest, Is the Cotillon conductor.

Dimly genius has divined Gifts that go to make a jailer, And we know some sort of mind Is exacted from a tailor. "Leading parts" should partly act, "Leading counsel" shine as pleaders: Party leaders need some tact: What, O Cotillon! your leaders?

Do they spend each mystic morn Cutting out, in colored papers, Novel fools' caps, to be worn By fools, later, cutting capers? Do they wear out a mild wit, Moved by waltzes which are quicker, That sham donkeys' heads may fit Heads as asinine, but thicker?

In the nights when they repair Their spent, dancing-pumped-out vigor, Will they wake with start and stare, Dreaming of a brand-new figure? Love and loveliness may pass, Progress, plenty, peace, may push on, But that figure with the glass! Oh, that figure with the cushion!

And the powers and the pomp Of the persons who lead nations, Men who lead refinement's romp Simply jest at their gyrations Leading parties is cnnui, Leading evening parties pleasure; And who wouldn't, ay de mi! Sooner tread than back a measure?

THE ART AND SKILL OF LAWN TENNIS.

BY A MEMBER OF PRINCE'S CLUB, LONDON.

was a mere pastime, involving little more skill than battledoor and shuttlecock. None of skill than battledoor and shuttlecock. None of the science exhibited in cricket, croquet, or billiards was required. The game has, however, progressed rapidly. Every succeeding tournament at Wimbledon has witnessed the introduction of some new play, until the game promises to become more scientific than any of its predecessors. Harper's Bazar No. 44, Vol. XIII., contains a full description of the rules and details of the game and a drawing of the court. Some slight game and a drawing of the court. Some slight alterations have been made in the service courts and in the rules, to which we shall refer, but in and in the rules, to which we shall refer, out in all other points the description there given holds good. It is now proposed to supplement our former article by some practical observations on the science and skill of the game as now played, the object being twofold—first, to assist begin-ners to adopt the best form and style, and sec-ond, to enable our readers to thoroughly appreciate the beauty of the game when they participate in it as spectators only,

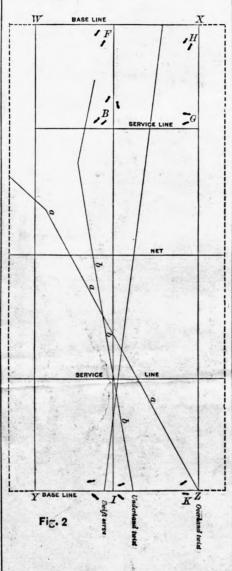
HOLDING THE RACKET.

For ordinary play the racket should be held short—in fact, close up to the body. It should be grasped vigorously, the muscles of the wrist and fingers being firm, not limp. Many a miss is made from this cause. For instance, when taking a volley, or swift ball, the racket is knocked back in the hand or partially turned, the ball expends its force without rebound, and the

ball, a forward movement and a rotatory mo-



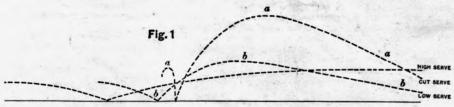
This is called putting cut on the ball, and is a runs is care putting out on the ban, and is a very puzzling play to a beginner. The ball, on falling, will rise abruptly instead of following the normal angle. (See line a a a, Fig. 1, representing a cut service.) The overhand service, if served with the racket face perpendicular or nearly so, imparts a twist to the ball, so that as it pitches it will twist away to the adversary's right hand. (See diagram Fig. 2: line a a a represents an overhand serve.) An underhand serve is played by turning the body of the racket downward. Some players stoop and serve as near the ground as they can. If this stroke be neatly played, it will give a left-hand twist to the ball. (See Fig. 2, line b b b.)



The server may stand anywhere on the base line. If he serves from K (see Fig. 2), he can send an oblique ball with an outward twist—very difficult to return. If from I (see Fig. 2), the line will be more longitudinal to the court, but swift serves are safer from this point, as less likely to pitch out of court. Some players, however, prefer K. In Fig. 2 the foot marks denote the position of players' feet when serving or taking.

THE TAKE AND THE RETURN.

When a ball is served, the striker-out should stand in the opposite corresponding court. If the serves are slow, B and G (Fig. 2) are the places; if swift, F and H. It requires great skill to judge where a ball will pitch and how it will

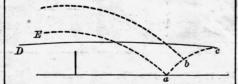


force of the stroke is lost, causing the ball to drop into the net. With a firm grip, much less force need be put into the blow from the shoul-

THE SERVE

There are three serves—the high serve, the overhand serve, and the underhand serve. The high serve is made at the full stretch of the arm over the head. Sometimes the ball is thrown up, and struck as it descends. The difficulty in that case is to throw it up perpendicularly. Beginners who want to adopt this play should practice tossing the ball up until they can do so with perfect accuracy. It should fall in a line with the striker's right arm. The overhand serve is made with the racket held above the wrist. The ball is held in the left hand about level with the shoulder, and dropped on to the face of the racket in the act of striking. If the ball be struck with the racket slanted to about thirty degrees, and very hard, it will give two motions to the

bound; nothing but practice will give it. It is a subtle sense of twist and momentum which can not be explained. Watch for an overhand or underhand serve, and proceed accordingly. If an overhand twist, it will be to your right; an underhand, to your left. When taking a ball, re-collect that the right moment to do so is when it has pitched, bounded, and having exhausted its momentum, is about to fall-thus:



(See diagram: a represents the bound.) If you take the ball at b with a elightly lifting stroke,

the ball will leave the racket at an angle equal to that of the incidence, so that instead of returning close to the net, you will lob the ball up in the air. If you take at the point c, the ball, having lost its momentum, will follow exactly the line of your stroke, c D.

In order to take the ball well, you should be

abreast of it; it should be between you and the side line of the court at a right angle. Then, with side line of the court at a right angle. Then, with the left foot forward and the right foot back, swing the shoulder well round, taking plenty of time to the stroke. More mistakes are made by being too soon than too late. In fact, whenever you can, let your racket hover (be it only the millionth part of a second) before you strike. There will then be no force in the stroke save that in-tended for the ball. If you have to run forward for a ball, recollect to deduct the force of the run from the force of the stroke, otherwise you will strike out of court. The blow you give should be as much as possible from the shoulder, and you will find, if you try, that you can graduate the force of a stroke so given with much more delicacy than that of one from the wrist.

All the strokes played at tennis may be resolved into the following:

1. The fore overhand.

The fore underhand.

The high stroke. The back overhand.
The back underhand.

Forward play overhand.

Forward play underhand.

 Back stroke.
 The Fore Overhand Stroke.—Hold the racket short and firm, as in the overhand serve, and incline the face slightly—about ten degrees—to the ball—thus:



FORE OVERHAND. - PHOTOGRAPHEL

This will give a slight twist, and tend ball from going beyond the base line ever force is given to the twist is dedicated the momentum. This is the most useful way of taking a ball, and the other strokes should only be adopted when this can not be employed. When you see the ball in the air, endeavor to place yourself so that it shall pass you about eighteen inches off to your right, and strike it as it passes you. The racket should take the ball well in the centre of the gut. If it strike the wood, it will most likely score against

2. The Fore Underhand Stroke is most used for taking half-volleys, swift serves, or returns. The racket should be held about one-third down the handle. The longer the racket is held, the greater the leverage of the force of the ball, so that more swing should be given to this

3. The High Stroke.—This stroke is used where the ball passes over the striker's head. Hold the racket long, and remember to turn its face part-ly upward. If not, the angle of incidence will carry the ball into the net. Many points are lost

in this way.
4. Back Overhand. — A difficult but useful stroke, often requisite in taking a twist. Place the right foot forward, left foot back, and hold the racket about half handle—thus:



BACK OVERHAND .- PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EXPEDIENT.

MRS. MABBERLEY'S even suavity, in which there was no cordiality, was not in any way disturbed by the evident reluctance with which Miss Chevenix returned to her house and society. She received her unwilling inmate with politeness that was almost warm, and when the discovery of the loss of the dressing-case was made, she displayed

womanly pity and indignation.

Beatrix felt quite grateful to her. This one little bit of fellow-feeling made the two almost

Mrs. Mabberley was inquisitive about the details of the occurrence, and when, early on the following morning, they heard that Lady Vane was a fellow-sufferer, she extended her sympathy to Lady Vane also.

When the excitement and vexation of her loss had subsided in some degree, and Beatrix had given all the information that was supposed to be useful, and which Mrs. Mabberley drew up in a remarkably clear form for the assistance of Scotland Yard, the subject of Mr. Horndean was discussed between the two with less covert an-tagonism than usually characterized their conver-

As Mrs. Mabberley listened to all that Beatrix had to say, her shifting glance was frequently turned upon the speaker's face with an expression of doubt and surprise; but she did not interrupt

her by a single question.

Beatrix concluded by saying, "You understand my difficulty—I need not dwell upon it; and I think I may fairly expect you to help me out of it, as you must have foreseen from the first that it would arise whenever a chance of marriage

"I understand your difficulty perfect."

Mrs. Mabberley, "and we out of it presently; but that I understand a marriage are con

.ey. Will you and let it pass?" bertainly, my dear. I beg your pardon for allowing my surprise to be so visible. I ought to have remembered that love has made more unlikely conquests before now. I myself never pretended to despise that, or indeed any other human passion. It is enough that it is to be reckoned with in the present case; it shall by all means be taken into account. Let me see, let me see"—she played noiselessly with her fingers upon the table before her-"you will want to have an absconding trustee, an insolvent banker, or, much better—for investigation will not be or, much better—for investigation will not be easy—a friend of a speculative turn, who has led you into disastrous investments. You will have been entirely ignorant of money matters, and absolutely reliant upon the judgment of your friend, and it will be only when the necessity arises for your looking into affairs, for 'realizing,' as it is your looking into affairs, for 'realizing,' as it is called, that you will discover that your confidence, not in the honesty but in the judgment of that person, has been misplaced, and that your fortune has been muddled away. There will be no difficulty in selecting among the bubble schemes of this year a few whose reputation will be none the worse for any charge you may bring against them. You will make this unpleasant discovery, and inform Mr. Horndean of it, and he will assure you with perfect sincerity that it is not of sure you, with perfect sincerity, that it is not of the slightest consequence, and the rest of the world will be none the wiser. What do you think of my combination; does it offer you a fea-

sible way of escape from your difficulty?"

A flood of conflicting feelings, so entirely new to Beatrix that they seemed to change her identity, had surged up in her heart as she listened to Mrs. Mabberley's slowly and carefully uttered words. Fear, shame, and something terribly like despair were among them. She loved this man, with all the strength of her nature, for good and ill, and she rebelled against the necessity for deceiving him. It would have been a luxury to Beatrix, as great as any material good she had ever enjoyed, to have been able to tell Mr. Horndean the truth.

But it could not be; the meshes of the great fraud of her unfortunate life were around her, and there was no escape in that direction. She could not but acknowledge that Mrs. Mabberley had contrived a way of escape for her in another one with singular ability. It would depend on herself only to make it secure by giving it as much as possible the air of truth.

"This will be the best thing to do, no doubt," she said, "but I shall have to préciser. One can not put off the man one is going to marry with vague generalities, as one might put off a more inquisitive acquaintance. I decline the trustee he knows I have none; I decline the banker-



banks do not flourish or fade without a local habitation and a name; I 'opt' for the imprudent but well-meaning friend."

Something feverish in the manner of Beatrix and the fictitious gayety of her tone again awakened surprise in Mrs. Mabberley. She looked covertly at her from under her eyelids, and thought.

"It is well that she has almost served her purpose; the colonel was right: she is dangerous with her eyes shut. She would, however, be impossible with them open; so I have no

"You see things with your usual clearness, my dear," she said aloud, "and define them with the plain-speaking that I have always admired you for. And now we have reached the point at which I think I can help you effectually. You will have to préciser, as you say; you will have to tell Mr. Horndean and his sister who the imprudent but well-meaning friend that has risked your little fortune in ruinous speculations is. Well, you have only to tell them that I am the involuntary culprit."

"Yes, I. You are astonished, no doubt, but the part of terrible example for Mr. Horndean's

"But why—what do you mean?" asked Beatrix, in bewilderment. "Why should you take

"I mean that I am prepared to help you out of your difficulty, and that I am totally indifferot do The terms of our present agreement remain unchanged; you make your engagements only with my approval and consent, and accept such as I

standing before Mrs. Mabberley in a resolute at-titude, and with a look of disdain. "I positively Vane's ball, and was very near asking her how she came to invite him.'

"I do not care; I will not meet him.
"I do not foresee at present," said Mrs. Mabber-ley, without the least disturbance of her profound calmness, and moving her crochet-needle with her usual quickness, "that there will be any further occasion for your meeting Mr. Ramsden; but if there should be, you will be a greater fool than I take you for if you are rude to him. You are not in a position to brave enmity, my dear; and although I am going out to Canada, I have no reason to suppose that Mr. Ramsden will be leaving

She was raging with anger and humiliation, and it was long before she could subdue them suffi-ciently to take the good out of what Mrs. Mab-berley had said. Every hour since she had parted with her lover had seemed to lessen her content, and to bring with it some new apprehension

own, he need not propose any change in his sis-ter's plans. She had to tell him that they were opposed to his wishes, and she had to write in a considerate and affectionate tone of the woman whom she hated and feared.

an espated, and become the wife of an whom she had ever even fancied ed.

ound that he was not to have his ven before he ceased to be "troubleme" Frederick Lorton.

ter, but it was a very ill-tempered production as well, and Beatrix, heartily in love with him as she was, recognized the vehement self-will in it. She was not frightened by it; the same existed in herself, though in the one instance of Mrs. Mabberley it had been subdued, and she would always be the one person in the world to whom he would submit readily.

The same post brought her a welcome letter

from Mrs. Townley Gore. The weather had turned very cold, everything was deadly dull, Frederick was detestably sulky—the writer had no doubt Beatrix knew perfectly well what made him so— Mr. Townley Gore was sick of Horndean, and so was she, and they were coming to town at once. Frederick would come up a day or two later, and she should be so glad to see Beatrix at Kaiser Crescent again.

There was no news, Mrs. Townley Gore added, except that Mr. Warrender had returned to Chesney Manor with his sister, Mrs. Masters, who had come home from India, and had been detained at

Paris by an accident.
"Her children have been there for a month," added Mrs. Townley Gore. "Mr. Warrender and she arrived on Tuesday; I am going to call there to-day.'

BIDDY'S TRIALS AMONG THE YANKEES.

FAITH! Ann Hooligan, an' I don't deny that T these Amerykans has plinty o' beautiful convanyences to work wid in their kitchens, more'n iver the likes cud be found in the whole of ould Ireland, where we was usen to bake the brid an' cook the petaties all in the same iron pot; an' shure, along wid so many bewilderin' things, it wad be ixpicted that a girl wud make a mishtake sometimes. An' is it the Aistern paple ye'd be afther praisin'? May the saints defind us! an' it's mesilf that's lived among thim Yankeys till I was that sick o' their haythenish way of shpakin' that I had to lave. What wud ye think, Ann Hooligan, of bein' axed the firsht day as ye lived at a place if ye cud pails the k-e-ow! fur that's the outlandish way thim paple has o' sayin' cow. Of coorse it's not fur the likes o' me to be braggin', but I can pale petaties an' apples wid the bisht o' thim. But to take the palin' off of a cow!

It should be observed that to "pail" a cow, instead of milk it, is a common expression in some parts of New England.

Howly St. Patrick! did they take me fur a bootch-Yersilf knows the wake shtomick of me an' how it goes aginst me to shkin aiven a bird or a toorkey; an', begorra! cud it be ixpicted that I cud tackle a big anymal like a cow? the flish an' blood in me rose up forninst sich a prosaydin'. But I cud shtand the chewin' an twishtin' up o' their words if they wudn't be afther mixin' up the names o' things. An' thin they're always radin' books, an' gittin' that litherary they don't know annything. Wud ye belave it, Ann

don't know annything. Wud ye belave it, Ann Hooligan, some o' thim missuses I lived along wid was that fond of radin' that they aiven cooked out of a book!

His riv'rence Father Ryan taught me to rade before I lift the ould country, an' I wud have jist suited thim Yankey ladies if it hadn't been fur thim awful words I was tellin' ye of. Ye see, one day the missus I was livin' wid ixprished a wish to have a chicken pie fur dinner, an' sez she, "Biddy, ye'll find the rissypee in my cookin" book. Ye can follow thim direcshuns, an' not come to bother me wid questions; for I'm goin' to paint this mornin', an' I don't want to be dish-turbed," sez she, and wid that she gits up an' goes up shtairs. Of coorse I was a little shcared, but I wint to work, an' began a-shcaldin' an' a-shkinnin' the chicken; but when I came to look at the rissypee, millia murther! if it didn't say it was to be butthered an' saysoned an' put in a spider! I thought there was some mishtake, an' I shpelled the radin' all over agin, but there it was right in print before the two eyes o' me : so I shlips up shtairs to the missus's door to ax if the book was corrict, an' she was busy paintin' on a chiny plate the beautifulest boonch o' roses pinks an' heart's-disease ye iver saw. But she heerd me; an', widout turnin' her head, sez she: "Plaze don't annoy me now, Bridget. I want to finish this paintin' before dinner, an' I don't want to be throubled wid annything." "Faix, mem," sez I, "but I musht spake till ye about mem, sez 1, but I musht spake till ye about the chicken pie. The rissypee sez to put it in a spider, an'—" "Of coorse," sez she, interruptin' me; "jist follow that rissypee; it's an ixcellent one, an' ye naden't fear but your pot-pie will be all right."

Well, I was in dishpair, but I knew there was plinty o' cobwebs in the cellar, and mabby I cud find a spider's nest, an' pick out a good-sized one that wud be big enoof; but, faith! I didn't like to be afther touching wan wid me bare hand, for I've always bin afeard o' the craythurs; but I tuk a broom, an' I shwept the bames an' the walls o' that cellar claner than they'd bin fur tin years, an' I cudn't find one bigger nor the end o' my finger. Jist wid that the missus called me to bring her a crickit to put her feet on. "A crickit!" sez I, wringin' me hands. "Howly Virgin! what sthrange notions these Yankeys has! Two varmints wanted, an', I don't know where to find aither o' thim!" I'd heerd o' thim haythen Chinesers, who supped on rats and birds' nists, but, bedad! for an Amerykan family that purtinded to be respictable to be afther wantin' thim dirty insex, faith! I didn't consider it nayther Christian nor daycent. But the missus was callin', an' thinkin' the wood-house wud be the likeliest place to git the baste she was inquirin' for, I wint in there; an' though I got a big shplinter under in there; an' though I got a big shplinter under me nail, an' toor me driss, an' nearly broke me leg fallin' over the wood, divil a crickit did I find. The missus was gittin' impayshunt, an' was shcramin' to me to hurry an' bring it. "I can't find one," sez I. "Won't anny other kind of a boog do as well? I cud aisy git ye a grasshopper or a muskeety," sez I. "Don't be impident," sez she, scowlin'. "I'll wait on mesilf, so go back to yer work," an' she shut the door.

By me sow!! Ann Hooligan, I was nearly druy

By me sowl! Ann Hooligan, I was nearly druv wild intirely betwixt the crickit an' thinkin' how I was to git the pizen crapin' thing the rissypee called for, an' so I sarched agin all over the dark corners of the closets an' in the shtable, but all that I found was too shmall, for by the time ye wud take the ligs off thim there wudn't be much left. At lasht afther a while, all at onst the missus kem into the kitchen, an' whin she saw there was no dinner cookin' she flared up, an' give me sich a look as if a clap o' thunder was goin' to bursht an' kill me flat, an' sez she: "Is it possible that ye hasn't got the chicken pie ready to bake yit? Really I can't put up wid such slow-ness." "Begorra! mem," sez I, for I was gittin' mad too, "I hunted ivery place on the premises for a spider big enoof to cook it in, and anny-how I ain't accushtomed to live wid paple who has sich a relish for venymous insex as ye has here. I've waishted me whole mornin' tryin' to fulfill the demands o' yersilf an' that haythenish cookin' book, not to mintion the crickit ye wanted to crush under the two fate of ve. But ve may as well know crickits is shearce around here, as ye can see fur yersilf, bedad! how I toor me driss, an' skinned the leg o' me on the wood-pile whin I was a-huntin' one." "Ye musht be crazy," "I don't kape me crickits in the woodhouse. Come into the parloor an' I'll show ye wan," sez she. "That's what I call a crickit," sez she, wid a scornful shniff o' her nose, pinting wid her finger; an' wad ye belave it, Ann Hooligan, it was only a little wee shmall shtool to rest yer fut on whin ye be tired! "Begorra, that's a fearful on-Christian name to give to yer furny-'says I, shtickin' up me nose as high as hers. the spider, mem," sez I, "belike it's some "An' the spider, mem," haythenish title yez bin devisin' to toormint paple wid too." She tossed her head, an' lid the way to the pantry. "There, Bridget, ye musht be blind in both eyes if ye don't know what this thing is," sez she. "It's a skillit," sez I, shakin' me fist at her, "an' it's a blaggard trick to be christenin' it afther anny kind of a riptile that iver crawled. I'll shack the dust o' ye Yankeys off me fate foriver," sez I. "I'll not deny that in some ways yer shmart enoof, but as long as ye mixes up skillits an' spiders, an' crickits an' shtools, an' porches an' shtoops, bedad! ye're not fit fur the society of anny intilligent person!"

CO-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSO-CIATION, LIMITED.

See illustration on page 700.

THE truth of the old French proverb, "Ce que femme veut Dieu le veut," is once more proved by the complete organization of the Cooperative Dress Association, Limited. Eighteen months ago it was a nebulous idea. To-day it has a capital of \$250,000, representing six thousand stockholders, a fine building in West Twenty-third Street, and has begun business with every prospect of success. Few appreciate the labor involved in this achievement, and probably if Miss Kate Field had realized what a task she had set herself, she would have paused before putting her shoulder to the wheel. But now that, thanks to kind friends, able support, and a responsive public, her idea has become an accomplished fact, let us look at the latest developments of co-operation.

A bold artistic sign attracts us to a six-story building, whose broad doors we enter. A colored porter in a suit of dark green and silver, cut after the manner of the jaunty Austro-Hungarian uniform directs us to the departments. Here on the ground-floor, fifty feet wide by two hundred feet deep, is the store where dry-goods, usual and unusual, are for sale. The cry of "Cash!" will be heard no more. Boys in green and silver answer to the call of electric bells, and silent-ly perform their duties. Sales-women are provided with seats, and the electric light illumines a busy scene. In the centre of the store are the manager's and cashier's offices, a parcels receptacle, and a dark room for showing silks. The "dark room" is the one "blot on the scutch-eon." Small, low, and hermetically sealed, it would answer well for the Black Hole of Calcutta, but is out of place in New York, and is not creditable to the architect. We advise the directors of the association to reform it altogether. Descending broad stairs, we view an admirably lighted basement, where the packing and delivery of goods is done.

Ascending by a large Otis elevator, we stop at the second floor, and are surprised at the scene. The great room, tastefully carpeted, is entirely devoted to the display of imported and homemade costumes, boys' and girls' suits, shawls, cloaks, and mantles. Worth's latest inspiration stands beside lay figures adorned with gowns that are "Early English," and bastard Greek, and fac-similes of the "wild, weird, fleshly things" worn by the æsthetic maidens in Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience. Were these works of art imported? No; they are products of the association. To the left of the centre are the offices of the president, secretary, and directors, and a closet for customers' parcels. Several "trying-on rooms" dot the

Again taking the elevator, we mount to third story, where curiosity is piqued at the novet sight of a spacious promenade in front of numer-ous good-sized shops. First, on the Twenty-third Street side is a bower where cut flowers and bouquets are for sale, and orders are taken for them. Next comes the millinery department, and very good hats and bonnets they seem to be. Beyond are toilette articles and ladies' hair goods, and by that law which causes extremes to meet, head gives way to heels, and boots and shoes for men, vomen, and children make a goodly display. Stationery comes next, rubber follows, and china,

stationery comes next, rubber follows, and china, glass, and silver-plated ware bring us to the Twenty-fourth Street end of the building.

Glancing at the fourth story, which, though still a vacuum, is destined to be dedicated to men's tailoring and to household goods and fur-niture, we arrive at the fifth floor, and are again agreeably surprised. Ushered into a large and beautiful room, we sink into comfortable, tasteful sofas seven feet long, or lounge upon a broad divan extending under the windows the full width of the building. Olive plush and ebony are the materials of the furniture, and well they harmonize with the dark red of the curtains. An enormous mirror draped with fashion cloth reflects Frank D. Millet's admirably handled portrait of the association's president, which was painted for the association's president, which was painted for the recent Academy Exhibition. Other paintings of value adorn the walls, among them a portrait of De Witt Clinton, by Trumbull. More pictures will be added, it being the intention to cover all the walls with paintings, and sell them on commission, if desired. Easy-chairs, lounges, a reading-table for newspapers, writing-desks, and a piano complete the furniture of a room which is only accessible to members.

Leaving the members' room, we are attracted to a circulating library, where books may be taken out by the year, month, week, or day at moderate rates. Shall we expend five cents for a day's book, or shall we walk on to the lunchroom, which adjoins and surrounds the library, and order a cup of coffee for eight cents, or an ice-cream for seventeen? Here is food for body and mind, and rest for weary bones-all on one floor! Who says shopping may not be reduced to a fine art?

If Mrs. Jones is suddenly seized with illness, a cheery bedroom is at her disposal on the sixth floor, where are pleasant waiting and fitting rooms for ladies who undergo the joys of dress-making. On this same floor are the work-rooms.

Descending by a second elevator, we once more pause in the members' room, to chat with friends while the District Telegraph messenger, summoned directly from the room, executes a commission in Wall Street. The telephone is to be added, and luxurious members will soon be able to trans act the greater part of their business while indulging in every comfort of the season. It is time. Life is far too hard in this country. Whoever lessens the miseries of material existence is a benefactor, and if the Co-operative Dress Association, Limited, fulfills the promise of its youth, it will be an institution for which New York can not be too thankful.

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you may entirely believe me. I am quite willing to incur the odium of folly. Women who dabble in speculation are among the features of our time, and although I never did anything of the kind, and consider a woman who meddles with speculation as a fool foolisher than all her tribe, I have not the least objection to playing benefit. You may begin as soon as you like to hint at my business faculties; if he has any sense or knowledge of the world at all, he will be prepared for squalls after such an intimation as that, if you have previously given him to understand that you are completely in my hands."

such an imputation upon yourself? It must injure you very severely."

Mrs. Mabberley smiled in the covert and deeply meaning way that Beatrix always shrank from

with a sensation of fear, as she answered:

Horndean's opinion of my business it to himself for your to be one of those only from their ople who

not su well relieve your min and I part company.

If Beatrix's life had depended upon her subduing every trace of emotion, she could not have kept down the long breath of relief that she drew on hearing those words, or hindered the wavering of the tell-tale color in her cheek.

You are glad to be assured of that," said Mrs. Mabberley, with her composed and compla-cent smile; "so should I be in your place. You will have nothing to fear from me. Chantage is not in my line. Mrs. Horndean, of Horndean, will have no debts to pay for Miss Chevenix, no arrière pensée need trouble you. But the time has not come yet, and you must see yourself that delay is in your interests. My imprudence, my ruinous credulity, must be amply demonstrated."
"What do you mean by time?" asked Beatrix,

sullenly. "I must give Mr. Horndean a reasonable answer

"Certainly, my dear; and considering how short your acquaintance with him has been, I don't think there is anything unreasonable in my saying that you can not marry until after Christmas."

"Certainly not," said Beatrix, relieved; she had feared a much more considerable postponement than that. And then she added, under a momentary impulse to which she yielded with a kind of desperation: "Do forgive me, Mrs. Mabberley, but I never know whether I ought to feel grateful to you or not. I wish you would

tell me your motive."

Mrs. Mabberley sat silent, with downcast eyes, and fingers beating noiselessly on the table for a full minute, before she replied, and then she

said:
"You owe me no gratitude, if even you were capable of it. Between you and me it would be an idler word than it is nine times out of every ten that it is uttered. My motive was a powerful one; it is nearly exhausted. This marriage of yours falls in very well with my plans; let it suffice you to know so much, and that you will be free from me ever after."

"But it does not, it can not," said Beatrix, desperately. "I feel like a person walking in the

"Straight into the light, however," said Mrs. Mabberley; "let that content you. You can not say I have not adhered to my part of our barin; you have not much longer to hold to yours. gain; you have not much longer to too, will be good This much I may say to you—it, too, will be good news for you. I don't intend to remain in Englishment I have relatives in Canada, land much longer. I have relatives in Canada and I think of going there early next year. When I do go, you can tell Mr. Horndean that it is because I have come to grief by speculating in bubble companies. And now let us drop the subject.

make for you." "With the exception of any that involve my meeting Mr. Ramsden," said Beatrix, rising, and refuse to recognize that man; he is an insolent, low person. I was astonished to see him at Lady

"It is fortunate you did not, for it was I who asked her for a card for him, and the question coming from you would not have been in good Mr. Ramsden does not please you. Ah, it is to be regretted; but if you will take my advice, Beatrix, you will not let the fact be too apparent. I do not know a man whom I would not rather

have for my enemy, especially if I had anything to conceal, than Mr. James Ramsden." "I do not care; I will not meet him."

London.

At this moment a card was brought to Mrs.

Mabberley.

"Mr. James Ramsden," said she, glancing at it. "He calls early. Some message from his mo-ther, most likely. Yes, I can see him." Beatrix darted out of the room by a side door.

and misgiving.

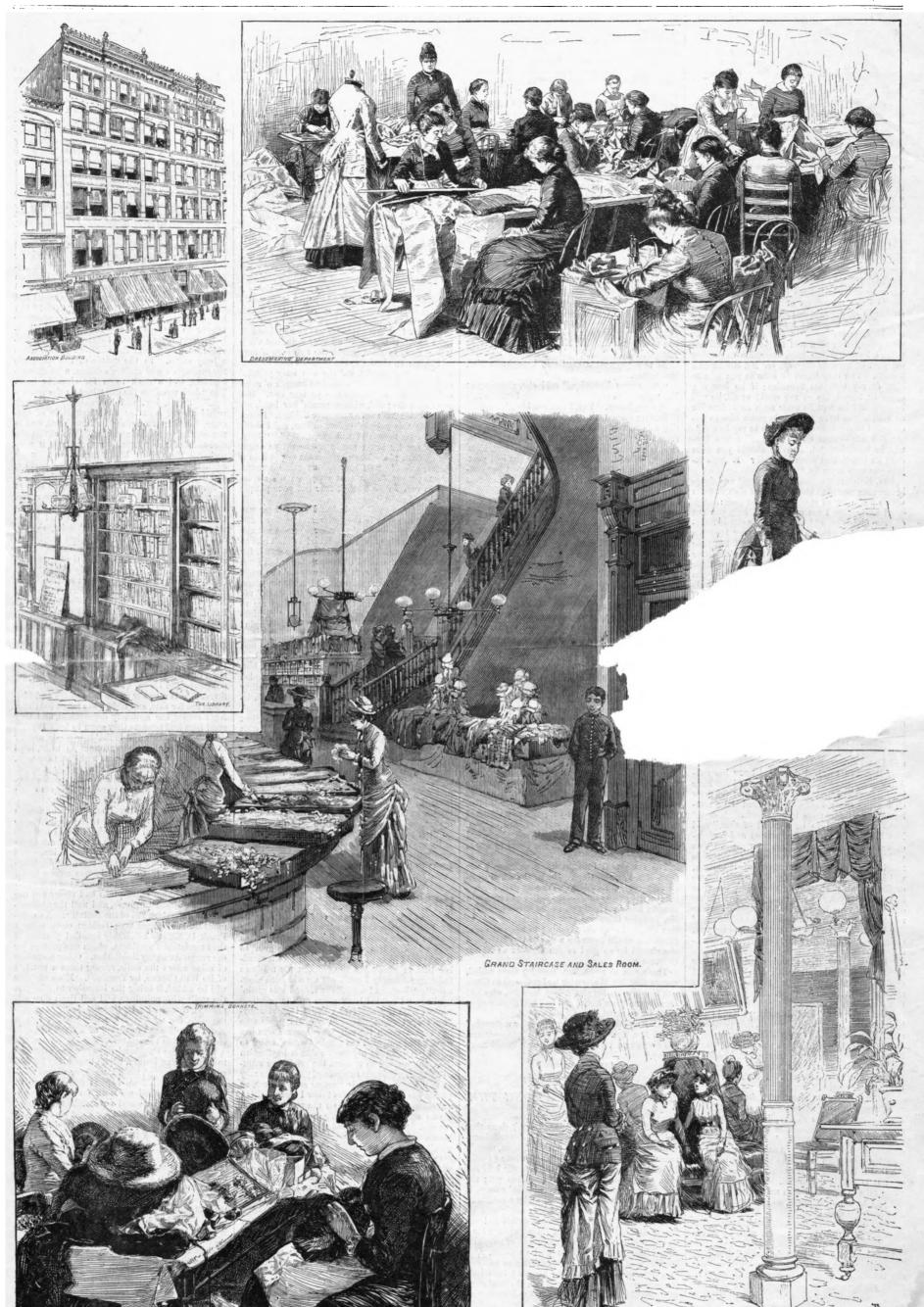
She walked up and down her room with some thing of the impatience of a caged animal, and only controlled herself when she had to begin her letter to Mr. Horndean. He had begged her to let him know Mrs. Mabberley's views as soon as possible, so that if they were not favorable to his

rom this the pride of Beatrix recoiled as much love, so potent, although of such recent be forever hateful to her to reit settled the time at which she

> an was as impatient and as indigie always had been when circumndividuals did not bend themselves

His reply to Beatrix was a passionate love-let-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE CO-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSOCIATION, LIMITED, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKWOOD.—[See Page 699.]



DINNER-TIME—WAITING FOR THE REAPERS.—[See Page 702.]

WAITING FOR THE REAPERS. See illustration on page 701.

THIS pretty picture shows the wife or daugh-I ter of some one of the reapers punctually waiting with his welcome mid-day meal, which he has doubtless well earned by his diligent la-bor in the field. If such as he refused to work, none of us, in town or country, would get any thing to eat. So let us join in saying grace, or in feeling thankful, for the repast which shall recruit his exhausted strength—"the sweeter," as Sir Robert Peel says, "as not being leavened with a sense of injustice." In this land of abundance, where farm labor

is so hard to obtain, and where hundreds of thou-sands of acres are left untilled through lack of hands that high wages and kind treatment fail to procure, one marvels to hear of the ill-paid toil by which English laborers earn their daily bread. In the west of England \$2 50 or \$3 a week are now the ordinary wages; \$2 or \$2 25 was the usual rate about the time of the repeal of the Corn-laws, or \$1 75 and a daily allowance of cider. In certain districts or parishes, as at Halberton, in Devonshire, where Canon Girdle-stone exerted himself to improve their condition, the advance has been greater. The purely agricultural laboring population in most parts of England has notably decreased, whether by emigration to America and the colonies, or by the children finding employment in towns. In esti-mating the rate of wages, before comparing one district or one estate with another, it is needful to ask whether the use of a rent-free cottage be added, which is equivalent to 50 cents a week. There are some instances, too, in which laborers are helped with the keep of a pig or poultry from the farm-yard, or with a portion of winter fire-wood. But \$3 a week, including all, may be taken as the common laborer's hire in Devon and Somerset, and probably in other southern and western counties. In the north of England, we believe, it is often \$1 25 or \$1 50 better. With reference to diet, there is too much cause to fear that the rural laboring classes, the producers of so much of the food of the community, are not so well fed as the working-class people in town. They can by no means procure a slice of good butcher's-meat for the every-day dinner or sup-per. Bacon, with potatoes fried in the dripping, may be equally nutritious; and there is always bread and cheese, besides such vegetables as the man will grow in his garden, if he chooses to do so, and if his "missus" has a mind to cook them. The poor woman has unfortunately no idea of making soup. It would be an excellent thing for the ladies of the village to start a cookery class, and teach the laborers' wives how to do what every French peasant's wife, they say, can do to perfection, with the cheapest materials at or command.

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"Afther walkin' Fifth Avenyer the intire mornin', I've come to the conclusion they have no desire for Dilicacies, for I haven't sold a cint's worth."

FACETIÆ.

The minister of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, whose abilities, whatever they might be, were held in the utmost scorn on account of his reading, was one day concluding his discourse as an old woman of the true leaven was leaving the church. He closed the leaves of his sermon and those of the Bible at the same time, saying, with emphasis, intended as a sort of clincher to his argument, "I add no more."

"Because you canna," cried the old woman.

Mrs. Mixer being called into court as a witness, got vexed at the lawyer, and declared, "If you don't stop asking questions, I'll leave"; and then added, "You're the most inquisitive man I ever saw in all the days of y life."

wan who was equally fond of "spouting" and was boasting that he could "bring an argu"You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal more ickly," replied his friend.

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon Mr. Adam preached upon these words: "Lo, here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

Doctors disagree. Some say whiskey hardens the brain, others say it softens it. Meanwhile people without brains will continue right on drinking it, as it does not make an atom of difference to them—not an atom.

A traveller, himself an Irishman, being on the box of an Irish mail-coach on a very cold day, and observing the driver enveloping his neck in the voluminous folds of an ample "comforter,"

remarked,
"You seem to be taking very good care of yourself, my friend."
"Och, to be shure I am, sir," answered the
driver. "What's all the world to a man when his
wife's a widdy?"

One of the most celebrated of mathematicians was also one of the most absent-minded of men. On going out one forenoon he wrote in chalk on his door, "I am not at home." Some time after, he returned, and just as he was about to open his door he was struck by the hiscription which he had himself written. He read it as if for the first time, turned to the right about, and redescended the stairs, muttering, "I am not at home."

Does loss of sleep make a man look worn because it takes the nap out of him?

A man stepped into a milliner's shop the other day on business, and accidentally sat down on a bonnet that some one had laid on the chair. He remained there until no one was looking in that direction, and then quietly got up and stepped on one side. There was a lady in at the time looking for a bonnet shaped to suit her. She finally found the one the man had put in shape, and it just took her fancy; it was just what she wanted, so she said.

A little boy was making a great noise in a barn, and being asked what he was doing it for, said he was waking up the weasels, so as to catch them.
"What an absurd idea!" said his father.
"Well, but, papa," responded the little fellow, "everybody says you can't catch a weasel asleep, you know."

you know.

At a public dinner a distinguished statesman was placed between Madame De Staël and Madame

was placed between magaine ...
Récamier.
"How lucky I am!" said he. "Here am I seated between wit and beauty."
"And without possessing either the one or the other," observed Madame De Staël, the wit, who was vain of what she considered her personal attractions, though she had none.

It rains three times as often in Ireland as it does in Italy. This shows the wonderful workings of the atmosphere. They need three times as much water in Ireland to mix with their whiskey.

The difference between a hill and a pill is that the hill is hard to get up, and the pill is hard to get down.

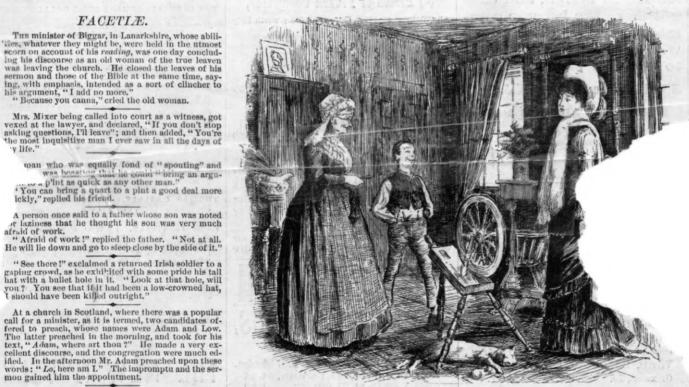


A POWERFUL QUARTETTE. (AT ALL EVENTS IT LOOKS AND SOUNDS LIKE ONE.)

A Sunday-school teacher read to his class that the Ethiopian ennuch went on his way rejoicing after Philip had talked with him and then asked, "Why did he rejoice?"

A boy answered, "Becavin' him."

It is too often that!



A BRIC-A-BRAC HUNTER.

MRS. PARTINGTON. "No, ma'am, I don't think I care to sell the spinnin'-wheel. It belonged to Aunt Cinthy Bascom, and I'd like to keep it for a relish of the old lady."

THE MEETING.

MAUD. "How glad I am to see you, dear! How lovely you look in your new bonnet!" ETHEL. "Thanks, dearest. And how quite too awfully sweet your new suit is!"



THE PARTING.

MAUD. "Humph! looks like a fright with that thing on her head!" ETHEL. "She's had that horrid last year's suit trimmed over!"



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500

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DIRECTOIRE BONNET.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AFTER ALL'S DONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." His wife asked where was his pain. Garfield answered, "Darling, even to live is pain."

To live was pain-to die is peace; Falling asleep in tender arms: Ended vain hopes, more vain alarms, Blind struggles for impossible ease.

Yes, life was loss, and death is gain; The martyr's blood the church's seed.
O Christian, to Christ's world-large creed Faithful till death!—die, rise, and reign!

Reign, king-like, o'er the souls of men; Shame them from paltry lust of gold, From public honor bought and sold, From venal lie of tongue or pen.

Reign in the hearts of women brave, Fit mothers of the men to be; Like that true woman loved by thee, Whom God so loved He could not save.

But thou art saved-her hero! Thine The glorious rest of battle won, A setting of the mid-day sun, And lo! the stars burst out and shine.

No long dull twilight of weak age, Morn's glow forgot in misty night. Thy record was full writ in light, And then—thine angel closed the page.

All's done, all's said. The tale is told. Across the ocean hands clasp hands: One voice of weeping from all lands Binds the new world unto the old;

Then-silence: and we go our ways, Work our small work for good or ill: But thou, through whom the Master's will Was done, and didst it, to His praise,

Go straightway into eternal light! On earth among the immortal dead; In heaven—that mystery none hath read: We walk by faith, and not by sight.

But this we know, or feel, half known: He who from evil brings forth good, His message, although writ in blood, Has left upon thy funeral stone.

Directoire Bonnet.

See illustration on front page

THIS Directoire bonnet is made of fine pleatings of black satin Surah laid on a frame. The ribbon is very dark red satin. Jacqueminot roses are in the brim and on the crown. ostrich tips are partly red, partly black, and the pin with comb-like top is of jet.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

No. 103 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued October 18, contains, in addition to the two serials, a variety of interesting articles and stories, among which may be instanced a fascinating account of "The Story of the Negro Fort," with a capital illustration; an article on "Cameos," by BARNET PHILLIPS; and a short but timely sketch of "A Forest Fire." The principal illustration in this number is a double-page picture founded on one of DICKENS'S most pathetic stories. Our Post-office Box will be found unusually interesting.

A SUPPLEMENT containing a double-page engraving from a drawing by HOWARD PYLE, entitled

"THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS,"

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The next Number of HARPER'S BAZAR will contain the first part of a charming illustrated Novelette, entitled "WAS IT AN ILLUSION?" by MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, author of "Lord Brackenbury," "Debenham's Vow," etc.

THE EVENING LAMP.

IT seems to make no difference that we light a thousand lamps in summer—not one of them all is the thing we call the evening lamp, though we strike the light in the dusk, and carry it never so closely protected from the breaths of loosely disposed zephyrs blowing out of the dark, and through clouds of pursuing moths, mosquitoes, and June-bugs. We do not sit down by that sort of lamp and cluster around it, if we can help ourselves; it is warm enough in the house without the aid of that little furnace before our faces, and only the obligatory

force of some indispensable duty compels us to acknowledge its existence, and we acknowledge it then only as that of a tyrant and task-master, a foe in disguise, even if hard and cruel facts bend us to make use of its capabilities—something that calls us in from the soft rich gloom of the starry summer night, the floating flower perfumes, the

luxurious laziness, and makes slaves of us.

But the lamp of the autumn evening is quite another thing; that is a friend and companion; a present help in time of trouble, so to speak; a confidential assistant at the cheerful family circle; the evening star of summer fallen from heaven to earth. We regard it somewhat as if it were an altar fire; we gather about it, and feel concerning it as though it were a sacred flame -the symbol and genius of home. By the time that we take pleasure in its gentle glow we are, if not weary of the inactivities and languors of summer weather, at any rate reconciled to their temporary withdrawal; and if we have not longed for the lighting of the lamp, we have, nevertheless, thought of it with a certain pleased anticipation, and have often even gone so far as to take care that its flame should have a new and more attractive shrine than it has had, whether of simple brass and glass, or of Limoges, or Longwy, or bronze, or bluest cloisonné, feeling possibly, if ever so unconsciously that not a little character is given to the gathering of those about it by its appearance as a well-cared-for and beloved member of the household, for whom no finery is too much, or as an indifferent object that nobody values, and that feels itself one too many in the place.

The lighting of the evening lamp at last, for its five or six months' burning, seems like a beacon blazing up to say that mountain and farm and sea-side have surrendered the lost and missing, and that once more the neighborhood and the family are complete; that precious old association is renewed; that loving tasks are freshly begun; that the thousand and one little links dropped in the summer idleness, when out-door pleasures had the upper hand, and deferred those that were not in unison with them, are being again knit upon the endless chain of household companionship.

Laughter, gay words, and singing voices out of the dark star-lit night of waving boughs and blossoms are pleasant phantoms to the wayfarer who catches their sound; but there is something heartsome and warm and inspiriting to him as he passes along and sees the lighting of the evening lamp. or its steady burning, with the shadows of the bending heads about it. It says to him all sorts of pleasant things, of the home to which he himself is hastening, or the home that once he had, or the home he yet hopes to have; it warms his fancy, and sends him forward with a light foot as it illuminates

the path with perchance a missionary ray. Who of us, seeing the ring of lustre of the evening lamp in the early season of its lighting, does not recall the period when it seemed the visible sign of the opening of fairyland, and of all the good times that "grown folks" had, as we went whimpering to bed; or the later period when we conned declensions and labored over decimals, helped on by the watchful eyes and ears and fingers that now, if it may be that they are not dust and ashes, are yet feeble and helpless, and pathetic with the pitifulness of all that they have done !- does not remember the period, later still, when all the pretty plans for fancy-work and gifts for frosty weather were made in its kind radiance, and the first shrinking and blushing of lovers who hated to be summoned from the dusk by its sudden blinding spark? That evening lamp, indeed, with all the tales it has to tell, is a nucleus about which assemble the scenes of almost the whole of life to those that choose to pause and look up the dark places by its

summer evening, with its dusky skies, its softly lapsing waters and sighing breezes its flower scents, its distant bell tones and mysterious shadows, would be the time best loved of poets, yet not a few of them have chosen their themes from those surrounding this same evening lamp—themes warm with its warmth, bright with its brightness, and pulsing with the humanity of all the hopes and fears and wishes and work of those that assist at its worship.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ome unrepublican Peculiarities of the French Republic.—A purposed Call upon Queen Victoria.—
Republican Simplicity in Europe,—Politeness of the French Lower Orders.

OUR country people abroad are often apt to make mistakes respecting the approachability of great personages in Europe, which is by no means as great as it is at home. I remember how there arrived in Paris, a few years ago, a very charming young lady who was engaged to write letters for a prominent American

journal, and as a preliminary process she desired to pay a visit to M. Grévy, and afterward to M. Gambetta. Now, though France is a republic, a good deal of the state and formality of a monarchy still clings around the social institutions of the government, and that despite the fact that M. Grévy is not only willing but anxious to be a President à l'Américain, and has done away with much of the pomp assumed by Marshal McMahon. Yet so close is the cordon drawn around him by the social red tape of his household that an Amer ican lady who was among the guests at one of the balls at the Élysée last winter, and who was anxious to be presented to the President, found her request met by a flat refusal from M. Mollard, the introducer of ambassadors, to whom the lady's desire was communicated. It is said that this functionary, whose tenure of office dates from the days of the Empire, has much to do with keeping up the atmosphere of formality that still prevails at the Élysée. It really seems to be more difficul to do away with the forms and ceremonies of the defunct court than it was to get rid of many more important imperial institutions. Their long endurance is in a great part owing to the influ-ence of Madame De McMahon, who heartily disliked republics and republicans, and intrenched herself as much as possible behind the rigid rules of court etiquette, to prevent herself, as far as she could, from coming in contact with one of the latter, though forced to do the social honors of one of the former. She used to revenge herself for having to preside over the official balls at the palace by turning her back on the stream of incoming guests, and talking to her friends who were stationed behind her, instead of greeting each group of new arrivals with the prescribed smile and bow. The Marshal always did the honors with scrupulous punctilio.

Nobody is ever expected to speak to the host

and hostess on the occasion of one of these huge official balls; one must simply bow and pass on. But the Elysée still holds the tradition of an impetuous old Western tourist who bounced up to the Marshal, seized his hand, and gave him what the triumphant perpetrator of this breach of etiquette called "a good hearty Western hand-shake." Fortunately the naïve vanity of the old soldier led him to consider the sudden seizure of his hand by this transatlantic guest as an outburst of irrepressible enthusiasm on the part of his visitor, called forth by the lofty deeds of the victor of Magenta.

A short time ago a good simple-minded old American couple who had strayed to Europe— American couple who nad strayed to Editore Heaven knows why or how—called on a country-man of their own, who had for a long time been domiciled in Paris, to ask his advice respecting a point in controversy between them. "Now," quoth the old gentleman, "we hear that Queen Victoria is coming to stay awhile in Paris, and we want to call and see her. I tell my wife that all we will have to do will be to go and ring at the door-bell and send in our cards; but she says that perhaps we ought to write and ask permission to call beforehand, or to take somebody with us to introduce us; so, as you have lived over here for a long time, we thought we would call and ask you about it." The worthy pair were much dis-appointed on being told that in case of the arrival Queen Victoria in Paris, nobody would be suffered to approach her except the English ambas-sador and the President of the Republic, not even the American Minister being authorized to call upon her.

On the other hand, the absence of fuss and formality amongst our prominent personages when they chance to come to Europe fills every-body that approaches them with wonder and amazement. General Grant, for instance, while on his travels, was a perpetual puzzle to Europe-an flunkydom from the utter absence of preten-sion in his manner and surroundings. That the plainly dressed, quiet gentleman, who promenaded the streets with an umbrella over his head and a eigar in his mouth, looking into the shop windows with all the fresh interest of a newly arrived tour-ist, could be the ex-President of our republic, the savior of its institutions, and the honored guest of European royalty, staggered all their ideas of how great people ought to behave. I have been told that while General Grant was in Berlin he was very nearly the death of Prince Bis-marck's flunkies by walking round one afternoon to call on the Prince, armed with the indispensable umbrella of European promenading. They nearly swooned when they were called upon to announce to their master the visit of a gentleman who came on foot, alone, and unattended. Yet the General was strictly scrupulous in observing all points of social etiquette during his sojourn in Europe. Only he would not put on airs.

One point that our country people who come broad ought to remember is to treat all persons of the lower classes in France with a certain degree of formal civility. For instance, a French policeman is the politest of human beings when asked for a bit of information about an address or the whereabouts of a public building, and he expects his interlocutor to lift his hat when first accosting him, to address him as monsieur, and to say, "Thanks," when the re-quired information has been given. It is also the custom in France for a gentleman to lift his hat on entering a shop. A party dining at a restaurant will almost invariably be saluted with a bow by the dame du comptoir on leaving the establishment, which bow should be scrupulously establishment, which bow should be scrupulously returned. They are just as punctilious amongst themselves. I hear my servants "mademoiselleing" and "madame-ing" the other servants who bring messages or notes, or who call to see them, with all the politeness of a drawing-room hostess. Yet they are thoroughly respectful to their superiors. It must be a very great social cataclysm that will induce a French servant to address her master or mistress as "you," instead of using the third person. And, withal, they are by no means servile in manner or in feeling any more than

they are forward or familiar. French servants be deprayed or knavish, but they are very seldom impertinent, nor is there any of that "I'm-as-good-as-you-and-a-great-deal-better-too" manner that Bridget learns so quickly how to assume on her arrival in the States. But French servants merit a chapter by themselves, which I mean to give them some day. Meanwhile I will remark en passant that the all-pervading civility and courtesy of the French lower orders add much to the general charm of a residence in France.

I can not say so much for the politeness of the higher classes toward strangers, Americans especially. French gentlemen in particular are apt to lay aside a good deal of their proverbial courtesy in the drawing-rooms of transatlantic colonists. For instance, not long ago a young French society man went to a fancy ball given by an American lady in the dress of a circus clown, and he comported himself throughout the evening in a manner that accorded with his costume. would not have dared to have so dressed and behaved in a French house, but he considered himself authorized to take liberties in an American I am happy to state that this escapade procured for its perpetrator an immediate exclusion from the social circles of the American colony.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CLOTH is the fashionable woollen fabric for street costumes this winter. It is worn in all its varieties, such as the smooth habit cloth called Amazon or lady's cloth, the tricot, which is in small figures like armure, and the rough-finished Cheviots like those worn by gentlemen. The simple and stylish cloth suits made by a tailor are perhaps most in favor, though there are many imported costumes of cloth that are far more showy. The tailor-made suits rely upon their fine fit for their beauty, as they have no trimmings but the usual rows of machine stitching, and some pleating on the bottom of the skirt; later in the winter a border of fur will be placed around the skirt, and a separate collar and cuffs of fur will be added to the coat. For slender ladies the basques of such dresses are made double-breasted, with a single box pleat closely stitched down each front, and one double box pleat in the back. A slit is left open each side of the back, between the middle forms and side forms. A wide stitched belt is strapped on the side seams; there is a slit for a breast pocket, and side pockets also; the collar is Byron shape, and the cuffs are square. If the basque is intended for a full figure the pleats are omitted, and it is a simple postilion basque, single or double breasted, straight around or shorter on the hips, as best suits the wearer's taste. The skirt is cut off about the knee, and box-pleating is added to finish out the length, or else the skirt is entirely plain, with several rows of stitching near the foot, and this is afterward trimmed with a border of fur. The over-skirt is draped permanently on the lower skirt, being sewed in the same belt. This may be the ordinary round apron, or it may be pointed low on one side. The bouffant appearance given many new dresses is not congruous with these suits, and tailors say with pleasure that bustles can not be worn with the costumes they make, as the heavy fabric will weight them down. For very young ladies the newest cloth basque is very short, being only three inches below the waist, and this is often a separate piece sewed to a round waist and curved in the front below the waist line. For the street a coat of cloth is added, and warmly lined. This may be single-breasted, but is most often doublebreasted, and is of medium length, with two box pleats behind. The cloths imported by tailors are of excellent quality, and cost usually \$5 a vard. Eight yards is the average quantity required for a suit. The range of prices for such suits is from \$75 to \$125; with the lowest-priced suits there is no extra coat for the street. Tailors protest against the use of braid and frogs on cloth costumes, but ladies who have their own fancies carried out insist upon having these additions in the way of trimming. The thick tubu-lar braid about a fourth of an inch wide is put around the skirt and over-skirt in parallel rows, and the basque has trefoil trimming of braid across the bust, on the cuffs, the corners of the Byron collar, and on the middle forms of the

Imported cloth costumes are more elaborately draped and trimmed than the stylishly severe suits made to order. Plush is the trimming most used upon these, and this is usually of a contrasting color, and the polonaise is the favorite over-dress for such suits. A long simply shaped polonaise of myrtle or bronze green cloth has double-breasted fronts fastened diagonally by bronze or old silver buttons, and the collar and cuffs are of ombré striped plush shading from écru to green, or else brocaded plush in leaf pattern is used in dark red shades, or perhaps green shades. The skirt is then quite plain, with two great box pleats behind, a cluster of side pleats down the middle of the front, and a wide border at the foot of the plush trimming. The leopardspotted plush is also liked for trimming dark brown, tan-colored, and écru plush suits for young ladies; these youthful-looking dresses have a little pelerine cape of the plush, also a muff, and sometimes a turban. The London suits of cloth have braiding upon them in designs rather too elaborate to suit fastidious tastes, and sometimes cloths of two shades are used in the same costume, the darker shade forming the principal parts of the costume, and stitched bands, pleatings, collar, cuffs, and pockets, answering for trimming, are made of the lighter shade. Blocks, stripes, and small checks of Cheviots are chosen by young ladies for their cloth suits, and in these



the Prussian blue shades are very fashionable, also the copper reds, seal brown trimmed with green, or the opposite of this-green cloth with brown plush accessories-and finally the mustard and olive shades of Cheviot with dark garnet plush, or else sapphire blue or myrtle green.

CHILDREN'S CLOTH COSTUMES.

Cloth is also the fashionable material for the woollen dresses made for misses and small girls. It is used principally for the upper part of handsome suits—that is, for the basque front and princesse back—and the skirt is of plush or of velvet. Watered silk is also combined with cloth in children's imported suits, and with such nice effect that it dispels the fancy that moirés are dowager stuffs, fit only for elderly ladies. The peacock blue and green cloths, dark garnet shades, sapphire blue, or seal brown, and the checked Cheviots showing contrasting colors, such as brown with red, or tan with blue, make very stylish dresses for misses and small girls. fancy for pleated skirts is conspicuous in girls' dresses; some of these are in side pleats all around; others have only eight or ten box pleats, with spaces between to form the entire skirt, and still others of rich plush or velvet are similar to boys' kilts, with the fronts plain and smooth, while the back has several pleats all turned one way, or it may be the two great box pleats now so much used for massing the back fullness. The cloth over-dress has most often a basque front, with the back of the basque extended to form drapery low on the skirt beneath it. Sometimes the regular panier scarf drapery is set on the front and sides of the basque, and this is tied behind in the popular large bow with two drooping long loops and two wide ends. In other cases the over-dress is a little panier polo-naise, with the fullness of the hips cut in one the corsage, and the back draped in Marguérite fashion, and very bouffant. For simple Cheviot dresses for school and every-day wear the skirt is a side-pleated kilt sewed to a yoke, and the waist is a box-pleated hunting jacket with stitched pleats and belt like those described Among the handsome imported suits for a girl

of fourteen years is a peacock blue cloth over-dress, with a basque front and princesse back, while the skirt is of brown and blue plush in stripes an inch and a half wide; three narrow pleatings of brown satin are around the foot. The basque has a collar of the striped plush pointed very low in front, and the space about the neck is filled in with a guimpe of brown and blue moiré silk. A green cloth dress has a skirt of ombré striped gray plush, with the lengthwise stripes of such deep pile that the skirt appears to be laid in pleats. Another fancy combines three materials, such as cloth, velvet, and moiré, in a young girl's dress. This is prettily shown in a seal brown suit, with the skirt of cloth laid in box pleats two and a half inches broad, with the same space between the pleats, and down this space is moiré ribbon nearly wide enough to con-ceal the cloth beneath. This ribbon is caught up in five lapping loops at the foot. On the back of this skirt, cloth is bouffantly draped from the belt to the foot; the basque is of velvet, single-breasted, with a moiré collar and guimpe, and its only trimming is buttons and mock button-holes A stylish dress in contrasts of color has checked brown and red Cheviot for the basque front and princesse back, with a skirt of bottle green moiré. The length added to the back of this basque to give it a princesse effect is formed by two great box pleats-quadruple pleats-lined throughout to make them heavy and bouffant. Moiré guimpes are on many of these dresses, and are either smooth like plastrons, and pointed like vests, or else they are as full as blouses, and are shirred at the top, with sometimes standing frills

For small girls from four to eight years of age the dark red, green, or blue cloth dresses, also those of mixed tweeds and Cheviots, are made in a single piece, forming a loose princesse dress, and this may be worn in the street as a walking coat over white dresses, or else it may serve as a house dress without the usual white dress beneath. In many of these the broad English back forms are used to a short distance below the waist line, kilt pleats are then added for a skirt. a sash of Surah is draped at the top of the pleats extending across from the under-arm seams, and the fronts are quite loose, with long revers from neck to foot turned back, covered with plush, neck to loot turned back, covered with plush, and showing an inner vest of moiré the entire length of the dress. This is pretty when made of garnet cloth with old gold moiré vest and pale blue plush revers; or else of dark green cloth orone and animed Other princesse cloth suits have a velvet voke. with the cloth stitched in flat pleats to this yoke. The Louis XVII. cloth suits of claret-color are very pretty with a blouse front or guimpe of white Surah, and pockets, collars, etc., of white embroidery or of Irish point lace. An excellent idea for children's cloth dresses is to have them lightly wadded throughout, lined with thin silk, and this wadded silk is tacked or quilted on the wrong side. This gives warmth without clumsiness. Sometimes the skirt of cloth suits is of satin Surah, and only the skirt is quilted; the quilting must not show on the right side. Then above this is the basque with box-pleated princesse back, and a little apron of cloth is added in front, and caught up in many curved wrin-kles high on each side. Tricot cloth princesse with many horizontal rows of tubular gilt braid are very popular for small childreneither girls or boys-and are made in dark red, blue, or green shades. For every-day wear are ready-made flannel dresses for very small children. Dark blue is the standard color for these, but green and brown are also shown. These are laid in box pleats from the neck down to a sash which is placed very low, or else to bias basquelike pieces that are set on the hips; they cost from \$3 upward for sizes suitable for girls of three or four years.

CHILDREN'S WRAPS.

The wraps for such small people are Mother Hubbard cloaks made of warm cloths and English tweeds, faced with plush of a contrasting color, and tied with gay ribbons. dark cloths, with fleecy wrong side of a gay color, made up in very simply shaped walking coats double-breasted, with two box pleats behind, and two deep collars of plush, with square pockets and cuffs, also of plush. English mixed tweeds and Cheviots with dark red plush collars make beautiful little coats of this kind that entirely cover the white dress, or else show merest glimpses of the ruffles on its skirt. The more expensive walking coats are of garnet or sapphire plush warmly wadded, made very plain, single-breasted, and with four side pleats in the middle seam of the back. A deep cape of the plush reaches to the waist line, and is trimmed with white Spanish lace gathered very full, or else with white silk embroidery in open lace-like patterns laid plainly upon the plush.

CHILDREN'S HATS.

Wide-brimmed felt hats, with furry edge on the straight brim, are the choice for small girls who wear their hair banged on the forehead, and with loose flowing locks behind. Soft gray and mode colors are stylish for these hats, and dark red, blue, or green, to match suits, are preferred to white hats. Thick folds of plush, long plumes, or else some short wings, aigrettes, and pompons, are the trimmings; but trimmings are mere matters of caprice or convenience, and the only important matters are that the hat is of large size, that the soft brim is not wired, and that it be worn as far back on the head as will look picturesque, and be becoming to the child's face. tle close cottage caps of velvet, plush, or of lace and muslin warmly lined, are still used. Small boys wear cloth turbans with brims turned up all around and braided, or else the polo cap, or very small Derby hats of felt.

HOSIERY, ETC.

Solid-colored stockings of very dark garnet brown, or blue, as well as black, are used instead of striped hosiery for both boys and girls. The ribbed merino hose are commended for winter. Some of these have double knees that wear well and others have cotton feet that are best for children whose feet perspire when too heavily clad. Buttoned boots without heels are worn by all small children.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; A. T. Stewart & Co.; Lord & Taylor; Stern Brothers; James Mc-CREERY & Co.; and J. LITTER.

PERSONAL.

THE sudden though not unexpected death of Dr. J. G. HOLLAND is a heavy loss, not only to his family and numerous friends, but to New York society at large. For years his charming home in Park Avenue has been the centre of one of the choicest literary circles in the metropolis, where genius outranked wealth and fashion, and where talent backed by moral worth was the best passport to favor. A multitude of people throughout the land who have shared the hospitalities of this mansion will grieve to learn that its portals are closed by death. A delightful host, a genial companion, a sincere friend, a de-voted husband and father, and a pure and highvoted husband and father, and a pure and hightoned man of letters, Dr. HOLLAND won the respect of all who knew him by the sterling qualities of his head and heart. He was the preux chevalier of modern times, a BAYARD sans peur et sans reproche, and the honored record that he leaves behind him will be his friends' best consolation for his loss.

—The apartments of the late Czar in the Winter Palega have never been disturbed until now

—The apartments of the late Czar in the Winter Palace have never been disturbed until now, when a commission has been appointed to attend to his affairs. His family papers will be destroyed, his state papers sent to the archives, and made public only after twenty years. His wardrobe will be distributed among the charitable institutions of which he was a patron. It is understood that his widow is making large investments in America. Mr. EDWARD L. PIERCE, of Boston, who has been travelling in Russia, says that there is a marked resemblance between the present Czar and Justice STANLEY MATpresent Czar and Justice STANLEY MAT-

—By denying themselves the luxury of their tobacco, the convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary have been able to send one hundred dollars to the Michigan sufferers.

-It is said that Mr. ASTOR thinks of building a palace in the upper part of New York city, and that Mr. VANDERBILT already regrets he did not establish himself still farther from the centre of Manhattan.

-At the conclusion of General LEW WAL LACE's presentation to the Sultan last month. coffee was served in small gold cups, without handles, and thickly incrusted with diamonds.

—The engagement is just announced of Miss

—The engagement is just announced of Miss Edwina Booth, daughter of the eminent tragedian Edwin Booth, to Mr. Downing Vaux, the son of the architect Calvert Vaux, and her friend and companion from childhood.

—The savants of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna intend to make Professor Huxley's journey on the Continent a cost of triumphal tour.

the Continent a sort of triumphal tour.

the Continent a sort of triumphal tour.

—CHARLES GOUNOD once told a young artist that as he grew in his art he would grow in his appreciation of the old masters. "At your age," said he, "I used to say, 'I'; at five-and-twenty, 'I and MOZART'; at forty, 'MOZART and I'; now I say only, 'MOZART."

—RUSTEM Pasha, the Governor of Lebanon, to taking measures to present the destruction of

is taking measures to prevent the destruction of the forest of the Cedars of Lebanon, which, owing to the spoliations and carelessness of travellers bivouacking among them, have dwindled from an immense wood to some four hundred

-When the Countess GIULIA MACCHI, the sister of the Pope's maître de chambre, recently took the veil, the toilettes of the guests were

extremely elaborate, in mourning and halfmourning styles. One elderly lady wore silver gray satin, without trimmings, falling in uninterrupted folds into the long train, with fichu of old point de Bruges, and silver gray ostrich tips, and lappets of the same lace; a young girl wore lilac Surah, the skirt in vertical puffs separated by rows of large amethyst beads; a lace cape covered the waist, and the throat trimming was a crêpe lisse ruche under a dog-collar of similar beads.

similar beads.

—Mr. Edward Law, who was drowned in the Schuylkill by the capsizing of his shell, could easily swim two miles in a rough sea, and had saved several lives in the Long Branch surf.

—Professor Beal, at the Michigan Agricultural College, has one thousand different grasses and clovers growing in separate beds.

—Mr. Rossyrep, Lousson ought to write no.

—Mr. Rossters Johnson ought to write nothing but the fashions. He lately describes a dress as of wine-colored serge Sicilienne, looped with pipings of gros grain galloon, cut en traine across the sleeve section; the over-skirt of Pom-padour passementeric shirred on with a striped

padour passementerie shirred on with a striped gore of garnet silk, the corners caught down to form, shells for the heading, and finished off in knife-pleatings of brocaded facing; coiffure, a Maintenon remnant of pelerine blue laced throughout, and crossing at the belt.

—Colonel Türk, in surveying for the canal across the isthmus of Corinth, has decided that the route selected by Nero's engineers is far the best of any, being the shortest, having deep water at each end, and a proper disposition of the slopes.

slopes.

"Heaven was made for those who fail in this life," said the Earl of Carlyle, in a lecture on

life," said the Earl of Carlyle, in a lecture on Pope—a very encouraging creed.

—When M. Waddington, a man of English family and education, and a relative of the Baroness Bunsen, began to address the Queen in French on the occasion of her tarrying in Paris once, "I have heard, Mr. Waddington," said the Queen, in a neat coup de patte, "that you speak English very well."

—Ex-Secretary Robeson is about to build a thirty-thousand dollar house in the northwestern section of Washington city.

ern section of Washington city.

—When Father Brennan met the Bishop of

Emmaus in an omnibus, he congratulated him on his "increase of jurisdiction." The flattered on his "increase of jurisdiction." The flattered prelate thought no less than that he had been made a Cardinal, and that this was the announcement. "Indeed," he said, "I have heard nothing. Have you? Pray what do you mean?" Well, my lord," said Father BRENNAN, "of course I knew you were a bishop 'in partibus," but not until now that you were a bishop 'in omnibus.'"

The silk banner, and the badges of knighthood and of the Garter, recently removed from St. George's Chapel, have been sent to the Earl of Beaconsfield's stall in the chancel of Hugh-

enden church.

—The work on the interior of the Orleans
Club in London is said to be the most strikingly effective of anything of late years in room deco-ration. The designs are those of Dr. Dresser, who is the art adviser of the Art Furnishers' Al-

innee.

—Mr. Elisha Allen, the Hawaiian Minister, owing to longest residence here, since Sir Edward Thornton's departure has become the

dean of the diplomatic corps.

—Father Eugene Vetromile, who is said to have been the only man that translated all the Indian languages, has by his will left a comfortable sum of money for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the Passamaquoddy and Penobact tribes scot tribes

—Among the owners of the pictures of Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, painter in ordinary to the Ice King, are the Earl of Grosvenor, Baron Edmund De Rothschild, Mr. John Mackay, and Mr. Henry VILLARD.

—When Mr. BOUCICAULT asked Mr. OSCAR

—When Mr. BOUCICAULT asked Mr. OSCAR WILDE how long he was going to play his eccentric rôle, the poet and æsthete replied that he could hardly afford to drop it under three years.

—A fine instance of the oppression of tenants by landlords has been lately given by the Duke of Hamilton, in Arran, a tract of land some twenty miles long by twelve broad, with unexampled want of church accommodation. When the Presbytery of Kilmarnock applied for permission to purchase land for a church and manse, the duke took twelve months to reply, and then reduke took twelve months to reply, and then re-fused the permission. The duke is a notorious rack-renter.

—Although considerably past seventy, Mr. GLADSTONE has just now, for the first time, put

on spectacles.

—It is idle to say that the average length of hu-—It is idle to say that the average length of human life is not increasing, when we have such instances as that of Mr. Charles L. Webb, of Mexico, Otsego County, New York, who is one of a family of nine, all living, whose united ages make six hundred and seventy-one years.

—The only mark of age about Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in spite of his seventy-two many is a slight deafness.

years, is a slight deafness.

—The monument which Mrs. BAYARD TAYLOR

is about to erect to her noble and great husband is a circular Greek altar, bearing a lamp and flame on the top, and bronze medallion on one

side.

—Dean Stanley used to say that until his marriage he had never really lived.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is writing her memoirs, in what they call seclusion, at the Schloss Arenenberg, assisted by a half-dozen journalists.

One of the porters at Trinity College, Dublin, is the son of a peer, fallen and disinherited.

TOURGUÉNEPE is said to be avacadinal.

—Toursquémerr is said to be exceedingly good-natured. His house in Paris is open to any literary aspirant, and large drafts are made upon his time and purse by their ambition and

impecuniosity.
—Mr. Henry Irving has received the Knight Cross of the Ducal Saxe-Ernestine House from Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, on account

of his services to dramatic art.

—A first-class seaman in the reserve squadron of the British navy, having been reduced to the second class for some misdemeanor, lately, when second class for some misdemeanor, lately, when another man was drowning, jumped overboard and saved his life. His captain begged the Admiralty to reward him by restoring him to his rank, but the Admiralty decided that that sort of pluck afforded no grounds for promotion. With such opinions in the Admiralty, we are afraid Britannia will not rule the sea forever.

—Mr. Evarts is a man of ready wit. Some one telling in his presence the story of a colored man driving up to the corner grocery with his single bale of cotton, and after questioning as to

whether he had grown and picked and cleaned that cotton all himself, being obliged to set up congratulatory drinks for the party, "Well," said Mr. Evarts, "that was a shame, to make him gin his cotton twice."

—JENNY LIND is now sixty years old.
—Signor FILIPPI, who is competent authority, —Signor Filippi, who is competent authority, declares that the newly discovered opera, R Duca d'Alba, is entirely composed and instrumentized by DONIZETTI, and left ready for representation.

—At the funeral services of Mr. Henry F. Durant, the founder and endower of Wellesley Col-

RANT, the founder and endower of Wellesley College, the chapel was filled with flowers, the offerings of the various classes, palm leaves hung
over the reader's desk, and all the students wore
black, with bunches of wild flowers.

—Mr. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS ("Uncle Remus") is described as a small man, a little past
thirty, with unruly red hair and mustache,
freekled face. receding chin, and twinkling laugh-

freckled face, receding chin, and twinkling laugh-

ing eyes.

—Mrs. Henry Harding, a colored lady, recently delayed a train at Nashville forty-five minutes because she was not allowed in the car with white folks, and she has sued the railroad company for twenty-five thousand dollars.

—Mrs. Langtry's seclusion is said to be ow-

ing, not to any loss of beauty or princely favor, but to grief for the loss of her brother, who has died in India from injuries inflicted by a man-

eating tiger.

—In Mr. Worth's country house is a very large and well-kept aviary. "When I am at a loss for a new idea in color blending," says the great dressmaker, "I go and watch my birds, and find it."

and find it."

—The recent purchase by Mr. Briggs, a fruit-grower of Davisville, California, of paper for the lining of two hundred and fifty thousand raisin boxes, shows an interesting feature of our national growth and prosperity.

—Mr. Annan, of Glasgow, took, a week or two ago, in the Earnlock Colliery of Lanarkshire, Scotland, what were probably the first photographs ever taken under-ground.

—A great resemblance is pronounced to exist, both in physical appearance and in nature, be-

A great resemblance is pronounced to exist, both in physical appearance and in nature, between the Norwegian poet BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON and the Italian actor Rossi.

—Mr. W. M. W. Call, who has written an article on "George Eliot, her Life and Writings," in the Westminster Review, was one of George Eliot's early and late friends, and his wife, a daughter of the late Dr. Brabant, began at one time to translate Strauss's Leben Jesu, which work was afterward given over to her relebrated work was afterward given over to her celebrated riend to finish.

On the day after President Garrield's death

—On the day after Fresident Garrield's death
the London Times wore mourning for a foreigner for the first time in its existence.

—The great old tenor Mario is visiting his
daughter in London.

—The Schiller Prize of one thousand thalers

in gold, and a gold medal worth one hundred more, founded by the Emperor William when Prince Regent, for the best work of dramatic poetry in the space of three years, is to be awarded on the anniversary of Schiller's birth-

day.

—Two splendid mosques are to be built by the Greek government, one at Athens and one at Corfu, for King George's Mohammedan sub-

-Unless some means are adopted for preserving the monument of GRACE DARLING, in Barn borough church-yard, England, it will soon be entirely destroyed.

—Mr. J. T. TROWBRIDGE was born in Roches-

Mr. J. T. TROWBRIDGE was born in Rochester, and is fifty-three years old. His prose is written as fast as he thinks; but he composes his poems before writing them down, although in the proof he revises them carefully.
 Franz Liszt is dangerously ill with dropsy at Weimar. The amateurs and pianists of Boston are talking about a celebration of his seventiath birthday.

tieth birthday. -There is now on exhibition at the Institute

—There is now on exhibition at the Institute Fair, in Boston, the flag of the rebel cruiser the Alabama, accompanied by a letter from Captain SEMMES certifying to its genuineness.

—A hundred signatures have been cut out of

the correspondence of General Anthony Wayne, in the State Normal School of Pennsylvania, by thievish autograph collectors. It gets to be dis-

There are still standing in New York city the thirteen trees planted in his garden, in honor of the thirteen States of the Union, by ALEXAN-

of the thirteen States of the Union, by AlexanDER HAMILTON.

—A ring of large emeralds and brilliants, now
in the possession of the Berkeley family of
England, and which once belonged to the renowned Admiral Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL,
drowned off the Scilly Islands in his war ship in
1707, has quite a history. An old woman once
confessed to her pastor on her death-bed that
she found the admiral exhausted on the shore,
and killed him for the plunder.

—Opinions differ. The destruction of the tomb
of SIDI Sheik by the French colonel Negrier
is approved in Algeria, and a sword of honor is
to be given to that officer, while outside the
colony it is thought that the desecration of a
shrine held in veneration by the whole Moham-

shrine held in veneration by the whole Mohammedan world is a wanton and fool-hardy deed.

—When Mrs. Maria Jefferson Eppes Shine called at the White House, some little time ago, she carried with her the medal awarded her grandfather, Thomas Jefferson, by the Continental Congress, for drawing up the Declaration of Independence, which is a little larger than the silver dollar of to-day.

—The eastern window in the Channing Memorial Church at Newport is raised to the memorial Church

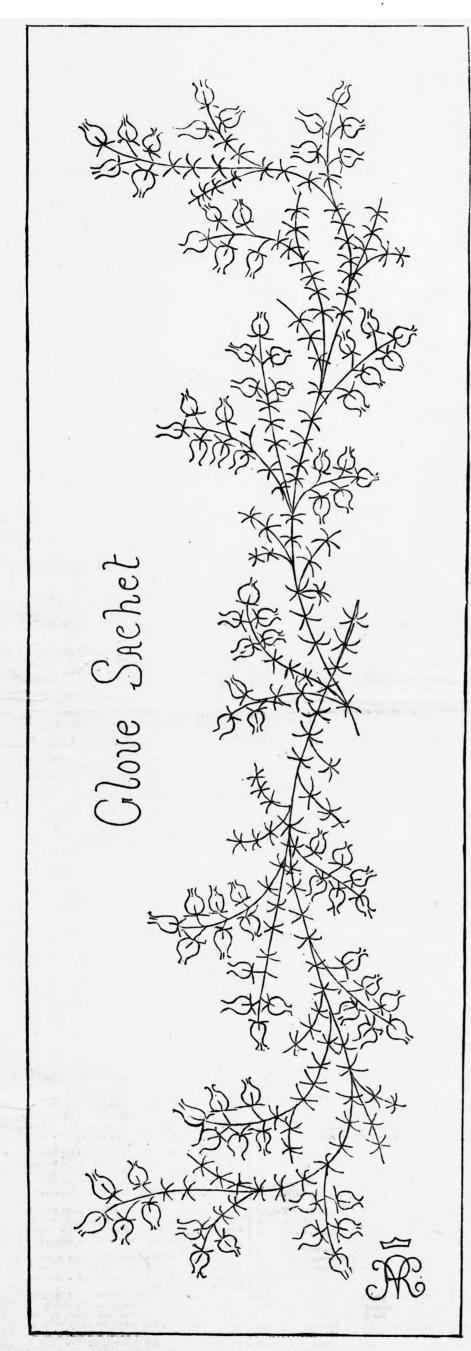
ry of Barnabas Barnes, who was chiefly instrumental in the introduction of cheap postage in America, by his daughter, Mrs. SIMONETTE, of

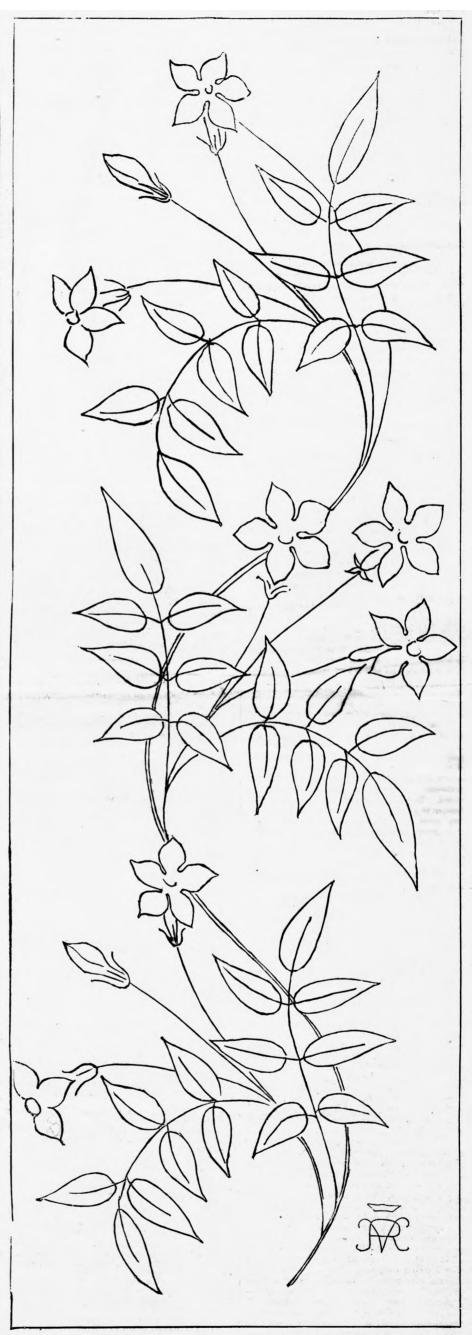
-Commemorative tablets have been affixed by the municipality of Venice to the houses in which famous Venetian travellers once dwelt, SEBASTIAN CABOT, ANTONIO ZENO, and MARCO POLO.

—The grave of Mrs. General Butler is marked by a faultless draped urn, in polished Scotch granite, designed by her daughter Blanche, who is an artist of merit.

—ABDUL HASSAN BEY, secretary of legation

—ABDUL HASSAN BEY, secretary of legation from Egypt, wrote his name in the album of Mrs. CHARLES H. MERRILL, of Andover, New Hampshire, while her guest, in eight different languages, using as many different alphabets, one being the hieroglyphic writing of old Egypt, and presented Mr. MERRILL with a mummy of an Egyptian princess of the house of RAMESES II., nearly contemporary with ABRAHAM.





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YELLOW JASMINE BORDER PATTERN.—FULL SIZE.
FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.—[SEE PAGE 709.]

Peacock Feather Design for Lawn Tennis Aprons, etc.

This border is perhaps one of the most popular among the many supplied by the Royal School, as it can be applied to many articles of dress, and in many colors. It is very seldom worked in its true coloring, but is arbitrarily made of, say, three shades of bluegray, or peacock blue, or Indian red, or terra cotta. The thick centre is colored in the two darkest shades, the darkest in the middle, and the feathery lines are worked in the lightest, a similar number on each side of the centre; that is, there is no pretense at following the coloring and form of the natural feather closely, but only the idea of it is given. Very small single eyes are powdered over children's dresses and aprons; long feathers in bunches of three or four are placed in the corners of table-covers, and they look particularly well in terra cotta on cream satin sheeting.

Heather Designs for Glove and Handkerchief Sachets.

See design for Glove Sachet on page 708.

This is one of the new flower designs at the Royal School, and is applied to many different purposes. The flowers are worked in white, stems in brown, silks on dark red or olive green satin. It is effective, and quickly done.

Yellow Jasmine Border Pattern.

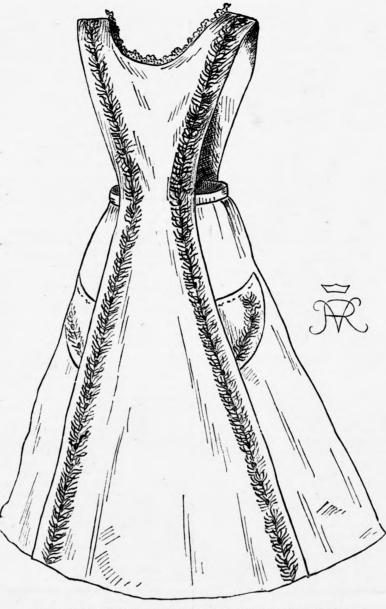
See illustration on page 708.

The yellow jasmine, with pale green leaves and yellow stars, can also be given with white blossoms, if they accord better with the background chosen. The design is useful for many purposes, such as table and buffet covers, small valances, brackets, dresses, etc., etc. It is easily worked, and extremely effective.

POSSIBILITIES OF WINDOW GARDENING.

Like many others of the ornamental arts, window gardening has doubtless made vast strides during the past twenty years; yet much as has already been done, more lies within our reach. We can scarcely be said to have begun to think for ourselves; we are all too apt to follow the stereotyped plans of furnishing florists, for as each season comes round and brings with it a certain variety of plants in bloom, these make their appearance in the shops, and afterward are distributed throughout the sitting-rooms of the flower-loving community.

Amateurs—employing the word as meaning enthusiasts—who cultivate plants from a pure love of the occupation, might, however, by the exercise of a little thought, and some attentive study of the subject, conceive something fresh in artistic window gardening, and thus inaugurate a new and more varied style of



PEACOCK FEATHER DESIGN FOR LAWN TENNIS APRONS, ETC.
FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

in-door plant decoration. In general, a good effect is lost by not making sufficient use of masses of foliage. This is especially the case during winter; yet there are numbers of plants that would flourish, even in a sitting-room window, all through the dreary months of December, January, and February; and should March, with its wealth of bloom, find them a little masses they could be set aside for a season of rest.

For this purpose we have found hardy ferns excellent; periodical and ample watering and washing have not only kept them in health and freshness, but even induced the growth of new fronds. And here let us remark upon the vital importance to the plants of judicious watering. In dry weather, when watering is a very important matter, it should be borne in mind that a good soaking once a week or so—a soaking that penetrates thoroughly, the water finding its way to every part of the root of the plant—is most beneficial, but that watering a little every day or so, giving homoeopathic doses, is an operation much better left alone, for much more harm than good is likely to result from such a practice, inasmuch as watering in such quantity as to moisten the surface only causes growth of fibres near the top, the slight moisture not being sufficient to nourish them, but, on the contrary, the young tender growth of fibres being within reach of the burning sun, must result in exhaustion to the plant. Water, therefore, should at all times be administered with a liberal hand, that it may soak and percolate through thoroughly, as a long shower of rain will do, and the growth of roots will be promoted and encouraged in their natural position, going deeper after the nourishment they affect, and they will thus be enabled to withstand any occasional neglect.

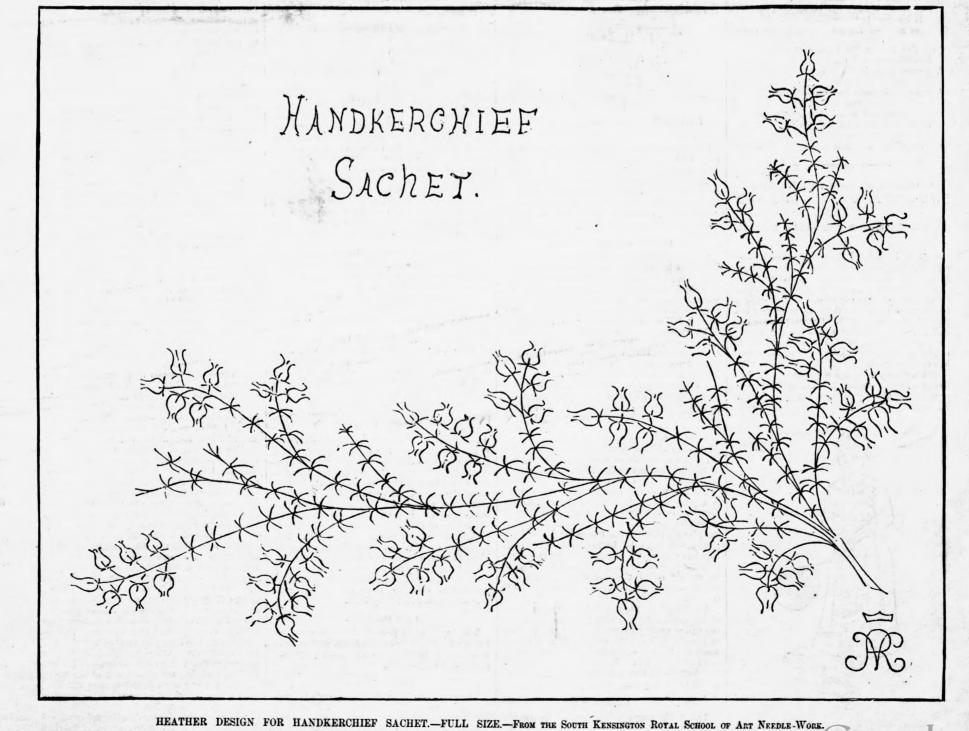
be enabled to withstand any occasional neglect.

The Ficus elastica, or India rubber, prince of window plants, is so well known and generally grown that it seems scarcely necessary to refer to it, except to say that in grouping plants for the window we have found two, three, or more young plants much more useful than the tall specimens so commonly seen in rooms.

Begonias are a host in themselves; the form and color of the leaves are so beautiful and so various that, with a number of these easily cultivated and handsome plants, we could scarcely be said to miss blossoms summer or winter; in flower or out of flower, the plants are always pretty and highly ornamental.

In all seasons and at all times foliage should form

In all seasons and at all times foliage should form the pièce de résistance of a window garden. In nature we nowhere find, save perhaps during the time of fruit blossom, the flowers exceeding the foliage in bulk and importance. Taking nature as our guide, we should always keep a prevailing tint of green; it is cool and refreshing to the eye, and a fitting and advantageous background for the flowers. These latter need not be very numerous; they may be small in number, but great in effect; they should be like the plums in the Christmas pudding, the crowning flavor, as it were, the bonnes bouches, not the solid foun-



dation. As an instance of the necessity of a due proportion of foliage and flowers to obtain a pleasing effect, we may cite a window which came under our notice last season. In it were at least fifty hyacinths in full bloom. To say the coup d'cil was not so good, is speaking quite within bounds; all idea of gardenesque effect was entirely lost; the bulbs were growing in old-fashioned hyacinth glasses, these being staged on a wooden stand of tiers of straight dark green boards. Taking the bulbs separately, many of the flowers were extremely fine, but on the whole the effect was not pretty; in fact, at a distance of a few paces the whole thing looked no better than a collection of the paper flowers now so much in vogue. A little artistic arrangement with plants of full foliage and graceful habit would have rendered this window a very bower of beauty.

rendered this window a very bower of beauty.

A goodly show of flowers and foliage in a sitting-room window during midwinter is a consummation devoutly to be wished for, but seldom attained. In considering the suitability of plants for window culture, we must regard them not only with reference to their hardiness as bearing a lesser or greater degree of heat, but also as to their capabilities for growing under adverse circumstances as respects light and atmosphere. As a general rule, no plants will grow in a room where two or three gas-burners are lit every night. They will when in full bloom beautify the place for a short time, but before many days have passed, their fading flowers and foliage will compel the removal of the plants altogether. Where gas is largely consumed, window gar-dening should not be attempted, or should, at any rate, be limited to that description which consists in filling the windows with plants in full flower, and replacing them with fresh ones directly they become unsightly.

COURTSHIP.

Ir chanced, they say, upon a day,
A furlong from the town,
That she was strolling up the way
As he was strolling down—
She humming low, as might be so,
A ditty sweet and small;
He whistling loud a tune, you know,
That had no tune at all.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know

As I and you perhaps might do,
They gazed upon the ground;
But when they'd gone a yard or two,
Of course they both looked round.
They both were pained, they both explained
What caused their eyes to roam;
And nothing after that remained
But he should see her home.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

Next day to that 'twas common chat,
Admitting no debate,
A bonnet close beside a hat
Was sitting on a gate.
A month, not more, had bustled o'er,
When, braving nod and smile,
One blushing soul came through the door
Where two went up the aisle.
It happened so—precisely so—
As all their friends and neighbors know.

[Continued from page 698, No. 44, Vol. XIV.]

THE ART AND SKILL OF LAWN

TENNIS.

BY A MEMBER OF PRINCE'S CLUB, LONDON.

II.

5. Back Underhand Stroke.—Posture of feet, right forward, left back. Hold the racket long. In both these strokes the body should be slightly turned in the act of striking, so as to throw its whole weight into the blow. The difficulty is not so much in making them as in getting into the right position in time. For this purpose it is well to practice numbers 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, getting some one to serve or pitch the ball to you, so as to play these strokes over and over again till they can be played perfectly. By this means the player is not clumsy when the stroke has to be played in the game. As none of these occur frequently in games, they are not learned by beginners. Hence many a lost score.



BACK UNDERHAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAGE.

6 and 7. Forward Play Overhand and Underhand.—These also are useful strokes when a ball twists unexpectedly to the left, so as to come straight at the striker. For the overhand, hold the racket short, and for the underhand, long—thus:



FORWARD PLAY UNDERHAND.

8. Back Stroke.—This is a very difficult stroke, and when well played commands great applause. Sometimes a ball twists so suddenly and unexpectedly that the player has no time to change over for a back-handed stroke. In that case, pass the racket behind the back, and take the ball thus:



BACK STROKE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH

Some players, instead of playing the back stroke or back-handed, change the racket to the left hand. Left-handed persons can do this with advantage. After each stroke the player should get back to the centre of his court, say about two feet behind the service line, unless he finds his opponent driving swift returns, in which case he should get back to the base line.

VOLLEYS AND HALF-VOLLEYS.

So far we have dealt with strokes which take the hall on the bound. The volley is where it is struck before the pitch. In volleying, the racket should be held short, and the most general stroke is the forward play overhand. A movement of three or four inches with the racket is enough, because the ball, coming full on, possesses its own momentum, which is returned plus the force of the stroke. The great art in volleying is to cut the ball down. If you strike upward, it is sure to go out of court. There are two styles of volley play—volleying at the net and on the service line. At the net is the easiest and most hazardous. It is rarely adopted by good players in two-handed games, because the answer to it is so simple. It is only to lob the ball up over the player's head, in which case it is almost impossible for him to get back to it. If, however, a cut, serve, or return is played up wind, and seems to hang and fall very near the net, a smart player may reach it while still in the air, from the service line, and cut it down into the adversary's court.

The best place to cut such a ball down is either

The best place to cut such a ball down is either in a place distant from where the adversary is standing, or exactly at his feet. No return is so perplexing to play as one that comes dead on the player's feet. It can be neither volleyed nor played, but must be half-volleyed. The half-volley is playing the ball near the ground when it is just pitching or has just bounded. It is not improperly called the stroke of despair, and should never be played when any other stroke is feasible.

Volleying from the service line is the great art of the game, combined with placing. It returns the ball so swiftly that the adversary has no time to pose himself for the stroke. If it is out of reach of the spot where he happens to stand, it is all over with him. Most volleys at the service line have to be played forward play underhand, as the ball is beginning to drop.

PLACING.

This is the strong rôle in tennis. It consists in playing the ball where the adversary can not

take it, or tiring him out by keeping him on the run till he misses. Let us explain this from the non-server point of view. The first serve is always from the right hand to the opposite right-hand court. The striker-out takes it and returns into the left court close to the net. This gives the adversary a quick run to take it, and leaves him on the left line of the court. The non-server will then try and drive the ball to the base line close to the right corner, and so keep his adversary running backward and forward till he misses. The more you give him to do with the difficulty of taking his own balls, the less he will be able to think how to puzzle you.

FORWARD AND BACK PLAY.

We shall have to speak more of this when dealing with four-handed games, but for single-handed games, forward play, though it appears more brilliant, and wins more applause, is in reality more hazardous. By all ordinary players games are more generally won off an opponent's defaults than by clever strokes. Besides, long rallies are more interesting and better exercise than scores of one or two strokes on either side. The safest play is well back, and drive as near your adversary's base line as you can without going out of court.

FOUR-HANDED GAMES.

On a reference to the plan of the court given in our last, the reader will observe the dotted lines. These represent the space added to the court for a four-handed game. The serves, however, must be in the courts as laid for a single-handed game. The service line, it may be observed, has been brought one foot nearer the net than in our diagram of last year. This has been done to prevent swift high serving from carrying everything before it.

In four-handed games a great deal depends on the skill with which partners supplement one another's play. It is best for the non-serving partner to "stand up" nearer the net in the other half of the court, but not too near—say about the service line. In the right-hand half he should stand near the half-court line, and in the left-hand near the left line, so as to play a four-handed game as much as possible. He should not try to volley every ball. In fact, whenever a ball comes neatly over, pitching near the service line, he should leave it to his partner in the rear.

When the partners are strikers-out, the position will depend more on the nature of the serves. Swift serves bring swift returns, and tend to keep all parties busy near the base line. Slow serves provoke lobs and slow returns, and bring the players nearer together. It is better for one player to be forward and the other back, as then they do not interfere with one another. In such a case it is better for the back player to cry out to his partner when he sees he can best take a ball, as, "I've got it," or "Leave." The back player should always support his partner, and be ready to take a ball missed by him, especially in twisting balls. Partners in tennis, as in business, are one in the eye of the law. If one touches the ball, the other can not take it. If either strikes at a ball which falls out of court, it counts against the side.

The two players should divide the play between them somewhat in this fashion: The one standing up should endeavor to puzzle the adversaries, while the back player should give his attention chiefly to returning the balls. Two inferior players, accustomed to play together, will often beat superior opponents by the unity of their action. (Memorandum.—The forward player should leave every stroke his partner can play, and should only strike when he sees he can do so effectually, or when the ball would not reach his partner.)

There are one or two questions constantly arising in tennis which it may be as well to answer here.

1. If a ball touches the net in passing over, and falls in the right side, does it count?—Answer. Yes, except in a serve. In that case it is a "let," and is not reckoned as a fault.

2. In a four-handed game, if one partner strikes at a ball and misses it, can his partner afterward take it?—Yes, if not touched. If touched, it is a dead ball.

8. May a player volley a ball before it has passed the net?—He must not touch the net; if he does so, it counts against him. Otherwise he may strike where he likes.

4. If a ball falls out of court at which the player has struck, but not touched, how does it count?

—It counts in favor of the player who has missed

ELEGANCE OF PLAY.

Natural grace is not to be acquired. It is born in the individual, and can not be learned. Still, grace may be cultivated. For a lady the element of clothes comes in, and the less free motion of the limbs limited by the skirts. In traversing the court, try to do so with a swift gliding step rather than a run. Be careful about the position of the feet, and before striking throw the weight of the body on the back foot, and in striking transfer it to the forward foot. This will throw the weight of the body into the stroke. The left hand may be placed open on the hip. Do not whirl or wave the racket in play. The safest strokes are those which are made from the shoulder or wrist. It is no use attempting to play in a dress tied tightly back.

SLIPS AND FALLS.

The way to avoid these is always to wear proper shoes. To play tennis on a nice lawn in heels is an act of sacrilege for which the player deserves anything he gets.

WINTER TENNIS.

The game may be played all through the winter, under cover. The armories of New York and Brooklyn and other towns afford excellent courts. A hard polished floor does not give the

same opportunity for twists and serves as turf, and less force should be put into the strokes.

WIND.

In open-air play the court should be laid out with the wind up and down. As the players change courts every set, it is fair to both. In playing down wind play softly, and up wind play hard. Cuts are more easy down wind.

SEA-SIDE TENNIS.

Many players at the sea-side have a difficulty in finding ground. They should know that a good hard sand forms the very best ground. At Dinan, in Brittany, much frequented by Americans, as many as fifteen nets may be seen pitched on the sand in an afternoon.

THE END.

(Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 16, Vol. XIV.) THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOR," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TIDED OVER

CHESNEY MANOR had no great architectural beauty to boast of; the oid house lacked the stateliness which so fitly distinguisned the cidevant Charlecote Chase. It was a long, low, rambling building, originally of not more than half its present dimensions, and to which several successive owners had added, each according to his own requirements and his own taste. The result was a roomy, comfortable, unaccountable sort of a house, with hap-hazard doors, quaint and independent windows, and unexpected staircases. The prevailing tint of the house was gray, but the walls were almost concealed by climbing plants, and the wide terrace on which it stood was divided from the park and the lake by a balustrade of red brick with a wide coping, and entirely covered by a luxuriant Virginia creeper, which was famous in all that part of the country. The park was extensive and effectively laid out, and the gardens were large and of the old-fashioned order. The manor was essentially a quiet place; there was nothing precisely shabby about the house or its furniture, but neither was there anything new or fashionable; an air of staidness and order pervaded the place, and the stability of a family firmly fixed in the respect of the people seemed to be conveyed by the physiognomy of Chesney Manor.

the physiognomy of Chesney Manor.

Mrs. Masters was so happy to find herself in her old home again, surrounded by the soulless things that were so full of meaning and memory to her, and in the society of her brother, to whom she was strongly attached, that she cheered up as she had never expected to do during her dreaded separation from her husband. There were many old places and old friends to visit; she and John would have much to go back upon together; the memory of the past and the dead was dear to them both. Her brother was little changed during her long absence. No one had come to occupy the place she had left vacant in the old familiar rooms where she and John had passed their childhood. She would have been at Chesney Manor a month sooner but for the troublesome accident that had detained her in Paris. and kept Mr. Warrender with her. She felt envious of the good fortune of her children and their governess, who had been sent on in advance, and had enjoyed all the early autumnal beauty which she was too late to see in its perfection.

The largest and the handsomest room in Mr. Warrender's house was the library; his books were the treasures that he most highly prized, and as the taste was hereditary, they were nobly lodged. The four lofty windows on the ground-floor to the left of the wide portico of the main entrance belonged to the library, which occupied a similar extent in the left angle of the house. From the front window a beautiful view of the park and the lake was to be had; those of the side looked into a smooth bowling-green, with a fine orchard beyond it, and an intervening settlement of bee-hives.

In winter and summer alike the library was a cheerful room, and in it we find Mrs. Masters installed one day, very shortly after her arrival at Chesney Manor, and in confidential conversation with her children's governess. The latter is a young lady of youthful but grave aspect, with beautiful gray eyes, in which there is a very attractive mingling of trustfulness and timidity, a very fair complexion, just a little too pale for complete beauty, and a slender graceful figure. She is seated by the side of Mrs. Masters's couch, which is drawn up close to one of the front windows; a small squat Algerian table stands at her feet, covered with papers, and she holds with both her hands a large photograph, at which she is looking with eyes dimmed by tears. Sweet and grateful tears they are, for this girl, on whose youthfulness a shadow of gravity has fallen, is Helen Rhodes, and the photograph in her hands represents her father's tomb in the English burying-ground at Chundrapore. Into the safe haven Mrs. Masters's protection, extended with glad and generous alacrity, has the orphan daughter of the English chaplain, whose last deliberate act was one of compassion, been brought. The pa-pers before her have just reached Mrs. Masters from Chundrapore, and she is telling Helen how she had written to her after the death of Herbert Rhodes, inclosing the photograph of the tomb, but had not had any acknowledgment, and how, after a long interval, the packet had been return-

ed through the post-office.

"He knew Miss Jerdane's address," continued
Mrs. Masters, "and I wrote to you at the Hill

Hosted by GOOGLE

House. It would have been wiser to have addressed my letter to the care of the lawyer, but I did not think of that. Miss Jerdane had, of course left England before my letter reached the Hill House, and nobody there knew anything about you. They naturally refused to take it in, and so it was returned to me. Colonel Masters and I were very much distressed about it, and I always intended to apply to the lawyers on my arrival in London."
"You mean papa's lawyers, Messrs. Simpson

& Rees, who sent me his letters?" said Helen. "They did not know anything about me. I think I did write to them once, when I was in Paris, but not to tell them anything, only to ask a ques-

tion."
"So that I should have failed again. When I heard the good news, by what some people, I suppose, would call an accident, from Madame Morrison. I wrote at once to ask Colonel Masters to send me the photograph and the letter, and now, after many days, you have them.'

"The one as precious as the other. I have so much to thank you for that I am unable to thank you at all. How well I remember the vain longing I used to feel to see some one who had known my father, and how I wished that I had gone out to Chundrapore, even when it would have been too late, for the sake of that! To think that I did not even know your name!"

"And that I might never have found you—that

I might have passed alongside of you and missed you, as Gabriel missed Evangeline, if it had not been that my brother chanced to come in while Madame Morrison was with me, and asked her about the pretty young lady whom he had seen rehearsing'; for of course you know, Helen, he had no notion of what you were really doing, but took you for a bride-elect."

"It was a fortunate day for me," said Helen, striving to hide the trouble into which she was thrown by Mrs. Masters's words, which the speaker felt to be thoughtless as soon as she had uttered them; "I can never merit the happy fate it has brought me."

She spoke in a tone of simple conviction, and Mrs. Masters, looking at her attentively, saw peace and serenity in her face.

"That is a healed heart," she said to herself;
"and what an innocent one!"
"Oh yes, you can," said she, aloud and briskly.

"You are an excellent friend for the children, and a dutiful elder daughter to me already; and my dear, how like your father you are sometimes

Not always."

Here Mrs. Masters raised herself on her couch, and looked out of the window in the direction of

the park.
"I see my brother and the children," she said. "They are going to the hazel copse, no doubt. How strong they grow in the English air!"

"They were so well while you were away!" said elen. "Not even nurse could make out that

Maggie was pale or Maud 'dawny,' as she says."
"By-the-bye," said Mrs. Masters, settling down
again among her cushions, "I wonder whether nurse thought it odd that you did not go outside

the grounds after the accident to Tippoo Sahib."
"I don't think so; the grounds are so large, and the village is so dull, and every other place is beyond a walk. I thought it was the only safety."

Helen said this in an anxious, questioning tone. "Of course it was. You were quite right. If I had had the least notion of who was at Horndean, I should not have sent you to England be-fore me; but I had not. I have been so long away, and my brother is so silent about his neighbors' affairs—indeed, so unobservant of them—that I did not know, and he did not tell me anything about the people there. I remember Mr. Horndean, a quiet, stiff old gentleman, with his risen-from-the-ranks look and manner, and I remember a magnificent Miss Lorton, who barely condescended to recognize my existence in the old time before Colonel Masters appeared on the scene; but I never heard of her after I left England, or if I did I had quite forgotten; and when Madame Morrison told me the story of your being taken up by a friend of your father's, and made so miserable by the man's wife, it never occurred to me that Mrs. Townley Gore was the Miss Lorton of my former acquaintance, and that you could be placed in any difficulty by living at Chesney Manor. It was not until you wrote and told me of the state of the case that I heard of old Mr. Horndean's death. Mr. Warrender never mentioned it, and neither he nor I know anything of Mr. Lorton. But I am not sure, unless you had objected very strongly yourself, that we should have thought it a reason why you should not come to Chesney. We have always agreed with be formally reconciled with Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, especially as you do not want any favor from them, and as you acknowledge that he meant kindly to you."

"Indeed he did," said Helen, flutteringly, "and

I was very much to blame." Mrs. Masters laid her hand with maternal kind-

ness on the girl's fair bended head, as she said: nothing I have observed about you, Helen, that I love better than the frankness of your admission of that. We will speak of it no more, but I take it into account in considering the present circumstances. While I was away, and you were here alone, you were perfectly right in avoiding the possibility of encountering Mr. or Mrs. Townley Gore; it would have been very awkward and unpleasant; but now that I am here. and it is in the nature of things that we should meet, I do not think you ought to avoid them. What I propose is that I should tell them, when they call on me, that you are with me, and how it came about. You may be quite sure that Mrs. Townley Gore is too clever not to take the cue that I shall give her by my manner of speaking of you, and also that if she does not take it, she will lay herself open to having a large piece of

my mind administered to her with polite frank-

"She will think me very fortunate; far, far

happier than I deserve."
"Perhaps so. She took such pains to make you wretched that it would be a contradiction in human nature if she could be glad to know that you are happy and well cared for; but she will keep her feelings to herself; the matter will be sed over smoothly, and no doubt Mr. Townley Gore will be sincerely glad to see you. The po-sition has its awkwardness, but that will soon be sition has its awkwardness, but that will soon be got over, for they are sure not to stay long in the country, and we shall be here all the winter. So," added Mrs. Masters, in the tone in which one dismisses a subject, "it is agreed that I prepare Mrs. Townley Gore for seeing you, and that you meet her as if nothing particular had happened."

"Yes," said Helen, submissively; "but suppose she tells you I am a wicked hase ungrate.

pose she tells you I am a wicked, base, ungrateful girl, and that she refuses to see me?"

In that case, Helen, I shall inform her very politely that I do not believe her, and you will be quitte pour la pour. Take away your treasures, my dear, and remember that no one and nothing can ever counteract the effect of your own per-fect candor with me, or shake my resolution to befriend to the uttermost the child of Herbert Rhodes. Now go; I have to write to my husband."

Helen left her, and went to her own roompleasant, spacious chamber, with old-fashioned chintz furniture, and from whose deep bay-windows the woods of Horndean, and the widely spreading shrubbery of Chesney Manor, which was severed from its neighbor only by a sunk fence and a railing, were visible. An old-fashioned bureau stood between the windows, and had from the first been selected by Helen for the safekeeping of all her little treasures. She put away the photograph of her father's tomb in one of the drawers, and placed the letter from Mrs. Masters, which would have been so great a help to her if it had reached her according to the writer's inten-tion, in the blue velvet bonbon box that contained to her father's letters—those which had been sent to her by Messrs. Simpson & Rees in obedience to his instructions—and the letter which Frank Lisle had left for her, in the box. Many times she had taken out that letter and asked herself whether she ought not to destroy it. Its writer had deserted her; the phase of her life with which he was concerned was over and done with forey er; the page was closed, and even if she could now knew that she would not re-open it: would it not be wiser that she should destroy this one remaining record of what had been? it would be wiser, and some day she would de stroy it, but not just yet. And then she heard the children's voices in the hall below, and she replaced the box, locked the bureau, and went down stairs.

That same afternoon the event anticipated by Mrs. Masters took place. Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore called upon their neighbors at Chesney Manor. They found Mr. Warrender and his sister in the library, and the first civilities having been interchanged, the partie carrée divided itself, and while Mr. Warrender and Mr. Townley Gore discussed sport and local news, Mrs. Masters and Mrs. Townley Gore talked rather laboriously of Horndean, the changes that had taken place during Mrs. Masters's absence, and of the plans of the respective households for the winter.

Mrs. Townley Gore presented to Mrs. Masters a rather curious subject of observation. Her

good looks, her self-possession, her self-satisfac-tion, her air of assured prosperity, as of one be-yond the reach of the darts of fate, all made an impression upon a woman who, although remarkably sensible and self-controlled, and possessed of a lofty and sensitive mind, was solicitous for those whom she loved, and dependent for happiness upon the interior rather than the exterior of things. Knowing what she knew of her, and feeling with each minute of their interview, and ev-ery sentence that Mrs. Townley Gore uttered, a rowing inclination to tell her that she knew it, Mrs. Masters's imagination was easily reconstructing Helen's expressions, as she listened to the smooth tones in which the conventional phrases

were uttered.

She was just wondering when the conversation would take such a turn as might enable her to introduce Helen's name, and thinking that an inquiry for her children on the part of her visitor would probably furnish her with an opportunity, when Mrs. Townley Gore's attention was attracted by a water-color drawing on an easel near her.

"Your copper beech is a general favorite," she said, "and deservedly so. It is the finest in the county, I believe. I am the happy possessor of of it, and I see there ished. I suppose you have heard to what an extent my brother's friend Mr. Frank Lisle profited this summer by Mr. Warrender's kind permission

to us to make our guests free of Chesney Park?"
"Mr. Frank Lisle? No; I never heard of

"I am very sorry that I can not bring him to make his acknowledgments in person; you and Mr. Warrender could not fail to be pleased with his appreciation of the beauties of Chesney. We found my brother's artist-friend a great acquisition during the summer; he is very amusing, and immensely in earnest about his painting. He was constantly running over to Chesney to draw something or other, and he was particularly proud of his success with the copper beech."
"Is Mr. Lisle at Horndean now?"

"No, I am sorry to say he is not. He is going to Italy for the winter, and my brother joins him in London in a day or two. He will miss Mr. Lisle very much; they have been friends and

travelling companions for a long time."
This topic interested Mrs. Masters; she led Mrs. Townley Gore to talk of her brother, of his illness and absence at the time of Mr. Horndean's death, and of Mr. Lisle's having taken care of

him, and returned to England with him. When she had heard all that Mrs. Townley Gore had to say on these points, she began to wish for the departure of her visitors: she needed to be alone she had something to think of. She had changed her mind about making mention of Helen; she would postpone that for the present. It was only by an effort that she could attend to what Mrs. Townley Gore said afterward of her brother's regret that he could not accompany her to Chesney Manor, and his intention of calling there on the following day; of their imminent removal to London, and intention of returning to Horndean in the spring.
When Mr. Warrender returned to the library,

after seeing Mrs. Townley Gore to her carriage, he found his sister looking perplexed. She asked him abruptly:

"Do you know much of Mr. Horndean? What

was he doing before the old man died?"
"I know very little about him," answered Mr Warrender, "and most of that by hearsay. I believe he was an unsatisfactory sort of person enough until he had it made worth his while to be respectable, but I have no personal knowledge of the facts. Mrs. Townley Gore used to be said to keep her brother very dark; she never talked of him to me."

"He was not likely to have very reputable friends and companions, I suppose

"Hardly; but this young artist, Mr. Lisle, seems to be a pleasant, clever, harmless fellow. I wish he had staid a little longer; he would have liked to have seen the things we brought home from Italy. By-the-bye, you did not spring your mine upon Mrs. Townley Gore. You said nothing about Wiss Rhodes. Why did you change your mind? Were you frightened when it came to the point? Don't mind admitting it, if you were," added Mr. Warrender, smiling, "for I should be entirely of your way of thinking, if I had ever intended to say anything even constructively unpleasant to

Mrs. Townley Gore."

"No, no, I was not afraid," answered his sister, with a little confusion, which confirmed him in his belief that she was. "It was not that; but when I found that they were going away on Wednesday, and there could be no risk of their neeting Helen or hearing anything about her, I thought it would be quite useless and unnecessary to mention her. When they come back, it will be time enough, and the reprieve will be ac-ceptable to her, I have no doubt."

Mr. Warrender accepted the explanation, al-

though his own inclination would have been to get an unpleasant business over as promptly as possible, and left Mrs. Masters to her reflections. These were perplexing. She could not resist the conviction that Helen had been exposed to the risk of meeting the man who had deceived and deserted her, under circumstances which would have com-bined every element of disaster to her peace and her fair fame. She could not doubt that the artist Frank Lisle who accompanied Frederick Lorton to Horndean was identical with the artist Frank Lisle who forbade Helen to mention his name to Mrs. Townley Gore, lest she might get a clew to his "friend," who was in that lady's black books; and that the friend was Mrs. Townley Gore's brother, now restored to her favor by the potent in-terposition of prosperity. Was this man's de-sertion of Helen connected with that revolution in the fortunes of his friend? She recalled the circumstances as Mrs. Townley Gore related them, she compared the dates, and she arrived at the conclusion that Frederick Lorton's illness, and the devoted attendance on him which led to Frank Lisle's position as l'ami de la maison at Horndean, were synchronous incidents. The man was a baser creature than even she and Madame Morrison had judged him to be, that was all. The protection of which he had robbed the orphan girl, the one resource to which he well knew she nev-er would resort, was that of the Townley Gores, and it was by them and their position that he was profiting—this gay-hearted, careless, happy young artist, who was such a favorite with every-She could not help thinking what a thun der-clap it would have been for him had he and Helen met, and almost regretting that the en-counter had not befallen; but she remembered that to Helen it would have been a thunder-bolt and fatal.

It took Mrs. Masters some time to make up her mind that she would not say a word of all this to Helen. The danger was over; it might never recur. If it threatened, Mrs. Masters would find a way to avert it; she could not throw Helen back into the fever of mind that she had been so hard bested by. The man was out of the way, and silence was safest and best. When she summoned Helen, and the girl came trembling to hat had p thankfulness, her relief, her simple acquiescence in the infallibility of her friend's judgment, Mrs. Masters congratulated herself that an extraordinary complication in a difficult affair was safely tided over. That portion of Helen's story in which Frank Lisle was concerned was the only secret which Mrs. Masters had ever kept from her brother. She had not hesitated to conceal the facts from him for Helen's sake, because her own absolute conviction of the girl's perfect innocence satisfied her that no breach of faith was involved in the concealment. Had she not chosen Helen as a companion for her own children? How heartily she congratulated herself now that Mr. Warrender knew nothing of the matter! What complications might arise if he knew the truth? What, indeed?

Helen was very bright and happy that evening, almost as gay as the children themselves, and Mr. Warrender, remarking the beauty of her smile, and the melody of her laughter, approved of the decision to which his sister had come. He had few dislikes, but Mrs. Townley Gore was the object of one of them: perhaps it was the unconscious influence of this feeling that made him find Helen more interesting than he had ever im-

agined a girl could be, even interesting enough to beguile him from his books at unlikely hours.

The party at Horndean broke up, and the house was deserted, while the little group at Chesney Manor settled down to a peaceful and enjoyable life. Mr. Horndean and Mr. Warrender had not chanced to meet, nor did Mrs. Mas-ters see Mr. Horndean before he went up to town. He called at Chesney Manor on the day after his sister's visit, but Mrs. Masters had not left her room, and Mr. Warrender was out. As he was riding homeward by a short-cut, where there was a bridle-path through a wood, he caught sight of two little girls in a field on the Chesney Manor side of the railway. The children were tossing a ball, and a little white dog was following it lamely. At some distance he perceived a lady seated on a fallen tree; from her attitude she

seemed to be reading.

"The Masters children, I suppose," said Mr.
Horndean to himself, "and Frank's patient."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. H.-Directions for ebonizing wood were given in Bazar No. 49, Vol. VIII.

Bazar No. 49, vol. VIII.

Lizzie T.—Have a plush border on the lower skirt of your dress, with shoulder cape, and cuffs of the same.

Tron.—Send your soiled white Spanish lace to a pro-

essional cleaner of laces.

Ellen.—One of the pleasantest ways to eat oranges. is to cut the orange in half—across through the cells, not lengthwise—then with a tea-spoon lift out the juice from each division; you then get the juice only, and leave the tough parts. A little powdered sugar is sprinkled over each half of the orange after you have

Mrs. B. K. O.—Dark brown, green, red, or blue plush will be pretty for a little girl's winter cloak, with a flaring hat of beaver or of felt of the same shade.

Mrs. E. M. L.—A wide border of gay cretonne with white ball fringe will be pretty on your unbleached

S. W. G.-Use tan or cream colored gloves with

s. W. G.—Use tan or cream colored gloves with your black dress, though black gloves are not objectionable if you prefer them.

A. R. T.—We do not reply by mail or furnish addresses to our readers. Any of the fancy stores that advertise in the *Bazar* will fill your order for materials, and inform you about books on needle-work, cro-

and inform you about books.

cheting, etc.

TILLIE.—The Bazar has nothing to do with dressmaking or purchasing dresses for its readers.

Busy Morners.—A princesse dress with two box
pleats in the back, and trimmings of dark red plush,
would look well made of your drab poplin. A sash of would look wen made of your drap populs. A sash of the plush, and a collar as deep as a cape, would be dressy for the little girl. Your trimming would make handsome bordering for a blue-gray cashmere polo-naise with pleated skirt.

X. N.-Polonaises are now so popular, and are so becoming to stout figures, that you need not alter

-Get plain all-silk velvet, and make it like the suit illustrated on the first page of Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV., of which a cut paper pattern is pub-

lished.

K. S. B.—If you are a young lady, get a plush jacket for the winter; otherwise get a cloth cloak, medium long, with square sleeves and plush trimmings.

COUNTRY.—A panier polonaise of your changeable goods would be pretty with a pleated skirt of the dark-green. Gather hints for this from the New York Fashions of Bazar No. 44, Vol. XIV. Get dark blue or brown flannel with cloth finish for a winter dress. Get a Mother Hubbard cloak of dark blue cloth for your little girl of two and a half years, and have gay plush collar and sleeve facings. Buffalo.—If two ladies are living together, and wish

to give "a large reception," it is perfectly proper for them to invite those who have called but upon one. Also to invite those who have not invited them, if they wish to include them in their future acquaintance. It is the way all society is carried on.

M. D. F.—Call on the lady who gave you the card, if

you wish to keep up the acquaintance. It would be rather rude not to do so, unless she were an objectionable person.

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.—A young lady should acknowledge a present from a young gentleman by say-ing a few words of thanks when she meets him, or by writing a frank note in the first person, which she should show to her mother or her chaperon before sending. IGNORAMUS.—There is no law about "guest and host"

IGNORANUS.—There is no law about "guest and host" in going up stairs, except that a gentleman always precedes a lady. One visitor should never ask another to play or sing; that is the duty of the hostess.

Mrs. T. L. T.—Gold-rimmed spectacles are most suitable for elderly persons. Those with very light steel frames are more becoming to younger people, whatever the completion.

whatever the complexion.

A Subsoriber.—Trim your tan-colored repped curtains with a border of crimson plush across the top and the bottom. Line them throughout with satine or silesia, and hang them on rings and rods. Have a box-pleated moiré skirt, with cashmere basque and box-pleated moire skirt, with casimlest basque and simply draped over-skirt, for a stout lady.

E. M. N.—Combine the new moiré with your black

satin de Lyon, and trim with Spanish lace, or else the new open embroidery done on the satin. Have pa-niers, vest, and skirt of the moiré, with basque and over-skirt of satin de Lyon. Get borders of plush or of feathers for your Dolman. Your brown silk is not suitable for evening, but is a stylish shade to combine with Cheviot or with cashmere for a street suit, brightened by red or green plush.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Baby boys do not wear jackets, but are warmly dressed underneath their white frocks. Light cloth is used for their coats when plush is too

LOVER OF THE "BAZAR."-Pleat your moiré for the skirt, having a pleat in each stripe, and then trim your silk foundation skirt with this from the knee down. Use the satin for a basque and over-skirt, adding moiré vest and moiré paniers to the basque. Wear a

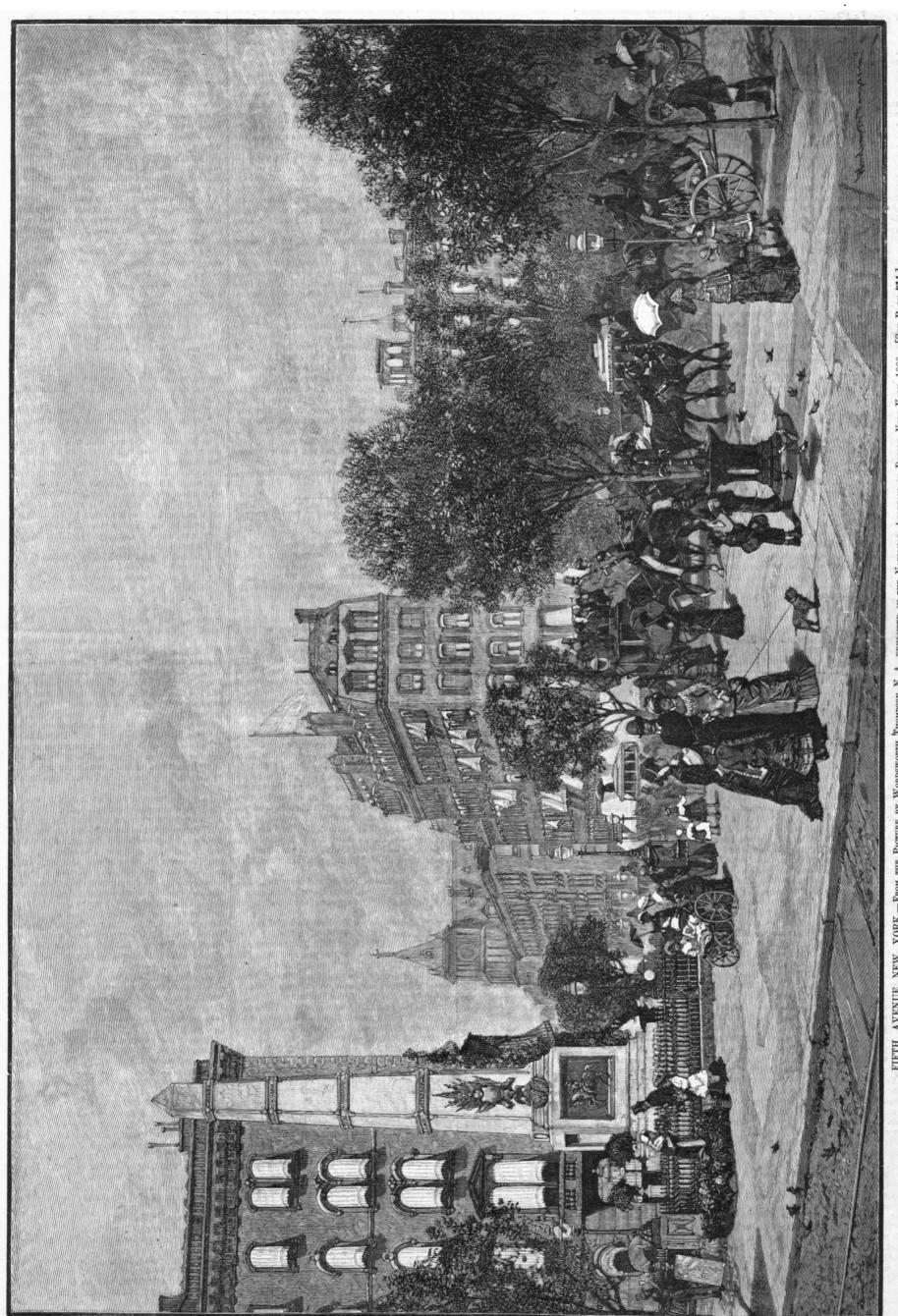
plush hat with moiré trimming.

T. B. A.—Your moiré would look best combined with satin in the way just described to "Lover of the

AMELIA.—A long cloak or a half-long double-breasted jacket of black plush, lined with red plush, and bordered with the clipped ostrich feather trimming, is suitable for a young lady to wear with all dresses. Any bonnet and gloves will answer with such a cloak. Read about gloves in a late number of the Bazar, in the columns headed New York Fashions,







FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. See illustration on page 713.

THIS fine engraving from Mr. Thompson's ex-L cellent picture graphically depicts one of the best-known localities in New York—a spot alike familiar to the resident inhabitants and to the myriads of visitors who take up their abode at the Fifth Avenue, St. James, Hoffman, Albemarle, Victoria, and other great hotels in the vicinity. The point of view is from the triangle formed by the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue with Madison Square and the Hotel Brunswick on the right, and the Worth Monument and Travellers' Club on the left. Beyond stretches the beautiful promenade, Fifth Avenue, the handsomest street in the city, lined with magnificent mansions, the costliest of which is each vear eclipsed by another of greater splendor.
The fashionable quarters of the town, however,
are as shifting as quicksands. This part of the
Avenue, so lately devoted exclusively to aristocratic residences, is fast submitting to the encroach ments of trade, which has already progressed to Fiftieth Street, and which will probably only be arrested by the Central Park-the sole New York institution that is not likely to be removed further up at a not very distant day. The palatial Fifth Avenue of the future promises to be a magnificent boulevard, two and a half miles long, extending the whole length of the Park, with the finest pleasure-grounds in the country on one side, while the other is lined with the superb struc tures that are rapidly being erected by the wealthy citizens of the great metropolis.

A GLANCE AT OLD TIMES IN THE VIRGINIA PENINSULA.

By J. ESTEN COOKE.

OLD Virginia was the neck of land between the James and the York. This was the real heart of the country, from which the life-blood flowed toward the extremities, the stage of all the old dramas, of the jarring passions, the fierce collisions, of the pageants, the splendors, the animosities, of former times.

It is very curious to go away to this old land and visit some of the historic localities. They are there still, and easily reached; but to have anything suggested to us by the sight of them. we must remember what took place there. The world will not read the history of Virginia-perhaps because it has never been written. There never was richer material, more striking comedy and tragedy-but the dust covers it. A day's journev in a steamboat from Richmond down James River, around Old Point to the head of York River, takes the traveller completely around old Virginia, and all the famous localities pass in succession. 'At Dutch Gap, where James River makes a great bend, and comes back, after seven miles, to within a hundred yards of the same spot, a few bricks and a grass-grown mound mark the site of the former "City of Henricus." It is a lonely plateau now, from which you look down on the silent river; but once the place was thriving, and had its church and forts—Faith in Hope and others; and Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal of Virginia, reigned here. He was a very singular personage, this good Sir Thomas. When people would not go to church, he thrust awls through their tongues; and once when a conspiracy burst forth against him, he broke the offenders on the wheel-an incident of American history perhaps not generally known. He was indeed a very great "mixture." He labored hard for the conversion of Pocahontas; said that if he could make her a Christian, he would consider his long toils in the colony rewarded; and good Alexander Whitaker, the minister at Varina, recognized with enthusiasm the marshal's "knowledge of divinity, which be rare in a martial man." ertheless, he bored the tongues, broke on the wheel, and was a diplomate; for he sent to Powhatan, asking the hand of his young daughter in marriage, though nothing was better known than that there was a Lady Dale in England! He it was, too, who sent Argall to drive away the French intruders on Virginia soil, at Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine; and that buccaneer offi-cial on his way back reduced the Dutch fort at Albany-another invasion of the sacred soil.

Here, at the City of Henricus, Pocahontas also lived with her husband, John Rolfe, and had a child born to her, who transmitted her royal Indian blood to, among others, the famous John Randolph of Roanoke. And still another resident of the place was Governor Wyat, author of a famous proclamation forbidding men and women to engage themselves to two persons at one time. Especially were the fairer sex cautioned against this misdemeanor: they were not to contract themselves to two several men at one time," for women are "yet scarce, and in much request, and this offense has become very common, whereby great disquiet arises between parties, and no small trouble to this government." The enormity must therefore cease, and "every min-ister should give notice in his church that what man or woman soever should use any word or speech tending to a contract of marriage to two several persons at one time, as might entangle or breed scruples in the consciences, should undergo corporal correction, or be punished by fine and imprisonment, according to the quality of the rson so offending!"

This was actually a formal proclamation of his Excellency, and must have aroused fearful forethe belles of the time. It is not re corded that any of them were ever whipped, but there was the law for it, and the age was matterof-fact. They cut off people's ears here at Henricus and elsewhere; put them in the pillory; ducked scolding women in the parish ducking stool; and in Princess Anne threw poor Grace Sherwood into the water to ascertain whether she

All along James River, as the traveller decends it, are the famous old localities: Bermuda Hundreds—the third Virginia settlement; West-over, the residence of Colonel Byrd; Brandon; Berkeley; and the ruined church at Jamestown, where the first stone of the American republic was laid by Smith and the rest. This lonely spot is the stage of the whole first epoch of the "plantation"; of the hot rivalries, the hatreds, the wran-gles of the factions; the starvation, the hope and espair, and the sudden rescue from destruction when my lord Delaware providentially appears, lands from his ship, and falling on his knees, thanks God that he has arrived in time to save Virginia. Nothing is more moving than this old tragedy of the first years, with its shifting scenes and fiery passions. The dust, however, lies thick upon the chronicle, and few have taken the pains to blow it away. Jamestown, to the men of today, has only a sentimental attraction as the locality of the first settlement; but it is much more than that. To the remarkable man John Smith, and the remarkable events of the first epoch, succeeded a man and an event equally notable—Bacon and his rebellion. This was the stage of the fiercest scenes of that fiercest of dramas, the most passionate and striking event of American history up to the Revolution

Passing on around Old Point, formerly the site of an Indian town, where Smith had a battle with them, the traveller leaves on his left the little village of Yorktown, enters the broad York, and is again in the midst of many localities connected with history. This was the heart of Powhatan's realm, and his royal capital, where Smith was rescued, was in sight of the present Yorktown. It was called Werowocomoco, the "chief place of council," and near it was the great Uttamussack shrine, the burial-place of the Indian kings, where the priests watched day and night, and celebrated their hideous rites. The shrine was a long "ar-bour" of boughs on a range of sand-dunes, and the bravest warriors regarded it with superstitious terror. As they passed in their canoes, they threw copper into the river to propitiate the ter rible Kiwassa, and made long strokes of the paddle to get away from the dangerous spot.

As at Jamestown, a hundred scenes of the old

chronicles pass at Werowocomoco. Pocahontas saved Smith's life on two occasions at the spot, and the locality of the old Indian capital has been clearly ascertained. It was near "Shelley," an estate of the Page family, on a plateau above the river. "Powhatan's Chimney," built nearly three centuries ago, is still there to mark the spot. This chimney and another structure are the most ancient remains of the first settlement of Virginia. The other is the "Stone House," on Ware Creek, across the York, which was built, almost beyond doubt, by Smith, about 1608. It was meant for a "place of retreat" in case of an Indian attack, and is still solid and substantial on its wild ridge among the laurel-trees

An interesting locality of this old historic land is the large house of "Rosewell," which stands on the north bank of the York, not far above Yorktown. This was the residence of the Pages and was a famous old place at the time of the Revolution. It was built by Mann Page, who imported the material from England, passed the first brick through the hands of his eldest son, a baby in arms, and ruined himself before it was finished. It was finished, however, and in a style of great elegance. It was a large building with wings, the whole front two hundred feet, and the interior was wainscoted with mahogany, and decorated with pillars, with trailing vines and grape bunches of carved wood. On the roof was oad space heavily floored with lead; observatories rose at each end; and here Jefferson and his friend the master of the mansion used to sit in the summer evenings and discuss theology and politics. This friend was the Hon. John Page an able and excellent man. He was a soldier, statesman, and so pious that it was the general desire of his friends that he should be ordained Bishop of Virginia. To-day Rosewell, like so many of the old Virginia houses, has passed into the hands of others, but it is standing firmly still, an imposing relic of past times, "more like a feudal castle than a modern dwelling," and brings

back the days of the Revolution.

York and Gloucester, along the banks of the York, were famous regions in the old Virginia annals. Here was the scene of some of the bloodiest struggles of Bacon's rebellion—of the capture of Hansford, the brave young patriot, on a stolen visit to his lady-love, from which he passed to the gallows by order of the pitiless old tyrant Sir William Berkeley; of the capture of Cheeseman, and the escape of Drummond, the conspirator; and the end of all, a row of gibbets, with bodies hung on them in chains. Bacon's headquarters were at West Point, where Smith had seized Opechancanough by his scalp-lock and dragged him down, and where, just before Yorktown, Lafayette also made his quarters while awaiting the arrival of Washington, and listening to the long thunder of De Grasse's guns from the ocean.

These chance allusions—there is space for nothing more—to the Peninsula will indicate its great historic interest as the theatre of events in the history of Virginia. The territory is contracted, for if the traveller who descends the James and steams up the York returns by rail to Richmond, he has passed in a single day around the whole stage of so many moving events. the subject has been merely touched. Not even the name of Williamsburg has been written, and yet no locality except Jamestown has connected with it so many historical recollections. Long before the Revolution this old borough was al ready famous under the name of Middle Planta-One hundred years before the American Declaration of Independence—that is to say, in the month of August, 1676—there met here a great crowd of the "prime gentlemen" of Virginia for a specific object. The meeting was held in the evening, and continued until midnight by the light of torches. The company was a motley one. On all sides were seen the laced coats and ruffles of planters, and the buff jerkins of troopers, armed with sword and pistol. At the head of them was fiery General Bacon, a young man of twenty-eight, who, addressing himself with passionate eloquence to the assembly, swept all op-position before him. What he proposed was this: that every true Virginian should subscribe a solemn oath that he would oppose Berkeley to the last; more still, that he would "oppose all forces" sent from England "to reduce them." The oath was subscribed with acclamations, at Middle Plantation, by the glare of the torches: it was the Virginia revolution taking place just a hundred years before the American Revolution, which it precisely resembled.
This "Middle Plantation Oath" was a fiery bap-

tism for the infant Williamsburg; but that was to win its own celebrity too. Like Jamestown, the name simply of the place suggests a whole epoch with its crowding scenes. From the first, Williamsburg was the "heart of the rebellion" a title applied to the old Capitol, where Henry thundered against the Stamp Act. This passionate outburst of the great revolutionist was the beginning of the Revolution, though it was in 1765. It was called the "alarm-bell," and in Bosand the signal to the continent." As the years passed on, almost all the great political events of the time were connected with Williamsburg, where the Burgesses sat; and finally the Revolutionary war after dragging its slow length from the heights of Boston to the far South, was to come to an end within about twelve miles of the spot where the

struggle may be said to have begun.

It is to be hoped that the Yorktown centennial celebration will revive interest in these scenes, and the great men of the past. It was a strong race that fought the long battle for right here in this narrow neck of land. They had the courage, the endurance, and the honesty which characterize the "old age"; and the young generation of Americans who are entering upon the stage could have no better examples of manhood set before them.

A ROMANCE OF THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

OUR summer home was a cottage on a level with the car track, only separated from it by a fence. It was surrounded by trees, and swept by mountain breezes born here in the very heart of the Virginia Blue Ridge, in a solitude so complete that it was only invaded by the locomotive when it came echoing, thudding, panting, shrieking, through the mountain hollows, across the mountain ridges, generally bringing a heavy freight of coal; twice a day laden with a passen-

A station adjoined the grounds of our cottage, and connected with it was a way-side inn, which although a small place, was in a constant state of bustle and excitement. Four or five times a day stage-coaches left this place for several "Springs" in the neighborhood, where there were other inns. and where people who had more money than we had lived in greater seclusion as to locomotives. and greater publicity as to men and women, these Springs being conspicuously fashionable, and cele-brated for the cure of all the ills that flesh is heir to. It was our privilege to watch the crowd of fashionable invalidism coming and going all summer long, with this especial advantage, that we ate our meals at the hotel, and so enjoyed peculiar privileges of observation.

One day a party of three strolled into the dining-room—a man, a woman, and a young girl.
They were well dressed, with that air of gayety about them which distinguishes the successful

citizen of the world.

"Mephistopheles, Martha, and Margaret," Lilias suggested, taking in the party with a glance that lost no detail, yet appeared to see nothing at all.

"Too handsome for Mephistopheles," I say.
"Yes, for Retzsch's Mephistopheles; but Retzsch exaggerated the type. Martha moves in a better set than she used to, you see. She has thrived on ill-doing."

"I believe her clothes are Paris made," is my remark. "Margaret, now, is as conspicuously badly dressed. But what a beauty!"

"The loveliest face I have ever seen." So my sister well might say of the grand blonde typeanimated, intellectual, yet of child-like innocence:

an Artemisia of the old Greeks.

A colossal black waiter approached Martha. "Missy, what will you hab fur supper?" he inquired, ingratiatingly. Martha stared at him with an air of offense. "Fried chicken," she "Fried chicken," she responded, loftily, with a glance that would have withered anything except the impenetrable ig-norance of Missy, as we had christened the simple creature, whose sole term of respect this seemed to be. But Margaret smiled upon him with a sunniness that would have disarmed a cannibal, ordered her meal, looked brightly up and down the room, and then proceeded to eat with the hearty appetite of twenty.

Afterward, while Martha dozed in a large straw chair in a dark corner of the piazza, the girl and handsome Mephistopheles strolled up and down the piazza in the moonlight, thus frequently crossing our path as we strolled up and down too, before returning to the seclusion of our cottage.

"Tell me exactly what he said," demanded Margaret of her companion, with a pretty air of

"That Miss Astley was the prettiest girl-the loveliest young lady I mean—he had ever seen. Would she be at the White? Then he should run up there himself for a week, busy as he

Of course we only caught scraps of the conversation. Presently: "Every one else says he is such a dreadful man." Yes. His wife's friends."

"Where is she now?"

"In Europe, Asia, or Africa—not in America. She could hardly be too far away for his comfort

Then: "He is very fascinating."

"Oh yes. Like the hero of a high-pressure novel. Clever too. A good lawyer. Holds his own in Congress. He has held all the trump cards always—except when he made that unlucky marriage."

A train tore screaming up to the dépôt. One Margaret's height and complexion. Her rapid comprehensive glance included him immediately. She sprang forward and caught both his hands.

"Oh, Daisy!" "Oh, Guy!" we heard.
Presently she brought him up to Mephistopheles, leaning picturesquely in the moonlight against a piazza pillar. "You have never met my cousin Guy, have you, Captain Dangerfield?" she said. The two men shook hands.

"I am on my way home," said Guy. "I could only get off for a fortnight. Such a rush of busi-ness. I wish I had known. I might have managed to be at the Springs when you were there,

"Charlie!" called an affected voice.

Mephistopheles raised his hat, and walked away to Martha, in her dark corner. "Is that the Dangerfield who married the rich

woman, old enough to be his mother, for her "Don't talk so loud. Yes." She had resumed her promenading, with a change of companion.

"Great society swell, isn't he? Looks like it. Army or navy?'

Army or navy."

"Navy. But I suppose he will resign now."

"By-the-way, I came on with another howling swell to-night, on his way to the White—Cameron McIlvaine. He was with a large party of the upper-ten from Baltimore—people who have gradually forgotten my existence, because I have been too confoundedly poor to go to their parties, but whom I know by sight. It is astonishing what a fuss they all made over McIlvaine—a man who is said to have turned his wife out of doors, after having broken her heart by his infidelity for years before. I hope you don't know him?" I met him at a dinner party at Mrs. Dangerfield's last week."

I missed a good deal. The discussion had waxed hot by the time I caught the next:

"He is not a decent acquaintance for you."

"That is for me to judge of."

Close upon which they separated, and Lilias and I went to bed. When we went to breakfast

the next morning, the Dangerfield party had vanished. Guy was smoking a cigar gloomily, waiting for his train, which was several hours overdue, having been delayed by an accident down the road. He was wonderfully like his cousin in daylight. "He is desperately in love with her, and she

knows it. But he is too poor to marry, and some one has told her that the first duty of woman is to marry well, meaning a rich man." Thus summarized Lilias, surveying Guy through an open window, as we sat over our coffee and corn-bread.

"She is evidently poor too," I responded.

"That duster of hers was as coarse as crocus, and the velvet on her hat had been ironed, and badly ironed too. I don't wonder she would like to have a little money. "Tis well that beauty should go beautifully." should go beautifully."

In the course of a week an invalid arrived at the hotel who enlisted our sympathy. This was a pretty, delicate woman of thirty-five or forty, who, accompanied by her child and two servants, was on her way to the Hot Springs. She was so listless and so languid that I wondered she had had the energy to drag herself this far, until I made out her great devotion to her one little girl, who was herself in miniature, dainty, exquisite, shy, and who was doubtless her incentive to live. This child went about clinging to her coal-black little nurse-maid with the sweetest little air of dependence possible. The small nurse's mother was the invalid lady's own maid and nurse; both maids were an exact match in blackness of complexion and gleaming whiteness of teeth and

The news of the President's shooting had flashed over the wires the day before. In fact, I was poring over a newspaper containing the latest items when a voice spoke beside me: "Has de noos ob de obstruction dat done work in us reach here yet?"

Nothing could exceed the gravity of my inter-locutor, the sick lady's servant. Behind her stood her daughter, with her lily-faced little charge clinging to her hand. "Yes, we have heard," I answered, surveying the party from under my own

vine and fig-tree—literally, my own piazza.

"We were a-comin' troo Washington at de time. Sez I: 'An' in dis yar capital spot too! It are a scandal, as sure as my name are Nancy.'

She was so extremely composed, decent, and conversationally disposed that discourse flowed easily. "The excitement was great," I surmised. "It war enuff ter split de head open. Essite-

ment allays gibs me de headache. Has yer heerd de name ob de man as done it, miss? Dey did tole me it was Goody; but dat don't seem noways nat'ral."

I murmured, "Guiteau."

"Yer don't say so, miss?"

Then the younger maid put in, "Some one said it war Brady."

"Don't be foolish, Dora. Brady war our baker in Brighton, in England, miss; so ob co'se it cudn't be him." Then, with an abrupt change of conversation: "Dat ar polonay fits yer ter a

"Like tea in a tea-pot," added the daughter, ingratiatingly.

I laughed, albeit secretly pleased at this artless



praise, so genuine was the admiration depicted on each sable visage.

"I wish my mistis cud war dem sorts ob po-lonays. But she neber takes off her wrappers."
"She looks very delicate."

Here my own little girl decoyed the little stranger a short distance away to look at a wretched puppy which she was killing by inches

with assiduous kindness.
"She has had a hard life, miss—an' she brought up to de bes'! Done graduate her edication in Europe, miss. But men is so unsartin; an' she made a bad chice."

"Is she a widow?"

"Wuss nor one. She ain't a-libin' wid her hus-band. He goes a-skylarkin' roun' widout her, an' she hab jes' dropped him, down ter his name. She are Mis' Dillé, which she war born an' raised

to."
"Is her husband's name McIlvaine?" I say, by an inspiration.

"Lor', miss, air you acquainted wid him?"
"I have heard of him."

"I wants yer ter ax me a favortion my mistis wur here. She don't want him ter fin' her out. He might trubbel de chile. De doctors said her larst chance fur de rheumatism ob de heart war dese Hot Springs, an' so she come. But she don't want him ter know she hab lef'

'I won't speak of having met you," I assured her.

"Dora, hol' dat parasol squar ober Miss Suzette to protect de sun from her eyes," Nancy di-rected her daughter; whereupon Dora displayed her teeth and rolled her eyes liberally in her mother's direction as she obediently unfurled a scar-let parasol she held, and dropped into an attitude

of statuesque immobility.

I had a word to say to Mrs. Dillé that evening. She was very gentle in manner, very patient and sad. But there was certainly nothing contagious sad. But there was certainly nothing contagious about her sadness. It did not seem to affect in the least the cheerfulness, not to say levity, of her attendants, which I considered a lucky circumstance for her little girl, who was thus brought up in an atmosphere of Ethiopian good-humor. We met thus: As Lilias—my sister, as I think I have said—and I came in from a twilight stroll, we stopped by Mrs. Dillé, stretched out in a reclining-chair under a tree. clining-chair under a tree.

"You look stronger than when you came," Lilias said, in the sympathetic tones that were natural to her. "You will be nicely rested for the -ride to-morrow."

stage-ride to-morrow."

"I hope so, I am sure—thank you."
looking around, "Won't you sit down?"

Whereupon we drew up two rustic chairs, and became acquainted. She was very attractive, with a touch of piquancy about her, on closer acquaint-ance, which harmonized with the drollery of her servants.

Nancy appeared presently, bearing a glass of

"I has paid de bill, Miss Susy," she said to Mrs. Dillé. "My! how dese hotel gen'lemen does charge! But dey cudn't do justice to deir boarders, I suppose, ef dey was to be a-narrowerated down in price."

Mrs. Dillé counted her money, and put it away with more vim than I should have expected of her. And she presently gave some directions about her little girl which showed the same kind of alertness. This accounted for the tidy, well-kept air about the whole party. Mrs. Dillé managed her own affairs. She had one of those orderly, well-poised, self-collected minds which are so entirely at variance with a character such as I imagined (and correctly) Cameron McIlvaine's to be. His want of discipline would drive her to

to be. His want of discipline would drive her to despair, his laxness would cast her own convictions into a mould of iron.

The next day we saw this party off. That very afternoon some one addressed a new arrival in my hearing as Mrs. Astley. "Margaret's" name! I turned to look, involuntarily, and saw a rather shabby middle-aged woman, her hat tied up in a thick blue veil, sallow of complexion, pinched of feature, with an expression of shrewd intelof feature, with an expression of shrewd intel-

ligence.
"Yes, I have come to stay for a month at least," that person was saying. "Daisy is spending several weeks at the White Sulphur, with my cousin Mrs. Dangerfield. You are just from there? You saw Daisy? Indeed! How was she looking?

"Perfectly beautiful. The belle of the place, without a rival. Mr. McIlvaine raves over her, and he is a final authority in such matters. know him, of course? You were in Washington last winter, and he is in Congress now. Is this your other daughter? I am happy to meet you, Miss Astley."

The other daughter was a dove-faced, quiet little creature, whom it was difficult to believe was the child of her mother.

Mrs. Astley became domesticated in a very short space of time. She found her way to our cottage without delay, and scraped an informal acquaintance with us. She questioned us minutely as to our sisters and cousins and aunts, waxing gracious on identifying divers of these. Later, moreover, she waxed confidential. We learned that she was a widow; that she had barely enough to live on; that Daisy was at once her pride and her despair—so brilliant and so impracticable; that she was a constant disappointment to her mother. Later, that Mrs. Astley was thoroughly pleased with the sensation Daisy was making at the White Sulphur. "The most rising man in the country, Cameron McIlvaine, declares that she is a wonderful beauty, and in fact Daisy could be Mrs. McIlvaine to-morrow if she chose," said the proud mother, with an effort at off-handedness

McIlvaine?" I repeated. Then, treacherously, "I thought he was a married man."
Mrs. Astley bridled. "He has been married.

A wretched match. One of the Dillés of Florida.

But they were divorced. I fancy she is not living even."
"So that there is a possibility he may be un-

married again," I returned, coolly.

Mrs. Astley stared at me. "I said he was divorced," she repeated, with asperity. "Of course he will marry a second time. Fortunately society holds very sensible views on these subjects now."

A week after this conversation Miss Daisy Astley arrived at the dépôt somewhat unexpect-edly. I was sitting with her mother when the daughter walked up and greeted her with an

unimpassioned kiss.
"I did not expect to see you for a week or

two yet," said Mrs. Astley, coolly.
"I could not outstay my welcome," Margaret returned, as coolly. "Captain Dangerfield urged

me to remain longer; but his wife— You know as well as I do how it is apt to be with women who marry men younger than themselves; they like to keep husbands away from young girls."

At this point Mrs. Astley mentioned my name to her daughter. We exchanged a word or two;

then I moved away.

The next time I crossed their path I heard
Miss Astley say: "I suppose it will end in that. You may thank Mrs. Dangerfield for doing her best to make the match. And Captain Danger-field has sung his friend's praises by the hour. Of course I like him—what girl would not? He is a singularly fascinating man."

I guessed Mr. McIlvaine was under discussion,

and made a grimace to myself.

Another unexpected arrival that same day.

Mrs. Dillé's party back again! "De Hot didn't suit mistis," Nancy explained. "Dem doctors in New York didn't know der symtins. So we is goin' back to Europe. De Springs dar beats all."

There were so four people at the default.

There were so few people at the dépôt that everybody was always coming upon everybody else. Besides, the Astleys were exceptionally sociable; so that it was not at all surprising to see Daisy Astley conversing intimately with Mrs. Dillé the day after the latter's arrival. The long stage drive had fatigued Mrs. Dillé, and she meant to rest for a day or two before pursuing her journey.

Daisy had informed me that her friends the Dansy had informed me that her friends the Dangerfields had telegraphed that they would be at the dépôt that evening. "On their way to Narragansett," said Daisy. "Mrs. Dangerfield decided to leave in an hour, I suppose. Just like her. She is very capricious." Then, suddenly, "I wonder if Mr. McIlvaine will be here too?" with an arch hoal of her pretty head as she that with an arch nod of her pretty head as she thus thought aloud.

I looked forward with apprehension to the evening. What if Mrs. Dillé and her faithless husband should meet! I longed to warn her, and finally concluded to say a word to Nancy that

should put her on her guard.

Nancy accepted my statement that Mr. McIlvaine would probably be there that evening with unutterable sang-froid. But she acted on my information nevertheless, and the coast was entireclear of the two mistresses and the two maids by the time the evening train from the White Sulphur came thundering up. Daisy looked exquisitely lovely, and was exquisitely dressed, for a wonder, when her three friends—for McIlvaine came too—were dropped from the train, and Mr. McIlvaine rushed forward to speak to her. It was an enchanting moonlight night—a night that suggested Belmont and its gamut of moonlight associations. McIlvaine and Daisy spent the long brilliant hours until midnight together. It was easy to see that he was a lover. Would Daisy yield to his suit? I thought of "Guy." My only hope was that he was the true, first love, who would save her young life from the snare of this worldly, unprincipled man. Through the evening I became aware that Nancy was watching the progress of this courtship from dark corners. There was a stolid determination about her face

which struck me very much.

"I will write to you," McIlvaine said, at parting, to Daisy, the next morning. And Daisy in reply smiled her cordial, sunny smile upon him. I was afraid to think what her answer would be.

That day Nancy cultivated Daisy's acquaintance assiduously. The next day the Dillés left, Daisy seeing them off with friendly solicitude. There was an unselfish alacrity about the way this girl helped other people, which made one of her charms. She stopped at no service for any one, high or low, rich or poor.

But when they were gone, she drew a long breath. It was not a sigh: I was glad of that. No lasting shadow had fallen across her path.

The next day her mother was sitting on our king with us in her us dential strain. Daisy approached, with two letters in one hand, and two in the other. She threw herself into a wicker rocking-chair, extending her graceful length, and tapping her pretty foot with a certain air of having definitely made up her mind. "Read," she said to her mother, handing her two letters, each directed boldly in a man's hand. "Guy," said her mother, with irri-tation, looking at one. "McIlvaine," she mur-mured, complacently, glancing at the signature of the other. When these were read, Daisy stretched out her hand for them, and handed her mother the two others, which I guessed immediately to be replies written by herself.

Mrs. Astley read them through with gathering irritation. Then she fairly threw them at her daughter. "Daisy, you are a fool," she said. "Marry Guy Luce if you please, but I will never give my consent to it.

I could not resist giving Daisy a smile of sympathy and encouragement. And Lilias spoke out: "Don't scold her, Mrs. Astley, at least not before us. We saw her Guy when he was here a few weeks ago, and we both fell in love with

Daisy looked at us gratefully. "He is a dear fellow," she said, with tears in her eyes. "He is awfully poor, but I am used to being poor.

And they have just offered-his firm, I mean-to send him out West, which will be a promotion in his business, so that he can afford to marry." And such a happy, happy look came into the girl's

She carried the day in the end. Fortunately she had her mother to herself, with no Mephis-topheles and Martha to push the suit of the Honorable Cameron McIlvaine. The Astleys and our-selves staid until late in the fall, and during the last month or so we were all very busy helping

Daisy with her wedding sewing.

It was over this sewing, by-the-way, that Daisy gave me a detailed account of a conversation with Nancy which that worthy had contrived to have with her, in which Nancy had, as by the mer-est accident, unburdened herself of her "mistis's" married experiences. I credited Nancy with hav-ing cleverly planned every word of this conversa-tion beforehand, and I can truly say that it re-

flected equal credit upon her head and heart.

To conclude: Daisy's wedding was the crowning touch of our summer at the dépôt. The Astleys had no home—never had had any. This most transient and flitting of caravansaries represented the familiar abstraction as properly to them as any other spot. At all events, it was here that we all saw beautiful Daisy transformed into Mrs. Luce amid the golden and scarlet glories of late October.

SCOTCH SCENERY. THE four illustrations of Scotch scenery which

we give in our issue this week represent some of the most striking views in that wild northwestern corner of Sutherland which is still called "Lord Reay's Country," or "the Land of the Mackays." It is a land of barren mountain, rock, and lake, with a few patches of cultivated land in the straths and valleys, exposed to all the fury of Atlantic gales, and on its northern side washed by the violent and impetuous current which sweeps through the Pentland Firth. The coast is everywhere bold and rocky, rising up in precipices two hundred to seven hundred feet in height, but deeply indented with countless friths or kyles. The traveller by land passes through a confusion of rock and stone, all splintered and broken, and bare of heather or of herbage, and through wild passes around which the road winds, giving him glimpses of the sea studded with islands. From Badcall or Badcant Bay a view of great beauty presents itself. The sea lies calm and placid beneath the summer sun, and girt in by the purple mountains, while its mirror-like surface is dotted with the countless groups of the surface is dotted with the countless groups of the Vrick Islands. The district or parish is named Edderachilles—a Gaelic compound which signifies "between the kyles," and aptly describes the region between Kyleska and Laxford. The islands of the coasts are, with the exception of Handa, uninhabited, but afford pasture for sheep. This little islet, a mile square, is separated from the mainland by a narrow but navigable channel, and confronts the see on the west side with a and confronts the sea on the west side with a series of lofty precipices, against which the waves dash with fury. The interior is a vast waves dash with fury. The interior is a vast group of mountains towering into the clouds, of narrow valleys through which brawling streams run seaward, and steep declivities where the heather grows rank. Here and there in sheltered corners are little clumps of birch-trees, while the fresh-water lakes are too numerous to mention or to remember. The mountain of this district is Ben-Stack, whose immense conical mass has obtained its name from presenting at one point of view a figure resembling that of a one point of view a figure resembling that of a stack of corn. Beneath it lies Loch Stack—a sheet of water surrounding an island where the Mackays of Far had a hunting-lodge.

The parish of Edderachilles is separated from that of Durness or Durness by the dreaded promontory of Cape Wrath, the cape of storms of the North—a name most befitting this weather-beaten precipice, against which every gale drives furiously, and where the wrath of the tempest is felt with most fatal power. At present a light-house sheds its rays from its dreaded summit, but till it was erected every boatman or sailor dreaded the cape, whose wild profile seems to form the outline of the countenance of the very genius of the storm. Beneath its overhanging mass the current runs with extreme rapidity, which is increased by a shoal which runs out toward the north for a distance of five miles, and over which there is only sixteen or twenty fathoms of water. Further out are stacks or isolated pillars of rock, some visible, some only to be seen at neap tides, and therefore more terrible, like all unseen dangers. When the Orkneys are visible, bad weather is at hand, and they are very often visible. From Badcall Bay to Durness the whole road is through a long series of rugged glens with deep dark sheets of water gleaming here and there amid a fringe of dwarf birches. The whole journey, indeed, is through an endless succession of wild and magnificent scenes. forms are broken by rock and lake and mountain; their colors are varied by the rich brown of the heather, the green of the birches, and the blue of lakes.

The sea view from Durness is wonderful as the eye follows the broken line of abrupt precipices as far as the cliff named Far-out Head. At every vard the visitor sees traces of the eternal conflict between the two elements of land and water, and at every step he perceives proofs that the unstable fluid has eaten out the iron ribs of the continent. It has washed away all the intervening earth which once united the "stacks" to the mainland, and it is still slowly and surely continuing its wasting action. The fury of the waves and tides has not only indented and bitten deep into the land, but bores into its most solid rocks All along the coast near Durness the rocks are worn out into caverns, into which the northeast wind drives the angry water. The most remarkable of these caves are those at Smo, about two

miles east of the church of Durness. Directly above the caves is a beautiful water-fall. The caves themselves rise like the vault of some Gothic cathedral to the height of seventy feet, while the rocks above are covered with ivy. A most remarkable echo repeats every sound. But on stepping beneath this archway of nature's con-struction, another dark archway on the right is seen a short way within the mouth of the cave. Here is another cave, which, according to the su-perstition of the natives, is the abode of fairies and water-sprites. A stream of water descends and falls into a subterranean lake. The first ex-plorer of the lake and the cavern was Donald, the Master of Reay, but the dampness of the air soon extinguished his torches. But in late years Saxon travellers have been, if not more daring, at least more fortunate. A boat was placed on the lake, which is about thirty yards wide and the same in length. Then there was a narrow low-browed opening through which the boat could just pass while the explorer was lying flat down. Beyond this doorway the cave expanded, and displayed a lake somewhat narrower and longer than the first one, and then continued about thirty yards fur-ther. The roof rises to the height of from twenty

"Lord Reay's Country," eight hundred square miles in extent, was sold in 1829 to the Duke of Sutherland. At that time there was not a road or an inn in it, but there was an excessive and wretched population. At the risk of temporary unpopularity, the duke induced or compelled large numbers to emigrate to Canada, and built roads and harbors. The present inhabitants, therefore, are more comfortable than their predecessors. The present landless Lord Reay was born in Holland, and distinguished himself in the service of the Dutch government. He is a man of the highest scientific attainments, and his name is included in the last list of those recommended for creation as peers of Great Britain.

Old Blue China Designs for Doyleys, etc.-Figs. 1-12.

See illustrations on page 717.

THESE pretty old blue China designs are work-A ed with very fine crewels or silk in outline, chiefly in stem stitch, using split stitch for very fine lines, and working the important lines more thickly than the others. Sometimes satin, silk, or satteen is applied to form the covering, and the work done over that. These designs are used thus for a variety of purposes—fans, sachets, watch pockets, and, a little enlarged, for chair

THE LADY ROSALIE.

THE wind crept softly over the sea, With stealthy tread, so treacherously, And its steps gleamed white In the shimmering light Of the silver moon; And the sea was crooning a lullaby Of a maiden bright, Fair to the sight As a sunny noon: "O sweetest of sweet maidens she! Sweet is the Lady Rosalie!

"Each night she comes and stands by me, And tells me all her misery, With questioning eyes, And 'plaining cries Like caged bird's song: O sea, sea! O cruel sea, Bring him to me! Why tarries he So long, so long?' O saddest of sad maidens she! Sad is the Lady Rosalie!

"And now she sleeps upon the strand, Her fair head pillowed on the sand, And in her ear

I whisper clear. 'Your lover's true. From other clime and other land, Across the track I bring him back To love and you.' O gladdest of glad maidens she! Glad is the Lady Rosalie!"

II.

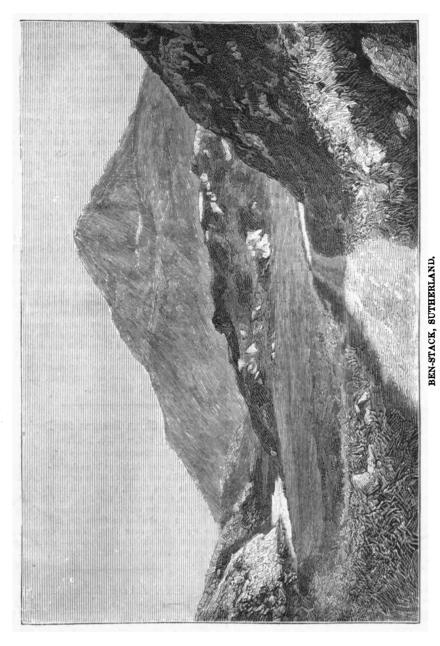
The wind strode fiercely over the sea, With mighty tread, so cruelly! And, tempest-tossed, A ship was lost Beneath the wave. Then he laughed aloud in savage glee: "O pitying sea, Where now is he Whom you would save?

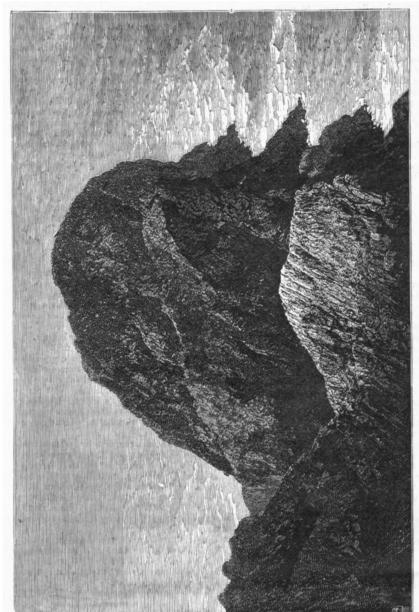
Saddest of maidens will she be, Your own fair Lady Rosalie!"

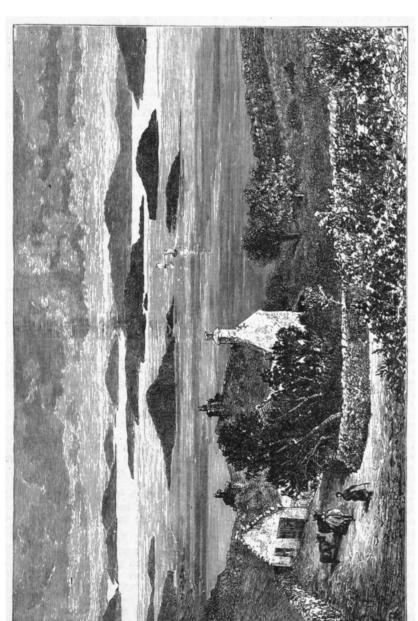
III.

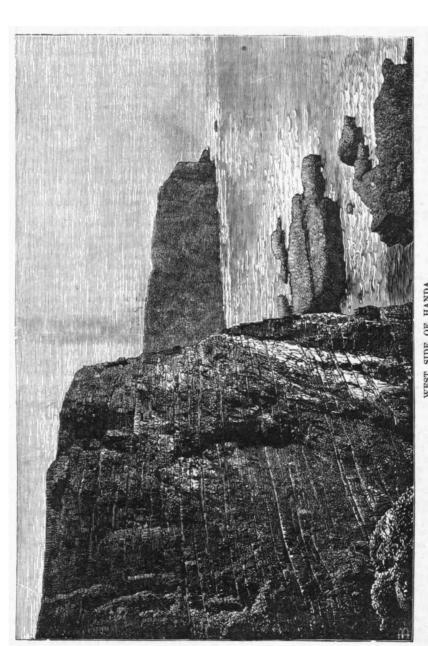
The morn is bright, and by the sea One walks with Lady Rosalie; And in her eyes The love-light lies, And glad her song: "O kindly sea, so dear to me, Since you have brought Him whom I sought So long, so long!" O gladdest of glad maidens she! The happy Lady Rosalie!

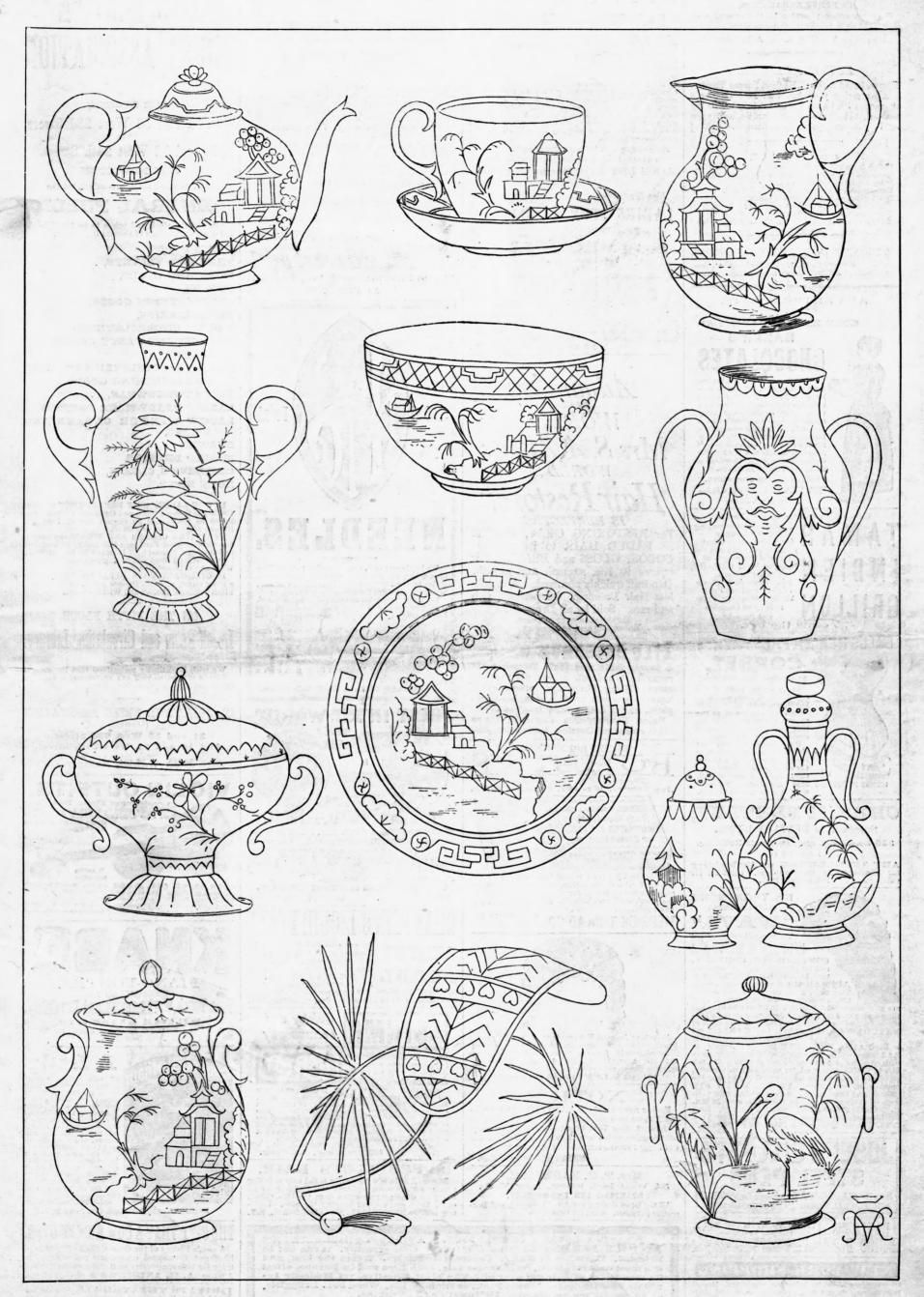












FIGS. 1-12.—OLD BLUE CHINA DESIGNS FOR DOYLEYS, ETC.—FULL SIZE.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.—[See Page 715.]

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—[Adv.] Van Wert, O. A. N. KROUT, M.D.

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thorough trial, I must say that it fully merits the praise that I have everywhere heard bestowed upon it. Very sincerely yours, Effic Ellsler.—[Com.]

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Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle, Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle; Baby hallelujah all that night, Household bumping heads in awful fright. Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria, Night was hideous without Castoria; When colic left; for peaceful slumber, All said their prayers and slept like thunder.—[Adv.]

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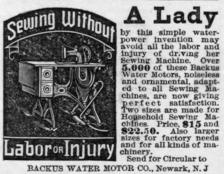
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FACETIÆ.

FACETIÆ.

A CORRESPONDENT from an out-of-the-way mountain village in Switzerland writes to a contemporary as follows: "My guide amused me very much this morning by telling me that the landlord of our inn got into a difficulty last night. An Englishman happened to arrive at dinner-time, and expressed a wish to have a bottle of wine of some better quality than the wine of the country; in fact, he wanted something which could boast of having been some few years in bottle. The landlord said he had the very thing in the cellar, and without delay produced a bottle with a label which certified to the contents being fourteen years old. The uncorking was done with a proper amount of ceremony; but, alas, the first thing to make its appearance was a live fly."

An eccentric old gentleman, being waited upon with his surgeon's bill, cogitated some time over its contents, and then desired the man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for; but as for the visits, he should return them.

A boy defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on." He was twin brother of the boy who said that pins had saved great numbers of lives by not being swallowed.

Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion"?

What does a husband's promise about giving up tobacco generally end in?—Why, in smoke.

After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.

Don't judge a man's character by the umbrella he carries. It may not be his.

Lord X., whose popularity was not excessive in a certain Scotch town, having refused an importunate beggar, she renewed her applications with, "Now, me lord, if ye'd just give me one little saxpence, I could treat every friend ye have in the toon!"



A MAID WHO LITERALLY MINDS HER OWN BUSINESS.

MOTHER (to new girl, who has been hired to amuse the children). "Mary, how is this? These children are making a terrible noise."

MARY. "Well, indeed they are, ma'am; and I'm so glad you've come in. Here I've been trying to write for the last half hour, and their noise is so distracting."

A CAPITAL STORY-The life of a millionaire.

It's the little things that fret and worry us; we can dodge an elephant, but we can't a fly.

An old man who had been badly hurt in a railway collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, sid, "Wa'al, no, not for damages—I've had enough of them; but I'll jest sue 'em for repairs."

A California reporter, describing a free fight in detail, writes: "Colonel Bagges was shot once in the left side, once in the right shoulder, and once in the drinking saloon adjacent."

"I think a bath daily would be beneficial in your case," said the physician to Plodgers, the valetudinarian. "Well, I don't know, doctor," replied Plodgers, in a feeble voice; "Itook a bath once, a year or two ago. I felt better for a while, but it wasn't long before I was as bad as ever, and I have been growing worse ever since."

An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant.

"Name it, madam," cried Coelebs, in a rage.
"It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady.

"It seems to me that you have the longest miles here that I ever saw in my life," remarked a tourist in Ireland.
"No," replied Pat, taking the pipe from his mouth, "the moile isn't long; but when they made the road, the stones gave out, so they put a moile-stone every two moiles, sure."

F Every man is fond of strik-ing the nail on the head, but when it happens to be his finger-nail, his enthusiasm be-comes wild and incoherent.

Why are fowls the most profitable things a farmer can raise?—Because for every grain they give a peck.

Why is a certain kind of window called a bay-window?

—Because people go there when they look out to see.

A gentleman called some time since to consult a physician with regard to a rheumatism which caused him much pain. The doctor immediately sat down and wrote him a prescription. As the patient was going away, the doctor called him back. "By-the-auny relief, please let me know, as I am myself suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it."



·TIME'S CHANGES.

OLD SCHOOL-MATE. "Dear me! Why, when you and I were at Yale, you were a curly-haired boy with a slim figure; and now your hair's slim and your figure curly!"



RATHER CONFUSING.

LADY OF HOUSE (to artist). "Begging your pardon, miss, but you 'ain't no need to dror that there pump, miss. It 'ain't worked not this thirty year or more."



Vol. XIV.—No. 46. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

TEN CENTS A COPY.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WE will say a few words to-day about childer's clothing, since the sphere of these little people in society is every day enlarging, and their garments becoming more and more maurious. Nevertheless, our very best houses succeed in devising costumes which are stamped at once with elegance and simplicity. We will describe a novelty of this kind for a little boy from four to six years old. This is a dress something in the sailor style, of fine écru cashmere. The little skirt, some sixteen inches long, comes just below the knee, and is laid in close kilt pleats two fingers wide. This is sewed to a belt, to

which is attached a sort of shirt waist, entirely plain, with-out a single pleat or gather, which falls over a Russia leather belt loosely enough to cover it. A large sailor collar closes diagonally, under which is seen a plain waistcoat, fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons, and finished with a high standing collar, covered with guipure set on plain. The sleeves are adjusted at the bottom by flat pleats, forming a cuff about four inches wide, each pleat being held in place its whole length by embroidered dots of red silk; the same embroidery edges the sailor collar, in the corners of which two little interlaced anchors are embroidered in red silk. On the top of the left sleeve, about half way up, is sewed a piece stuff about two and a half inches square, embroidered with interlaced anchors, surmounted by a closed crown. At the bottom of the opening in front is a Louis XIII. bow of nine loops of inchwide ribbon, forming a fan about six inches long. This cos-tume can be made of Japanese silk, or simply of Tussore, if greater elegance is desired. Red stockings and patent-leather shoes are worn with it.

with it.

For lads from eight to ten years old the short blouse of navy blue wool, confined by a yellow leather belt, short breeches, red or light blue stockings, and starched linen collar of medium size, is the dress most in vogue. For evening there are still the short breeches or knickerbockers, little jacket, soft silk cravat with long ends to match the stockings, and high-heeled

patent-leather pumps. As to men, the ordinary suit for travelling, business, and négligé wear consists of a cut-away coat, waisteoat, and trousers made all of the

same stuff, the English fancy cloths and navy blue woollens being most used for this purpose. With this is worn a melon hat with narrow brim, of a color to match the suit. The simplest coat is cut straight, and closed by a single button; it is rendered more elegant by fitting it slightly, and buttoning it all the way up. For demi-toilette or calls on intimate friends this is replaced by a coat of fancy cloth, dark green, chestnut brown, figured black, etc. For morning wear in the country, walking in the forest, etc., the favorite garment is the short blouse with large, pleats, confined at the waist by a leather belt, knicker-bockers, and coarse wool stockings of the color of the suit, which is usually gray or cuir.

After occupying ourselves so much with gen-

themen, it is time to give a little attention to the details of the feminine toilette, especially as our last letter was wholly devoted to wrappings and dresses. We will say, therefore, that laces and guipures of all kinds—Irish, English, Venetian, Alençon, Mechlin, etc.—will be in the greatest favor during the coming winter. The imitation laces have attained such a degree of perfection that they are fully accepted by the richest and most elegant, so that ladies of modest fortune can trim their dresses therewith without being guilty of the least offense against style. Lace flounces and scarfs are used on ball dresses in still greater profusion even than last winter, and dinner, reception, and evening toilettes are similarly adorned. Very large collars will continue

to be worn, both square and pointed. All styles will be in fashion—English with pleated jabots, Girondists, Louis XIII., Louis XV., etc.—to accord as far as possible with the character of the dress, when this is of a marked style. Large collars are generally becoming; they terminate often in a cravat bow or jabot.

Bonnets will likewise be of an infinite variety of shapes, with a corresponding multitude of names, indicating the epoch or country from which they are borrowed, such as the Directoire, Robespierre, Toreador, Shepherdess, etc., and will be even more accentuated in character than last season. Generally the *shape*, or foundation, is of felt, but of this nothing is visible, it being the province of the milliner to stamp it with individuality by cover-

ing it with ribbons, feathers, etc., after her own taste. According to the style, this shape is also of plush—plain, striped, ombré or glacé—beaver, fur beaver, etc. With all these, the capote still retains its favor with ladies who are afraid of ecentricity, or are no longer young. A few are trimmed with ornaments embroidered with different-colored beads, senting a fir

senting a flebird; others of bird; others of beads, ferror and others with moiré plush, with strings to match. Spanish lace in all colors will be much used to complete the trimmings.

To the elegant fabrics formerly mentioned should be added wool limousines, striped, bayadere, ombré, and in small checks, and coarse-looking striped Che-viots. There is almost always a mix-ture of three or four colors, in which one predominates suffi-ciently to serve as a guide in matching the trimmings of velvet, plush, etc. This matching still remains the rule of a stylish toilette; for instance, skirts of pékin fabrics are trimmed with pleatings combining the

colors of the stripes. Fancy jewelry is more and more vogue. Ladies have brought back from each watering - place its local jewel; curi-ous pebbles, old provincial ornaments, etc., which will be made up into the necklaces that are worn now even with street dresses. Some are made of strange foreign coin, others of curiously cut pieces of metal; very pretty ones are composed of watch springs of an artistic epoch, like the Renaissance, and which are often of considerable value. All sorts of coins are strung together for this purpose.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.



Fig. 1.—WOOL SATTEEN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Satin Surah and Velvet Dress.—Front and Back. Cut Pattern, 3150: Polonaise and Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents each, For description see Supplement.

TO A DISH. AN ÆSTHETE'S RHAPSODY.

CONSUMMATE Dish! Full many an ancient crack Is seamed across thy venerable back; And even through to thine æsthetic face Cracks run, to lend a more enchanting grace! What matter though the epicure now loses The juice which through thy gaping fissures

Thrice happy Table-cloth! thou knowest not The too too beauty of you greasy spot. To think that, with a little vulgar butter, This High Art Dish can make thee look so utter

Alas! I rave. Thou art but silent clay, And canst not speak, nor e'en hear what I say. Yet, oh, I love thee, Tooest of all Toos! I would not have thee whole, e'en could I choose; And were it possible thy cracks to cure, My brain must burst-no more could I endure My brain, say I? Fool! Blinded by my passion, quite forgot that brains are out of fashion. What brains can we intense ones need or wish? WE live for soul, a feather, and a Dish!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881. WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

With No. 104, issued October 25, the Second Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PROPLE comes to an end. The serial story "Tim and Tip" is concluded in this number; but " Talking Leaves" is continued, and grows in interest as it advances. An article by Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick, with the paradoxical title "A Flowerless Flour Gar-den," will excite curiosity, and will be read with absorbing interest. A descriptive account of the Game of Cricket, a capital short story, entitled "Vic Whitney's Kevenge," with an illustration, and one of Jimmy Brown's inimitable funny sketches, are among the other attractive features of the current number.

MOLE-HILLS.

"BOBUS'S blindness is singular," writes Sydney Smith to his daughter. "He can see a mote, but not a beam; the smaller anything is, the better he sees it. He could see DAVID, but would run against GOLIATH." The Bobuses of society are legion. It is their babit and infirmity to see minutest mole-hills of dissatisfaction, while

e heights of joy often remain invisible. nle who make existence a bore and a sit opposite us at table, jostle us on walk, and sometimes, alas!

latch-key. Not that this defect is always obvious to spectators. A woman may be so sweet and gracious, so sensitive to heroism, so largeminded and warm-hearted, that she seems to deserve that exquisite praise won by Lady ELIZABETH HASTINGS. But the intimate who spends a week in her house knows that the petty annoyances of life dispel this golden calm. She could mould the policy of a state, perhaps, bare her brow serene to the great storms of fate, or stand smiling at the stake for the faith that is in her. But she can not endure with patience the misfit of a gown, the witty gibe of an acquaintance, the misrepresentation which all people of character must expect, the upsetting of her plans of usefulness or pleasure, the stupidity of servants, or the omission of her name from Mrs. Gatherum's list of invitations. She may not lose her temper, but she makes these mole-hills so mountainous that they shut out the light of day from her household.

A man whose whole life has been passed in the service of a cause, who has really made the burden of the oppressed lighter and the sighing of the prisoner to cease, is at home so exasperated by the short-comings of a workman, the racketing of the children, the mislaving of his gloves, the failure of a letter, or the non-election of his candidate, that his poor wife might well be tempted to the commission of crime as the only means of interesting him in the amelioration of her condition.

We all know the people who speak of a rainy day which interferes with their plans, or of exhausting heat, or bitter cold, or unexpected frost, as if it were a deliberate affront to them on the part of low-bred Nature. Not that they mean to be so understood. But the habit of exaggerating trifling troubles, of measuring every circumstance, event, or action of life as it affects their personal comfort, breeds this spirit of querulousness and criticism.

There are, indeed, many lovable people who make mountains out of mole-hills. And these do not so much arraign their tribulations, or groan beneath them, as look upon them with mild-eyed wonder, and oppose to them a sweet incompetence. All their friends come to the rescue of these grownup children, who are incessantly stumbling over mole-hills, and mutely asking to be set again on their feet. They smile the sweetest thanks, they never lose their temper, but not the less do they waste better lives than their own, and tyrannize with dense

Young married people are apt to find their flowery pathway leading through a perfect savanna of mole-hills. They have learned from the poets and the traditions of time that love is enough. To them it seems the supreme virtue, comprehending all others, the moral solvent in which all discrepancies of character, all mistakes of judgment, all vices of nature, are to be lost and blended into perfection. But in most cases love the passion, love the dream, love the indulgence, does not transform the lover. It "can not so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of't." And two persons, not long ago unacquainted, and perhaps even now in reality strangers, setting themselves to the task of living together in the closest intimacy, and bound to maintain that untried partnership for life, have need to resolve that they will not see the mole-hills which otherwise would swell into mountains in a night. Probably more than half the unhappiness of marriage grows out of this habit of exaggerating trifles which a healthy vision would refuse to see, or a healthy nature to brood over. No love can stand the perpetual magnifying of offenses, the perpetual aspersion of motives, the perpetual accusation of fate, which thoughtless married people, not base, and really affectionate and loyal, permit themselves toward each other. And if love flee from the hearth-stone, what is left?

Perhaps the great man is he who is least disturbed by mole-hills. It is told of JEAN PAUL RICHTER that he was subject to torturing headaches, and that his companions recognized these attacks when they saw him bear himself with unusual erectness and hilarity. His joyousness was an atmosphere, even when his only study was his mother's noisy kitchen, and his only fare bread and water, with an occasional hiatus of bread. No one can read the delightful memoir of SYDNEY SMITH, with his letters (lately republished in the "Franklin Square Library"), without feeling himself uplifted by intimacy with a hero. Yet no life could have flowed on between narrower banks. Few experiences are more leaden than that of a poor country parson among Bœotian parishioners; but SYDNEY SMITH would not see the mole-hills. "It is common-sense," he wrote to a friend, "to do the best you can where you happen to be placed. I am not leading precisely the life I should choose,

.....but I am reselved to like it, and to reconcile myself to it; which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints of being thrown away, and being desolate, and such like trash. In short, if it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but as long as I can possibly avoid it, I

will never be unhappy."

MATINÉES AND SOIRÉES.

THE word matinée has come to mean with us a day performance at the theatre or opera. It has, however, in Europe, and should have here, a significance also social. Any party given before dinner is a matinée in France, as any party after dinner is a soirée.

The improper application of a foreign word was never more strikingly manifested than in the old fashion of calling the Presidents' receptions, when held in the evening, levees. A "lever was a king's getting up. As he rose, and while dressing, the courtiers were in the habit of gathering in an outer room to assist at his morning toilette, to wish him good-morning, and perhaps prefer a request. This grew until it became a very important court ceremonial.

Some one, ignorant of the French language named President Jackson's evening receptions "the President's levee," and so it stood until lately, when they may have unconsciously changed the name to "the President's reception."

First introduced as a So with the matinée. day reception at court, it has now grown to mean a day performance at the theatre. Sometimes a lady, bolder than her neighbors, issues an invitation for a "matinée dansante," or a "matinée musicale," but it is not common.

There are many reasons for these parties. They afford an opportunity for quiet and informal gatherings, for a reading or a little music, and they are very much prized by ladies who can not go out evenings. Nothing is so conveniently timed for a busy woman of fashion, either, as a matinée, which begins at two, and is over at four or half past, as it does not interfere with either five-o'clock teas, or dinners, or evening entertainments, or a drive in the Park. It is therefore an admirable invention, if a lady wishes to give a new pianist an introduction, or a singer is to be heard, or a fashionable reader introduced. It is also a very good hour for a large and informal general lunch, if a lady does not wish the expense, formality, and trouble of a sit-down lunch.

While the busiest ladies can go to a matinée, the busy gentlemen can not; therefore, counting out the men of leisure, who are few in America, the matinée has become almost purely feminine both at the theatre and in society. Some ladies prefer to give their matinées on great public hol-

idays, like Washington's Birthday, or Thanksgiving, or Christmas, or Decoration-day. Our national holidays are few. On these rare occasions a matinée can be in New York-even busy New

York—well attended by gentlemen.

It is a favorite way of welcoming a foreigner of distinction. We sometimes have a prince, a duke, an archbishop, an author of celebrity, a Tom Hughes, or a Lord Houghton, or a Dean Stanley, or the French descendants of our great allies at Yorktown, and to them we desire to of-fer a greeting of some kind. It is a pleasant and informal way of bringing our distinguished friends together to invite them to a matinée to meet such authors, artists, clergymen, lawyers, editors, statesmen, rich and public-spirited citizens, beautiful and cultivated women, queens of society, as we may happen to be so fortunate as to know.

The primary business of good society is to bring together the various component elements of which it is made up, so that all shall find re-laxation and diversion—the desire to light up the momentous business of life by gleams of a brighter and a more easy and enjoyable intercourse than that obtained at a ball or a formal dinner, and for and by some avowed purpose; we may perhaps persuade those elderly busy men who really are maintaining the great American name at its present high place in the Pantheon of nations to stop and amuse themselves, and also to amuse us, by a couple of hours' pleasure occasionally at a matinée. To do this, to succeed in drawing them out, we must offer some such tempting bait as that spoken of above, and a lady who entertained Dean Stanley said that she particularly enjoyed her own matinée for him, because, through his name, she for the first time got the eloquent clergy of New York to her house.

Such men are not tempted by the Champagne, the dancing, and the frivolity of the fashionable ball, the society, made up of boys and girls, which lives upon vanity, nervous excitement, rivalry, and flirtation. Not that all fashionable society is thus to be classified, but its tendency is that way at least we rarely find elderly and distinguished and valuable men who like it. Therefore a rady who would make her house attractive to the best society must offer something higher than all that which we may call, in a generic way, fashion. Dress, music, dancing, supper, are delightful accessories-they are ornaments and stimulants, not requisites. For a good society we need men and women who are "good company," as they say in England-men and women who can talk. the advantage all on one side. The free play of brain, taste, and feeling is a most important refreshment to a man who works hard in any way, whether in the pulpit or in Wall Street, whether in the editorial chair or in the hard grind of authorship. The painter should wash his brushes and strive for some intercourse of abiding value with those who lead a different life from his own. The woman who works hard should also look upon society as a needful pastime, fruitful it may be of the best culture.

On the other hand, no society is perfect without the elements of beauty, grace, taste, refinement, and luxury. We must bring all these varied elements together if we would have society, for he secret of social intercoun wis sylven. It is not instruction, or money-making, or work, intellectual exhibition, or intrigue, or repentance of sins, or display, or morbid excitement; it is that pleasant thing which refines and refreshes, and "knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," and

which leaves us strong for the battle of life.

And in no modern form of entertainment can we produce this finer atmosphere, this more desirable sympathy between the world of fashion and that of thought, better than by the matinée, if given under favorable circumstances. To be sure, if we gave them every day, we might have to do, as we have said, without a great number of gentlemen. But the occasional matinée is apt to catch some very good specimens of the class, and the best specimens too. It is proper to offer at a matinée a very substantial buffet, as people have rarely lunched at two o'clock, and will be glad of a piece of bird, or a cup of bouillon, or a bit of salad. It would be much better to offer such an entertainment early than to offer it at the fiveo'clock tea, when people are saving their appetites

A soirée is a far more difficult and subtle question to treat. It should be, not a ball, but what we used to call an "evening party." It need not exclude dancing, but still dancing is not its excuse for being. It means a very bright conversazione or a reading, or a musicale, lighted up with pretty evening dress (not necessarily ball dress), a sup-per, and early hours. Such at least was its early ficance abroad

It has this superiority in New York, that it does bring in the gentlemen. They like very much the easy-going early-houred soirée. We mean, of course, those gentlemen who no longer care for balls. If aristocracy means "the rule of the best," all American entertainments, all aspirants for social distinction, should try to propitiate this class -these men who are being driven from the ball room by the insolence and the pretension of the lower elements of fashionable society. In Europe, the very qualities which make a man great in the senate, the field, or the chamber of commerce give him corresponding eminence at court. Many a gray mustache in Paris leads the German. enator of France has his aspirations to appear well in the boudoir. With these men, society is a duty. It is not so here, nor do our men culti-But the two great factors of success in America, wealth and learning, do not always fit a man for society; still less has society fitted itself

The soirée, if properly conducted, is an entertainment to which can be brought the best elements of our society—elderly, thoughtful, educated men. A lady should not, however, confound these entertainments with concerts and recentions in the way of dress. It is the height of impro-

priety for ladies to go to them in bonnets, as has been done sometimes in New York, to the everlasting disgust of the hostess.

When a lady takes the pains to issue an invitation to a soirée a week or a fortnight ahead, she should at least be repaid by the careful dressing and early coming of her guests. It may be proper to call at an evening reception in a bonnet,

but never at a soirée or an evening party.

There is no doubt that wealth has become a very important element in American society, and that we are in danger of feeling that if we have not wealth, therefore we can not give either matinées or soirées; but that is a mistake. Of course, all other things being equal, the possession of wealth is most desirable and most respectable. Money is power, and when well earned it is a most noble power. But it does not command all those advantages which are the very essence of social intercourse. It may pamper the appetite, but it does not always feed the mind. There is still a corner left for those who have but little money. A lady can give a matinée or soirée in a small house with very little expenditure of money, and if she has the inspiration of the model entertainer in her, every one will flock to her small and unpretending ménage whom she honors with an invitation. There are plenty of people in our large cities who can give great balls, dazzle the eyes, confuse and delight the senses, fill high the cup with the most potent excitement, drown us in a sensuous luxury, but how few can in a back street and in a humble house light the lamp by which the Misses Berry used to summon to their little parlor the very best people?

The elegant, the unpretending, the quiet soirée at which the littérateur, the artist, and the pro-fessor shall be welcomed by the woman of fashion, the old aristocrat who is at the top of the social tree, and the millionaire who reached his culmination yesterday, would seem to be that Ultima Thule which all people have been sighing for ever since society was first thought of. There are some Americans who are foolish enough to affect the pride of the hereditary aristocrae who have some fancied traditional standard by which they think to keep their blue blood pure, and, indeed, a good old grandfather who had talent, or patriotism, or broad views of statesmanship, "who did the state some service," lation to be proud of. One should take care to live up to him, however, by some more personal excellence than that of a social exclusiveness. What our grandfathers were, a thousand new-comers now are. They made their way—the early American men—untrammelled by class restraints; they arrived at wealth and distinctions and social eminence by their own merits; they worked and toiled for the means which enables their greatgrandsons to wear purple and fine linen. could they see the pure and perfect snob who now sometimes wears the name which they left so unsullied, they would be apt to be exasperated.

Of course a certain exclusiveness must mark all our matinées and soirées; they would fail of the chief element of diversion if we invited everybody. Let us, therefore, insure the æsthetic and intellectual, the sympathetic and the genial, sifting out the pretentious and those who have any attaint of personal character. The rogues, the pretenders, the adventurers, who push into the penetralia of our best circles, are many. It is to the exclusion of such that the hostess should devote herself.

It is said that all women are born aristocrats, and it is sometimes said in the same tone with which the speaker afterward adds that all women are born fools. A woman does, from her finer sense, like luxury, fine clothes, gorgeous houses, and all the refinements which money can buy; but even the most idle and luxurious and foolish women desire that higher luxury which art and intelligence and refined delicate appreciation can alone bring; the two are necessary to each other. To a hostess the difficulties of entertaining in such a manner that she can unite in one perfect whole the financiers, the philosophers, the cultivated foreigners, the people of fashion, the sympathetic, and the artistic, are very great. But a hostess may bring about the most genial democracy at the modern matinée or the soirée if she manages properly.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SETS OF FUR.

THERE is such a variety of luts in winter that a comfortable and stylish set of THERE is such a variety of furs in use this some genuine fur, good of its kind, though not always of the finest quality, is within the reach tutes the most desirable set, because the shoulder cape or pelerine covers the chest and shoulder-blades, giving the most luxurious warmth and protection to these vital and delicate parts. These pelerines are round capes, straight on the lower edges-not pointed in front and behindextending half way between the shoulders and elbows, and measuring about eleven inches in depth behind. When worn with a close-fitting jacket they are most effective, and are much used with suits that have an outer coat of the material, but are not sufficiently warm without the pelerine. Next this cape in size is the small Russian collar of fur, which is really the most popular fur garment, because the least expensive. The Eugénie collar is very comfortable, because the fronts are extended and cut off square on the chest, while the back does not conceal the figure. The echarpe, or scarf, similar to the old-fashioned victorine with long tabs in front, may be found in the shops, but does not meet with the favor anticipated for it. The promised increase in the size of muffs is not realized, except in the flat bag muffs that are now made quite large, with a reticule opening at the top, and are ornamented with three festooned cords and tassels in front, or else with bows of ribbon and loops that



will serve to suspend the muff from the arm as a bag when the hands are not in it. The round muff is still very small, and it is meant that it should be merely large enough to cover the

For plain and tasteful people who like stylish things, yet must have them at small cost, the black hare sets are chosen, with a small muff val-ued at \$4 or \$5, yet of warm, thick, long, lus-trous black fur; the small collar to match this will be the same price, a Eugénie scarf will cost twice as much, and a large pelerine only \$10. For ladies who have more money, and can spend \$40 to \$75 a set, the luxuriant black fox sets are chosen, as this fleece has great depth and warmth, and is jet black and glossy. The beaver-skins are in great favor this season for sets, and are dressed in various ways, such as the natural brown, the colored beavers, the plucked, halfplucked, and unplucked beavers, the silvery or pointed beavers, and the new golden beaver. Brown furs have been gradually coming into favor for two or three years, and now quite rival the glossy black furs. A good choice among these is the natural beaver of dark brown color, which nature, not art, has made ombré, each skin showing a pretty range of tints, and this is preserved in the deep pelerines, borders, muffs, etc. Ladies who protest against dyed furs like this natural beaver because it has no dve to rub off; and the economical like it because it is possible to buy a set of it for \$8, provided the wearer is contented with a small Russian collar, though pelerines, that are especially popular in this fur, begin as low as \$12 in the scale of prices.

A novelty for young ladies to wear with black or dark velvet costumes is the golden beaver, which by some bleaching process is made a rich golden hue, and is very effective when tied with gold-colored ribbons. These are as becoming to brunettes as the gray chinchilla sets are to blondes, and are liked best with small collars rather than deep pelerines. The colored beavers are brown and black velvet-like furs that are worn by both blondes and brunettes in small sets that may accompany appropriately wraps of any fabric, either cloth, silk, fur, or velvet. The pointed beavers are those with white or silvery hairs sewed in them at intervals, in a way that is much liked; but the purchaser should blow back the long pile and assure herself that these hairs are well sewed to the pelt, instead of being merely glued there. Gray chinchilla sets made of the finely shaded Arica chinchilla are liked for blondes, but are unbecoming to most brunettes; this is a fragile fur that requires great care to keep its long pile from being flattened, as the fleece is very fine, and it is also expensive. Turbans of this fur, as well as that of most of the shorter fleeces mentioned above, are now worn by young ladies to match the set of cape and muff. Seal-skin sets of collar and muff are little used, as the pile is too short for collars, and muffs are more often made of the fur used for trimming a dress or cloak. The boas that were once popular made of seal-skin are now seldom seen. For light-colored sets lynx-skins are used both in the blue-gray shades known as lynx bleuté, and in the drab shades called Grecian lynx. Fawn-skins of the natural brown with creamy dots are made up into sets for young ladies and children, and the prettily marked leop ard sets are still used, though there is little warmth in these, as the pile is short and stiff. Nor are the monkey sets very warm, though their long black glossy hair is very showy, and the expense is small; thus, for a separate muff, one of the black monkey-skins costing only \$6 or \$8 is a very pretty trifle. There are also muffs of the silver-fox, the fisher-tail, or of the brown bear, made either flat or round, to be worn with costumes or cloaks trimmed with the same fur, as it is true that even with cloaks of fur the muff must match the trimming rather than the fur of which the cloak is made.

Now that brown furs are restored to favor, ladies are taking out their valuable Russian sables that were so long kept out of sight by the use of the more fanciful dyed furs. The darkest brown shades in these furs are the most valuable, and mark the small muffs with beautiful lines. A pelerine of Russian sable is a very choice garment, and may cost as much as a great cloak of seal-skin that covers the wearer from throat to foot. The smaller sable collars costing from \$50 to \$175 are also objects of desire, that will increase in value as they gradually become restored to fashion; muffs to correspond at \$100 are very handsome, and those offered at \$300 will probably soon bring their original value, which was double this sum. The Hudson Bay different lighte brown shades than the dark Russian fur, and costing much less; yet pelerines, collars, and muffs of this American fur are in great favor with brown costumes, and a border of the same fur is used for the trimming. The mink furs have long been a standard choice with people who live in very cold climates, and use their fur garments daily: hence they have never lost their value, though replaced by the various dyed furs; now they are coming into vogue again with other natural brown furs, and make excellent sets and trimmings; muffs of good quality cost from \$4 upward, and the Russian collar of mink, which preferred to the larger pelerines, costs from \$12 upward.

SEAL-SKIN SACOUES.

Seal-skin remains the favorite fur for sacques and cloaks. The sacques of seal fur are not increased in length, but cloaks are as long as it is convenient to wear them, entirely concealing the dress, in fact. Sacques, however, are found to look clumsy with short costumes when made too long, and their average length is now thirty-four or thirty-six inches. They are also much more closely fitted to the figure than were those of last this is done by means of seams in the back which extend only to the waist line, leaving ample room for a large tournure. The fronts of the garments are not changed, being double-breasted, with a revers collar that may be worn open or else closed to the throat, and fastened by bars crossed with thick braid. The sleeves are without cuffs, as the double fur is too clumsy at the wrists; all the pockets are inside, but there should not be too many pockets, as they are apt to be overloaded and draw the lining out of shape, as well as making the figure unsightly. Good qualities of seal-skin are now so darkly dved that they look black instead of brown, rendering the term seal brown almost a misnomer. As we have before said, the purchaser must examine the seal garment to be sure that the pile of fur is turned upward, and when brushing or smoothing it with the hand, the strokes should be upward with the fleece. The short solid fur of seals is less easily marred than that with the more expensive long

When this fur has been exposed to dampness, it should not be dried by the fire, but should be carefully spread out or hung on the back of a chair in a cold and dry room; otherwise the fleece may be matted and flattened. The untrimmed seal sacque is a better selection than one trimmed with a border of another fur, as its beauty and stylish fit are sufficient when new, and the trimming may afterward be added to conceal some injury or to suit a newer fashion. The strong fleece of the Alaska seals is now most used for sacques, as the Shetland seals are almost extinct. The furriers give \$175 to \$300 as a range of prices for such garments. When trimmings are added, the prices are increased. The natural brown beaver or gray chinchilla trimmings are most liked by young ladies, and the muff should be of the fur of the trimming instead of the sealskin. It costs from \$50 to \$100 to have a trimming of the various kinds of beaver-natural or colored—added to a sacque, while a chinchilla trimming will cost from \$60 to \$175. The otterskins, both plucked and unplucked, are also fashionable borders for seal sacques, and are very expensive, as this is a rich, velvet-like fur. black marten, or Alaska sable, and the silvery (pointed) beaver are favorite trimmings for sacques; the luxurious black fox fur and the delicate silver-fox are better liked for the long cloaks

FUR CLOAKS.

Cloaks of seal-skin are long enough to conceal the wearer's dress, and the newest shapes are now made fuller on account of the bouffant tournures to be worn beneath them. Most of these garments have the broad square sleeves now in fashion, and indeed the variety in shapes is made by the different kinds of sleeves and sides, some of which are pointed, and some rounded, or in capes, or with Dolman-like wings. The paletot used last year, with its sleeves folded upward and extending quite far back, remains one of the most elegant styles. The Alberoni and the sortie de bal are new long cloaks, full and long, yet very similar to those of last winter; the Launoy is made to differ by its straight collar, which is pointed low in front, and its wide square sleeves that may be buttoned inside near the wrist to envelop the arm more Cosely. The straight Launoy collar is more youthful-looking than the turned-over Russian collar, and may be added to the cloaks of last year for ladies who like novelty. All of these large cloaks require rich fur trimmings to complete their fine and luxurious effect, and on the value of these trimmings the cost of the gar-ments most depends: \$325 upward is the price suggested by dealers for paletots and other fur cloaks. Black marten trimmings are very fashionable for these wraps, and are much more cost-ly than when first introduced, and before they were thoroughly deodorized. The black fox, silver-fox, the various kinds of beaver, otter, and chinchilla, are the other furs used for the borders of seal-skin cloaks. The linings are best liked when made of brown satin Grec, very lightly wadded, and this is sometimes embroidered down the fronts.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS.

All the shapes described above for fur cloaks are shown in long cloaks that are lined with fur, and beside these are youthful-looking pelisses that fit like a surtout, and also the popular fur-lined circular, which, notwithstanding the introduction of novelties, remains the favorite extra wrap with ladies who have a number of cloaks. and is the first choice with those of small means who can only purchase a single garment. materials for the richest of these cloaks is embossed velvet with very large figures; then comes tre; then damask satin in special designs of feathers, foliage, or flowers; and after these the satin de Lyon, Messine, satin merveilfamiliar leux. Sicilienne, and finally camel's-hair, with some of gros grain without lustre, and some armure silks for elderly ladies and for those who are dressing in mourning. The richest of these wraps have collars and borders similar to those of fur cloaks, but the inexpensive circulars costing from \$50 upward may have no trimming other than the collar. The great comfort of these cloaks consists in their warm lining of the various kinds of squirrel fur. The squirrel-lock fur, which is most used, is made merely of the breasts of the skins, is of light weight, and white is its predominating color; the all-gray lining is entirely of the backs of the skins, and is the heaviest lining; but the linings made of the whole skin are of least weight, yet as warm as any, and have handsome combinations of the white and gray colors. A new idea for these useful circulars is to have armholes cut in them, prettily trimmed around with fur, and these may be used or not at pleasure. A few Mother Hubbard cloaks are shown of satin with fur linings, but these are only very slightly shirred about the neck, or they would be clumsy. Hoods are also seen on some of these garments, as well as being

occasionally added to seal-skin cloaks. The furlined pelisses of Sicilienne sold for \$100 are very handsome when a deep pelerine is added of black hare, natural beaver, or black fox, and the muff is of the same fur. The dull black of camel'shair makes handsome cloaks for travelling, for general wear, for elderly ladies, and for those in mourning; these are, however, more expensive than many of silken stuffs. Ermine linings are used for opera cloaks, and also for the outside of such wraps; and this is the only way in which this royal fur is now seen; indeed, all white furs have lost favor, and it is a rare thing to see trimmings of the white fox or of swan's-down at present.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

FUR TRIMMINGS.

Fur borders for dresses are more used than ever, and are no longer restricted to the overdress and wrap, but are now seen in a single broad band near the foot of the lower skirt, or as panels down each side; a single wide border is more stylish than two or more narrow ones. The beaver furs are the favorite trimmings, but are too costly to be commonly used. The handsomest of these is the ombré natural brown beaver, and French modistes are apt to call this seaotter to unwary customers who do not know the great scarcity of sea-otter skins; this is worn from five to nine inches wide, and costs from \$4 to \$12 a yard. Chinchilla is equally fashionable, and still more costly, but is used in narrower widths, on account of its deep fleece; three to five inches is preferred for chinchilla bands. Gray lynx bands are less expensive, and are beautiful on gray cloths. The natural raccoon-skins are cheap, beginning as low as 75 cents a yard, and make a very effective trimming for light cloth. The black hare borders are of excellent jet black and fine lustre for trimming black cloth and other dark stuffs, and cost from \$1 50 a yard upward.

The glossy black fox bands are double the price of the hare borders, and are used for satin and velvet costumes and wraps. Tailors make ladies' cloth costumes very plain, with stitching and no pleating for trimming, and advise them to add a border of fur at the foot, and buy a separate collar or pelerine, and separate cuffs for midwinter, as these do not fit so well when sewed permanently on the neck and sleeves of the Black marten trimmings are excellent for black cloth suits, and cost from \$1 to \$10 a vard. with \$10 for a pair of cuffs, the same for a muff. and \$20 for a pelerine. Stone-marten tails are again used for trimmings, and have quite a resemblance to Russian sable, and cost about \$5 a yard, while the sable borders are \$30 to \$40.

FUR TURBANS.

The Hungarian and Canadian caps worn last winter of fur seal are repeated for this year. These are as large as gentlemen's caps, and have a high band rolled up all around; they cost \$15 to \$25. Flat-topped seal turbans have the entire sides covered with brown beaver. The toques and Devonshire round hats of seal are trimmed with birds' heads, breasts, or wings, especially those of the pheasant, and also with trich plumes in natural gray shades. Chinchilla turbans are handsome with cloaks or dresses trimmed with this fur; ear-flaps are added for warmth in long sleigh-rides or when skating: price \$15 to \$35.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS, 184 Fifth Avenue.

PERSONAL.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has been severely criticised MR. HOLMAN HUNT has been severely criticised for painting a rainbow, in one of his pictures, of but a single color, and that red. It now seems that in one of RAPHAEL'S works is a rainbow of red and yellow only; and this summer a party visiting Mr. TENNYSON at Haslemere saw one of a uniform tinge which Mrs. TENNYSON compared to the color of a pink postage stamp.

—Mrs. BAYARD, the wife of the Senator, was a belle and famous musician in her youth. Her

—Mrs. BAYARD, the wife of the Senator, was a belle and famous musician in her youth. Her name was Louisa Lee, and she was a Virginian.

—MARIA VON BOCKLET, an octogenarian, and a pupil of BEETHOVEN, died recently at Vienna.

—The Colonel, which burlesqued the æsthetes before Patience, and for which DU MAURIER himself designed the contumes was the first three. before Patience, and for which DU MAURIER Himself designed the costumes, was the first theatrical performance witnessed by Queen Victoria for more than twenty years.

—A painting, supposed to be by Titian, "Hagar and Ishmael in the Wilderness," has been given to Bowdoin College by Joseph H. Warden M. D. of Roston.

The sword carried by Governor Benjamin

The sword carried by Governor Benjamin

Pierce, father of President Pierce, who, entering the Continental army at Lexington, fought

for the country till the close of the war, was loaned to the Yorktown Museum by his grand-

daughter, Mrs. FANNY McNeil Potter.
—Mrs. HAYES has been visiting the poet Whittier at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts.
—Senators Anthony and Burnside were wont to be seen so constantly together in Washington that their jocular sobriquet was "The

—On a journey through the backwoods of West Virginia and Kentucky General John Echols, of Virginia, found bits of crape for President GARFIELD even upon the cabins of

President Garffeld even upon the cabins of the colored people.

—Miss Clara, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Governor Hamilton, of Maryland, being beloved by Mr. John Stanhope, and her reciprocal affection being frowned on by her family on account of the twenty years, lack of money, and inferior social standing of the lover, completed the romance of the situation recently by a secret marriage ceremony on the top of Pen Mawr, at the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, to the rather righteous indignation of her fond father, rather righteous indignation of her fond father. who is a man of great wealth and good standing

—A famous California Indian named Tenocoa.

but baptized Francisco, has just died, chief of the Tejon Indians, who was a young man in 1769, when the first friars landed at San Diego, and who was consequently very much more than a hundred years old.

—About a hundred prominent individuals

have purchased by subscription PRESTON Pow-

ERS's bust of the poet WHITTIER, and have presented it, through Mr. CHARLES H. BRAINARD, to the Boston Public Library.

—It is said that several members of the Greek chorus in the recent rendering of Edipus at Harvard have suffered seriously in their rank by the consequent neglect of other studies.

—The daughter of Secretary Hunt is reported to have a wonderful vaice twined to perfect ion.

—The daughter of Secretary Hunt is reported to have a wonderful voice, trained to perfection. Mrs. Hunt herself is said to be very handsome and graceful, Juno-like, with a manner that is the height of thorough-bred courtesy. She was educated in France and Germany.

—Among the members of the International Musical, Dramatic, and Literary Association, which has just opened its offices in London, are Sir Julius Benefict Henry Inving Mr. Sagra-

Sir Julius Benedict, Henry Irving, Mr. Sant-Ley, Carl Rosa, Mr. Sala, Mr. Haweis, Gou-nod, Victor Hugo, and Blanchard Jerrold.

—The private railroad-car owned by the Baroness Nathalie De Rothschild cost twenty thousand dollars. There are several of our rail-

road magnates whose private cars are costlier.

—The chief engineer of the Livingstonia Mission, Mr. J. Stewart, has made a journey in the little steamer Ilala, which now navigates Lake Nyassa, and which three hundred African women carried upon their shoulders around Murchison's Falls.

—In 1846 WILLIAM L. SCOTT was a page in

—In 1840 WILLIAM L. SCOTT was a page in Congress. Since then he has turned over a new page, and is now worth five million dollars.

—Mrs. Bishop, formerly Miss Bird, has received the literary order of "Kapiolani" from the King of Sim

The King of Siam.

—Mr. Foster, our minister at the court of St. Petersburg, has had a sorry time of it. The day after his arrival in Russia the court was ordered into mourning for six months on the death of the Empress; it was hardly out of mourning when ordered in again for a year at the death of the Czar; and coming to America before the expiration of that period, he finds all this nation in mourning also.

—Miss Emily Faithfull has just had a con-

ference on the matter with Victor Hugo, who is greatly interested in the protection of authors'

-Mr. Lorenzo, chief officer at St. Michael's, to be about to store up in the phonograph the hitherto unattainable melodies of the Esquimaux.

—A German version of *Pinafore*, entitled *Love*

on Board, is to be produced at the Frederick William Theatre, Berlin.

—The King of Bavaria has made Mr. LOTHAR

VON FABER, proprietor of the famous pencil factory of "A. W. FABER," at Stein, near Nurem-

berg, a hereditary baronet.

—A new study is being added to Mr. A. B. Alcort's house in Concord, his old one being too small to contain his library, and at eighty-two he is engaged in writing his poetical autobiog-

-When Mrs. Garrield the senior taught a

—When Mrs. Garfield the senior taught a country school in Ohio, a thunder-bolt once struck the primitive school-house. The shock threw pupils and teacher to the floor, and deprived one child of her reason.

—The African explorer Sir Samuel Baker, who recently arrived with his wife in New York, is on a tour round the world with her, having crossed the Pacific from Japan to San Francisco.

—During all the time that Senator Edmunds has been in the Senate he has never used notes, nor revised a speech. His wife is a fine artist, by-the-way, in oirs.

—The old French tenor Laborde, for whem Donizetti wrote an opera, afterward produced

DONIZETTI wrote an opera, afterward produced with Dupkez in the chief rôle, under the changed

title of La Favorita, has lately died at Chantilly.

—Among the curiosities and relies left by
Dean STANLEY to the University of St. Andrews
are souvenirs of the desert of Sinai and of Palestine, gathered by the Dean himself in his Eastern

—Some good fairy seems to have presided at the birth of Mile. CLEONICE GENNADIOS, who is descended in a direct line from the Patriarch who figured at the Council at Nice, and is sister of the Greek Minister at the English court, as she is not only a painter of pictures which are admitted to the Royal Academy, but an admired composer, and a sculptor who has received from M. COUMOUNDOUROS himself an order to execute a series of busts of eminent. Phil-Hellenes, for a series of busts of eminent Phil-Hellenes, for the Hellenic Chamber of Deputies, beginning with CANNING.

-Count ALEXANDER ALBRIZZI is the possess-—Count ALEXANDER ALBRIZZI is the possess-or of the linen cap, or ducal veil, worn by MANIN on the last day of his Dogeship and of the repub-lic of Venice, May 12, 1797, when he handed it to his Chamberlain, BERNARD TREIRSON, saying, "Take this: I shall require it no more." It used, by old privilege, to be worn under the du-

-Gounon seems to have astonished every-GOUNOD seems to have astonished every-body at St. Etienne a few Sundays since, when he went up to the choir, and sang with the choir boys during mass, and afterward sat at the organ, and began the Seventh Symphony, with chorus by himself.

-The Marquise de Rochambeau is much struck with the beauty of American women, and with the taste displayed in this country in the arrangement of flowers.

The house in which DANTE was born was

pawned by the municipality of Florence some time since, and the banking institution from which the money on it was borrowed has foreclosed, and the house is for sale for about two hundred and fifty dollars.

hundred and fifty dollars.

—A small oil-painting of Columbus at forty, representing him with thick dark hair and an aquiline nose, has just been discovered in the Colonial Office at Madrid.

Colonial Office at Madrid.

—Madame Tussaud has placed a model of Guiteau in her Chamber of Horrors.

—The Countess Bective, who is tall and handsome, and with a lovely figure, is trying to make British alpaca popular. She wore lately, as our own belles did a dozen years ago or so, a white alpaca evening gown; but on the occasion of her visit to the Bradford manufactories she wore a black alpaca gown with a flource of her visit to the Bradford manufactories she wore a black alpaca gown with a flounce of wide box pleats, each pleat carrying a strip of watered ribbon edged with gold braid down the middle; the flounce had a narrow gold fringe, and fell over a smaller kilt-pleating at the bottom of the skirt, which was looped at the back with a large watered-silk bow. The Jersey was laced with gold cord; the elbow sleeves were tight, trimmed with rows of gold braid; the color was of watered silk with a standing feill of vas of watered silk, with a standing frill of gold fringe inside it; the bonnet was of black and gold, with bunches of carnations.



ment. The outlines are worked with

red cotton in stem stitch, except

those of the flowers, which must be heavier, and which consist of a dou-ble line in chain stitch. The open

filling in white linen floss is in her-ring-bone, button-hole, and knotted The centres of the flowers are worked

ÆSTHETIC DRESS.

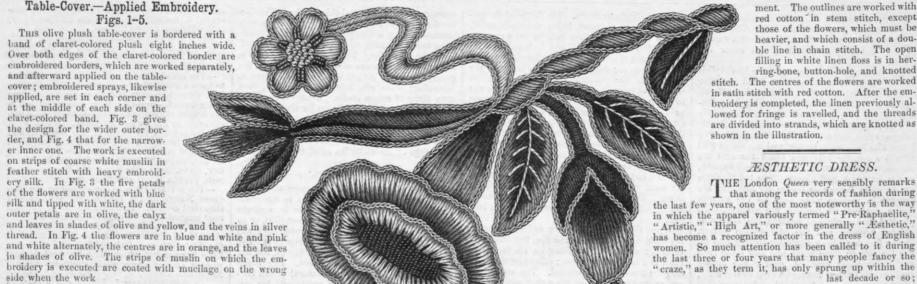
Table-Cover .- Applied Embroidery. Figs. 1-5.

This olive plush table-cover is bordered with a band of claret-colored plush eight inches wide.

Over both edges of the claret-colored border are embroidered borders, which are worked separately, and afterward applied on the table-cover; embroidered sprays, likewise

in shades of olive. The strips of muslin on which the em-broidery is executed are coated with mucilage on the wrong side when the work

is finished, and stretched out to dry. When dry, the mus-lin ground is cut away from around the work, and the borders are applied on the plush, and fastened down around the edges in chain stitch with gold-colored silk as shown in Figs. 3 and 4. Fig. 5 gives the spray for the corner of the cover, and Fig. 2 that for the middle of the side. Both are work ed on small squares of muslin, and treated and applied in the same manner as the borders. flowers are in shades of copper red, and



THE London Queen very sensibly remarks THE London Queen very sensibly remarks
that among the records of fashion during
the last few years, one of the most noteworthy is the way
in which the apparel variously termed "Pre-Raphaelite,"
"Artistic," "High Art," or more generally "Esthetic,"
has become a recognized factor in the dress of English
women. So much attention has been called to it during the last three or four years that many people fancy the "craze," as they term it, has only sprung up within the last decade or so;

but many among us can remember that we always numbered among our friends women whose art sense and know-ledge of the beauti-ful prevented their blindly resigning themselves to the tyrannous dictates of La Mode; and there were ladies, even in the most Philistine epoch of our times, who would not wear a crinoline, or spoil the outline of the head by huge frisettes, distorting its curves and entirely destroying the proportion of the form. They loved the soft heavy folds of In-



Fig. 1.—BATISTE FICHU-COLLAR.





-CRÊPE LISSE AND LACE

FICHU-COLLAR.

Fig. 4.—INNER BORDER OF TABLE-COVER, Fig. 1.

Fig. 5.—Corner Figure of Table-Cover, Fig. 1.

TABLE-COVER IN OLD, GERMAN EMBROIDERY, For design see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 54.

the leaves and stems in shades of olive; the latter are worked in satin stitch. The small flowers in Fig. 5 are in blue silk, with orange for the centre. The cover is lined with claret-colored satin, and edged with silk fringe, in which the colors in the embroidery are mixed with olive and claret.

Fig. 1.—Table-Cover.—Applied Embroidery.—[See Figs. 2-5.]

Fichu-Collars.-Figs. 1 and 2.

The fichu-collar Fig. 1, which is made of double white batiste, forms a deep point in the back and long narrow revers on the front. The edges are trimmed with a narrow scalloped band, which is cross-seamed down, and with guipure lace two inches

The crêpe lisse collar Fig. 2 consists of a bias scarf forty inches long and ten inches wide, which is folded lengthwise into four side pleats, and arranged as shown in the illustration on a square foundation collar that extends across the back. collar and the ends of the scarf are trimmed with Aurillac lace, and the latter are caught together under a bouquet,

Table-Cover with Old German Embroidery.

This table-cover is made of coarse linen, either white, cream, or écru; it is ornamented with borders in an imitation of an ancient German embroidery which consists of outline-work in which the design figures are lightly filled in with open fancy stitches. The outline-work is in red cotton, the open filling in white linen floss. The cover is edged with fringe, for which sufficient material must be measured off all around

before transferring the narrow geometrical border to the linen according to the illustration. This border is edged on each side with a heavy line worked in chain stitch with red cotton, within which there is a double light line worked in stem stitch with white linen floss. The heavy lines in the interlaced border consist of double rows of chain stitch in red cotton, the lighter lines of double rows in stem stitch with white floss; the space between the latter is studded with French knots, that between the former with back stitches in white floss. The design for the inner border is given in Fig. 54, Supple-



dian cashmere wrought in delicate borders by the embroiderer's hand, the richness of velvet and plush, and the dim delicacy of muslin unspoiled by starch; their eyes were open to the mellow color of long strings of amber beads, rich Oriental necklets of quaint device, etc. They recognized the of long strings of amber beads, rich Oriental necklets of quaint device, etc. They recognized the value and beauty of all such things, and shrank from the gaudy, extravagant ugliness and the bizarrerie without grace of the fashions of the Second Empire; they turned to the noble and beautiful raiment they saw in pictures of a time when costume reached the dignity of an art; and they learned the laws of drapery from Greek statues. So, when such women as we have described made their dress according to their own artistic fancy, the artists they knew—often their fathers or husbands, lovers or

brothers-wondered and approved and praised, and gave them strength to disregard the sneer they could see on many an acquaintance's face, the good-humored laughter or open remonstrance of friends, and even the con-

viction that every member of their female circle regarded them either as dowdies or frights; whilst most men, seeing dresses simpler and freer in line, at once more sensible and graceful than those of the mass of womankind, honored the reformers with lordly disapprobation. Still the women whose text was,

Being born as free as these, I will dress just as I please,

providing the laws of modesty and sense were observed, held their way in spite of laughter, contempt, and the prophecies that they would soon forego their "fads," and so vindicated their right to freedom by good taste and a refinement of color and fashion, which could not but win favor from those who loved, and were prompt

Thinking over these things, it is rather amusing to hear damsels not yet past their fifth lustrums, gaunt with wofully dishevelled hair and scantily made raiment of dingy bricky pink or painfully strong ochre yellow, claim to be "one of the first people who really dressed artistically." As

we heard this statement made the other day by a maiden whose creed may thus be summed up, "There is but one Renaissance, and young Oxford is its Prophet," our thoughts went back across the years to when we saw for the first time a most beautiful woman. She stood on a sun-lit lawn, "a daughter of the gods,



Fig. 1.—Satin Merveilleux Blouse with Velvet Bodice.—Back.—[See Fig. 2.]

Cut Pattern, No. 3151: Bodice, 10 Cents.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 24-32.

divinely tall and most divinely fair"—a Greek Helen in our English land; the fervor of an artist mingled with a wonderful yearning tenderness in her deep full eyes. It was the time of huge crinolines; her dress (of dull olive velvet) fell in long, heavy, unbroken folds to her feet. Other women wore their hair twisted, and tortured, and puffed, and padded, and with pincushion chignons attached to the napes of their necks; the beautiful lady's abundant hair was swept upward in a graceful curve, and plaited in a heavy crown at the top of her head.

With her memory before us, as well as that of ladies much her elders, who had carried the art of beautiful dress to perfection, both in conception and detail, we wondered whether our decided young friend, whose dress was ugly in tint and ungraceful in line, really imagined herself an apostle of costume in the England of our own day.

own day.

More than half the socalled "artistic" dresses are unsatisfactory,
and so give excuse for
the scorn of those who
cling firmly to the oracle of the Rue de la
Paix, and the scarcely
inferior priests and
priestesses whose rival
shrines in honor of
Fashion are set up in
Paris. Indeed, the con-



Fig. 2.—Satin Merveilleux Blouse with Velvet Bodice.—Front.—[See Fig. 1.]
Cut Pattern, No. 3151: Bodice, 10 Cents.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 24-32.



Fig. 1.—CLOTH, PLUSH, AND STRIPED SATIN AND MOIRÉ DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2,—Striped Plush and Cloth Dress. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 3.—Brocade and Satin Dress.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Cashmere and Satin Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 732.—Cut Pattern, No. 3152: Basque, 20 Cents; Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents. For description see Supplement.

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trast between a woman who frankly owns her allegiance to that great goddess, but who has a native good taste to guide her, and a so-called resthetic, is often to the disadvantage of the latter, even although on many essential points of dress she may be right, and the former wrong. for æsthetic-misused word-rai-The reasons ment often failing in its assumed aim are many, but among them may be noted lack of a clear idea, or presence of an idea badly or clumsily carried out; unfitness to the purpose or occasion for which the dress is worn; and over-strength or general dinginess of hue. The mistakes of construction that even advanced æsthetes make in this matter of attire are, to use one of their pet words, quite pathetic. We have seen high pet words, quite pathetic. We have seen high Venetian collars surmounting Watteau pleats; close-fitting dresses girded tightly at the waist with band or sash; other high collars over which fell heavily "roby" frills of lace; Ulsters buttoned with large buttons, reproductions of Greek coins; large puffs of a contrasting color to the dress, put on at the shoulder, without any straps over them, to link bodice and sleeve, and thus convey to the mind the idea of an undersleeve. Many similar errors occur to us, which arise out of a certain wish to attain picturesqueness or quaintness of effect without studying the laws and means by which these desirable ends may be arrived at, and are as bad as many of the sins of the most fashionable milliner.

To do a Frenchwoman justice, there generally is a meaning in her devices, however trivial the meaning may be, and she recognizes not only the duty of fitness (her own ideal of that quality) of costume, but also that of freshness—a virtue which is, alas! often conspicuous by its absence from the attire of many an intense dame and damosel in these latter days. The first great thing is to be sure of the meaning of any piece of attire, be it gown or necklet, mantle or hat, shoe or fan. Examine its reasons, see that it answers the purpose for which it is designed; and if any point in it be entirely meaningless, be sure it is also entirely graceless, and "reform it altogether."

[Begun in Harpen's BAZAR NO. 16, VOI. XIV.]
THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORBOW," ETG.

CHAPTER XXXIV. PLEASANT PLACES.

When the two good women who took so deep and practical an interest in the welfare of Helen Rhodes held their final conference about her, Mrs. Masters had expressed to Madame Morrison a hope that their protégée might get a chance of marrying. They were both sensible matter-of-fact persons, and if either had been so deficient in knowledge of human nature and experience of life as to regard the state of Helen's mind at that time as one likely to be everlasting or even durable, the change that had passed over her before Mrs. Masters joined her at Chesney would have corrected the impression. But they took just such a change for granted, and they discussed Helen's future on that basis. Madame Morrison agreed with Mrs. Masters in thinking that a suitable marriage would be the happiest lot for Helen, but she had misgivings, founded on knowledge of her character, that Helen would consider her past history a bar to her acceptance of any other love, no matter how entirely she might reciprocate it. She had studied Helen closely, and discovered a good deal in her which had grown and developed rapidly. Her simplicity was of the frank and generous, not the weak kind, and the resilience natural to her youth was not accompanied by any levity of conscience. When Helen had attained the thorough knowledge of her wrong-doing, she did not dally with conviction repentance, and the more far-seeing of her two friends felt sure that she would bear all her life what she would take to be the penalty of it. She did not enter into this view of the subject with Mrs. Masters; it would have been difficult to impart it to her. She had come upon the scene of events too late to understand the whole of their details and bearings, and she was associated with so complete and fortunate a change in Helen's destiny that it was not unnatural she should not quite realize what had been the moulding influence of the past upon the girl's spirit.
"She shall be nominally our children's

"She shall be nominally our children's governess," Mrs. Masters had said, "so that any sense of dependence and obligation should be removed, but neither Colonel Masters nor I will ever regard her otherwise than as an adopted daughter. I can answer for him in this matter with perfect confidence; all that I do will have his entire approval. If I go out to India again, as I may have to do, unless my husband leaves the service, when the children are old enough to go to school, I shall take her with me. She will be certain to marry there."

Madame Morrison repeated this to her niece, and awaited her comment upon it with some curiosity. But Jane shook her head doubtingly, and

"I do not think Helen will ever marry. She might find a man who would forgive her easily enough, but she will never forgive herself. No, aunt; our pretty Helen will be an old maid—a happy and contented one, please God, but still an old maid."

"I think so too," assented Madame Morrison, "and I am sorry for it, the more so as she will be a poor old maid. However, we will not think of that just now, but of her present happy fortune. There's a good old Irish saying that tells us, 'It is time enough to bid the devil good-morrow when you meet him.'"

And so her best friends parted with her, and missed her, yet felt happy about her, and settled back into their old ways without her. She wrote frequently to Jane, and her letters were so full of the peace and serenity, the cheerful occupations and the kindly security of her life at Chesney Manor that it became difficult for Madame Morrison and Jane to realize the painful and mysterious incidents in which she and they had been concerned. The story was only a few months old, and it already seemed like a dream to them. And yet there had not been an utter lack of the unexpected either, for Helen's discovery that Mr. Warrender's next neighbor was the brother of Mrs. Townley Gore, and that she and Mr. Townley Gore were actually staying at Horndean, had been duly communicated to Jane. Helen also told her of the precautions she had taken in consequence, and it was therefore an anxious time for her friends when they were expecting her nar-rative of the arrival of Mrs. Masters at Chesney Manor, and the subsequent explanation with the Horndean people.
When Helen's letter reached them, it an-

nounced the adjournment of that explanation to an indefinite period, and related the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, adding that it was only to announce their immediate departure, and so she had escaped for the present. The prospect for the winter was a delightful one, Helen wrote, and Mr. Warrender said she was an admirable private secretary. She was becoming quite an adept in "making references," and enjoyed so very much all the copying she could induce him to let her do; for Mr. Warrender was an author, but that was a secret, and, for all that, she was not a bit afraid of him. Mrs. Masters was very much better, able to drive out, though not yet to walk, and in wonderfully good spirits, considering The weather was lovely; the children and she had a long walk every morning, when Mr. War-render went out with them, and that was his little nieces' best lesson-time, for he knew everything, all about the trees, and the animals, the birds, the insects, and the history of the place, and he told them things in such an interesting way. The children were very fond of their un-cle. He seemed to have a great deal of business to transact in reference to the estate. Helen had never understood before that there was any thing to be done about a fine house and a big place except to enjoy them, but she was learning every day she lived at Chesney Manor. The quick and just perception that had enabled her to apprehend Mrs. Townley Gore's character with correctness, which that lady little suspected, was no less quick and just now that it had such opposite employment, and the tender and grateful heart that had been so ruthlessly crushed, having risen like strong sweet herbage when the tram pling foot was removed, gave out its fragrant strength of love and gratitude.

Jane Merrick was very thoughtful over this particular letter of Helen's. She read it aloud to her aunt, then read it again to herself, folded it up slowly, and said, after a long pause:

"I am trying to remember what Mr. Warrender is like. I hardly looked at him that day he came here and saw Helen in Miss Smith's wedding finery. How old is he, aunt?"

"About forty, I should think. Perhaps a lit-

tle more."

"Not at all handsome, is he?"

"Well, no, perhaps not," said Madame Morrison, reflectively. "He is one of those rare persons about whom one never thinks whether they are handsome or not—the matter of their looks is so unimportant. I could not describe Mr. Warrender's features, except the bright blue eyes, for I never thought of them; but the impression his face gives of intellectual power, thorough goodness, and serene sweet temper is very striking. I remember thinking, the first time I saw him, 'That is the most fearless face I ever looked at.'"

"He seems to be a most devoted brother."

"He is indeed, and his sister is much attached to him. She said to me, when she propounded her views about Helen, that her brother was the best man in the world."

"And yet she did not tell him all."
"No; but that was not for her own sake. It was entirely for Helen's. She had not the least fear that if he had known all he would have opposed her doing what she did."
"I almost wish Mrs. Masters had told him. I

"I almost wish Mrs. Masters had t think it would have been safer."

"Safer?"

Mrs. Morrison laid her work on her knee, and looked up at Jane in surprise.

looked up at Jane in surprise.
"Yes, safer. Helen is in a false position toward Mr. Warrender."

"Yes, to a certain extent; but I can not see that it matters. And it would have been so very awkward."
"True, true," said Jane. "Perhaps it is all for the best. No doubt Mrs. Masters was the

person to decide."

"Certainly, my dear. It would not have become me to offer an objection, even if one had

occurred to me."

Here the conversation dropped. But Jane read Helen's letter again that night, and said to herself, "However awkward the position might have been I am sure it would have been safer."

Time—so happy and so peaceful that when she looked back at it afterward its hours seemed to Helen to have been winged—was going by, and the chief characteristic of life at Chesney Manor would have appeared to outsiders to be a cheerful and occupied monotony. The stranger within the gates had as entirely ceased to be a stranger in her own feelings as her friends could desire, and when she thought of the past, so recent and yet so immeasurably distant, it was with the trustful thankfulness of a creature who, after shipwreck, is in a safe haven.

Her views of what would constitute happiness, if happiness had indeed that existence in which

she once believed, were changed beyond all recognition, and she found herself thinking of herself—she was too young to turn from that unprofitable subject—as having got all her storms over early betimes, and with them also the noonide glory. The evening had come to her very soon and suddenly; but it was clear and tranquil. The pensiveness of her mind was free from sickly melancholy, because she was sincere and unaffected; but the seal of sedateness had been set upon her demeanor by sorrow, and there was no hand to lift it evermore.

Helen was entirely unconscious of the attractiveness of the composed and considerate mien, the low and gentle voice, the soft movements, the smile that came but rarely and broke slowly over the fair candid face, the ready but quiet obligingness, and the unfailing observant care for others in everything, that were all characteristic of herself. From any perception and sense of her own beauty she would shrink with a sharp pang, and put them from her with aversion; for was it not that which had betraved her?

He had cared for that only, and so little and so briefly, and she had taken the foolish feeling for love. Of its ignobleness Helen had not the most distant notion. She had only learned its insufficiency, its futility, and she shunned the idea that she was beautiful, because there was a humiliation in it. That was all the man whom she had loved and trusted, and who had forsaken her, had ever known about her, or cared to know. She remembered this now; she remembered the constant praises that had sounded so sweet then, and were now sickening to her memory, and she would avoid the sight of her own face in a looking-glass for days together. This, however, would be when she suffered slight relapses into the malady of introspection; her mood was generally more healthy, her liberty of spirit greater. And as if it were her destiny to be placed at the opposite poles of experience, Helen began to stand in some little danger of being spoiled at Chesney Manor.

Mrs. Masters, who had become exceedingly weary of the female companions to whose society she was restricted at Chundrapore, and of whom Mrs. Stephenson was an above-the-average sam-ple, was quite fascinated by her young protégée. It added to the pleasure with which she found herself once more in the ample and luxurious home of her early years that she could make this girl, who had suffered so much, feel that it of fered to her a free, heart-felt, and unembarrassing welcome. She consulted Helen as if she had been a daughter, she occupied herself with her, she delighted in her presence, she made her a re source and a pleasure, and enjoyed to the utmost the satisfaction of having gone far beyond the intentions toward Herbert Rhodes's child with which she had left India. No mother, she flattered herself, would have been more solicitous, more keen-sighted, for a daughter, than was she for Helen; and yet there was one fact, nearly concerning her, of which Mrs. Masters was entirely unobservant.

This fact was that Mr. Warrender had fallen in love with her beautiful young friend in as decided and expeditious a manner as if he were not a middle-aged gentleman who had had losses in his time, and outlived them without very grave difficulty.

That his sister should not have found him out was less remarkable than Mr. Warrender considered it to be. She was several years his junior; but so accustomed to regard herself as an old married woman, with all the fancies and the coquetries of life delightfully far away from her, and all its precious bonds and sacred charities close about her, that she classed her brother quite among the elders, and looked upon him too as beyond any stormy vicissitudes of feeling. She had never formulated the belief, but she entertained it, that to be her husband's brother-in-law, her own brother, the uncle of Maggie and Maud, and Mr. Warrender of Chesney Manner to boot, was all John ought to desire in this world. And he had got it all; he was a perfectly happy and contented man.

ontented man.

Of his one love story she had not known much; it had been told after her marriage and during her absence from England. It was a very simple story; there are hundreds like it happening every year. Mr. Warrender had lost his betrothed by the English plague, consumption. The girl was marked down by the fell disease before he had ever seen her; she died a few weeks before the time that had been fixed for their marriage; he had passed months in hopeless attendance upon her, while she had never ceased to hope, to declare that she should soon be quite well.

He had borne it all very quietly, and having narrated it simply to his absent sister, had henceforth held his peace and gone his way, for a long time wearily, but always bravely and well. The story was an old one; the grave in Notley churchyard had been kept green for ten years when Helen Rhodes came to Chesney Manor, and Mr. Warrender had not in the interval been known to be more than politely conscious of the existence of any woman.

We have seen how Mrs. Townley Gore regarded such indifference; to his sister it appeared the most natural state of things, especially as she was not included in its conditions. That it ceased to exist surprisingly soon after the accidental intrusion of Mr. Warrender upon the "rehearsal" in Madame Morrison's show-room, and was speedily replaced by a love as true and devoted as ever woman won, for the girl whom his sister had befriended, she had not the least suspicion.

Her brother's "ways" were those of a thoroughly domestic man; he was with herself and Helen at all times when he was not imperatively obliged to attend to some business elsewhere; he was evidently happy in their society, and never "put out" by the children. Chesney Manor was certainly not a lovely place of sojourn, but he never seemed to want to go away from it, and his atten-

tion to the two ladies surpassed that which might be expected by the most sanguine from a model brother and host. That these were symptoms never occurred to Mrs. Masters. She had always known her brother to be the kindest, the gentlest, the bravest of men, but she had been long unfamiliar with his habits, and saw nothing to wonder at in his home-loving ways. Formerly there were only his books for him to care about; now there were herself and the children and Helen. He was so happy with them all that she could not bear to allude to that possible prospect of her returning to India, and taking Helen with her.

And Helen: was she, as the wintry days crept on, and the pleasant prospect of congenial society and favorite occupations realized itself, equally unconscious of the feelings with which Mr. War-render regarded her? Did she suspect that he loved her with a love that the noblest of women might have been proud to win, and which, could she but have held herself free to accept it, would have made her enviable among the Had she any notion that this accomplished scholar, this man of weight and importance in the land, this unknown poet, this perfect gentleman, was torn and tossed with conflicting hope and fear which had her for their object: the hope that he might win her bright beauty and her innocent girlish heart; the fear that in her eyes he could never be other than a grave elderly man, a kind protector, to be regarded with grateful and respectful liking, which would be intolerable to him; a stone on which his teeth should be broken, while he was craving for the bread of life ?

As the wintry days crept on, Helen began to dread that something was coming to trouble her new-found peace, to disturb the lines that had been laid in such pleasant places. She would not have been, at that stage of her life, capable of understanding the full meaning of being loved by such a man as Mr. Warrender, but she had listened to words and received looks of love, and no woman to whom those have come can fail to recognize, even before it has taken their form, the feeling that they interpret. She recognized it with profound amazement, with a wild attempt at incredulity, and with a deep-seated, despairing Was she a creature accursed of fate, that she should bring misery to those whom she loved, and who had so nobly befriended her? It was no impulse of vanity that moved her to this desolate cry of the soul; she knew that love unrequited, love disappointed, however unworthy the object or wasted the passion, means suffering that seems, for the time at least, to be unbearable. That such a man as he, whose life and character she had been studying with the delight that might have been inspired by a revelation, should love her, was simply amazing; but she did not dwell on this; she thought only that he would have to on this; she thought only that he would have to suffer through her agency. When he should know the truth about her, what pain he would have to undergo! Helen did not wonder at all at her own keen-sightedness, nor did she trifle with the serious thoughts which her discovery brought with it by any sentimental rebuking of herself for presumptuous fancy; she was too sincere for that. However great the wonder that Mr. Warrender should love her, she knew he did, and that was the fact which she had to deal with. It changed the whole aspect of her life, it destroyed her peace, disturbed her security, endangered the recently formed relations that were so precious to her: in every rational sense it was a terrible evil; and yet—she fought with herself, she blushed for herself, but down deep in her heart there was exultation. In vain she reminded herself that when he should know the truth about her he would cease to love her, that he was cherishing a delusion, and would renounce when he detected it; she did not believe her own argument; something-it was not hope (that had no place with her)-told her that he would love her still.

And then, amid all the confusion, the apprehension, and the misery that had suddenly arisen and encircled her with a bewildering cloud, Helen knew one thing quite clearly, and knew that the strength of its consolation could never fail; that she was happy because he loved her, happy in spite of everything, notwithstanding the inevitable parting that awaited her, happy quand même. What was she to do? Must she wait until he had spoken the words to her that would force her to separate herself from him and the home that was so dear to her forever, or were there any means by which she might avert that blow? Could she venture to anticipate it, and entreat Mrs. Masters to tell all the truth concerning her to Mr. Warrender.

Helen's ignorance of the world and her natural simplicity rendered her, happily for herself, unconscious of the many-sided objections which might fairly be raised against the step which something subtler and stronger than reason told her Mr. Warrender contemplated, and therefore none of the misgivings that would have beset a more worldly-wise person came to turn her from contemplating this course. Mrs. Masters was to that she had imagined a mother might be: she would certainly have taken such a trouble as this to her own mother; she would take it to Mrs. Masters. And when Mr. Warrender should have learned from his sister that love and marriage were closed chapters in the story of Helen's life, he would forgive her the pain she had made him suffer, and they should be friends, in so far as with her insignificance she could be the friend of so great-souled a man, always. Thus did Helen, with the beautiful facility and pertinacity of youth in finding a way out of its without paying the toll, arrange a sodifficulties lution which merely lacked, to render it possible, the taking into account of human nature.

It was after one of the morning walks, in which Mr. Warrender joined the children and their governess, that Helen had found herself face to face with this new trouble.



NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

Christmas was near: the weather was bright and frosty; the great logs burned briskly, with a pleasant crackling sound, on the wide hearth of the library; the spacious room looked very com-fortable in the winter evenings when the little party of three occupied it. On the evening of that same day, Mrs. Masters being called away by the nurse, Helen found herself again tête-à-tête with Mr. Warrender, and with a novel sense of nervousness and confusion she began to talk of the book she had been reading. It was on the subject of popular superstitions, and Mr. Warren-

der took it up and read a page or two.
"It must be difficult to avoid unlucky incidents in some countries, according to their notions," said Mr. Warrender, "and betrothed lovers should be provided with a pocket code for their instruction. I see they must not exchange gifts of knives, scissors, hair, or prayer-books; a bridegroom must not see his bride's wedding gown before she wears it at the altar, and a bride must not have the wedding ring in her possession beforehand. And here are cautions for mere aspirants: an unbetrothed girl who puts on the wedding veil of a bride will never be married; a betrothed girl who puts on the cap of a new-made widow will be a widow herself. How absurd!"

He threw down the book, and looked at Helen. The trouble in her face struck him, and at the

same instant he remembered how he had seen her

first, and knew that she too remembered it.
With a desperate effort, Helen seized the chance that had offered itself.

"The omen will not be belied by me," she said.
"The first time I ever saw you I wore the wedding veil of a bride, and I shall most certainly never be married."
"Helen! What do you mean? Is this—'

She put up her hand beseechingly, and stopped

him.
"Do not ask me any questions, Mr. Warrender, and never, never let us speak of this again. You are so good to me, I am glad you should know I have had a disappointment, and I shall never be

the wife of any man."
"You—so young!" His voice was almost inarticulate.

"Yes, I was very young. But it is so; and-She was unable to say more, and fell back in her chair, covering her face and trembling.

Very quietly he approached her, and drew down her hands, holding them firmly while he spoke.
"I know why you have told me this, and it was nobly done. Have no fear, either for yourself or

He dropped her hands and resumed his seat as Mrs. Masters re-entered the room.

"There's nothing really wrong with Maggie," she said, gayly, "and I have brought you some news. Look up from your books, both of you. There's a wedding afoot!"
"Indeed," said Mr. Warrender. "Whose?

Nurse's, perhaps."

"Mr. Horndean's. I wonder how Mrs. Townley Gore will like it? It seems that Mr. Horndean is going to marry a Miss Chevenix, a great beauty by all accounts. She was down here in

September, and caused quite a sensation."

"I have seen Miss Chevenix," said Helen; "she is a great favorite with Mrs. Townley Gore."

"Did you like her? Is she nice?"

"I should not have dared to like her; she did

not take any notice of me. She is very beautiful."
"When are they to be married?" asked Mr. Warrender.

"Shortly after Christmas; and they are coming direct to Horndean. I heard all the news from nurse, who heard it from Dixon, who heard it at the post-office."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW SHALL WE ACT?

HINTS FOR AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE plan usually followed in private theatricals is to secure two or three really good actors, choose a play which will bring out their strong points, and fill up the cast with volunteers. It is to these novices that I would give a few words of explanation of terms constantly used in stage directions, answering here a question that has often been asked me, "Oh, can you tell me what R. U. E. means?" and also a few hints as to rules absolutely necessary to be observed in order to preserve the unity of the piece. The stars are usually all right; they are used to acting, and, besides, their parts give them plenty to do, and they naturally take a sufficient interest in the plot to appear to do so. And this is where amateurs with small parts generally fail. They perhaps, to be for a long time on the stage with little or nothing to say; but what is going on among the other actors may be on a subject which they should find interesting. You would not talk to your neighbor about the weather, for instance, while the marriage of your sister was being arranged, or gaze round the house in search of acquaintance while the reconciliation of your long-lost father and mother was going on. I have known beginners make their by-play more visible and audible than the main part of the performance, and hothing can be worse than this. question is always, "But what am I to do? I can't do nothing." The answer that naturally occurs is: "Why not? You do nothing very often in private life, and don't seem to find it difficult. If you are not wanted in the front, get away to the back, and efface yourselves—pretend to talk, or look at a book, or at each other; but don't talk out loud, for the audiences at private theatricals are generally so near that it makes a confused murmur. If you are supposed to be interested in what is going on, appear, at all events, to listen wise you convey to the audience the -which it is your art to suppress-that you have heard it very often already, and know all

The idea that you can pick up your parts at

rehearsals, or catch up the words from the prompter, is a very great mistake. You should have a thorough knowledge of the words before the rehearsals commence. The rehearsals can then be devoted to "business," and to the positions of the various actors on the stage. It is advisable to get some friend—artistic, if possible—to sit in the centre of where the audience will be when the critical night arrives, and to request him to stop the rehearsal when the actors get into a confused mass. Judicious grouping is most im-portant to the well-going of a play, and every scene, especially at the end of each act, should form a picture. For this reason, as color has to be considered in a picture as well as form, it is necessary to ascertain what the performers, es-pecially the ladies, mean to wear, and to persuade them to adopt colors which will go well with the background and with each other. As the scenery is very frequently painted on the spot by one of the company, it may often be toned so as to harmonize with the dresses.

Another point where beginners often fail is, they do not speak loud enough. For this reason I strongly advise them to act at rehearsals, and to get a friend in the back row to tell them candidly whether they can be heard. Old stagers are in the habit of rushing through their words, and only giving the cues distinctly. This is all very well for them, but it does not answer for beginners; and they will find the more they play their parts at rehearsal as they mean to play them at the performance, the more likely they are to be successful. The slightest part may be played well or badly, and you may light up a character in a manner not expressed by the stage directions by merely thinking it well over, and considering what it would be natural for a person in such circumstances to do, and doing it.

THE STAGE.

R. U. E. R. C. D. C. D. L. C. D. L. U. E. R. 3 E. L. 3 E. L. 2 E. L. 1 E. L. 1 E. L. 1 E. POSITION OF ACTORS.

R. C. C. L. C. L. THE STAGE. R. C. D. Right Centre Door.
Entrance. L. C. D. Left Centre Door.
Entrance. L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance
Intrance. L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.
Intrance. L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance
pt Side. L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.
P. S. Prompt Side. C. D. Centre Door.
U. E. Right Upper Entrance.
3 E. Right Third Entrance.
2 E. Right Second Entrance.
1 E. Right First Entrance.
C. P. Ovnosite Prompt Side.

POSITION OF ACTORS.

R. Right. R. C. Right Centre. C. Centre. L. C. Left Centre. L. Left

Farces, as a rule, are more troublesome to get Farces, as a rule, are more troublesome to get up than comediettas, from the quantity of small properties required. The prompter has as much to do in some farces as any of the actors (without counting prompting, which ought not to be required), all the noises behind the scenes being managed by him. The rattle of breaking crockery is imitated by sewing up old broken plates, and dropping it. In One Wife. etc., in a hamper, and dropping it. In Our Wife a storm comes on suddenly: the thunder may be imitated by shaking a thin sheet of iron; the be imitated by shaking a thin sheet of iron; the patter of rain, by pease dropping from one end to the other of a tin box partially divided by ledges; the noise of the window bursting in, by a "crash" filled with bits of tin. Where the properties required are very numerous, it is a good plan to tell off one person as "property man," who will make lists of everything that is wanted, collect them before the play begins, and see that each person has his own properties before going on. It is advisable to rehearse as much as possible It is advisable to rehearse as much as possible with properties.

The prompter's copy of the play should be interleaved with blank paper, on which he makes notes of all he has to do—i. e., ringing bells and all incidental noises; warning the various actors and actresses when they have to appear. It is well to make a note of their different entrances about half a page before they actually occur, and then, if there is a call-boy in the company, he is sent to warn them to be on the alert. Amateurs generally have to look out for themselves in these matters, and they ought to watch carefully, as nothing is more annoying to the actors on the stage than a stage-wait. In some plays dresses have to be changed during the course of a scene; everything should be placed ready beforehand, and a competent person should be in waiting to and a competent person should be in waiting to assist the actor or actress. The changing should also be rehearsed, and the time noted. If the time allowed is very short, it is as well to request the actors to play slowly during the interval, to introduce business, or even to "gag" a little. This ugly but useful word means simply to add something of your own to the author's words; and as a general rule it may be said that it is better to stick to the text. Of course it is frequently advisable to leave out a few sentences of the dialogue, but it is seldom an advantage to add anything to it, except in some rare instances the sentence is so obscurely worded as to leave the auditors in doubt as to the meaning of it.

The "tag" at the end of most plays must be left out by amateurs who only wish their pieces to run two or three nights, and therefore need not make an appeal to the audience to "come again' indefinitely. The play generally ends quite as well without it; if it does not, the principal performer (who would speak the tag) can generally substitute something else for it which will make an effective ending to the piece. Many modern plays are written without any tag

It may be well to remember, when fixing on the pieces to be performed, that amateurs rarely take as long in acting a play as professionals do, except where there are several scenes, and then the extra time consumed by unprofessional sceneshifters brings it up to the time mentioned at the beginning of each play; but where there is only one scene, as in a farce, where professionals have written down an hour, amateurs might usually write down three-quarters, the difference being

that they speak quicker, and have not always nerve enough to "go in" for much business. I imagine all actors know what "business" means, it being as essential a part of acting as speaking is; it is, in fact, the *doing* anything in contra-distinction to speaking it. Business is not by any means essentially comic; it may be senti-mental, and in some cases is unspeakably touching. Of course there may be business in putting up an umbrella, but so there is—and an unpleasant amount of it-in a dying scene. To be effective, business must be as realistic as a modern pre-Raffaelite picture. If you have to play a gardener (as, for instance, the gardener in Sweet-hearts), mark the way in which a gardener prehearts), mark the way in which a gardener prepares his bass for tying up his plants, the way he handles the parcel—a young tree tied up—the comfortable manner he disposes himself on the ladder for a gossip instead of work, even the way he moistens his hands when he decides to dig: all of that is business. A butler, a milliner, a cobbler, all have tricks of manner; and human nature itself has a good many tricks which speak to the eve more quickly than words do to speak to the eye more quickly than words do to the ear.

AT HOME!

BY A LIGHTNING TOURIST. ONCE more I breathe freely, My nostrils expand; Once more I am treading My dear native land. Once more to the pewter
My longing lips fly;
Once more good tobacco
Smells ravishingly.

Oh, how I have scampered Through country and town; Oh, how I am bitten And freckled and brown! What journeys I've taken, What miles I have run, How I've slaved, like a Cooly, In rain, cold, and sun!

What a jumble of buildings There is in my brain; What lakes, seas, and mountains
I've viewed—from the train! What hundreds of pictures And statues I've seen; How oft disappointed And humbugged I've been!

A full month to-morrow 'Twill be since I went: Three weeks, I am certain, In journeys I spent. I always seemed packing, Or fighting with time, Or squabbling with landlords In wild pantomime.

And, now it's all over, I'm sorry to say
I don't feel recruited
By my holiday; For rest, ease, and quiet
I purposed to roam,
And I find that I get them Much better at home.

Insertions for Lingerie.—Figs. 1 and 2.

Insertions for Lingerie.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 733.

The insertion Fig. 1 consists of narrow rolls and squares of white linen, which are connected by lace hars and stitches. In working, the outlines of the design are transferred to oiled linen, on which the rolls and squares are basted, and which is backed with stiff paper. The rolls and squares may either be made of fine linen cut on the bias and folded, or they may be of narrow linen tape folded. If made of the former, the strips and squares are cut about half an inch wide. The raw edges of the strips are turned down over each other, after which they are folded through the middle lengthwise, forming the narrow roll shown in the illustration. After the rolls and squares are basted in position on the linen, the wound bars and stitches connecting them, and the wheels at the intersection of the bars, are worked with lace thread according to the illustration.

For the insertion Fig. 2 a row of small netted squares is basted diagonally on the oiled linen, and the spaces between them are filled in with small linen squares in the manner shown in the illustration. The linen squares consist of short pieces of linen tape of the same width and about three times as long, which are folded down at the ends, and then folded through the middle. The wheels in the interstices, and the button-hole stitch edge of the netted squares, are worked with lace thread, and the netted squares are darned in point de reprise with fine linen floss.

Felt Hats and Bonnets.—Figs. 1 and 2.

Felt Hats and Bonnets.—Figs. 1 and 2. See illustrations on page 733.

See illustrations on page 733.

The condor brown felt round hat Fig. 1 is bound with ribbed brown silk. A bias strip of brown velvet is arranged in a soft knot on the middle of the front and carried along the left side, and a mounted brown and gold feather is on the right.

The bonnet Fig. 2 is a Russian green felt with a high sloping crown and a drooping brim rolled at the edge. The brim is bound with a gathered bias strip of Russian green velvet. A bias strip sixteen inches wide of satin Surah in shaded stripes of red, gold, and green is twisted into negligent folds across the front of the crown, the ends being fastened down at the sides under long gilt clasps.

Venetian Lace Fichu-Collar and Cuff. - Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on p

See illustrations on page 733.

Thus fichu-collar consists of a sloped stiff net band an inch and a half wide and long enough to fit around the neck, which is edged at the bottom to an inch from each end with a gathered row of Venetian lace four inches wide, and covered with similar lace over light blue satin. Two ends of lace sixteen inches long, pleated in at the top to a width of an inch and a half, are attached, one at each end, to the band, and caught together near the bottom under a bow of light blue satin ribbon. A similar bow covers the fastening at the throat. The cuff, Fig. 2, is made to match the collar.

Crochet Hood.

See illustration on page 733.

This hood consists of a square centre worked with white Shetland wool, which is edged with a border in pink Pompadour wool; the latter is finished with chain stitch loops and ball pendants. One corner of

the square is turned down on the outside at the middle of the front, where the hood is trimmed with four double rows of the pendants. Bows of pink gros grain ribbon are set on the hood, one at the middle of the front and one at the back of the neck on the double box pleat, by means of which it is adjusted. A pink crochet button and a chain stitch loop serve to fasten it. To make the hood begin with a foundation of 88 st. (stitch) for one side of the square, and work back and forth as follows: 1st round.—Pass the first 3 st., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the following st., then 4 dc., the middle 2 of which are separated by 1 ch. (chain stitch), on every following 4th st.; 2 dc. on the last st. in the round. 2d round.—3 ch., 1 dc. between the next 2 dc. in the preceding round, then, throughout, 4 dc., the middle 2 of which are separated by 1 ch., around the ch. that separates the middle 2 of the next 4 dc.; at the end of the round, 2 dc. after the single dc. in the last round.—3d-28th rounds.—Work as in the preceding round. Work around the square as follows: 1st round.—4 ch., then, throughout, alternately 1 dc. and 1 ch., passing a space on the edge to correspond with the ch.; at each corner work 3 dc. separated by 1 ch. on the corner st., and at the end of the round 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the 3d of the 4 ch. at the beginning. 2d and 3d rounds.—Work as in the preceding round, bringing the dc. around the ch. Next work 7 rounds in the same pattern as the centre, working the last of them with pink Pompadour wool, and then work for the pendants as follows: 11th round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) around the next ch. separating 2 dc. in the preceding round, 4 ch., then for a pendant wind the wool 10 times around the forefinger of the left hand, slip the coils from the finger and catch them together with 1 sc., 4 ch.; repeat from *. For each of the 4 double rows of pendants which trim the middle of the front work a ch. foundation with white wool, that for the longest, which is taken next the edge, being 72 st., the next 60, t

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READER.—Get changeable green and black Surah and plush. Use the Surah for a pleated lower skirt, bordered with the plush. Then have a basque and paniers of your black and green brocade.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We do not publish embroidery designs at the request of individual subscribers.

Mississipper.—Cards of individual subscribers.

Mississipper.—Cards of invitation, particularly to weddings, are sent to people who are in mourning, exactly as if they were in colors. Invitations to dinner are not sent for three months. To every other species of entertainment cards are sent as a second content. species of entertainment cards are sent after, perhaps, a month, as marks of attention and respect, although

a month, as marks of attention and respect, although the afflicted are not expected.

MARY.—Get a cloth jacket for your cloak, worth about \$20. For your travelling dress get one of the American camel's-hairs that are now sold for 50 cents a yard, and are 44 inches wide. Have this dark green, or else bronze, and trim with plush; make it yourself, and it will cost you only about \$10. Give \$10 for a felt hat, with plush trimming to match, and you have \$70 left for your best dress of black or dark blue satin de Lyon. Twenty yards at \$2 a yard leaves you \$30 for making and trimming it.

AN OLD SUBSCHBER.—Young girls of sixteen "bang" their front hair, or else friz it, and braid the back.

their front hair, or else friz it, and braid the back, crossing it quite low on the nape of the neck in horse-

shoe curve.

Mus. H. F.—A single perpendicular pleating forming the greater part of the skirt is more stylish than three deep pleatings for the dress of a girl of sixteen years. Then have a basque with panier drapery tied behind in a great bow with ends. Have a Byron collar, vest, cuffs, and paniers of plush of the same olive shade as the cashmere. Use small wooden button-moulds covered with plush.

POLONAISE.—Have your skirt entirely of plain velvet, except some double satin gathered ruffles at the foot in front and on the sides. Have the back untrimmed, and laid in two wide double box pleats.

CONSTANT READER.—Your Irish poplin is a good brown, and will look well combined with plush of the same shade for vest, cuffs, collar, and paniers.
E. P. S.—Checked Cheviots and plain cloths, also

plush and velvet, are made up in suits for boys of four years. For the first cloth materials the kilt skirt and double-breasted jackets are used, also the belted blouse with box pleats in front and back. The Dauphin coats of plush or velvet have straight French backs of two forms, while the fronts have revers their entire length, opening over a long vest-like piece of satin or moiré.

Mrs. H. M. F.—We do not answer questions of that kind by mail, and can not undertake to recommend

any cosmetics or hair-dyes whatever.

Evergreen.—A gentleman raises his hat entirely off his head with his right hand, and keeps it off until the lady has passed him, bolding it near his head, a little to the side. Heels are not worn as high as they were last year. There is a growing tendency to lower them, as high heels are considered prejudicial to health.

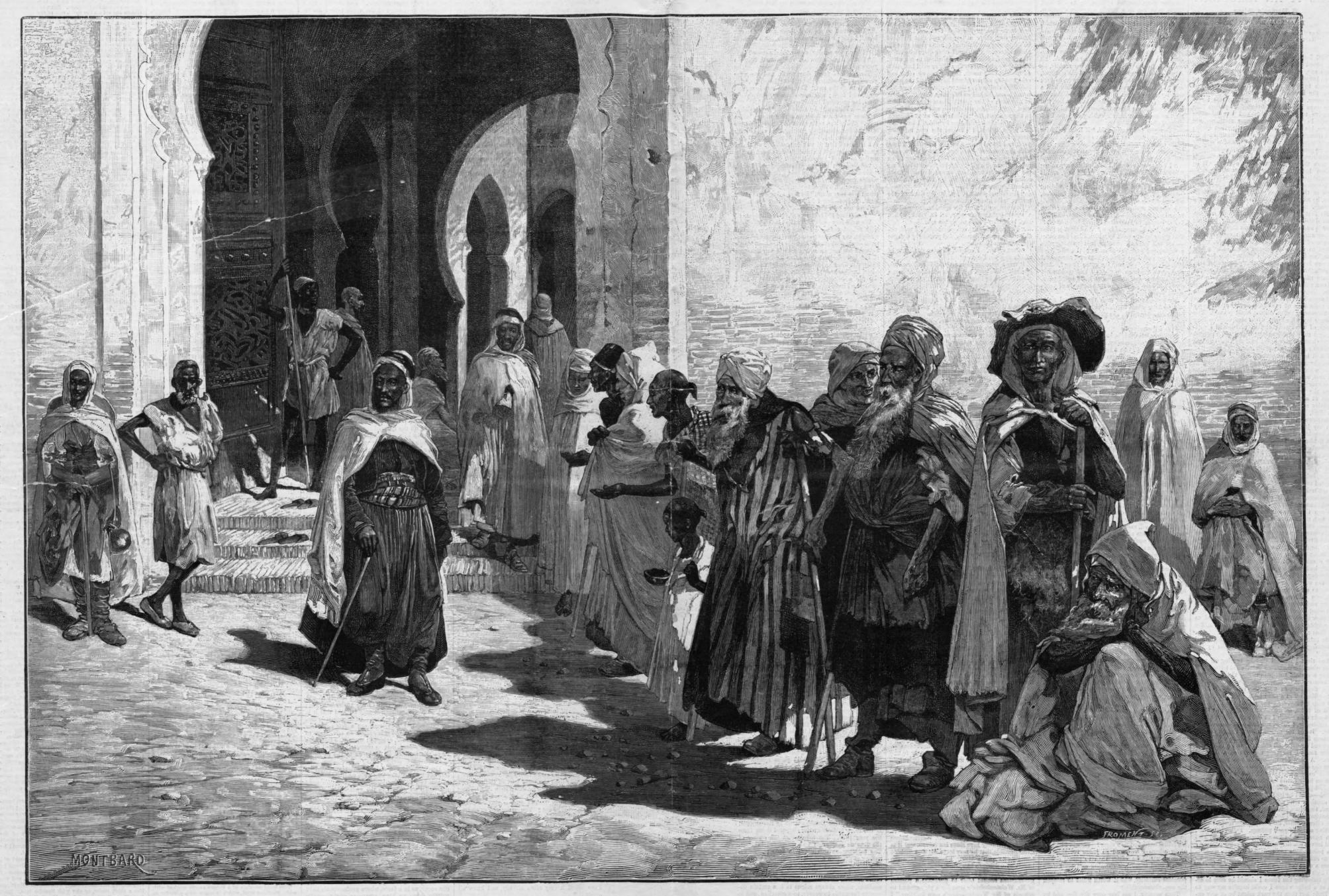
A. C. C.—The form of regret for a wedding invita-tion, or acceptance of the same, should be addressed to the mother of the bride, or whoever issues the invitation. No response is expected in the majority of cases, but if one is sent, it should be couched in the cases, but it one is sent, it should be concerned in the same terms as to other entertainments, as: "Mr. and Mrs. Brown regret exceedingly that they are obliged to decline the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Smith for the marriage of their daughter;" or, "Mr. and Mrs. But unless "R. S. V. P." is put on the card of invitation, do not do either, but in the event of declining, simply send your visiting-card on the wedding day, and call soon after yourself, if not in full mourning,

Viscis.—The proper form for a gentleman's visiting-card is in simple script engraved, "Mr. Alfred Brown, 7 East Washington Street," on a small-sized plain card. An unmarried lady should be, "Miss Brown," or "Miss Virginia Brown," as she pleases, but never without the prefix "Miss." It is quite enough to send your visiting-card with a bridal gift. People who are in mourn-ing should receive cards and invitations to a wedding exactly as if they were going out.

I. P. W.—The amus ments of Halloween are burning raisins in the fire and naming them, watching them jump out, telling fortunes by card, looking over one's shoulder in a dark room with mirror in hand, throwing apple parings into the fire. Read Burns's poem called "Halloween" to find out the arrangement of the arrange ween" to find out the superstitions of the Scotch peasantry. A dance and a supper may be given before twelve, but at that hour all candles should be put out, and the witches and fairies consulted.

Mrs. F. S. W .- Your long black velvet garment will probably make one of the great-coats introduced by Worth. They are similar to straight polonaises or surtouts, but have a slight panier drapery, and are very slightly trimmed, usually with fur, chenille fringe like a thick ruche, or else with Spanish lace. Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV., for





BEGGARS WAITING AT THE DOOR OF A MOSQUE, ALGIERS.-[See Page 730.]

WAS IT AN ILLUSION? A Barson's Storp.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "LORD BRACKENBURY," "DEBENHAM'S VOW,"
"HAND AND GLOVE," "MISS CAREW," ETC.

THE facts which I am about to relate happened to myself some sixteen or eighteen years ago, at which time I served her Majesty as an Inspector of Schools; and I was still young enough to enjoy a life of constant travelling. Now, the Provincial Inspector is perpetually on the move. There are, indeed, many less agreeable ways in which an unbeneficed parson may contrive to scorn delights and live laborious days. In remote places, where strangers are scarce, his annual visit is an important event; and though at the close of a long day's work he would sometimes prefer the quiet of a country inn, he generally finds himself the destined guest of the rector or the squire. It rests with himself to turn these opportunities to account. If he makes himself pleasant, he forms agreeable friendships, and sees English home-life under one of its most attractive aspects; and sometimes, even in these days of universal commonplace-ness, he may have the luck to meet with an adventure.

My first appointment was to a West of England district largely peopled with my personal friends and connections. It was therefore much to my annoyance that I found myself, after a couple of years of very pleasant work, transferred to what a policeman would call "a new beat," up in the North. Unfortunately for me, my new beat—a rambling, thinly populated area of something under one thousand eight hundred square miles—was three times as large as the old one, and more than proportionately unmanage-able. Intersected at right angles by two ranges of barren hills, and cut off to a large extent from the main lines of railway, it united about every inconvenience that a district could possess. The inconvenience that a district could possess. The villages lay wide apart, often separated by long tracts of moorland; and in place of the well-warmed railway compartment and the frequent manor-house, I now spent half my time in hired vehicles and lonely country inns.

I had been in possession of this district for some three months or so, and winter was near at hand, when I paid my first visit of inspection to Pit End, an outlying hamlet in the most northerby corner of my county, just twenty-two miles from the nearest station. Having slept overnight at a place called Drumley, and inspected Drumley schools in the morning, I started for Pit End, with fourteen miles of railway and twenty-two of hilly cross-roads between myself and my journey's end. I made, of course, all the inquiries I could think of before leaving; but neither the Drumley school-master nor the landlord of the Drumley "Feathers" knew much more of Pit End than its name. My predecessor, it seemed, had been in the habit of taking Pit End "from the other side," the roads, though longer, being less hilly that way. That the place boasted some kind of inn was certain, but it was an inn unknown to fame, and to mine host of the Be it good or bad, however, I Feathers."

Weathers." Be it good of bad, however, I should have to put up at it.

Upon this scant information I started. My fourteen miles of railway journey soon ended at a place called Bramsford Road, whence an omnibus conveyed passengers to a dull little town called Bramsford Market. Here I found a horse and "trap" to carry me on to my destination; the horse being a raw-boned gray with a profile like a camel, and the trap a rickety high gig which had probably done commercial travelling in the days of its youth. From Bramsford Mar-ket the way lay over a succession of long hills, rising to a barren, high-level plateau. It was a dull, raw afternoon of mid-November, growing duller and more raw as the day waned and the east wind blew keener.

"How much farther now, driver?" I asked, as we alighted at the foot of a longer and a stiffer

hill than any we had yet passed over.

He turned a straw in his mouth, and grunted something about "fower or foive mile by the

And then I learned that by turning off at a point which he described as "t' owld tollus," and taking a certain foot-path across the fields, this distance might be considerably shortened. I decided, therefore, to walk the rest of the way, and setting off at a good pace, I soon left driver and trap behind. At the top of the hill I lost sight of them, and coming presently to a little road-side ruin which I at once recognized as the left tall house I found the foot rath without diff. old toll-house, I found the foot-path without difficulty. It led me across a barren slope divided by stone fences, with here and there a group of shattered sheds, a tall chimney, and a blackened cinder mound, marking the site of a deserted mine. A light fog meanwhile was creeping up from the east, and the dusk was gathering fast.

Now to lose one's way in such a place and at such an hour would be disagreeable enough, and the foot-path—a trodden track already half obliterated—would be indistinguishable in the course of another ten minutes. Looking anxiously ahead, therefore, in the hope of seeing some sign of habitation, I hastened on, scaling one stone stile after another, till I all at once found myself skirting a line of park palings. Following these, with bare boughs branching out overhead and dead leaves rustling under-foot, I came presently to a point where the path divided, here continuing to skirt the inclosure, and striking off yonder across a space of open meadow.

Which should I take? By following the fence I should be sure to arrive at a lodge where I could inquire my way to Pit End; but then the park might be of any ex-

tent, and I might have a long distance to go be-

fore I came to the nearest lodge. Again, the meadow path, instead of leading to Pit End, might take me in a totally opposite direction. But there was no time to be lost in hesitation; so I chose the meadow, the farther end of which

was lost to sight in a fleecy bank of fog.

Up to this moment I had not met a living soul of whom to ask my way; it was therefore with no little sense of relief that I saw a man emerging from the fog and coming along the path. As we neared each other—I advancing rapidly, he slowly—I observed that he dragged the left foot, limping as he walked. It was, however, so dark and so misty that not till we were within half a dozen yards of each other could I see that he wore a dark suit and an Anglican felt hat, and looked something like a Dissenting minister. As soon as we were within speaking distance I ad-

dressed him.
"Can you tell me," I said, "if I am right for Pit End, and how far I have to go?"

He came on, looking straight before him; taking no notice of my question; apparently not hear-

ing it.
"I beg your pardon," I said, raising my voice;
"but will this path take me to Pit End, and if

He had passed on without pausing; without looking at me; I could almost have believed, without seeing me.

I stopped with the words on my lips; then turned to look after—perhaps to follow—him.
But instead of following, I stood bewildered.
What had become of him? And what lad was that going up the path by which I had just come—that tall lad, half running, half walking, with a fishing-rod over his shoulder? I could have taken my oath that I had neither met nor passed him. Where, then, had he come from? And where was the man to whom I had spoken not three seconds ago, and who, at his limping pace, could not have made more than a couple of yards

My stupefaction was such that I stood quite still, looking after the lad with the fishing-rod till he disappeared in the gloom under the park

Was I dreaming?

Darkness, meanwhile, had closed in apace, and dreaming or not dreaming, I must push on, or find myself benighted. So I hurried forward, turning my back on the last gleam of daylight, and plunging deeper into the fog at every step. I was, however, close upon my journey's end. The path ended at a turnstile; the turnstile opened upon a steep lane; and at the bottom of the lane, down which I stumbled among stones and ruts, I came in sight of the welcome glare of a blacksmith's

Here, then, was Pit End. I found my trap standing at the door of the village inn; the rawboned gray stabled for the night; the landlord

watching for my arrival.

The "Greyhound" was a hostelry of modest pretensions, and I shared its little parlor with a couple of small farmers and a young man who informed me that he "travelled in" Thorley's Food for Cattle. Here I dined, wrote my letters, chatted awhile with the landlord, and picked up such scraps of local news as fell in my way.

There was, it seemed, no resident parson at Pit End, the incumbent being a pluralist with three small livings, the duties of which, by the help of a rotatory curate, he discharged in a somewhat easy fashion. Pit End, as the smallest and farthest off, came in for but one service each Sunday, and was almost wholly relegated to the curate. The squire was a more confirmed absentee than even the vicar. He lived chiefly in Paris, spending abroad the wealth of his Pit End coal fields. He happened to be at home just now, the landlord said, after five years' absence; but he would be off again next week, and another five years might probably elapse before they should again see him at Blackwater Chase.

Blackwater Chase!—the name was not new to me; yet I could not remember where I had heard it. When, however, mine host went on to say that, despite his absenteeism, Mr. Wolstenholme was "a pleasant gentleman and a good landlord," and that, after all, Blackwater Chase was "a lonesome sort of world-end place for a young man to bury himself in," then I at once remembered Phil Wolstenholme of Baliol, who in his grand way had once upon a time given me a general invita-tion to the shooting at Blackwater Chase. That was twelve years ago, when I was reading hard at Wadham, and Wolstenholme—the idol of a clique to which I did not belong—was boating, betting, writing poetry, and giving wine parties at Baliol.

Yes, I remembered all about him—his hand-some face, his luxurious rooms, his boyish prodigality, his utter indolence, and the blind faith of his worshippers, who believed that he had only "to pull himself together" in order to carry off every honor which the university had to bestow. He did take the Newdigate; but it was his first and last achievement, and he left college with the reputation of having narrowly escaped a plucking. How vividly it all came back upon my memory— the old college life, the college friendships, the asant time that could never come again! was but twelve years ago; yet it seemed like half a century. And now, after these twelve years, here were Wolstenholme and I as near neighbors as in our Oxford days. I wondered if he was much changed, and whether, if changed, it were for the better or the worse. Had his generous impulses developed into sterling virtues, or had his follies hardened into vices? Should I let him know where I was, and so judge for myself? Nothing would be easier than to pencil a line upon a card to-morrow morning and send it up to the big house. Yet, merely to satisfy a purposeless curiosity, was it worth while to re-open the acquaintanceship?

Thus musing, I sat late over the fire, and by the time I went to bed I had well-nigh forgotten my adventure with the man who vanished so mysteriously and the boy who seemed to come from

Next morning, finding I had abundant time at my disposal, I did pencil that line upon my card a mere line, saying that I believed we had known each other at Oxford, and that I should be inspecting the National Schools from nine till about eleven. And then, having dispatched it by one of my landlord's sons, I went off to my work. The day was brilliantly fine. The wind had shifted round to the north, the sun shone clear and cold, and the smoke-grimed hamlet, and the gaunt buildings clustered at the mouths of the coal-pits round about, looked as bright as they could look at any time of the year. The village was built up a long hill-side, the church and schools being at the top, and the "Greyhound" at the bottom.

Looking vainly for the lane by which I had come
the night before, I climbed the one rambling street, followed a path that skirted the churchyard, and found myself at the schools. These, with the teachers' dwellings, formed three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side consisting of an iron railing and a gate. An inscribed tablet over the main entrance-door recorded how "These school-houses were rebuilt by Philip Wolstenholme, Esquire: A.D. 18—."
"Mr. Wolstenholme, sir, is the lord of the

manor," said a soft, obsequious voice.

I turned, and found the speaker at my elbow, a square-built, sallow man, all in black, with a bundle of copy-books under his arm.

"You are the—the school-master?" I said, unable to remember his name, and puzzled by a vague

recollection of his face.

"Just so, sir. I conclude I have the honor of addressing Mr. Frazer?"

It was a singular face, very pallid and anxiouslooking. The eyes, too, had a watchful, almost a startled, look in them, which struck me as pecul-

"Yes," I replied, still wondering where and when I had seen him. "My name is Frazer. Yours, I believe, is—is—" and I put my hand

into my pocket for my examination papers.
"Skelton—Ebenezer Skelton. Will you please to take the boys first, sir?"

The words were commonplace enough, but the man's manner was studiously, disagreeably def-erential, his very name being given, as it were, under protest, as if too insignificant to be men-

I said I would begin with the boys, and so moved on. Then, for we had stood still till now, I saw that the school-master was lame. In that moment I remembered him. He was the man I met in the fog.

"I met you yesterday afternoon, Mr. Skelton,' I said, as we went into the school-room.

'Yesterday afternoon, sir?" he repeated. "You did not seem to observe me," I said carelessly. "I spoke to you, in fact, but you did

carelessly. "I spoke to you, in tace, or not reply to me."

"But—indeed, I beg your pardon, sir—it must have been some one else," said the school-master.

"I did not go out yesterday afternoon."

How could this be anything but a falsehood?

I might have been mistaken as to the man's face; though it was such a singular face, and I had seen it quite plainly. But how could I be mistaken as to his lameness? Besides, that curious trailing of the right foot, as if the ankle was bro-

ken, was not an ordinary lameness.

I suppose I looked incredulous, for he added,

"Even if I had not been preparing the boys for inspection, sir, I should not have gone out yesterday afternoon. It was too damp and fog-I am obliged to be careful; I have a very delicate chest.'

My dislike to the man increased with every word he uttered. I did not ask myself with what motive he went on heaping lie upon lie; it was enough that, to serve his own ends, whatever those ends might be, he did lie with unparalleled

"We will proceed to the examination, Mr. Skel-

ton," I said, contemptuously.

He turned, if possible, a shade paler than before, bent his head silently, and called up the scholars in their order.

I soon found that, whatever his short-comings

as to veracity, Mr. Ebenezer Skelton was a capital school-master. His boys were uncommonly well taught, and as regarded attendance, good conduct, and the like, left nothing to be desired. When, therefore, at the end of the examination, he said school for the government grant, I at once assented. And now I thought I had done with Mr. Skelton for, at all events, the space of one year. Not so, however. When I came out from the girls' school I found him maintains at the done girls' school I found him waiting at the door.

Profusely apologizing, he begged leave to occupy five minutes of my valuable time. He wished, nder correction, to suggest a little improvement The boys, he said, were allowed to play in the quadrangle, which was too small, and in various ways inconvenient; but round at the back there was a piece of waste land, half an acre of which if inclosed, would admirably answer the purpos So saying, he led the way to the back of the build-ing, and I followed him. "To whom does this ground belong?" I asked.

"To whom does this ground belong?" I asked.
"To Mr. Wolstenholme, sir."
"Then why not apply to Mr. Wolstenholme?
He gave the schools, and I dare say he would be equally willing to give the ground."
"I beg your pardon, sir. Mr. Wolstenholme has not been over here since his return, and it is

quite possible that he may leave Pit End without honoring us with a visit. I could not take the liberty of writing to him, sir."

"Neither could I in my report suggest that the government should offer to purchase a portion of Mr. Wolstenholme's land for a play-ground to schools of Mr. Wolstenholme's own building," I replied. "Under other circumstances-"

I stopped and looked round.

The school-master repeated my last words. "You were saying, sir-under other circum-

I looked round again.

"It seemed to me that there was some one here," I said; "some third person, not a moment

"I beg your pardon, sir—a third person?"

"I saw his shadow on the ground, between yours and mine."

The schools faced due north, and we were standing immediately behind the buildings, with our backs to the sun. The place was bare, and open, and high; and our shadows, sharply defined, lay stretched before our feet.
"A—a shadow?" he faltered. "Impossible."

There was not a bush or a tree within half a mile. There was not a cloud in the sky. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, that could have

I admitted that it was impossible, and that I must have fancied it; and so went back to the matter of the play-ground.

"Should you see Mr. Wolstenholme," I said, you are at liberty to say that I thought it a desirable improvement.

"I am much obliged to you, sir. Thank you—thank you very much," he said, cringing at every word. "But—but I had hoped that you might perhaps use your influence—"
"Look there!" I interrupted. "Is that fancy?"

We were now close under the blank wall of the boys' school-room. On this wall, lying to the full sunlight, our shadows-mine and the school-master's-were projected. And there, too-no longer between his and mine, but a little way apart, as if the intruder were standing back—there, as sharply defined as if cast by lime-light on a prepared background, I again distinctly saw, though but for a moment, that third shadow. As I spoke, as I looked round, it was gone!

"Did you not see it?" I asked. He shook his head.

-I saw nothing," he said, faintly. "What was it 9"

His lips were white. He seemed scarcely able to stand. "But you must have seen it!" I exclaimed.

"It fell just there-where that bit of ivy grows. "It fell just there—where that bit of ivy grows. There must be some boy hiding—it was a boy's shadow, I am confident."

"A boy's shadow!" he echoed, looking round in a wild, frightened way. "There is no place—

for a boy—to hide."

"Place or no place," I said, angrily, "if I catch
him he shall feel the weight of my cane."

I searched backward and forward in every direction, the school-master, with his scared face, limping at my heels; but rough and irregular as

the ground was, there was not a hole in it big enough to shelter a rabbit. "But what was it?" I said, impatiently.
"An—an illusion. Begging your pardon, sir-

an illusion." He looked so like a beaten hound, so frightened, so fawning, that I felt I could with lively satisfaction have transferred the threatened caning to his own shoulders.

"But you saw it?" I said again.
"No, sir. Upon my honor, no, sir. I saw nothing—nothing whatever."
His looks belied his words. I felt positive that

he had not only seen the shadow, but that he knew more about it than he chose to tell. I was by this time really angry. To be made the object of a boyish trick, and to be hoodwinked by the connivance of the school-master, was too much. It was an insult to myself and my office.

I scarcely knew what I said: something short and stern, at all events. Then, having said it, I turned my back upon Mr. Skelton and the schools, and walked rapidly back to the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEGGARS WAITING AT THE DOOR OF A MOSQUE IN ALGIERS.

See illustration on double page. DRAYER and almsgiving," said the Prophet, "are the keys of paradise," and most of the followers of the religion he taught discharge punctually these duties of the faith. Naturally enough, the vestibule of the house where prayer is wont to be made is the place in which alms are distributed, either as a preliminary attuning the mind to devotion, or as a result of the pious feelings aroused by a visit to the sanctuary. Nor is the recipient of alms looked down upon with the contempt which Western and Northern races show toward those who are willing to receive without having taken the trouble to earn. The Eastern mendicant, like the Eastern millionair regards his condition as the decree of fate. His self-esteem is not injured by his lot; he preserves his dignity even in his lowest estate. Among the crowds of suppliants who station themselves at the door of the mosques, many display a patriarchal nobility of mien and pious resignation which fill the Western visitor with admiration, and he recognizes in them another form of that Oriental hospitality which never refuses food and shelter to the wayfarer. In Algiers such scenes as our illustration depicts strike the eye not only by the contrast they present to Western life, but by the motley personages who form the picturesque group. The Great Mosque of Algiers faces southward on the Boulevard de la République, is the most ancient in the city, and dates from the year 1018. The minaret at the corner of the Rue de la Marine was completed in 1323. The building on this northern face presents a gallery of fourteen arcades supported on columns of white marble, in an angle of which stands a sparkling fountain. The interior is lighted by doors opening on the boulevard, but as it is very spacious, there always reigns in it a certain obscurity favorable to prayer, to meditation, and to sleep. The walls are white, with no other deco-



ration than mats on the floor and around the lower part of the pillars.

The situation of Algiers has always been extolled. The Moor of Valentia, Abou-Mohammed el-Abd-ery, in the twelfth century, wrote: "It is a city which one is never weary of admiring, and whose aspect enchants the imagination. Seated on the sea, on the slope of a mountain, it possess es the resources of the gulf and the plain. No-thing approaches the loveliness of the view." The interior of the city offers a strange spectacle. European civilization, with its continuous move-ment, is there mingled with the impassive life of the East. The quarter that runs from the Admiralty to the harbor of Azzoun is as French as it can be. Huge hotels and houses have superseded the low plaster dwellings; wide streets with arcades have replaced the crooked lanes where two pedestrians could scarcely pass; res taurants d la carte and d prix fixe, milliners' shops, and hatters', stand where the old bazars used to display their wares; and omnibuses and horse cars are busily running. But in this French city we meet at every step a variety of costume and a blending of races not to be seen elsewhere. Beside the Jew with his dirty garments comes the Arab with flashing eye and stately walk; be-side the negro porter bending under his load is the trim young lieutenant clinking his spurs; be-side the Parisienne clad in the last creations of M. Worth glides timidly the Moorish lady veiled in her yashmak. Moors and Kabyles, Spaniards and Maltese, French infantry, mounted Spahis, artillery, and asses jostle each other in the streets. While the modern quarter of the town lies on the water's edge, the Moorish dwellings with their white flat roofs are heaped up toward the summit of the hill. The streets are steep and narrow the upper stories of the houses project one over the other, till the topmost ones nearly touch each other over the dark and gloomy but cool streets while the barred windows and massive doors give every house the aspect of a prison. Algiers has since the French occupation at-

tracted crowds of artists from every country, whose pencils have made known to us some of its picturesque aspects. It has become, too, a favorite winter resort, as the climate on the whole is agreeable and healthy, the temperature in the coldest months not falling below 12° Centigrade. The coast is mountainous and cut by ravines and the forests are considerably more extensive than those of France. In the interior, another range of mountains looks down on the sandy sea of the Sahara. The Kabyles, who dwell in the mountains and higher plateaux, are the aborigines of the country; they have almost a German physiognomy, a large square head, blue eyes, and generally red hair. The conquering Arab is of taller stature, with an oval face, black glancing eyes, and black hair. The Moors, as the inhabitants of the towns are called, are a mixed race descended from every people that have touched on the coast of Africa from the Argonauts to the present day. It is by the Arab tribes that the peace of the colony is threatened. The tribes vary very much in size. Some number only five hundred, some forty thousand souls. The neces sities of a nomad life as well as the precepts of religion made them submit without dispute to the will of their chiefs. The Arabs possess nobles by birth, who are all supposed to be descendants of Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, and nobles by religion. The latter are named marabouts, and are specially vowed to observance of all the precepts of the Koran: their prayers are always efficacious, their words are oracles; they reconcile hostile tribes, and they preach war against the infidels. Seven religious orders, founded by as many marabouts, exist, and are the great support of fanaticism and bond of union between the tribes. These details are worth note when an Arab insurrection is imminent. The French occupation of Tunis has caused wide-spread discontent among the Arabs of Algeria, and already several revolts of tribes near the Sahara have taken place. A prophecy is current that fifty years after the conquest by the infidel the country will regain its freedom by means of a marabout. Such a marabout is Bou-Amena the chief of a powerful tribe. He has inflicted several defeats on detached parties of French troops, but when attacked in force was com-pelled to retire into the desert. Here he bides his time.

A DINNER CARD.

"MADAME est servie."
As the low voice of the well-trained servant fell on her ear, Mrs. Atherton Huntley slightly turned her head, and gave one swift glance toward her husband.

Mr. Huntley, whom long years of practice had rendered perfect in his métier of host, comprehended the almost imperceptible signal, offered his arm to Mrs. Elphinstone, with whom he was talking, and moved toward the door. The company followed in a softly rustling procession, Mrs. Huntley bringing up the rear on the arm of Alex Dent, her husband's junior partner, freshly re-turned from China, and the guest of the evening. There was no confusion as to place. Mrs. Huntley had reduced dinner-giving to a science, and each least detail was carefully planned and provided for. A nod, a blithesome smile to right and to left, the gesture of a lilac-gloved hand, and each person was in his appointed seat at table—a table spread in the wondrous fashion of the day, and to whose adorning had gone all the resource and the lavish appliance of modern deco-

The faintly tinted and heavily embroidered cloth was overlaid here and there with lengths of linen, transparently fine, and edged with priceless old lace. A multitude of tapers, rose red or green, each with its little lace-trimmed shade, cast their paly glows on the low bank of flowers which ran the table's length, on the alternate fire and iridescence of many-hued glasses, and the jewelled gleam of Salviati decanters and salt-cellars. Beside each lady's plate stood an arrangement of choice roses in the form of a horseshoe; for every gentleman was a boutonnière of lilies: and upon the napkins lay exquisite dinner cards of white silk, hand-painted, and scented with violets.

Such dinner tables are too common in the luxurious life of to-day to attract special attention from those to whom they are customary specta-But Alex Dent had gone to China before the tide of modern luxury had risen to half-flood and was too lately returned to have grown wonted to its exhibition. He admired, and spoke his admiration-admired the arrangement of the flowers, the beautiful glass, the perfect adaptation of detail to effect; and Mrs. Huntley listened to his eulogiums with pleasure. It was an old story to her, but women do not easily weary of hearing their household gods extolled.

"What a land of luxury it has grown to be!" he went on. "What pains are lavished on the merest trifles! This card, even"—picking up the one beside his plate—"why, it is a little work of art, really charming."

"So it is," admitted Mrs. Huntley. "Those

people at the Decorative Art Society do have the loveliest things. A great many of their designs

are made by real artists, you know."
"But I don't know. There was no Decorative
Art Society when I went away," replied Alex, still studying the silken painting intensely. As he looked, a sudden thought seemed to come to him. His eyes gave out a swift sparkle, then set as though seeing a vision. For a brief moment he was oblivious of the very existence of his handsome hostess. This was the picture that Alex Dent's mind was looking at: a room in a stately city house; a girl seated in a bay-window shaded with amber curtains, painting flowers at a little table; himself, a raw, sensitive boy, seated near her, his hat on his knees—watching the sheen cast by the amber light on her satin-smooth hair, watching the long lashes which shaded her eyes, the sler der fingers which played rather nervously with the paint-brush—struggling with words which he had resolved not to speak, wretched at the en-forced silence, at the sense of coming separation. It was a picture which had frequently risen be fore his mind during the ten years of his absence: but what had revived it now? He studied the dinner card to find out.

Cyclamen! Yes, it was a group of cyclamen that Evelyn Morris was painting that last morning. He remembered it perfectly now. There was something in the graceful little picture that recalled her style, the choiceness and charm which seemed inseparable from all that she touched or did. And just at that moment two tiny letters caught his eve traced in the shadow of a leaf. E.M. Could they stand for E- Impossible

Ten years had taught the raw boy worldly wis-om. His pause of retrospect took him much less time than I have occupied in the telling, and he recovered himself in time to betray nothing to his bright-eyed hostess. Soup and Chablis had been followed by fish and entrées, before, with skillful inadvertence, he returned to the subject of the dinner card.

"Who creates these dainty things, do you suppose ?" he queried.

"All sorts of people, no doubt. They don' tell unless you ask, and perhaps not then; but I never thought to ask. I presume a great many of the things are the work of poor ladies who are glad to earn a little something under the rose."

'And are all these on the table by the same

"Oh yes, they come in regular sets, ten or a dozen, or a dozen and a half, in each. These silk ones are awfully dear-eighteen dollars the doz--but then they are the prettiest I ever saw Thérèse, please show your card to Mr. Dent. He has been so long in China that he isn't used to such vanities as the rest of us are

"Don't you use dinner cards in China?" asked Thérèse, otherwise Mrs. Denham, a handsome, sleepy blonde, with a fringe of oddly colored yellow hair falling above her eyes. She outdid her commission, for she borrowed her neighbors' cards left and right, and placed half a dozen of the pretty things within Alex's reach while she spoke.

"I suppose we must have something of the sort, but not like these, or I surely should have noticed them," he replied, as he studied the cards. The subjects were various—a spray of wild azalea; a woodbine tangle with an elf balanced therein as in a swing; a lily with a sleeping fay in its cup; a curve of jasmine framing in a reach of pale sea and one tiny sail. Each and all bore the impress of the same delicate taste, and in every one-in the darkest leaf of the lily, beneath shadow of the woodbine swing, and the crest of the breaking wave—appeared the same faintly traced E. M. Alex Dent studied them with an interest which made his neighbors smile: then recollecting himself, he pushed them aside, and the conversation shifted to other matters.

It was not till the ices had come and gone that he ventured on the question which through all the progress of the dinner had been uppermost

"By-the-way, what has become of the Edward Morrises. Miss Morris married long ago, I sup-

"The Edward Morrises. Let me think. It is so long a time since I heard anything about them."

"Are they not in the city, then?"
"Oh no! Didn't you know that? Mr. Morris lost all his money, and they went away. Where did they go? I heard at the time, but it is so

"Mr. Morris! Why, they called him a millionaire. How could he lose all his money?"

"Oh! it was that horrid business of the—

some railroad. I never can recollect such things. Atherton will tell you all about it. It made an immense disturbance at the time. And Robert

Morris—the other brother, you know—was found to have forged an immense quantity of stock, or bonds, whichever it was, and ever so many people were ruined by it, or would have been had not Edward Morris sacrificed everything to buy un the forgeries, and save the family credit. But it took all he had to accomplish it. And after that they sold that lovely house of theirs, and went away to some little place—in New Jersey, I think; or was it Connecticut?—some little cheap place, anyway; and there they have been living ever since. I met Evelyn once at a dinner; it was about four years ago, I think. She was stay-ing in town for a few days, but I forget with whom. She was as handsome as ever. seem a thousand pities—doesn't it?—that such a pretty girl should be shut up in a poky country village where no one sees her.'

"And you are sure she has never married?"
"Oh no, certainly not. What chance is there for a girl to marry in a place like that?

"New Jersey, or was it Connecticut?" thought Alex; but he noted a certain gleam of amused interrogation in his hostess's bright eyes, and having no desire to arouse or sharpen any latent suspicions which might be in her mind, he dropped the subject. None the less was he mindful to slip into his pocket, when they rose from table, the silken trifle which might prove a clew to lead him to the hope relinquished so long ago. Evelyn Morris unmarried! He could hardly credit the tidings.

That she would, must marry some man her equal in wealth and worldly position, become the mistress of a splendid home, and shine a star of constantly increasing magnitude in the social sky, had been a fixed part of his boyish creed. He believed it absolutely, and it had availed to keep him silent when his heart would fain have spoken.

What had he to offer the brilliant girl at whose feet all the treasures of earth seemed laid? A pair of strong hands, a heart that loved her, such good or evil fortune as might chance to be his portion—that was all. He was very much in love, this young Alex Dent of ten years ago; but he was wise beyond the fervor of his years, and he had calmly reviewed the situation. Why should he speak? Why should he trouble this exquisite creature with what must prove only vain complaint, an empty appeal? As well ask some bright particular planet to come to earth and serve for illumination to a mud hovel as to ask her to share his uncertain fate. So he sailed away, no words spoken, and carrying with him the bitter conviction that good luck, if it came at all, would come too late for any hope of winning this one chief good which his heart craved.

Good luck came in its own time. He stood again in New York, at thirty-one, a rich man, prospered beyond his wildest dreams, and holding an assured position. He had liked many girls during the ten years of his absence, he had even been half in love with one or two; but the memory of Evelyn Morris had been a spell potent enough to prevent him overleaping the other half. He was free still—a freedom he had hardly re-joiced in till this day, when in his incredulous ears rang the news that his early love was still unmarried.

For two or three days after the Huntley dinne he went about like a man in dream. He inquired here, he inquired there. Everybody was ready enough with histories of the great forgery, but no one could tell him anything about the Edward Morrises or their whereabouts. The Robert Mor-rises were in Europe, living under a cloud, no one exactly knew where. By what seemed fatality all the families whom he recollected as intimate with the Morrises were abroad just then, or in Florida, or scattered by the changes which ten years had wrought. No one seemed to have cared to acquaint themselves with the movements of the ruined family. The little ripple caused by their departure soon subsided. People easily forget in the busy life of cities, and all this had

happened nine years before.

In despair, Alex Dent at last betook himself to the rooms of the Decorative Art Society, and produced his dinner card. Could they tell him the name and address of the person who painted that &

He was anxious to—to order some others like it.

"I will take your order, sir," said the business-like young secretary.

"You will please give me your name and address."

But this was by no means what Alex wanted.
"Thanks; but I should prefer to communicate directly with the artist." Then seeing a surprised displeasure in the face suddenly turned upon him, he made haste to add, "The order will of course be given in the usual way, through the society, but it is indispensable that I should have a personal interview with the designer.

The young secretary looked puzzled. She tapped her book with a pencil, and was silent for a moment, evidently balancing the proprieties. Then, as the door opened, she exclaimed, with sudden relief, "Oh, there's Mrs. Curtis now; a moment and I'll sak her," and her excuse me a moment, and I'll ask her," and hurried across the room.

Presently the new-comer walked straight up to Alex Dent.

"Miss Dunn tells me that you are desirous of an interview with one of our correspondents on the subject of dinner cards," she said. "Per-sonal interviews are not usual in such commissions, nor are they at all needful-if the cards are really all that you wish to talk about;" and the lady flashed upon him a magnificent pair of Irish eyes, blue, with black lashes, and full of the peculiar fascination which sometimes accompa-nies the possession of short sight. "I can furnish you with a set of cards on silk painted by the same person, and exactly like these, but with different subjects, which we happen to have for sale at this moment. Will that answer your purpose ?"

There was a mingled archness and soft sweetness in the manner which was infinitely captiva-ting, and which won Alex to sudden confidence.

"No, that will not answer at all," he said. "I don't care specially about the cards, but I am anxious to see the artist, and verify a suspicion I have that she is an old friend of mine."

He was amazed afterward when he remembered his own frankness of speech. The lady listened with an interest which seemed to divine a

meaning beyond his words.
"I will be frank in my turn," she said at last, her beautiful eyes full of the sympathy which a love tale, revealed or suspected, always excites in a true woman. "Evelyn Morris did paint those cards. She was a favorite of mine always, and when this society was started, I wrote urging her to turn her talent for painting to account through us. They are greatly reduced in circumstances, as you may have heard, and she was glad to take as you may have heard, and she was grad to take my advice. Their quiet life gives her plenty of leisure, and her things always sell, they are so choice and so exquisitely done."

"Indeed, I should think so. Where do the

family live?"

"I think I may tell you, though they prefer to keep their retreat a secret from most people. It is at Neriton, a village in Southern New Jersey. It is an out-of-the-way place. You have to take three railroads to get there, and there is a long drive besides. I wish you might have time to go down and see them. They have few visitors, as you may suppose, and an old friend will be a treat."

"I shall certainly hope to do so."
"When you return," continued Mrs. Curtis, perhaps you will kindly come to see me, and tell me something about Evelyn, whom I have not seen for nearly two years, though we are continually corresponding about dinner cards and the

"A thousand thanks," taking the card she offered him. "It will be a great pleasure to do so."
"You begin with the New Jersey Central, and change twice, but I can't tell you where; you will have to learn that on the road." went on his new friend. Then, with a glint of fun in her mobile face: "Good-by, Mr. Dent; don't lose your way. Neriton, I have always heard, is a very hard place

to reach, and an equally hard place to get away from."

So, indeed, Alex found it. A long day of slow, jolting railway travel, with continual stops and frequent changes, ending with a drive of miles over sandy roads, brought him to Neriton; and once there, he was in no hurry to come away. Evelyn Morris at twenty-nine was no whit less charming in his eyes than in the early bloom of nineteen. Nay, time had lent a further charm, a soft courage, a ripened gentleness, and amid the simple refinement of her surroundings her beauty beamed with added lustre. Alex gazed at her with a wonderment which he could hardly conwith a wonderment which he could hardly conceal. By what inconceivable good fortune had this lovely creature remained till twenty-nine unmarried? It could not be for lack of suitors. Even if, like the poet's star, "confined in a tomb," some eye, he was sure, must detect and covet the treasure. What happy chance had saved her for him—and was it for him? That was a question which he longed to ask, but dared not yet.

In a single week all the friendly relations of old times seemed restored. Alex secured a lodging in the village, and spent as many hours a day as he dared in the society of his love. Always the same gentle welcome met him as he sat by Evelyn's side, and she wrought at her dainty handicrafts; their talk bridged the long interval of separation, and the old-time sense of intimacy revived, blent with a new fascination as each recognized in the other the qualities which ten years had matured and unfolded. Day by day Alex's hopes strengthened, but with the misgivings of a true lover he delayed, loath to break the blessed peace and certainty of the moment by a rash or premature word. At last he spoke, taking the

dinner card for his text.
"You see," he ended, "this was my clew. It helped me to find you. And now that I have found, I will not believe that I ever must lose you again. I have loved you for ten years, without daring to hope that I should ever have the chance to speak my love. Now, Evelyn dearest, tell me

my fate."
She did not answer in words, but she put her hand in his, and her eyes were full of happy tears. He drew his arm round the slender waist, and as he stooped for his first lover's kiss, she murmur-

ed, "At last!"

"At last!" he said, surprised.

"At last," she repeated. "Oh, dear Alex, foolish Alex, did you never guess that when you went away so long ago, you carried my heart with you?"
Then, while he stood amazed, "A woman can not speak," she continued; "though her heart break, she may not show what she feels. When we parted that day, I felt that I must wait till you came back to me, and I have waited, though I dared not hope that you would come. I waited, because I could do no less than wait—and you

"Are you in earnest? Oh, what a blind fool I we been!" groaned Alex. "I could have come have been !" groaned Alex. back five years sooner had I dared to hope. Eve-

lyn, we have lost five years of happiness.
"Dearest, why talk of that? You You are here now, and we are still young enough to be happy for a long time together, if God lets us live our lives out. I am not old or wrinkled yet, and I see no gray hairs in that beard of yours," raising

her happy eyes to his face.

"O blessed little scrap of silk!" exclaimed Alex, apostrophizing the dinner card as it lay on the table, "where should I be now except for your help? How much I have to thank you for! 'No cards,' indeed! Evelyn, when we have our wedding, we will have hundreds, thousands of cards. We will send them flying all over the land, and advertise our happiness by whole reams of pasteboard, in honor of the fact that it is to a dinner card that we owe it that after ten years of mistake, we have found each other out, and are the happiest people in the world,"

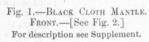
Aprons.—Figs. 1 and 2.

The black gros grain apron Fig. 1 is bordered at the bottom with satin Surah side-pleatings, which are edged with lace. The upper pleating is headed by a band of jetted lace two inches wide, beneath which, at each side seam, are set



-BLACK CLOTH MANTLE. FRONT.—[See Fig. 2.]

four inches wide, headed by a border in colored silk embroidery on black net, For description see Supplement.



and by narrow satin folds.

Above this is a second fall of Spanish lace, set on under a silk ruching, which is fringed on the sides, and beaded with jet. The pointed pocket is faced with a fan-shaped pleating, and trimmed with lace, jet beads, and satin ribbon bows.



This small willow basket is This small willow basket is covered at the top with a bag of ruby satin, which is powdered over with small embroidered sprays, the flowers of which are in pink and orange, and the leaves and stems in olive. The lower edge of the bag is joined to the inside of the basket near the top, and the upper edge is turned down two inches, the double material being run together



Figs. 1 and 2.—CLOTH AND MOIRÉ JACKET.—BACK AND FRONT.



BASKET WITH BAG.

ing which is shown by Fig. 3, on page 564, Bazar No. 36, Vol. XIII. One edge of the gimp is finished with two rounds in crochet, in the first of which every two loops are twisted and caught together with a single crochet; in the second one single crochet is worked between every two in the first round, and each two sin-



Fig. 2.—Black Cloth Mantle.
Back.—[See Fig. 1.]
For description see Supplement.



NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

Fig. 5.—CLOTH DRESS. BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 3.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3153: Basque, Over-SKIRT, AND ROUND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-13.

gle crochet are separated by a picot consisting of five chain stitches and one sin-

chain stitches and one single crochet on the first of them. On the outside edge of the gimp every nine loops are caught together and fastened to a strand of shaded red ball fringe. The handle is crossed with ruby silk cord, and ornamented on the ends with single balls of the shaded fringe.

Girl's Crochet Hood.

See illustration on page 783.

This hood is worked with white zephyr wool, and edged with a lace border in pink zephyr. The white centre is worked in a variety of Afghan stitch, and is edged with scallops in double crochet. The hood is trimmed with bows of pink gros grain ribbon, and closed with a button and crochet loop. Fig. 23, Supplement, gives one-half the pat-



Dress for Girl from 12 to 17 Years old.—Back.—[For Front, see Fig. 2, Page 733.]—Cut Pat-tern, No. 3154: Basque, 15 Cents; Trimmed Skirt, 20 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 14-22.

tern for the hood, and from this two pieces must be worked, beginning at the middle in Afghan stitch. This well-known stitch is worked in pattern rows of two rounds each, one forward, in which the stitches are taken up, and one back, in which they are worked off. The first and second



Fig. 1.—SATIN DE LYON AND [See Fig. 4.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—English HOMESPUN CLOTH JACKET. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Cloth Dress.—Front.—[See Fig. 5.] PATTERN, No. 3153: BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND ROUND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-13.



SILK APRON





loops and an end of narrow satin ribbon.

The silk apron Fig. 2 is edged with Spanish lace

Back.—[For Front, see Fig. 4, Page 725.] For description see Supplement.

twice to form a shirr, through which ruby silk cord is drawn; the ends of the cord are finished with

tassels, and when the bag is closed are tied in loops around the han-dle as shown in the illustration. The border around the top of the basket is of clive tapestry wool in-gimp crochet, the manner of work-



GROS GRAIN APRON.

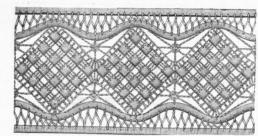


Fig. 1.—Insertion for Lingerie.

pattern rows are worked in ordinary Afghan stitch; the variation in the following one and in every second one thereafter consists in taking up the stitches from the upright veins on the back instead of on the front of the work. The work must follow the outlines of the pattern, narrowing when necessary, for

separated by 1 ch. on the middle ch. of the next 5, 8 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the following 5, 3 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—1 sc. on the 3d of the first 3 ch. in the preceding round, 3 ch., * 4 dc., the middle 2 of which are separated by 1 ch. around the ch. between the middle dc. of the next 4 in the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the 1st of the fol-

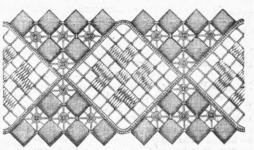
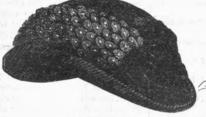


Fig. 2.—Insertion for Lingerie.

which purpose two stitches are worked off together in the second round of a pattern row, and only one stitch is taken up out of them in the first round of the following pat-tern row. When both halves of



FELT HAT.

the hood are finished, the foundation stitches are overseamed together for three-quarters the length from the front edge to the back. The scallops on the edge, including the slit, are then worked in the following manner: 1st round.—Alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the following 3d st. (stitch) on



BONNET FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.

lowing 3 ch., 1 dc. on, the 3d of the next 3 ch., 3 ch.; repeat from *. 4th and 5th rounds. *. 4th and 5th rounds.

—Work as in the preceding round. 6th round.—1 sc, on the 3d of the first 3 ch. in the preceding round, 3 ch., * 6 dc., the middle 2 of which are separated by 1 n (piect consist. by 1 p. (picot, consisting of 3 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of them) around the next single ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. between

the next 2 single dc., 3 ch.; repeat from *. Edge the front of the hood with the 1st, 3d, and 6th of the rounds just described, and then work the wide lace that is turned backward on a separate foundation of the requisite length,



For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 23.

VELVET AND SATIN DE LYON BASQUE. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 44-53.

the edge and 3 ch. (chain stitch); at the end of the round 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first sc. 2d round.

—2 sl. on the next 2 st. in the preceding round, * 2 ch., 5 dc. (double crochet) on the middle ch. of the following 3, 2 ch., 1 sc. on the middle ch. of the next 3; repeat for which work alternately 3 ch. and 1 p. On this foundation work the 6 rounds previously described, passing over 1 p. with each ch. scallop in the 1st round, and working each sc. on the middle ch. of 3. Pleat the hood as indicated on the pattern, sewing together on the



CROCHET HOOD.

wrong side the lines marked with corresponding letters, set the wide lace around the front

edge, and sew down the pleats in the back on a piece of white ribbon set on the wrong side, which is long enough to fit the neck and reach to the button and loop on the front. Finally, trim the bead with vibbon boxs as shown

hood with ribbon bows as shown

by the illustration.

from *. Work the lace in pink zephyr wool around the back of the hood and the slit first, turning the white scal-lops down on the right side. 1st round.—1 sc. on the first st. on the edge, then alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the second of the 2 st. passed in the preceding 1st round. 2d round. —1 sc. on the first st. in the preceding round, 3 ch., * 4 dc., the middle 2 of which are



Fig. 2.—VENETIAN LACE



Fig. 1.-VENETIAN LACE FICHU-COLLAR. - [See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 1 .- DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.



[For Back, see Page 732.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3154: BASQUE, 15 CENTS; TRIMMED SKIRT, 20 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 14-22.

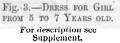




Fig. 1.—SURAH AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR. - [See Fig. 2.] For description see Supplement.

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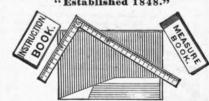
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A DILEMMA.

STATION-MASTER. "Now, then, look alive with those dogs! Where are you—"
OVERDRIVEN PORTER. "Be the powers, and what 'll I do with them? Sure every wan o' them has chewed
up his ticket and shwallowed it, and niver a wan o' them knows where he's goin to."

FACETIÆ.

The many Chinamen employed in this country as servants, especially as cooks, are easily taught their duties, and are very imitative. Of this latter quality Mr. Joseph Hatton, in his To-day in America, tells the following amusing story. An American lady taught a Chinaman to cook; and she showed him how to make coffee for breakfast, clarifying the coffee with an egg. The first egg she broke was a bad one; so she threw it away, and went on with the next. She learned only three months afterward that her imitative cook regularly threw away the first egg, and only used the second.

"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire.
"That's what I'm atraid of," returned the man.
"The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

It was in the smoking-room of a Cunard steamer that a worthy Tenton was recently talking about weather predictions.

"Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is. You petter don't dake no shtock in dem weader bredictions. Dose beoble don't know noding. Dey can't tell no petter as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dat ish zo," replied the German, contemplatively; "but I dell you vat it is—dat shtorm vould have come yust de same if it had not been bredicted."

A writer tells how Victor Hugo became the composer of the refrain of an operatic air, though never having been able to sing a note in tune nor play on any musical instrument.

"That is simple enough," said Hugo to the chief of the orchestra, who was in despair because he could not hit upon a refrain that suited him. Then Hugo recited the lines, accenting them to a rough melody, and thumping the time with his fist on the prompter's table.

"I see! I see!" cried the leader, divining the air, and he at once noted it down.

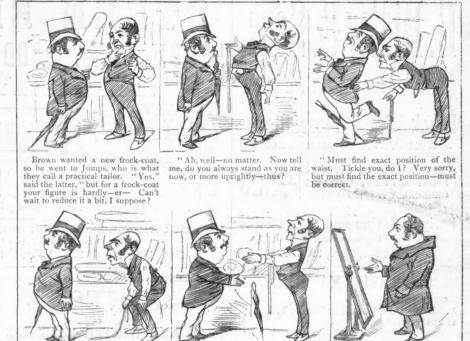
"As you grow in your art," said Gounod to a

"As you grow in your art," said Gounod to a young poet, "you will judge the great masters of the past as I now judge the great musicians of former times. At your age I used to say, 'I'; at twenty-five I said, 'I and Mozart'; at forty, 'Mozart and I.' Now I say, 'Mozart.'"

A jury is a body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer.

A young lady resembles ammunition, because the powder is needed before the ball.

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a new-born babe?—Because it's precious little.



THE PRACTICAL TAILOR.

"Strikes me your left shoulder is the hundredth part of an inch lower than your right. Can't be too correct." "And arms too. Arms seldom the same length. Just place them so, please. One really can't be too correct." "And arms too.

And that's exactly what Brown thought when the home.

What sort of tune do we all enjoy most ?-For-tune,

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"Bands of music will be in vogue at dinner parties, but placed so far off as not to interfere with the conversa-tion." The back fence is suggested, as any one in the rear, having a dinner party at the same time, would be willing to share the expense with the party in front. Economical idea this.

A German complaining of the overshadowing influence of militarism, said: "See the effect on our cirlidren; if we have handsome, well-made boys, they join the military; if girls, the military join them."

A Western stump-orator in the course of one of his speeches remarked: "Gentlemen, if the Parsy-fix Ocean wor an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of heaven and the level ground of our yearth wor a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of the country onto it."

It was Sunday, and it was raining very heavily in a large Northern sea-port city. The docks of the piace boasted a little church, or Bethel, which hoisted the Union-jack every Sunday morning, in token that services would be held there chiefly for saliors. The clergyman who officiated weekly at the Bethel happened to be rather later than usual, owing to the difficulty he had in getting a cab, the rain having caused those vehicles to be in great demand. He arrived, however, a few minutes before eleven, and hurriedly bidding the driver to wait for him till service should be over, he entered the sacred edifice—to find himself alone there. The clergyman was a zealous man, so he resolved to wait a quarter of an hour, on the chance of some waif turning up. His patience was not unrewarded, for after the lapse of a few minutes, one very wet man came his slowly, and seated himself, with some hesitation, on one of the back benches. The clergyman was a conscientious man, and he resolved that, had he but one solitary unit instead of a congregation, he would perform the service to the end for that person's benefit. At the end of the liturgy, touched probably by the patient endurance of his anditor, he condescended to address him personally, telling bim that since the inclemency of the weather had prevented the usual attendance at the church, he would forego the sermon he had prepared, and would content himself with "a few remarks." This, however, his hearer begged him not to do, and expressed a great desire to hear the sermon. So, pleased with this evidence of intelligence among the lower orders, and gratified by the effect his eloquence was producing, he complied. The text duly chosen blossomed into firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and lastly; "in conclusion" was followed by "one word more," and still that unit sat on undismayed. After it was all-over, the prencher, who was very shorting had been materially augmented by the length of the worthy divine's discourse.

A farmer, on being asked to write a testimonial for a

A farmer, on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes-wringer, produced the following: "I bought your clothes-wringer, and am hugely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood which proved too green and unfit to burn; I ran the whole load through your wringer, and have used the wood for kindling ever since."

A young clergyman in Iowa recently married a cou-ple in the following brief manner: "Do you want one another?" Both replied "Yes," "Well, then, have one another."

The æsthetes are daily gaining strength and assurance. They now speak of hash as "a mosaic."

THE EDITOR'S "STEAL PEN"-Scissors.

When Artenus Ward first lectured in London his jokes fell flat, and, seeing how it was, he concluded his discourse to the effect that the audience on going out would be handed tickets to Constantinople and return. "In that city," went on Artenus, "I propose to repeat my lecture this day two weeks. To each ticket is attached a coupon that will admit the bearer to the hall. I desire your attendance that I may shed light upon such of my remarks as have evidently given you pain, which I thank you for having borne in silence."

you pain, which I thank you for many lene."

"What does the man mean?" asked John Bull. "Go to Constantinople to hear him drawl through this mass of stuff again! We don't do it."

When they reached the door, and no one was there with the tickets, it slowly dawned upon them that Ward was laughing at them. "Smith," said Brown, "there's a fortune in that-

I know," returned Smith; "I've put my fortune



POOR LITTLE CHAP.

LITTLE TIPKINS. "I suppose, old fellow, you have a good many wrecks down here?"
OLD SALT. "Lor' bless yer, sir, yes; an' a many of 'em comes down lookin' a deal wusser than you, an' arter a few weeks goes back quite 'ardy like."



A STARTLING SITUATION.

Young Lady (suddenly starting), "My goodness!"
Young Gentleman (late stayer). "What's the matter?"
Young Lady (glancing at the clock). "Nothing; I thought I heard the milkman."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1881.

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Fig. 1.—Moiré Bridal Toilette, For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Satin Reception Tollette.—Front.—With Train, [For Back, see Page 772.]

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Nuns' Veiling Bridal Toilette, For description see Supplement.

AT THE PICTURE-GALLERY.

We went to see the pictures, Tom and I,
Because, in truth, we both are fond of art;
And then, besides—well, I will tell you why:
We wished to learn each painter's style by heart.

We lingered all the afternoon, we two It was so pleasant in the softened light.

Around and 'round we went, each gem to view,

And often almost kneeled, for better sight.

Judging by haltings, and long, eager looks, By rustling converse with our guide and friend, catalogue had seemed the book of books And life a stretch of paintings to the end.

Picture by picture, page by page, we went,
Dubbed this one "perfect," and that other "poor":
You never saw two critics so intent. I don't know what folks thought of us, I'm sure

Yet, do you know, some things drive others out: If you had asked me ere another day bout the pictures on those walls, I doubt If I had known a single word to say.

In fact, that evening, in our homeward walk, We settled much concerning Tom and me, And not one word was said, in all our talk, Of pictures or of painters-don't you see?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1881.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

A NEW SOCIETY STORY.

The sparkling story,

"A TRANSPLANTED ROSE,"

which is begun in the present Number of the BA-ZAR, gives an inside glimpse of the most exclusive circles of New York society, and under the disguise of fiction imparts much useful information concerning etiquette and social usages.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PROPLE No. 107, issued November 15, contains as features of special attraction the usual installment of its brilliant serial story; an article entitled "A Dangerous Plaything," descriptive of the old Volunteer Fire Department and the organization that has superseded it, with two illustrations; a lively account of the game of "Lawn Tennis," with full-page illustration ; a didactic article on "Luck," written in so pleasing a style as to interest readers old and young ; an admirable short story ; another sketch by Jimmy Brown, more humorous than ever. illustrated; together with art pictures, short articles, poems, and other entertaining matter.

NEW TIMES, NEW LIVES.

THE philosophy of the airy Spanish proverb which maintains that

"Three things for beating the better will be-A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut-tree,"

is plainly out of favor. Yet it expressed the conviction of generations. Mr. William Sykes and his fellows are not analytical; but were they capable of deduction, they would doubtless explain that feminine affection and conjugal faithfulness were the logical result of their system. "Spare the stick and spoil the wife," was the brief and orthodox statement of the sound principle of masculine control.

The women of their class expected, if they did not justify, beatings. They submitted, if they did not acquiesce. From what the "master" did there was no appeal. But now even the drudges of the tenementhouses heap with obloquy the brute who castigates his wife, and advise her, with eloquent unanimity, to "take the law av him."

Our own grandmothers, if their contemporary literature represents them, expected and even desired to be "mastered" by their husbands, who should at least be creatures of a stronger will, if not of clearer intellect and higher purpose. For contemplation he, and valor formed; for softness she, and sweet attractive grace. The most of them made not the slightest claim to consideration as individuals, and the exceptional ones who did cry out, "Hath not a woman hands, organs, dimensions, senses? fed with the same food. hurt with the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a man?" fell under suspicion as to temper and taste, if not as to sanity and morals. The popular ideal of the lordly lord seems not essentially to have been altered, though somewhat modified by circumstances, since the time of Socrates, whose intimate friend Ischomachus, the model of an Athenian husband, one day asked his beautiful young wife if she knew whether he had married her for love. "I know nothing," she dutifully replied, "but to be faithful to you, and to learn what you teach." Whereupon he delivered to her an exhortation, still read by the last age with admiration, on the propriety of a woman's staying at home, and left her with a rewarding kiss for the saloon of ASPASIA.

It is thirty-three years—a generationsince the welcome given to Jane Eyre revealed the fact that the ideal man, and still more the ideal woman, had changed. Rochester, indeed, is more "masterful," if that could be, than his predecessors. But it is by the entire recognition of Jane's individuality, her capacity, her character, her womanliness, that he commends himself to her. He seeks her as an equal, even as a superior, not in goodness only, but in strength. And as for her, never grew a more uncompromising personality. She will not yield an atom of her dignity, of her pride, of her severe independence, of her little characteristic oddities, of her convictions, at his mere behest. "I care for myself," she cries in her supreme moment of temptation, and

Since Jane Eyre, novel-writing has fallen more and more into the hands of women. This fact doubtless explains as well as creates the infinite variety of heroes and heroines offered for our acceptance. But who is it among them who shall be hailed as the coming man or woman? Sir Charles Grandison is superseded. We see the buckram and padding of too many of Bulwer's heroes. Even Rochester is out of fashion, with all the school that founded itself upon him.

In like manner sweet, innocent, ignorant, confiding Dolly has ceased to be. At one time it seemed that even her image would be effaced by a female rough-rider, of a beauty as wonderful as her bad manners, who superseded the Bible and Thomas à Kempis by a Peerage and Dictionary of Slang, who corrected her groom with a horsewhip, and was well up in the secrets of Madame DE BRINVILLIERS. That attractive nymph, however, had but a brief though bright career. The average novel now concedes that a heroine need not break the Ten Commandments to be interesting, and indeed generally assists her to trump with her morality the best card of villainy in her rival's hand.

We may as well admit that much contemporary fiction is rubbish, proceeding from nothing, pointing to nothing, incongruous, ridiculous, impossible. Yet because it tries to give men a savor of real life, to make women entities instead of relative significations, and to describe a companionship between them, it does in some degree redeem its paltryness. It has not, let us hope, revealed the coming man or the coming woman. But it shuts the door on the simulacra which the past adored.

Whether the hero of the future be scientist, metaphysician, archæologist, reformer, or "plain man" (to borrow Mr. CARLYLE'S phrase); whether the heroine give herself to art, Kindergartens, political economy, or æsthetic garments-whatever the outward lendings of circumstance, indeed, it seems certain that they will have for each other a hearty respect, the fruit of the new order, and not less love than is imputed to the old.

A TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

MY dear," said Mrs. Trevylyan to Mrs. Mortimer, one fine morning in November, who do you think arrived last night?"

"I don't know; the Empress Eugénie, perhaps." "No; worse than that. My niece from the West —not from any of the polished centres, like St. Louis, or Chicago, or Milwaukee, but from six hundred miles from anywhere; and my brother, her father, wishes me to introduce her into so-

'Is she pretty?" asked Mrs. Mortimer.

"Well, rather; she has bright eyes and good teeth; but she is absolutely a savage. She has no ideas of style, or etiquette, or of manners, but she is very ambitious of social success, and there is something so *very* masterful about her that I believe she will succeed. Now I am out of the world, you know-ill health, and mourning, and all that; I can only give her a background and good maxims. Will you see to the practical workings? Now do oblige me, Sophia."

"You are asking a great deal, Laura," said

Mrs. Mortimer, tapping a very pretty foot with

her parasol.
"I know I am, Sophia; but you declared last winter that you wanted an emotion; that society bored you; that you wished you had something to make it worth your while to go to the Patriarchs, and the F. C. D. C.; and that you were relapsing into the after-dinner somnolency of old age. Now I offer you a piquant sensation. You can become the modern Pygmalion, and evoke a woman from this statue, and oblige me." Mrs. Trevylyan looked anxious. Mrs. Mortimer is a worldling, a fashionable woman, and a snob, afraid of the powers who rule fashion; but she has one tender womanly, vulnerable spot. She does love her old friend Laura Trevylyan, and she is, as are many

women of her creed, externally good-natured. "Well, Laura, I'll undertake it for your sake, reserving to myself the privilege of dropping the cake at any moment if I find it too hot. know I have never yet indorsed a failure, and if your niece is a hopeless case, why, I must retire after giving her a chance. You know what New York society is, demanding beauty or great wealth, an admirable social position or some powerful pusher from behind, to make a girl a success.

You know Fashion does not pretend to a heart, therefore we must have no hope of any help from its kindness. We must storm it as one does a

"I know it all, and therefore I retired from it; but my niece has all the courage of inexperience, and desires it."

"Neither pretty nor rich, and probably obsti-

nate?" said Mrs. Mortimer, musingly.
"I think you may credit her with a little beauty and some money," said Mrs. Trevylyan, smiling, "but do not parade her as an heiress. If we can get over her own conceit that she knows what is proper in dress and manners, we may do something with her."

At this moment a rather light footstep was

heard on the stair, and the ladies stopped talking. "Here she comes," whispered Mrs. Trevylyan.
"My niece, Miss Rose Chadwick, Mrs. Mortimer."

Mrs. Mortimer saw a very self-possessed young girl of eighteen, with beautiful dark hair, a fine brunette complexion, and a slender figure, tall and not ungraceful.

"How do you do, marm?" said Miss Chadwick. extending a hand to Mrs. Mortimer. you are my aunt's friend, ain't you'

"Yes, for many years," said Mrs. Mortimer, trembling all over as she heard a nasal pronunciation, and the belligerent attack upon the letter which garnished Miss Chadwick's discourse.

"I hope you are not fatigued with your long journey?" said Mrs. Mortimer.

"Well, yes, 'm, I am some fatigued. Nobody could travel six days and nights steady without being some tired. I had Emerson to read, though, and that was a comfort. I'm awful bookish, and father says, 'Give Rose a book, and that's the last of her.' But I want to see something of the world, so I came on to Aunt Laura's to go into New York society. I should like to be fashionable, and dance, and sing, and improve myself.

I have not had any chances at Chadwick's Falls,

but father says if I am a good girl I shall go to Europe next year." (She pronounced it year-r-r.) Mrs. Mortimer had taken a photograph of the speaker as she talked, and found a charming expression in the frank eyes, and a pretty smile playing round the fresh red lips. Miss Chadvoice was agreeable too, although uncultivated. Her hands, those outposts of female beauty, were small and well formed, though brown as a berry, and Mrs. Mortimer discerned a pair of pretty feet and trig ankles under her short travelling dress.

"It is a dreadful risk, but I declare I will try "said Mrs. Mortimer to herself.

Mrs. Trevylvan started at this moment to go ross the room for her work. She was lame, and moved with difficulty.

Rose Chadwick jumped up a foot from her

at and threw her arms around her aunt, nearly

frightening her to death.
"Sit down, Aunt Laura, and let me get the work; you shall not stir while I'm here;" and she kissed her aunt, and danced across the room like a gazelle.

"A wild vine, but luxuriant; it will bear grapes

yet," thought Mrs. Mortimer.

"As soon as you have had time to get some

"As soon as you have had time to get some dresses made, I shall be happy to see you at my Thursday evenings," said Mrs. Mortimer, admiring the girl's figure.

"Oh, I have got dresses enough," said the young girl, "and made of the best of stuff. I've got a brocade, and a velvet, and a satin, all made up at Chadwick's Falls, and lots of real lace that poor ma had, and I expect I sha'n't want any-thing more here. I'll come. Let's see—to-mors Thursday, ain't it ?"

Mrs. Mortimer's heart sank, and Mrs. Trevylyan turned pale. Here was a dilemma. It was impossible to tell this frank daughter of nature that those dresses which she loved must be burned, or otherwise gotten rid of. To insinuate that brocade and old lace were not proper for a young girl, but that white muslin, gauze, tulle, and the least possible bit of satin and velvet to garnish the dress were alone proper for a débutante should tell Rose Chadwick this?

"Oh, I shall so like to come to your Thursdays," said Rose, skipping over and kissing Mrs. Morti-

A breath of wild roses, something that reminded the worn woman of the world of her vanished spring, came over Mrs. Mortimer, as the

girl's young lips touched her powdery cheek.
"You shall come to-morrow evening, then.
Wear your plainest, simplest dress, my dear," said Mrs. Mortimer, looking despairingly at Mrs. Trevylyan, "for my Thursdays are very informal. Good-by—good-by, Laura;" and Mrs. Mortimer made a precipitate retreat, not daring even to look at Mrs. Trevylvan.

This latter lady had a long talk with her niece after Mrs. Mortimer left her, and found her apparently intelligent and bright, sweet-tempered and overwhelmingly obliging, but of a very determined spirit.

I do not wish you to walk out alone in New York until you know the streets, dear," said she to her niece

Oh, aunt, I have a map of New York, and I know just how to reach the Park, and I ain't Why, I. shot a grizzly out at Chadwick's, and I must walk seven miles a day, and unless I have some pleasant young man to walk with, I'd rather walk alone any time."

"Oh, Rose, I couldn't let you walk with a young That would not be proper.

"Oh yes, it would not be proper."

"Oh yes, it would. I have several gentlemen friends. There's Jack Townley. He was out shooting buffaloes last year at our place, and he's real nice. He said if I came to New York, he would walk with me every day. Father let me go hunting with him."

"Yes, dear, but it would not be thought proper in New York."

"Oh I don't care so I know that I am doing

"Oh, I don't care, so I know that I am doing right, what people think."

"Then, Rose, I am afraid you will never suc-

"Then I can go back to Chadwick's. I'm only going to try New York to see if it pleases me. I don't care whether I please it or not."

"Rose, when you went hunting 'grizzlies,' as you call them, you had to have a particular kind of rifle, and a sort of dog that is not afraid of

bears, did you not?"
"Oh yes," said Rose; "you have to be very particular when you go after a grizzly."

"Well, Rose, when you are to bring down society, you have to be very careful of your ammu-Your dress and manners are the powder and shot. You want to succeed in society—you want to bring down your bear—don't you?"

Rose looked sideways at her aunt a moment,

then gave a little laugh.
"You are pretty smart, ain't you, aunt?" said
the girl. "You mean that I've got to tame down

some?"
"I mean that you had better take a little advice from an experienced hunter, Rose, before you go out for a new kind of game."

Rose looked down at her brown hands and at her swift feet that had never known any restraint

"I am afraid I can not be very tame," said she, "but I will try to do what you tell me to."

Mrs. Trevylyn, like a sagacious woman, deter-

mined to let Rose alone, and left her wise words to take root in her mind. She amused her by driv-ing about the city until dinner, and after that meal allowed her to go alone to her room to dress for Mrs. Mortimer's evening reception.

"Now if you need help, Rose, let Martha, my maid, come in, won't you?" said her aunt.
"What, that stiff old thing! No. I couldn't have her round," said Rose. "All my dresses button up in front, and I can do my own hair, I hope. I wish you would come in and see how I look. I guess I'll wear my brocade."

"Oh no; something simpler," suggested Mrs.

"Well, there's my green silk," said Rose. When Mrs. Trevylyan went in at nine o'clock to see to her niece's toilette, she found her standing before the glass, with The Enameller's Assistant open before her, painting her cheeks in great daubs of red, and putting powder and chalk on in heavy patches.

"Oh, Rose! Rose! Rose! what are you doing? Spoiling your fine clear skin by putting on all those cosmetics? Rub them off at once. I shall be peremptory here; I will not allow you to make

a wild Indian of yourself."
"But I have read that New York ladies always paint when they go to parties," said Rose, dropping her brushes in dismay.
"The decent ones do not," said Mrs. Trevylyan.

"Wash your face instantly, and never put any false colors upon it. In the first place, it is a vul-gar thing to do, even if you needed it; and secondly, you do not need it."

Rose looked longingly at the carefully prepared rouge saucer which she had supposed was the est grammar of a fashionable toilette.

Her own color came out so vividly, however, after the cold water douche, and the bit of anger and mortification, that she could not but be

"There is a damask rose," said Mrs. Trevylyan, tapping the cheek; and carefully taking all the paints and powders, she threw them into the wood fire which blazed upon the hearth.

"Now which dress?"

Lying on the bed was a blazing brocade, which would have done for Lady Teazle, but which was terribly inappropriate to a young girl, and a bright green silk, which was trimmed with vivid red

"Haven't you a plain black silk?" asked Mrs. Trevylyan, in despair. "This is a small party, and these dresses look like private theatricals."

"Yes," said Rose, disappointed; "but that makes me look so old."
"Well, try it, and come down to me. I am sure

you will be very pretty in it." When Rose came down, she had been crying, and it was evident that she was not quite ready for the black silk yet. She was in the blazing brocade, and looked like Millais's Vanessa. Its bright yellow threw out her brunette complexion magnificently, and her aunt exclaimed, impru-

"Well, you are a handsome creature, and don't cry, dear. We will get you some simpler dresses later. Let me see your feet. White satin slippers! Oh, darling Rose, do put on a pair of—Well, no matter; black satin boots can be bought

The brocade was miserably cut, and made in a ashion which had prevailed several seasons ago. It did its best to conceal and disfigure the pretty, slender, agile figure of the Western girl. It was loaded down with real lace fit for a duchess, and across the bosom blazed an imitation jewel of green and red glass.

Mrs. Trevylyan removed this ornament, and put a rose in its place.

"You must wear your own flower, dear," said

Martha stepped in with a warm fur cloak for the young lady, and in her own bonnet and shawl, ready to accompany her.

"Why, you ain't going to the party, are you?" said Rose, looking at Martha.

'She goes to take care of you, my dear-to wait on you, and to come home with you. She will sit in the dressing-room, and await your pleasure," said Mrs. Trevylyan.
"Well, I should think that would be cold com-

fort," said the shooter of grizzlies.

Mrs. Trevylyan was spared the last blow. Just before stepping into Mrs. Mortimer's beautiful parlor, filled with the very crème de la crème of New York society, Rose drew on a pair of one-button green gloves which had been worn before. [TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEW YORK FASHIONS. EVENING DRESSES.

FULL-DRESS toilettes retain the basque corsage with flowing train and petticoat front as the principal features; yet there is great diversity in these, and they are varied in many small details. The basque, so invariably cut with an open square neck last winter, is now opened in a sharp low point in the front and back of the neck, and this may be partly filled in with tulle or silk muslin, or merely edged with a lace frill; there are still many square-necked dresses finished below the square with a vest that is cut in long tabs, and a few of the wired collars are still used on the back of these open-throated corsages. The antique corsage, with its sharply pointed front and back, is liked for ladies who have very full figures, and these may be fastened in front or back according to taste. Low round waists are revived for very young ladies, and especially for débutantes; occasionally the Marguérite corsage is seen with the neck half-high and round, with gathered silk muslin to fill it out to the throat.

Transparent sleeves of lace or of beaded tulle, or else the absence of all sleeves, mark the more elaborate toilettes, and also the simpler youthful dresses; elbow sleeves are seen with many basque corsages, and ladies who have thin arms add the antique puffed sleeves to the pointed antique waists. For heavy velvets an arrangement giving the princesse drapery in the back is liked by large ladies, as this has the effect to reduce apent size; this is done by continuing the middle forms of the back down the train, letting each form broaden to the full width of the material, and fall below the tournure in two great box pleats. The newest trains of great length made by Worth are sharply pointed, and all the full-ness is massed in the middle breadths in pleats that meet in a small space, where they are attached to the belt, making a very narrow and graceful train.

Very long trains require four straight breadths of the material, and to these are sometimes added a narrow gore on each side where the train comes far forward on the petticoat. Young la-dies prefer the shorter skirts, and there are now not only demi-trains, but quarter trains, as well as short skirts that escape the floor. All these trains are of straight flowing breadths, entirely without trimming in the way of flounces, such ornaments, especially lace flounces, being confined to the petticoat front, unless the skirt is short, when the flounces may go all around it. The modistes' rule about lengths and widths of trains is for quarter trains that slope from eight to twelve inches longer behind than on the sides three straight breadths must be used, while those with twenty inches additional length require four breadths. The petticoat fronts must be very flat, and are usually made on a foundation of silk two very broad pieces at the foot, sloped narrower at the top to fit the figure; upon this the outside material is laid in lengthwise pleats that meet in the middle, and have broad flat sides like panels, or else the entire front is in three or four box pleats that are tubular—not pressed flatly and after widening toward the foot, these pleats are edged with lace, and prettily festooned over narrow knife-pleatings of satin. The panier effects seen are confined to a very small space across the top and sides, and lose themselves in the first seam of the trained breadths. The scarf paniers that pass around the figure and end in a great bow behind have already become common, and are now confined to very simple dresses. The deeply pointed Greek apron remains in favor for the fronts of dresses, and also scarfs in horizon-tal upturned pleats, with very fully gathered lace flounces between. Rows of pearl or other beaded passementerie are placed down the front be tween lengthwise box pleats that have festooned

Shrimp pink and white are the colors most used by Worth for full-dress toilettes this season, and this new shade of pink with salmon tinges is the favorite for contrasting with other colors, thus shrimp pink satin for the petticoat front and terra cotta brocaded velvet for the basque and train of dinner dresses, or white Sicilienne for a ball dress, with shrimp pink moiré in front veiled with lace. An elaborate toilette from Worth has the petticoat front formed of four box pleats of shrimp pink satin merveilleux, rounded out in what the French call organ-pipe pleatings, separated by rows of marguérites made of pearls and white chenille, and finished at the foot by festoons of Valenciennes lace. The basque and train are of satin brocade, with cream ground wrought with carnations in gold thread, and delicate pink shades, with olive foliage satin re-appears as a vest, with tabs below the square open neck, as scarfs on the elbow sleeves. and as facings for the slender long pointed train. On other dresses Worth uses this salmon pink shade as a third fabric, making slender lengthwise pleats of it down the front, over which open embroidered or brocaded panels that form the side breadths, while the train and paniers are of white repped silk like that used in the pointed corsage. Large rosettes of pink satin also trim the sides of white dresses. When watered silk is used for evening dresses, white is a favorite choice, and with this, quantities of lace with pearl passementerie form the trimmings.

Pale pink and deep damask red moiré dres are also liked this season, and sometimes these two colors appear in the same dress. The lownecked dresses worn by débutantes are usually white, either of tulle with moiré trimmings, or else gauze with silver spangles wrought on the fabric. These may have short skirts or quarter trains, as the wearer chooses. Short skirts are elaborately trimmed to distinguish them from the flowing trains, from which all furbelows are banished. Satin Surah short dresses of canary yellow, or salmon pink, or sky blue, have three

flounces of the material edged with d'Aurillac lace two fingers deep, and these cover the skirt up to the hips, where a bouffant panier is posed. Velvet dresses are made very plain as far as the corsage and train are concerned, but there is a fancy for having contrasting petticoat fronts of light colors to brighten up dark velvets, such as pale blue moiré with the darkest green velvet, and shrimp pink with golden brown or with terra cotta red velvet. Plain velvets are rivalled by those that are brocaded, and by the moleskin plush, which makes softer drapery than the stiffer velvets. White tulle or gauze dresses have contrasting colors in their floral garniture, such as two kinds of roses, Jacqueminots with Marshal Niels, or else pale pink roses with dark damask Although flower sets are not very elabobuds. rate, a few imported white dresses have beds of roses down the front, or else a border of crushed pink roses surrounds a short dancing dress. The use of pink or deep red flowers on pale blue dress es is still popular. Though there are fewer blue dresses than usual this winter, those of ciel blue velvet, or of moiré or satin merveilleux, are always liked by blondes. The beaded fronts most used are those that come done in patterns on tulle or on satin, while for darker dinner toilettes of satin or of velvet there are front breadths of embossed velvet that make very rich

The lustre and long pile of plush are found to be very becoming, and it is used for corsages with satin over moiré skirts, and also for the trimmings of entire dresses of these materials and of bro-cades. White or pale-colored moiré basques, or else pointed antique waists, are chosen by young ladies to give variety to their wardrobes, as they may be worn with dark velvet skirts as well as with white skirts fully trimmed with lace. White wool costumes are now so much used for day dresses at home that they are being abandoned for full-dress occasions, except for misses and very young ladies. As we have already said, moiré with lace is a fashionable white toilette for evening, and the Spanish laces are found to be very pretty on such dresses

EVENING CLOAKS AND BONNETS.

Opera cloaks long enough to envelop the figure are made in the straight Chinese shapes with square sleeves, and are as easily put off and on as the simplest circulars. They are made of white camel's-hair wrought all over with Japanese designs in colors, and are lined with colored plush, or else they are of elaborately brocaded white velvet. Chenille fringe of the sleek kind, called seal-skin fringe, and set as thickly as a ruche, is a favorite trimming for these cloaks, while others have borders of marabout feathers. Pale blue plush cloaks are also among the importations, and on these are festooned flounces of white Spanish lace. The bonnets worn for full dress in Paris are very small, and those of white or of shrimp pink plush find most favor here. Pearl lace and the new Kensington laces with long stitches of white floss are the trimmings on these, to which are added curled short ostrich tips, or else a very long plume that passes behind and falls on the shoulder.

Muffs of plush, satin, and of lace are now made to accompany very dressy opera cloaks and bon-Very pretty muffs are shown of white satin with a very long Spanish lace barbe draped twice around it, and held in place by bows of white ribbon. Leopard-spotted plush muffs are lined with shrimp pink satin edged with black Spanish lace, and ornamented with short pink ostrich tips. The black muffs of plush or of moiré are more useful, though not so dressy; for instance, a stylish little muff is of black plush gathered at the edges to show a lining of cardinal red plush, and trimmed with a great bow of wide black satin ribbon; another is of black moiré in bag shape, trimmed with black Spanish lace.

Very full ruffs of white or of black lace encircling the neck closely are shown as the newest Sometimes a barbe or scarf of similar lace is tied in front, in other cases the ruff is simply fastened by a brooch. These are shown in Spanish and Breton laces, black and white alike. With black lace ruffs no white is worn next the skin, and this is also true of the black lace fichus that are now worn open very low at the throat.

ULSTERETTES, ETC.

Among the comfortable English suits imported, the Ulsterette commends itself for a travelling and rainy-day garment. This is of English Cheviot ngs like tl worn t men, made with an easy-fitting coat reaching nearly to the knees, and having a cape from throat to elbows; the back has two great box pleats meeting the side flaps that are sewed on horizontally, and furnished with numberless pockets. To go with this is a skirt that buttons down the entire front, is attached to a yoke, and has its whole fullness massed in two broad pleats behind.

The Newmarket cloak is also a graceful wrap with square sleeves and box-pleated back, made of English cloths.

There is a sudden fancy for dark green cloth Ulsters, that are really very handsome garments when shirred at the neck somewhat in Mother Hubbard fashion, though less full and clumsy than the original Mother Hubbard cloak. Square sleeves are set in armholes of this circular wrap, and the foot is finished with a deep pleated flounce

of the dark green cloth.

Pretty little jackets of black Jersey cloth are imported for young ladies and misses, and are completed by triple collars of red Jersey cloth.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. CONNELLY; Miss Switzer; and Messrs. Ar-NOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; JAMES McCREERY & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; and AITKEN, SON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE Waterloo Chamber in Windsor Castle is to be redecorated in brown and gold after designs by the Queen and the Princess BEATRICE.

-A writer having excited the wrath of Mr.
Browning, "I should like, said the poet, "to
rub that man's nose in his own books."

-At the electrical exhibition in Paris, M.
Christophle showed an ingenious application
of electricity to the plating of silver in some
charming drinking vessels in the hammered
Japanese style, brightened with flowers in colored metals, copied from the wares of the TifFanys.

-Mr. MEREDITH READ has received from the —Mr. MEREDITH READ has received from the King of Greece the grand cordon of the Order of the Redeemer, for his services to that country.

—There not being already plaids enough in all the tartans of all the clans, the Prince of Wales

has been bending his mighty intellect to the invention of a new one in scarlet, green, and white, and his family have all been wearing it.

—The Sultan of Zanzibar, besides paying the expenses, has settled two thousand dollars a year on Mr. Joseph Thomson, who is searching his rivers for gold. his rivers for gold.

—Hiram Maxim, of the Maxim Light, has a

—HIRAM MAXIM, of the Maxim Light, has a shock head of iron-gray hair, and so have De LESSEPS, VICTOR HUGO, ALPHONSE DAUDET, EDISON, GAMBETTA, and JABLOCHKOFF.
—LANDOR would always insist on pronouncing yellow "yaller," lilac, "laylock," and gold, "goold." He had also certain phonetic ideas of spelling, and made his printers and proof-readers dispense with every unnecessary letter.
—Lord Lonsdale has just sold for a hundred and fifty dollars, to a circus, a favorite horse of

and fifty dollars, to a circus, a favorite horse of his father's, for which that nobleman once paid

-Among Adelina Patti's costumes on her tour in this country is one of brilliant chamois plush, which has the appearance of being sprinkled with silver; the trimming is in bands of embossed leather in the same tint, and in leather straightforwards or which and is easily to be a superior that the same tint, and in leather straightforwards or which and is easily to be a superior that the same tint, and in leather straightforwards or which and is easily to be a superior to the same tint, and in leather straightforwards or which and is easily to be a superior that the same tint, and in leather straightforwards or which are superior to the same tint, and in leather straightforwards or which are superior to the same tint, and in leather straightforwards or which are superior to the same tint. ther embroidery on plush, and is said to be exceedingly effective.

—All the Russian prisoners are not patriots

suffering for the human race. Lieutenant Lands-BERG, who murdered Madame VLASOFF and her servant for money to pay his debts of honor, employs his life sentence of penal servitude in overseeing the construction of fortifications by a gang of rebellious Mussulmans from the Cau-

casus.

—Dr. Friedrich, whose treatment of the Queen of Sweden was so successful, lives and practices at Heidelberg.

—Sir Henry Havelock-Allan is suffering

-Sir Henry Havelock-Allan is suffering
severe mental derangement, occasioned primarily by sun-stroke in India.

- Lady Bective, of the alpaca reform, is an
Irishwoman both by birth and marriage.

- The buyers of old-fashioned furniture have

Irishwoman both by birth and marriage.

The buyers of old-fashioned furniture have begun such a business in the ancient articles of the manor-houses of Russia that a St. Petersburg newspaper has warned the provincial people against disposing of their furniture ignorantly.

The Scottish home of the Prince of Wales is at Abergeldie, an old monastic building two miles from Balmoral: It is owned by "The Gordon," as its master, an English clergyman, is known on Dee-side, and the Queen leases it; but owing to differences between himself and the Prince, it is thought the lease will not be renewed by Mr. Gordon.

The Hungarian baron Arpad Lopresti, who has lately died, would never pay his taxes. He kept a pack of blood-hounds to hunt tax-collectors, who consequently gave him seldom opportunity. One having at one time succeeded in entering his castle, which was undermined and man-trapped, was shown into a room where he was presently joined by an enormous wolf. He climbed on the stove, which was only warm, but soon grew hot and hotter, the Baron enjoying his dance on the heated surface for a while. The authorities, however, kept the record, and his heirs have now paid all sums due.

The authorities, however, kept the record, and his heirs have now paid all sums due.

—It is proposed to revive the peerage of Lord HATHERLEY, in order to reward his nephew, the Transvaal fighter, Sir EVELYN WOOD.

—The Cleveland committee have received near-

Transvaal ighter, SIT EVELYN WOOD.

The Cleveland committee have received nearly five thousand applications for Garfield relics.

The pew in St. John's Church at Washington formerly occupied by Madison, and since then by generations of Presidents, has been taken possession of by Mr. Arthur.

Mr. William J. Stillman, who has been enlightening the world concerning the Venus of Milo, is at present exploring for the American Archæological Society, and was one of the first to advocate true art in this country.

A friend of the sons of William Story has sculptured a unique necklace, for a gift, of pieces of spar-like shell cut in septagons, each bead carved with the exact profile copy of the face of some joint friend of the donor and the recipient; the beads are joined by links of gold.

Père Hyacinthe has given his Garfield discourse for the third time to a crowded house.

The family of Mirabeau is not extinct, Garbield with the grandson of Andre Rowleage.

discourse for the third time to a crowded house.

—The family of MIRABEAU is not extinct, GABRIEL VICTOR, grandson of ANDRÉ BONIFACE
LOUIS RIQUETTI, Vicomte de Mirabeau, who won distinction in the American Revolution, being yet alive, and bearing the title.

—The dinner service used at the Boston banquet given in 1824 to LAFAYETTE is the property of a lady in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

—General BURTSEVSKY, lately deceased at St. Petersburg, left fifty eight thousand rubles, whose income was to be applied to the benefit of people who had been accused of serious crime, but acquiitted by jury.

crime, but acquitted by jury.

—At the recent meeting of Americanistas at Madrid, the descendant of Columbus, the Duke de Veragua, and the descendant of the Aztec emperors, the Duke de Montezuma, were present.

—Three ladies during the last year have made the ascent of Mount Blanc. —It is said that Mr. EMERSON has not waited

—It is said that Mr. EMERSON has not waited for moods in his literary occupations.

—A monograph of CARLYLE has been begun by Mr. Lowell.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in half an hour of the early dawn, is known among her friends as having the "red temperament," on account of her auburn hair and enthusiastic nature.

—Mrs. Antoinette Blackwell joined the Congregational Church at nine years old, at sixteen was teaching school, and studied Hebrew and Greek later by herself.

—Just before her marriage to Mohammed Bry.

—Just before her marriage to Mohammed Bey, the Sultan's sister Stalla exhibited her trous-seau, which filled two large halls. The dresses

were made on the model of a pattern dress from Paris, and were of satins and brocades in gorgeous tints, enriched with gold and silver embroidery. There was no lace at all, and no bonnets or hats, but plenty of feathers and flowers and gloves. The lingerie was all of fine silk, and many of the dresses were décolleté.

—Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is the youngest member of the Senate, being but forty, and Senator MORRILL, of Vermont, is the oldest,

and Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is the oldest, being seventy-one.

—The French visitors were shown, the other day, by Mr. Blaine, on their call at the State Department, the letter written by Napoleon announcing his approaching marriage with Marie Louise, and that also in which he announces the birth of their son, the King of Rome.

—The Spider's Web, Mr. Wingfield's play, which Miss Genevieve Ward has in hand, is an adaptation from Molière's Tartuffe.

—BAYARD TAYLOR'S father and mother have been married sixty-seven years, and are both in fine health.

ine health.

—At the marriage in Washington the other day of Mr. Justice Harlan's daughter to Mr. Childs, the bride wore a rich cream satin, very bouffant, looped with water-lilies, and made misty by her voluminous veil.

—The Revolutionary General Henry Herkimer, for whom Herkimer County is named, has a great-granddaughter living in Adams, New York.

a great-granddaughter living in Adams, New York.

—Miss Mary Sutherland Clarke, grandniece of Washington Irving, whom she is said
to resemble, was lately married in New York to
Mr. John Wilson, of Montreal, whose father
was president of the Hudson Bay Company.

—At the reception of Madame Outrey, of the
French Legation, she was assisted by her niece,
a descendant of the Admiral Count de Grasse,
Miss Fowler, of New York, who wore white
crèpe and the blush corals of Naples.

—The house in which Lafayette lived, on
Spring Street, in Newport, is said to be in perfect repair. And the beautiful girl whom Washington selected for a partner when that city
gave a ball to him, with Lafayette and RochamBeau, died an old woman in the poor-house.

—There are more than twenty thousand people
in America descendants of one Richard Lyman,
who landed in Boston two hundred and fifty
years ago, from High Olgar, near London.

—The largest cotton plantation owner in the
world, the Khedive of Egypt ranking only second, is Mr. Edward Richardson, of Mississippi. Mr. C. S. Crapser, of Stockholm, New York,
is the largest butter-maker, having buttered his
bread to the amount of two hundred and fifty
thousand dollars since May.

—A tin box sold lately by a New Orleans express company for ten ceuts, contained a gold
medal awarded to Dr. J. C. Legarg, for services
during the yellow fever epidemic in 1878, by the
Howard Association of Memphis, Tennessee.

during the yellow fever epidemic in 1878, by the Howard Association of Memphis, Tennessee. It was directly forwarded to him in Donaldson-

ville, Louisiana.

—Prince Leopold is President of the New Shakspeare Society lately opened in London, of which Mr. Garrield was a member.

—When calling upon the father of Charles

JOSIAH QUINCY spoke of him as "the only sher-iff, except WALTER SCOTT, born on Parnassus."
He was also called "the best-mannered man in

Queen MARGHERITA of Italy is well acquaint-—Queen MARGHERITA of Italy is well acquainted with American literature, Hawthorne being her favorite romancer, and Longfellow her poet. She thinks of urging her husband to send their son, the young Prince of Naples, here, some day, to study our people and institutions.

—Alphonse Daudet suys of his wife that "she is an artist herself. There is not a page which I have written that she has not seen and retouched, whereon she has not thrown her delegation."

—Alphonse Daudet says of his wife that "she is an artist herself. There is not a page which I have written that she has not seen and retouched, whereon she has not thrown her delicate powder of blue and gold."

—The ex-Confederate General Jubal Early looks like the ideal Rip Van Winkle, with his gray beard and flowing white hair, his drooping shoulders and the staff on which he leans.

—Adelina Patti says that from the moment her name is announced to appear, she is, from early in the morning of the day, so nervous and agitated that, when the hour arrives, stage fright has taken possession of her.

—Fifty thousand dollars a year is the amount paid by our countryman Mr. Winans for shooting preserves in Scotland.

—For having volunteered to enter a burning warehouse and remove a case containing ten or twelve pounds of gunpowder last July, William Herry Burt has received the "Albert Medal of the Second Class" from the Queen.

—The Liszt banquet was the first general gathering at the festive board in Boston in honor of the birthday of a living composer.

—The first Cheez polka, the "Esmeralda," composed by Franz Hilmar, who lately died at Prague, existed among the Bohemian peasants long before his time, although he was the first to put it into written musical form.

—At nineteen, Jean Louis Hamon, the son of a shoemaker of Brittany, entered Paris, barefoot and moneyless, and when studying under Dellaroche his fellow-students laughed at him, and advised him to return to his shoes. It was his fans, potteries, and boxes, painted for the Sèvres works, which led to his success, which dates from the creation of the picture, bought by Napolem Marchine, has been sent to the Sultan at Constantinople by the Buider Brothers, the Paris coach-makers.

Lyons, has been sent to the Sultan at Constantinople by the BUIDER BROTHERS, the Paris coach-makers.

—The little daughter of Mr. FRANCKLYN, who

loaned his residence to the sick President, GLA-DYS, a maiden of nine summers, goes bear-hunt-ing in the Rocky Mountains, in boy's clothes, with her father.

—Mr. Santley, the singer, is very open-hand-

ed with his wealth. He has promised twenty thousand dollars to one of Cardinal Manning's pet institutions, he sings without salary in the Passionist church, and he entirely provides for three or four orphan children who have no other

three or four orphan children who have no other support.

—The proceeds of Professor Tyndall's lectures in this country were set aside to found a scholarship for American students in German universities, and Mr. Lucian L. Blake, son of Rev. Dr. Blake, pastor of the Winslow Church of Taunton, Massachusetts, is the first to receive the benefit of it, at the Royal University of Berlin. of Berlin.



Sofa Cushion.—Enamel Embroidery.—Figs. 1-4.

The embroidery for this sofa cushion is copied from an ancient Oriental specimen in the collection at the Austrian Museum. This kind of work, to which the name enamel embroidery has been given, somewhat resembles Holbeinwork in execution, and, like it, is best done on loosely woven materials, the threads of which are easily counted, such as cheese-cloth or loose linen canvas, and may be in either cotton, wool, or filoselle silk. When a thin, light material is employed it is advisable to stretch it in a frame. When accurately worked, the embroidery is equally beautiful on both sides, and can be turned. For the sofa cushion the work is on ecru cheese-cloth in colored filoselle silk. The outlines of the full design as it is

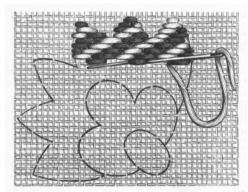


Fig. 2.—First Detail of Enamel Embroidery, Fig. 1.

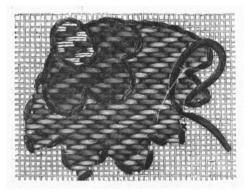


Fig. 3.—Second Detail of Enamel Embroidery, Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.—Sofa Cusinon.—Enamel Embroidery.—[See Figs. 2-4.]
For design see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 59.

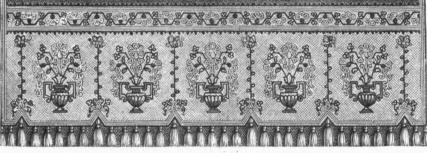


Fig. 1.—Sofa Back.—Darned Net.—[See Fig. 2.]



in bronze silk and gold thread. The centre of the de-

sign is worked in a corresponding manner with olive,

red, and brown silks, and gold thread. The figures in

the narrow border around the outside are worked alternately with red silk and gold thread and brown silk and gold thread, and are edged, like the rest of the design,

in black silk. The outer part of the cushion is covered with olive plush, pleated down as shown in the illustration, and the inner part is covered with the embroidery underlaid with écru silk. The latter is edged with olive silk cord, and the corners of the cushion are trimmed

Sofa Back.—Darned Net.—Figs. 1 and 2.

This sofa back is made of a piece of black Brussels net of any length that may be desired, and of the width shown in Fig. 2, increased by a hem an inch wide at the

with similar cord and with tassels.

Fig. 4.—Completed Figure for Sofa Cushion, Fig. 1.—Enamel Embroidery.

shown in Fig. 1 are traced on the cheese-cloth; Fig. 59, Supplement, gives a quarter section in full size, and this is repeated with the help of the illustration. The work is begun by running the end of the thread into the material so that it may afterward be covered by the stitches. The latter are simple running stitches worked in straight lines across the design figure, and over and under an equal number of the threads of the fabric, the lines being separated by one thread. The several stitches in each successive row begin and end one thread beyond those in the preceding row, thus forming diagonal lines. Each embroidered surface is a mosaic of two colors or two shades, the second of them covering the threads left exposed by the stitches of the



CASHMERE DRESS.—BACK.—[For Front, see Fig. 2, Double Page.] For description see Supplement.

first, as shown in Fig. 2. The outermost part of the flower (see Fig. 3) is in two shades of brown, the centre in two shades of red, and the calyx in bronze silk and gold thread. Fig. 3 shows the manner in which the edges and stems are defined with black silk. This is done continuously around all the design figures, always selecting one general direction, and taking in as many side curves as possible. The upper leaf in Fig. 4 is in brown, the remaining leaves are in olive, and the dots

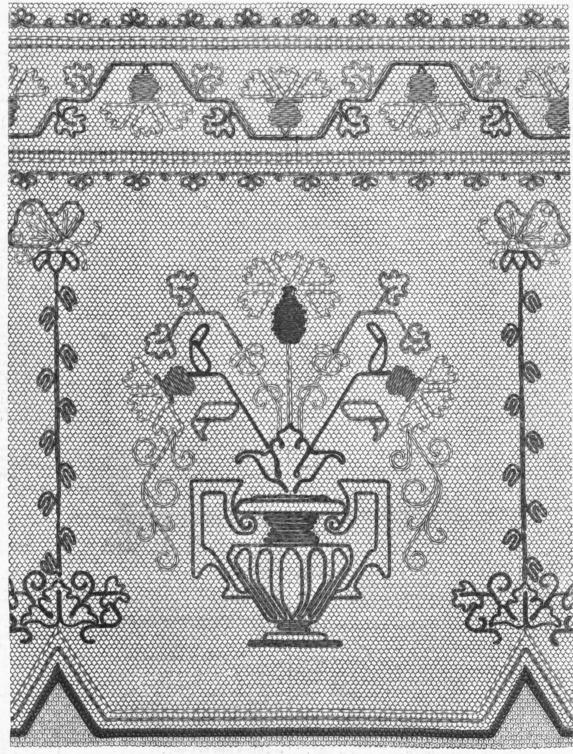


Fig. 2.—Section of Sofa Back, Fig. 1.—Darned Net.

tom, as shown in Fig. 1. The net is darned in the design given in Fig. 2 with split filoselle silk in terra cotta, peacock blue, and bronze, three shades of each. The bottom is bordered by three parallel lines in as many shades of olive silk, the lowest one, which is buttonhole stitched, fastening the hem. Tassels composed of strands of the silks used in embroidering are attached at regular intervals to the button-hole stitch edge, and fall over the hem.

Toilette Cushion.—Inlaid-Work and Embroidery. Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 773.
This square cushion is bound with a thickly gathered bias strip of old gold satin, which is caught



SATIN RECEPTION TOILETTE.
WITHOUT TRAIN.—BACK.—[For
Front, see Fig. 2, First Page.]
For description see Supplement.

down at the middle of each side, forming a puff at each corner. The top is covered with olive velvet, embroidered as shown in Fig. 2, which gives a quarter in full size. The satin, stem, feather, and knotted stitch with blue, pink, and white silks for the flowers, and olive for the leaves and stems. The circle at the centre and the four parallel arcs are defined with tinselled silk, caught down with fine silk, and the French knots between the



lines are in old gold silk. For the design figures between the sprays the velvet is underlaid with old gold satin, and cut away. The edge of the velvet is fastened down under old gold silk cord, and a parallel row of similar cord is sewed down as shown in the illustration. The embroidered figures

on the satin are outlined in stem stitch, and either crossed with silk or filled in in basket stitch. The three points at the top and bottom in heliotrope silk and the rest of the work is in olive silk. The small figures between them on the velvet ground are in blue silk. The velvet is edged with olive wool tassel fringe, which is fastened down with a seam in yelcross low silk.

Crochet Border for Jackets, etc.

This crochet border is worked with wool and silk, or with wool in two shades. It is the same as that used for the jacket on page 765, Bazar No. 48, Vol. XIV., which see for further details.

Crochet Cape. Figs. 1--3.

This cape is worked with navy blue zephyr wool in Afghan stitch, and is edged at the bottom

edged at the bottom with the border Fig. 3 in four shades of tan-color, closing with a round in blue wool and deep blue fringe. The front edges and the neck are finished with a narrow tan-colored border. Crochet cord drawn through a round in double crochet at the neck serves to fasten it. To make the cape begin at the bottom with a foundation chain of 355 st. (stitch), and crochet 62 pattern rows in Afghan stitch. Each pattern row of this well-known stitch consists of two rounds, one forward, in which the st. are taken up, and one back, in which they are worked off. In each pattern row of the 62 decrease 2 st. in the middle of the back, for

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Figs. 1 and 2.—Scotch Cloth Cloak.—Back and Front.

CUT PATTERN, No. 3158: PRICE 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

FROCK FOR CHILD FROM

2 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3157: PRICE

15 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 51-58.

h they are worked ddle of the back, for which work off the middle 3 st. in the 2d round together, and in the 1st round of the following pattern row take up only 1 st. out of these 3. Decrease also by 1 st. at the beginning and end of every second pattern row, for which work off 2 st. together, and take up only 1 st. out.

pattern row, for which work off 2 st. together, and take up only 1 st. out of them. In addition to these decreasings, work two of 1 st. each on each side for the slope of the shoulder, beginning in the 45th round at 38 and 71 st. from the middle of the back. Work these

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Figs. 1 and 2.—Crochet Cape.—Back and Front.—[See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 1.—Crochet Slip for Child from 1 to 2 Years old.—[See Fig. 2.]

and work on it a round in double crochet. Fold each round through the

middle, and braid the four ends in the manner shown in the illustration:

then join the upper edge of the braid to the bottom of the cape with a

round worked with the darkest shade of tan-color, working alternately

1 sc. (single crochet) on the edge of the braid and

1 sl. on the edge of the cape. Work along the lower edge of the braid

as follows: 1st round.— Using the fourth (dark-

est) shade, work alter-

nately 1 sc. on a st. of the braid and 1 ch., passing a space on the edge

corresponding with the

the second shade alternately work 5 dc. (dou-

ble crochet) around the

next ch. in the preceding round and pass 5 st. 3d round.— * 2 sc. on the next 2 dc. in the preced-

ing round, 4 sc. separated by 3 ch. on the following dc., 2 sc. on

the next 2 dc., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next

5 passed in the 1st round,

working around the vein

in the preceding round;

repeat from *. Next work 2 rounds like the preceding 2 with the

third shade, transposing

the pattern in the manner shown in the illus-

tration, and then a round

like the 2d with the darkest shade. Finally, work

the 7th round with blue

wool as follows: * 1 sc. on the middle de. of the

next 5 in the preceding

round, 3 ch., 1 sc. around the 3 ch. between the

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 44-46.

middle 2 of 4 sc. in the round before the last, encircling the vein in the last round above it, 3 ch.; repeat from *. Cut strands of blue wool composed each of 5 threads 16 inches long, and knot one over each ch. scallop in the last round. For the border along the front edges of the cape work 6 rounds in single crochet, taking each st. through the full chain of the st. in the preceding round, and working the 1st round with the first shade, the 2d and 3d rounds with the second, the 4th and 5th rounds with the third and fourth shades respectively, and the 6th round with blue wool.



W middle age from old age is that the mind still retains the power of growth, and is impressionable to new ideas. I know that in extreme old age Berzelius has

old age Berzelius has worked in his laboratory; and men have commenced new languages; and Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Beaconsfield have made wonderful speeches; and Sir Fitz-

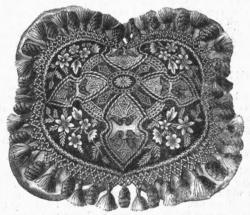


Fig. 1.—Embroidered Toilette Cushion.—[See Fig. 2.]



Figs. 1 and 2.—Mother Hubbard Cloak.—Front and Back.—Cut Pattern, No. 3159: Price 25 Cents.

For description see Supplement.

decreasings in every round to the 60th inclusive, bringing them in a straight line over one another in such a manner that the number of st. between each two of them is steadily lessened. After completing the 62d round, edge the neck with

a round in single

verence of the second of the s

CROCHET BORDER FOR JACKETS, ETC.

crochet, and then with one in double crochet. For the frill at the neck, which is overseamed to it, work 4 pattern rows in Afghan stitch with blue wool on a foundation of corresponding length, and then, forward and back, 4 raised rows on the surface with the third shade of tan-color, one on the st. of each pattern row, working alternately 1 sl. (slip stitch) around the next upright vein and 3 ch. (chain stitch). For the border around the bottom (see Fig. 3) take the lighter two shades of tan-colored wool, and with each of them crochet a foundation chain about five yards and three-quarters long,

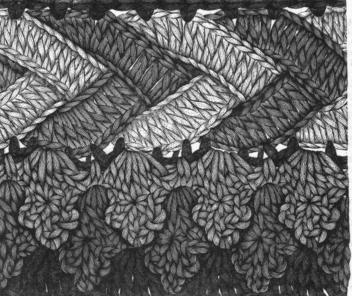


Fig. 3.—CROCHET BORDER FOR CAPE, FIG. 1.

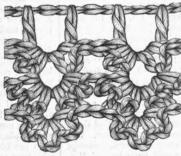


Fig. 2.—Border for Child's Slip, Fig. 1.

roy Kelly and Lord Campbell have been wonderful judges; and there are the stock instances cited by Cicero or Friar Bacon; but these men still retained that vigor of faculty which is the peculiar prerogative of middle age, and had not felt that which is worst in old age creeping over

them. Indeed, there are many who have sung the praises of middle age, and we who are middle-aged may be well content to listen to those siren voices. "It is a poor wine," says Lord Jeffreys, "that grows sour with age." As we come toward middle life we become mellower—at least, we must hope so—more kindly and courteous and considerate. Our powers are at the highest point of development, and our power of disciplining these powers should be at its best. As that clever Mrs. Grote said, "Memory and Order



serve us best"; our minds become "sorted," and we do not lose time and temper in hunting after things as we once did. There is an old French proverb that says, "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait." In middle age we establish vieillesse pouvait." In middle age we establish an equilibrium between "la jeunesse" and "la vieillesse," and for a time combine the possibili-ties of action and of knowledge. That climacteric is justly "grand" which brings the nine times seven tale of years. Of course the climacteric projects its shadow, but we need not dwell within the shadow. "One should never think of death.
One should think of life. That is real piety." So says Lord Beaconsfield. The truth is put in rather a one-sided way, but it is very truthful. I am reminded of a saying of one of the holiest and best men who ever lived, who once said that he had no time to think about his soul. What he really meant was that he so busied himself with the things of Heaven that Heaven would take care of his soul. Here is another of his fine sayings: "Time is the excuse of feeble and trousayings: "Time is the excuse of reene and trou-bled spirits. They make time the sleeping part-ner of their lives, to accomplish what ought to be achieved by their own will." It is hardly too much to say that the highest interests in the world are concentrated in middle-aged men, and the world's hardest work is done by them. "Those world's hardest work is done by them. "Those are terrible fellows to fight, those men with families," said the great general.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETO.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. MABBERLEY was busy in her morningroom, and had given positive orders that she was not to be disturbed for anything short of a telegram. She had always been a much-occupied woman, but of late her cares seemed to have undergone a sensible increase. She had become less exacting toward Miss Chevenix, troubling herself hardly at all about her movements, and being satisfied to know that she was with Mrs. Townley Gore a good deal. There were no close observers to take note of Mrs. Mabberley's doings; from any movement of curiosity on the part of Beatrix, she was well aware that she would be secured by the invincible indifference of her young friend, and her servants were thoroughly drilled. They were well paid and well treated, but there was not one of them who did not know that if the slightest annoyance to Mrs. Mabberley were produced by any servants'-hall gossip, the diate loss of a very comfortable place would be the result. The quiet, insignificant little wo-man had a wonderful faculty of compelling obedience, perhaps because she conveyed, when there was occasion, the impression that she was entirely inaccessible to any movement of pity. The idea of remonstrating with Mrs. Mabberley was not one to be entertained by those who were brought into immediate contact with her. She took a secret and vindictive pleasure in the consciousness that she had reduced Beatrix to obedi-ence, and on looking forward, as she was now doing, to the break-up of her present mode of life, and the transfer of herself and her possessions to another country, she almost regretted the relinquishment of that exercise of power. There was none that had ever yielded her more concen-trated, concealed, and silent satisfaction; it gratified at once her dislike of Beatrix, and a certain grudge which she cherished against the memory of Mr. Chevenix. Risky as such a step would, to her full knowledge, have been, Mrs. Mabberley would have married Beatrix's father if he had asked her, and she had often speculated upon his doing so as the readiest way of settling certain outstanding accounts between them; for the "frugal mind" of Mrs. Mabberley was never diverted from the practical by the sentimental view of any question. Mr. Chevenix had, however, not asked her. For this omission his daughter had unconsciously paid, although Mrs. Mabberley had kept to the letter of the bargain that had been made between herself and Beatrix.

This bargain was the subject of her cogitation now, and she was thinking how easily, on the whole, Beatrix had fulfilled her share of it, and how fortunate she had been. The turning up of such a trump card as Mr. Horndean in such a game as they were playing was indeed an extraordinary piece of luck. That he was a gambler, momentarily diverted from the indulgence of his favorite vice by the irruption into his life of a temporarily stronger passion, Mrs. Mabberley was aware, and that he would probably take to gambling again, when the new passion had been gratified, she did not doubt; but that was the affair of Beatrix, who certainly was not such a fool, al-beit she was in love with Mr. Horndean, as to suppose she was going to marry a man without vices. Mrs. Mabberley smiled a little as she thought how unusually fair a match it would be between these two when they had settled down to the "life-long scrimmage" of matrimony. She had a sound, though of course a secret, contempt for Mr. Horndean, and would have backed Beatrix to any extent to win in the long-run, if she had not been in love with him. Mrs. Mabberley distrusted mixed motives: they divided one's forces; they disturbed one's calculations: they prevented that concentration of mind and purpose which she had found so useful-indeed, so indispensable. But she could not waste time in looking beyond Beatrix's palpable good luck; in the future she must fight her own corner, and Mrs. Mabberley would not be there to observe with impartial curiosity how she did it.

In the silent, unobtrusive manner that was her way of doing everything, Mrs. Mabberley had been for some time making preparations for leaving London. Some valuable and ugly articles of furniture and ornament had been quietly disposed of. There was no one in particular to miss them. or to notice that the house had gradually assumed the dull and spare aspect of a house to be let furnished, and was in all respects limited to the strictly necessary. The removal of these articles, and also that of some heavy boxes which were accompanied by Mrs. Mabberley herself in a cab, had taken place in the absence of Beatrix; but this might easily have been an accidental occurrence, however; for whenever Miss Chevenix could find a reasonable excuse for going out and staying out she availed herself of it, and with such excuses Mrs. Townley Gore, whose complaisance for her brother was all that could be desired, was very ready to furnish her. The depletion of the house did not attract the attention of Beatrix, but it was not accomplished without the knowledge

"She is getting ready to be off," said Delphine herself. "I wonder whether she means to save to herself. herself before or after? It does not signify much to me, because she can not go, either before or after, without settling with me. And I wonder when I shall receive my final instructions? My faith! I shall be content, for I hate this England." And then Delphine permitted herself to indulge in visions of a future in which a remunerative fonds de commerce and a smart husband plaved part, which "smiled to her," and was philosophically indifferent to Miss Chevenix's temper. Somebody else will have to bear that by-andby," she reflected, "without being nearly as well paid for it as I shall have been."

This was, however, before Delphine discovered, from the conversation between Mrs. Townley Gore and Beatrix, what had become of Madame Lisle. From that moment her indifference vanished, and for reasons of her own she took a vigilant interest in all that was going on. Beatrix habitually spoke to her in French, and was apt to forget that Delphine understood English, and Mrs. Townley Gore never troubled herself to think of Delphine at all, so that she constantly expected to hear some further mention of Madame Lisle; but she did not hear any: the subject was entirely without interest to the friends. She was now as eager for information about the marriage as she had been devoid of curiosity respecting it. She wanted to know exactly what was the time fixed, at what church the wedding would take place, and where the happy pair were to go to for their honey-moon. The time was only vague-ly named as yet. "Some day in January," Miss Chevenix had said, and that pleased Delphine; there would be plenty of time for the doing of that which she wanted to have done. She might even have the satisfaction of seeing it done, as she had not yet been told at what time she was to leave Miss Chevenix; she knew only that she was not to remain with her after her marriage.

Miss Chevenix had gone out before luncheon miss Cheven'x had gone out before function with Mrs. Townley Gore on the dark dull wintry day that Mrs. Mabberley was devoting to business, when Delphine was told that she was wanted in the morning-room. Just as she reached the ground-floor Mr. Ramsden came out of the room, and said, as he passed her, with a familiar leer, "Any news of the famous pearls?"

Without waiting for a reply, he opened the house door and went out, closing the door quite

noiselessly behind him.
"I hate that man," said Delphine to herself,
"and when I can do him a bad turn without harming myself, I will give myself that pleasure. It

"I sent for you," said Mrs. Mabberley, "to say that I shall want you to leave London just before

"That is very soon," said Delphine, disconcerted and disappointed.

"Yes, it is sooner than I had intended, but it will make no difference to you. Miss Chevenix wishes to have her new maid with her for a little while before her marriage, so that she may get used to her."

"Is the new maid engaged? Does madame

"I believe Miss Chevenix is making arrangements, but I know nothing about them or the person concerned. You will attend strictly to the instructions I am now giving you. To-mor-row you will have a letter from your father telling you that your mother is ill, and that you must return at once. You will regret to have to leave Miss Chevenix, but you will not consent to remain beyond next Thursday morning. You will make all your preparations, and on Thursday you will leave London for Paris; but you will not go by the mail, as you will be supposed to do, but by Newhaven and Dieppe, and you will remain at Dieppe until you receive instructions from me."

"I understand, then, that I am still in madame's service?'

"Certainly. You will hear from me, or per-haps see me, within a few days. You will go to the place written down here, and stay there, keeping quiet and attracting no attention."

"And if anything should prevent the arrival

of madame 9"

You mean, if I should attempt to deprive you of your place, and cheat you of your pay? Well, I do not blame you for the doubt; I rather admire your prudence; but it is overscrupulous. I always discharge debts of this kind for my own sake. When you leave London you shall take your pay with you, although you still remain in

my service."
"I hope madame will forgive me; I did not intend-madame need not fear-" Delphine, cowed by the cold, even tone and the single instantly shifted glance of the only person of whom she was afraid.

"I do not fear any one or anything," said Mrs. Mabberley, quietly, raising her right hand and let-ting it fall noiselessly on the desk before her—a familiar movement of hers, to which Beatrix had

a special dislike. "I am entirely satisfied of your fidelity, for it is necessary to your safety. will leave everything that is in your charge in as good order as possible. You can go now; I shall have no more to say to you until you come tomorrow to tell me of the letter from your father.'

Mrs. Mabberley resumed her writing, and Delphine left the room, puzzled and foiled. Unless that which she wished to see done were done quickly, she would derive no gratification from She was equally anxious to do one person a service and another person an injury by the step she had taken, and it would be very hard on her not to know whether she had succeeded in doing

Delphine could not indulge in reflection just then; she had to take the things Miss Chevenix would require for a three days' visit to Kaiser Crescent, and to be there in time to dress her for dinner.

Mrs. Townley Gore's drawing-room was an animated scene late on that afternoon. The drawn curtains, numerous wax-lights, and cheerful wood fires offered a delightful contrast to the cold, damp, and darkness outside; rare hot-house plants with shining leaves adorned the rooms here and there, and beyond were the battalions of the conservatory, with its scented fountain and its shaded lamps. Tea, with all the accessories of that inlamps. Tea, with all the accessories of that in-terpolated meal, was in progress, and some subtalkers who had met there by accident into a group in which a serious discussion was being carried on, had been started among the ten persons who were present. Mrs. Townley Gore, sitting by the tea table, was examining a drawing held in a position convenient to her eyes by her brother, while Beatrix, occupying the central position on a large sofa between two very elegantly dressed ladies, had a large flat book of colored fashion plates on her knees, and Frank Lisle, who had taken possession of a footstool and placed himself in front of her, was urging the claims to preference of a Hungarian costume depicted on the open page. The subject under discussion was a fancy ball which was to take place early in January at the house of a celebrated artist, and to which "all the world" was going. The occupants of Mrs. Townley Gore's drawing-rooms were, in their opinion at least, no inconsiderable items of that world, and the costume which each was to assume had been imparted and debated with much interest. Only Beatrix had not yet made up her mind what she would wear at Mrs. Branch's ball, which was to witness her last appearance in public as Miss Chevenix. The drawing that Mr. Horndean was showing to Mrs. Townley Gore was a sketch by Frank Lisle of a stately woman, with some resemblance to Beatrix, in the quaint rich dress of the noble ladies of old Hun-

"Here it is in detail," said Mr. Lisle, pointing to the colored plate in the volume on Beatrix's knee, "and nothing could be more becoming. So uncommon, too: one is so tired of the eternal Mary Stuarts, the inevitable Queen Elizabeths, the Swiss peasants, and the French fisherwomen. I hope no one here is hurt by my remarks, that a little originality is very desirable. Do be persuaded, Miss Chevenix."

"The dress is very rich and grand-looking," said Beatrix, "but the effect is greatly due to the ornaments, and their arrangement. And I have no wels-indeed, I suppose nobody has any-that could be put on in this way. Look at those bosses and clasps, and that girdle."

es and clasps, and that girdie.

Mr. Horndean had now joined the group at the
sofa, and he exchanged a look with Mr. Lisle.

"There will not be the slightest difficulty about that," said Frank; "I know lots of places where things just like those can be hired. They are not real, of course, but nobody wants them to be real. That will be all right. Do make up your mind; it will be a tremendous success."

To this there was a general assent, and Beatrix looking up to see what her lover thought of the suggestion, for he had not yet said anything, she perceived that he was awaiting her decision with positive eagerness

"Do you really like it?" she asked him, with that rarely assumed gentleness which was so fas-cinating in her; and then, with a smile that even Frank Lisle felt to be absolutely beautiful, she added: "Then I decide on this at once. Thank you, Mr. Lisle; with your sketch and this combined, the costume will be perfect, I am sure. And I leave myself in your hands about the garniture."

"It was a pleasant surprise to see Mr. Lisle today," said Beatrix to Mr. Horndean, when they met for what he called "those precious moments" before dinner. "I had no idea he was in London.

"Nor was he; but when I had your leave to write and tell him my good news, he had fortunately only got so far as Paris on his way to Italy; there were some Corôts to be seen somewhere, and Frank forgot even climate for them. I put it to him so very strongly that I could not do without him, and that he might get away again when we do, that he turned back like the best of fellows as he is, and dropped in at my rooms this morning with a portmanteau and a portfolio, just as cheerily as if he had not come out of sunshine into a black hole."

"Mr. Lisle carries his sunshine with him, and

turns it on, I think."

Then Beatrix was rapturously assured for the thousandth time or so that she was an angel, and a very pretty and ardent love scene was enacted during the ten minutes that preceded the arrival of the guests. Mr. Lisle was among the number. He continued to enjoy a distinguished place in the good graces of Mrs. Townley Gore, and he was always acceptable to her husband.

"An artist who does not think himself the first among living painters, and who takes an interest in other things, is a black swan." Such had been

Mr. Townley Gore's pronouncement upon Frank Lisle; thus it will be seen that a singular uniformity of opinion respecting Mr. Horndean's friend prevailed in the Townley Gore household.

On the following day (Tuesday) Delphine informed Miss Chevenix that she would be obliged to leave on Thursday morning, and Beatrix received the intimation with all the bad temper and absence of sympathy that her maid expected.

"If my mother had been really dying," said Delphine to herself, "I should have liked to strangle this woman, who would have heard of it with as much feeling as a frog, who thinks we have no right to feelings because we serve people like her for wages."

Beatrix complained to Mrs. Townley Gore of ne "nuisance" of Delphine's departure before the highly recommended person who was to replace her could possibly arrive, and of the "bore' of family affections among people of that class. Mrs. Townley Gore agreed with Beatrix; she could not understand people who could not afford to gratify their feelings listening to them at all.

The accord of sentiment between the two ladies did not, however, prevent the carrying out of Mrs. Mabberley's instructions by Delphine, and the preoccupation of Beatrix with the important question of how she was to replace Delphine on Thursday, with the least possible diminution of her own personal comfort, was probably the cause why she did not let slip any remark from which Delphine could have gathered either of two facts that of Mr. Lisle having returned from Paris to join his friend in London, or that of the intention of Mr. Horndean and Mr. Lisle to go to Horn-dean on the ensuing Thursday, on business which

they both kept strictly to themselves.
"And so you won't tell me, Frederick, what you and Mr. Lisle are 'running down' to Horndean for; and I am to take it for granted that your purpose infolds a delightful surprise for

Thus spoke Beatrix, as she stood, encircled by Frederick's arm, about to say farewell to him on Wednesday, in the afternoon. He and Frank Lisle were going down by an evening train. Mr. Horndean had confessed that there was a secret involved in his visit to Horndean, but he had also declared that she would be much pleased when she learned the nature of it, and that he had the additional motive of wishing to make, in person, some provision for the entertainment of his humbler neighbors and the poor for the coming Christmas. Beatrix treated this in a scoffing spirit which even her lover could hardly regard as angelic.

"Pray do not give way to the long-descendedancestry kind of sentiment, Frederick," she said. "It would do just as well if you sent these people some money; you are not rooted in the soil, you know, like the Charlecotes—until they tore themselves up by their roots—and the part of a territorial providence would be horribly tiresome after a time or two."

Mr. Horndean looked a little hurt; there was a gibing and exceeding bitter spirit about Beatrix sometimes which puzzled him, and almost frightened him. Could she be so happy in his love as she declared herself to be, and view all the world besides—to which his heart warmed because he was happy—with that cold and cruel glance? But he hated a mental misgiving as much as he hated a sensation of physical discomfort, and when one assailed him he got rid of it as speedily. And she too felt that she had made a mistake, and raising her head from his shoulder, she said, softly, while her fair hand stole gently round his neck, and her lips touched his cheek, "You will promise me, dearest, that the secret which I am soon to know shall be the very last you will ever

keep from me?"
"The last, my own, own love, the very last."

On the following day Delphine took leave of Miss Chevenix, and (all the promised conditions having been punctually fulfilled by Mrs. Mab-berley) set out for Dieppe. She was of two minds in going away—the one was a disappointed mind, but she consoled it by reflecting that she could not be prevented from learning what should happen in the matter that interested her, even though in order to find out she should have to come back to England when she was done with Mrs. Mabberley; the other was a contented mind, for it reflected that she was safe from all risk of implication in that something to which she re-ferred in her thoughts as "it," speculating wheth-er Mrs. Mabberley would leave England before or

It chanced that in their afternoon drive on that day Mrs. Townley Gore and Beatrix passed through Chesterfield Street, and the former, looking out at Beatrix's former home, said to her companion:

"You did not tell me that you had lost your tenants, Beatrix. When did the Ramsdens give up the house?"

Beatrix also looked out quickly, and saw the house, evidently unoccupied, and with bills upon the windows: "To be let, furnished or unfur-She turned very red, and looked both nished." angry and foolish.

Mrs. Mabberley takes my business matters off my hands very completely indeed!" she said.
"I did not know that Colonel Ramsden had given up the house, and that it was to be let again."
"Indeed!" said Mrs. Townley Gore, with that

slightly insolent raising of the eyebrows to which she had resorted much less seldom of late in her intercourse with Beatrix; "that is being useful! Do you know I think I should hardly like it? Women of business, as they call themselves, always have a way of treating other women like

"I don't like it," said Beatrix; "but she means well, and she is always ready to take trouble for

"She has not helped you in the matter of your maid ?"

"No," said Beatrix, angrily and incautiously; Hosted by GOGIC

"because my maid will no longer be her servant.

"Her servant! What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's hardly worth talking of, but when I agreed to live with Mrs. Mabberley, she made it a condition that I should take a maid of her selection, and that she should be at liberty to dismiss her if she thought proper. She said she must always be mistress in her own house, and could not have any one in it who was not under her control to that extent."

"Very extraordinary! I would not have accepted the condition; I should have been afraid of the character it indicated. It was weak of you, Beatrix."

"Perhaps it was."

No more was said.

As the carriage approached Mrs. Townley Gore's house, Mrs. Mabberley's brougham moved off to give place to it, and Beatrix found that Mrs. Mabberley was waiting to see her. She had come to bring her some trivial message about her costume for the ball, and to ascertain when she meant to return to Hill Street.

Beatrix, irritated by Mrs. Townley Gore's sneer, spoke sharply of her annovance at being left in ignorance about the house in Chesterfield Street. Mrs. Mabberley answered, with her usual im-

perturbability:

"Your own affairs! You forget that you have none, as yet. I can excuse you, however; the prospect of independence has obscured your judgment, or you would not talk in a way to oblige me to remind you of the fact."

"What has become of the Ramsdens?" "They have gone abroad again. You will see

"I never intended to see any more of them."

Mrs. Mabberley rose to go.
"On Saturday, then," she said. "Will Mr.
Horndean dine with us?"

'Thank you for asking him," said Beatrix, "but I can not answer for him. Mr. Lisle has come back to London, and they have gone down to Horndean for a few days; I don't know exactly when they return."

Mrs. Mabberley had approached the door, accompanied by Beatrix: her face was in shadow, and so Beatrix did not see the ashy paleness that overspread it. Neither did she notice that for an instant Mrs. Mabberley tottered on her feet. It was only for an instant; the next she recovered herself, and took leave of Beatrix with the remark that the dinner engagement might stand over for the first day Mr. Horndean could give them. She got into her carriage to be taken home, and then, leaning back well out of sight, she let the fury and the fear within her escape in

muttered broken words:
"Gone to Horndean! And Delphine said nothing of this. What's to be done? I can not stop it now; I don't know where he is, or what name he goes by. They are off—all safe. No getting at them if they knew. And it may be to-night." She wrung her hands hard and groaned; but

by the time she reached her own house she had aken a resolution. "It is six o'clock," she said ; "I have thirteen hours in which to provide against the worst. I'll do it.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BALL AT THE CASINO.

See illustration on page 780.

THE ball given in the Metropolitan Casino on Monday, November 7, in honor of the foreign visitors who had been invited by the nation to assist at the centenary of the crowning victory at Yorktown, was not only the best organized of the festivities with which we have welcomed the allies of the struggling republic and the representatives of a gallant soldier in our own service, but was one of the most brilliant affairs of which New York society can boast. No expense had been spared to make the reception of the nation's guests as splendid as possible in this centre of the wealth and taste of America. Those who know the hall of the Casino in its plain ungarnished state would not have recognized it when it had been transformed by its magnificent decorations, under the superintendence of Mr. Clarence Eytinge, into a fit spot for international courte-The company began to arrive about eleven o'clock, and when to the strains of the march from Le Prophète the French and German delegations were escorted to the stage, where Governor Cor-nell and the members of the committee of recepof fairy-land. The brilliant costumes of the ladies, the gay uniforms of the military, the cool background of fern and flower, the gleam of mirrors half hid in tropical vegetation, the harmonious blending of color on wall and ceiling and gallery, made a spectacle unrivalled in the annals of New York society. The stage was a very con-servatory of every plant that was most graceful in foliage and most rich in perfume. High above the proscenium, on a shield which seemed to glitter with barbaric gold and gems, shone the name of Washington, between the flags of France and the United States. Directly opposite the name of the Father of his Country there was seen on a background of blue the name of the friend he loved so well, the gallant and enthusiastic Lafayette. It was flanked by silver staffs hung with French, American, and German colors. The walls were hung with fluted blue satin, and at the ends, right and left of the stage, were the dates 1781 and 1881, and the names of Rochambeau and De Grasse. The balustrade of the gallery was dressed in blue and buff-that old livery of the Whig party, which is still preserved in the binding of the Edinburgh Review—and on each of the blue silk panels of the gallery was inscribed the name of some hero of the war for Independence. Beneath these panels hung scores of white-globed gas jets, while the rarest flowers in fantastic bas-kets were everywhere. New York is famous for

its floral displays; on this occasion the city outdid itself. There were cut flowers in the panels, on the ceiling, in every corner.

But as on all such great occasions, the spectator's eye soon turned from the lifeless decorations of the hall to the animated crowd that thronged it. Brilliant as the former were, it was the latter that gave picturesqueness to the The dresses of the ladies were things to dream of, not to describe. Here were satin sashes of the French tricolor; there were robes trimmed with natural flowers; everywhere were diamonds and beauty. Madame Outrey (the French ambas-sadress) and the Marquise de Rochambeau looked like Morning and Night. The former had a robe of white satin and point-lace, with a necklace of diamonds: the latter, who was in mourning, wore black satin and flowers, with a necklace of diamonds and opals. The supper table was not without traces of the decorative arts. Flowers were in abundance on the table, and the plateau was a lily pond, with the new pink water-lily floating in it.

The dancing, for which Bial's orchestra furnished the music, was commenced by a quadrille, in which Governor Cornell and Madame Outrey held the place of honor. It is said that some of the persons designated to take part in this quadrille d'honneur were not votaries of Terpsichore, and in fact had never learned how to point the light fantastic toe. Some rehearsals had taken place, but as it was feared that they had not been frequent enough to preclude deplorable confusions in the figures, a skillful master of the cer-emonies was placed behind each couple. Thanks to this precaution, the mistakes were not too numerous. When this solemn and stately performance was over, dancing became general, and was continued till three o'clock in the morning.

But a fête like that of November 7 must not be taken in detail. It is the ensemble that charms and produces the effect on the spectator. It is the kaleidoscopic change without the dreary symmetry of the kaleidoscope. It is the blending and intermingling of color as groups form and separate and form again. It is the sheen of silk and satin, the rich depth of velvet, the glitter of gems, the glances of bright eyes, the graceful forms, the gleaming lights, the music, the per-fume and the flowers, the mazy dance, the whole life and animation of the scene—it is these things and their subtle harmonies which make a fête like that of Monday last an enjoyment for the

time being, and a pleasant memory in after-days.

It was the last fête at which our foreign guests were present in their official capacity. May they long retain happy recollections of the welcome and the godspeed given them in New York!

WASHINGTON GOSSIP. [FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PROPOS of the two celebrated cases now A on trial in Washington, namely, those of President Garfield's assassin, Guiteau, and the Star Route offenders, some mention of the Law Library of the United States, in which are gathered the chronicles of so many similar trials of national or international interest, may be considered timely by readers of the Bazar.

In a corner of the Capitol which the casual sightseer never visits, unless specially directed there, because it is entered through an irregular hall leading away from the generally used thoroughfares in the basement, is the Law Library. It is immediately beneath the Supreme Court room, and was once used, as the court-room was later, for the sessions of the United States Senate.

This is a branch of the United States Library on the west front of the floor above, and is spe cially designed for the use of the United States Supreme Court, although it is, of course, often consulted by members of both Houses of Congress, and legal practitioners and students while in Washington.

This library was regularly established by an act of Congress in 1832, while the main library Congress was founded in 1800. The collection of law-books includes upward of fifty thousand volumes and is the largest and most valuable in the United States. It is open every day except Sunday, and any who desire to do so are freely

permitted to read there. Perhaps most people who have not reflected much upon the subject imagine the collection must consist entirely of books utterly devoid of interest to any save those whose profession leads law and nre trary, being, as mentioned above, the largest law library in this country, it contains more sensational romances than any other library in the United States, the more sensational and romantic because giving accurate details of scenes and incidents in real life in which every human passion, the noblest as well as the basest, is depicted more vividly than is possible by the most imaginative writer of fiction. One alcove containing many volumes is entirely devoted to a collection of the most noted trials of individuals in England and France as well as the United States. Wherefore it contains a plethora of plots awaiting the master hands of writers of sensational novels to be worked up into such. Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, recognizing this fact, applied to Mr. Hoffmann, the librarian, for suggestions as to where in the collection she should look for plots, saving her own private supply was exhausted. He referred her to the volumes giving details of the English state trials as being most likely to suggest the foundation for novels. Among the English trials are those of Charles I., Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Caroline, Sir Thomas More, Archbishop Laud, Warren Hastings, and others, including full details of the Tichborne case of the present generation.

There is such a demand for these volumes, as well as for copies of those giving accounts of certain noted trials in this country-among the

number that of Aaron Burr Professor Webster of Harvard, the trial in 1865 of the conspirators who had aided Wilkes Booth in the plot to as sassinate President Lincoln, Secretary Seward, and others, and H. W. Beecher's trial, which is illustrated-that several copies of each are kept on hand.

Among the English works are the Annals of Newgate, published in 1776, containing the trials of Jack Shepard, Jonathan Wilde, and many others, with wood-cuts in true old English style. This volume sets forth on its title-page that it gives an account of the "Lives, Transactions, and Trials of the most notorious malefactors, who have suffered an ignominious death for their offenses, viz., for Parricide, Murder, Treason, Robbery, Burglary, Piracy, Forgery, etc." This gives many of horrors, and illustrates the burning at the stake of Catherine Haves for the murder of her husband, and also a picture of her when assisting her confederates, Wood and Billings, to cut off her husband's head.

Among the other volumes in the library are many which are very well illustrated, especially the French works. They are gotten up in all particulars like romances. Every noted trial in French history is to be found chronicled in this collection, including those of Jeanne d'Arc, Charlotte Corday, and Ravaillac, and also that with regard to Marie Antoinette's famous diamond necklace, a fac-simile of which appears as a frontispiece, representing a very gorgeous and elaborate piece of jewelry indeed, with numerous brilliants dangling from the row of solitaires which encircled the Queen's ill-fated throat, destined to wear a blood drop for every diamond.

Among the French works which one might easily mistake for carefully worked up novels are volumes entitled Nouvelles Causes Célèbres, ou Fastes du Crime, richly bound in morocco, and illustrated with the finest steel engravings.

One chapter is headed "La Jalousie," and others, "Le Brigand du Rhin," "La Reine d'Angleterre," "La Confession," etc., so that the book might easily be mistaken, if found elsewhere, for a carefully developed plot in a highly emotional

A volume, also published in France, gives a very French and most sensational account of the trial and execution of John Brown, giving a picture of him as he is supposed to have appeared when hanging on the gallows at Harper's Ferry, and other equally tragic pictures of scenes which were supposed by the author to have occurred in the South before the war, and been potent causes for bringing it about. The illustrations are by Victor Hugo, no less.

The memorable trial of Laura Fair, in California, for the murder of Crittenden, was published in this country, but is also illustrated, and contains pictures of her and her victim, and copies of all the love-letters which were produced dur-

ing the trial as having passed between them.

The trial of Mary Harris, who was tried in Washington for the murder in the United States Treasury Department of Burroughs, who had cru-elly wronged her, has a picture of her. She, it will be remembered, was acquitted on the ground of insanity, and has since been confined in the Government Asylum for the Insane, just outside Washington city. She has been there most of the time since 1865. Occasionally she has been set at liberty, but her insanity returning, she has been again taken to the asylum.

But the tragedy whose pathos has few rivals in all the annals of fiction or incidents in real life is one recorded in a volume called Beauchamp's Confession. It will be remembered that Jeffrey, the great Scotch reviewer, said the story of the Bride of Lammermoor, as Walter Scott tells it, was the greatest tragedy in the whole range of fiction, and many thoughtful persons have pronounced that occurring in real life, chronicled in the book just mentioned, in its delineation of a romance which led to three violent deaths, in stirring events and appeals to human sympathy, equal to that of the Bride of Lammermoo

This tragedy was enacted in Kentucky, and culminated in 1826, in which year, on July 7, Jeroboam Beauchamp, a young man of superior intelligence and highly connected, was hung for the murder of Colonel Sharpe, a member of the Legislature of that State, who had also been Attorney-General of the State, and was one of the most popular men in Kentucky, having a remarkable gift of oratory.

Two novels at least are known to have been founded on the leading incidents in this case, local celebrity. When under sentence of death, Beauchamp wrote out as concisely as possible, and yet in a style commendable for its literary composition, a complete history of his crime and the motives which led thereto. He seems to have been the modern knight-errant, who died willingly as the avenger of a cruel wrong done to a young and highly respectable woman by a married man -a plausible, selfish villain, whom he knew and had liked before he learned of his baseness toward Miss Anne Cook, whom Beauchamp did not know, but whose acquaintance he sought on hearing of the injury done her, to which Sharpe had been base enough to add a foul slander against her whom he knew to be the mother of his child She had retired to a secluded place after her story became known, declaring that she would never mingle with the world again. Beauchamp relates how persistently and artfully he (his heart warmed toward her from the first by a knowledge of her undeserved injuries) sought her against her will, found excuses for visiting her, took his sisters to see her, and finally, when her intellect and many other loyable traits became better known to him, found means—against her express-ed wishes—to tell of his love, and propose marriage. When she declined, and he won from her the admission that it was not an aversion to himself that caused her refusal, he discovered that she had solemnly resolved never to marry while Sharpe, who had so foully injured her, lived, and did not wish to endanger her suitor by imposing on him the task she had set for herself to kill Sharpe, and so avenge her wrongs.

Finally the two began to plot together, and at first agreed that their marriage could not take place until Sharpe was dead; but from the first Beauchamp insisted that he alone should run the risk of murdering him. He tried in vain to provoke Sharpe, who was an arrant coward, to a duel, and then he and Miss Cook made plans by which he could be brought into their power and killed. Sharpe found means to evade them all. At last Beauchamp and Miss Cook were married, but both were still determined that her wrongs should be avenged by the death of Sharpe. It was at last accomplished, and Mrs. Beauchamp, having essayed in vain to be condemned to die with her husband, visited him constantly in prison, and firmly announced her resolve to die on the same day he did. She carried out this determination, and on the day he was hung committed suicide; and the dving request of each left in writing, that they should be buried in the same coffin, clasped in each other's arms, was granted.

The volume containing Beauchamp's confes-

sion also has as an appendix some most pathetic verses written by his wife, whose intellect seems to have been not only of a superior order, but cultivated by constant reading of standard works of a high character.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. H. A.-We do not make purchases for our

M. E. S .- Have your velvet dress made like the cloth and plush costume illustrated on the first page of Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV. Trim it with chenille fringe of the sleek sort called seal-skin fringe, and choose a pattern mounted thickly like a ruche.

DOTTIE DIMPLE.—Make your church suit by hints just given "M. E. S." As your face is round, wear your front hair over a Pompadour roll, with some very thin curls or rings falling on your forehead; arrange the back hair in two figure 8's just behind the ears, quite low on the nape of the neck. Make your white dress short, and of nuns' veiling, like the satin de Lyon dress illustrated on page 669 of Bazar No. 42, Vol. XIV. Read about seal-skin turbans in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 46, Vol. XIV.

L. W.—The silk wrap you suggest is the best plan for you. Make the dress with a very simple short basque, with two box pleats behind. On the skirt have two very deep box-pleatings that cover the front and side gores up to within three inches of the belt. Edge these with your striped goods. Above these have a wrinkled scarf forming a sort of panier, and let two full back breadths of drapery reach to the foot of

he skirt, and have stripes all around it. Housekeepen.—A little powdered borax in the water will make your hands soft and smooth; use camphor-ice on them at bed-time.

CONSTANT READER.—As white Spanish lace is silk blonde, you will have to send it to a professional scourer, who uses what is called "dry pressure" to

Annual Subsoriber.—Twenty-five cents is the price of patterns for an infant's outside garments, and the same price is asked for a set of patterns for infants' lingerie. You can order them at this office.

N. M.—Use the silk as you would use ribbon for a

sash, and do not trim the ends.

N. W .- Get seal brown cloth or plush for your cloak, and have a pelerine border and sleeve trim-mings of fur. The Montpensier hat is still worn. MABELLE.—Do not get satin for your suit. Have it

all velvet, all plush, or else combine cloth with it. Make it like the first dress illustrated in Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV. A gathered turban of the material, with game feathers for the crown, will complete it hand-

Mrs. F. W. F.—Get white camel's-hair, and border it

with white plush, for an infant's cloak.

Widow.—Have your Henrietta cloth made into a mantle that is slightly shirred or else pleated about the neck, and widely bordered with crape. A widow's first crape veil should reach to her knees in front, and pass over her bonnet down to her shoulders. Have the hem half a yard deep in front, but only half this width behind. There is no settled length of time for which behind. There is no settled length of time for her to wear it over her face. Throw it back double over the bonnet, with the ends hanging even when you turn it back from the face. The letter answered to your signature may have been meant for some other on who used the signature of "Widow." We do not give illustrations at the request of our readers.

D. A. P.—The slip stitch is, next to the chain stitch. the simplest of the crochet stitches. Put the hook of the needle, on which there is one loop, through the foundation stitch, put the working thread over the hook, and draw it through the stitch and the loop at

the two knotting ends, cross them, bringing the left over the right, and hold the point of intersection be-tween the forefinger and thumb of the left hand; form a loop with the left, bringing it upward to the left over both working threads, and downward underneath the end of the right, holding it there; form a loop with the right, bringing it upward, then under the left, over the loop of the left, under the right, and out over the loop of the left; draw up the knot. -Your brocaded polonaise should be of CARTHAGE.

CARTHAGE.—Four proceeded velvet instead of silk. Head the full Spanish lace with passementerie. Put two gathered flounces bias of the velvet around a velvet skirt. Use any of the designs lately given in the Bazar for the mother's black silk dress

MOLLIE H .- Get a long light brown cloth cloak, with quare folded sleeves trimmed with plush or fur.

A CONSTANT SUBSCHEIRE.—Read reply above to "Mollie H." You can get a very plain satin de Lyon garment for the price you mention. We do not give addresses in these columns.
Subscriber's Son.—A new book, crystal cologne bot-

tles, a piece of the new glass-ware, a basket of flowers, a box of French candies—any of these are suitable for you to give a young lady friend.

Mrs. F. D. S.—Make a plain round basque of the lush. Then have plush panels on the skirt, with pleated cloth in the front between the gloning namels and drape the cloth behind. Get hints for the silk and brocade from descriptions of Worth's dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 47, Vol. XIV. Colored brocaded or plush waists, also cloth basques, are ored brocaded or pinen waises, and worn with black silk skirts this season.

UUU

Hosted by

Beaver Hat.

776

THE crown of this olive beaver hat is very high and sloping, the brim broad, drooping low on the right side, and rolling back gradually toward the left, where it forms a high, upright revers. A wide bias scarf of dark olive plush is arranged in folds on the hat, which are tacked to the crown in front, and caried loosely along over the brim on the left side and in the back. A similar smaller scarf is under the tevers on the left side. A squirrel is secured against the crown and a small bird on the drooping brim, on the right.

Velvet Poke Bonnet.

The brim of this large black velvet bonnet measures four inches and a half in width in front, and narrows gradually to two inches in the back; it is finished around the edge with a wide, full binding of black velvet, and covered from the binding to the crown with a velvet puff. On the inside of the brim is a tulle facing, on which are set three rows of cream lace, with the design outlined in pink silk. The broad, full crown is flattened down along the middle, and puffed out on each side by two intersecting bias velvet searfs five inches wide which proceed from under a large Alsacian bow set on the top of it. The strings are of velvet ribbon.

ST. CECILIA'S.

TVERYBODY in the city knows the little place, toward the boundary, where the names of the streets run into the dregs of the alphabet. It has none of the pretensions of the grand neighbors of the Capitol or of the White House region, nor any of the architectural picturesqueness of those about the Legation, with their bays and peaks and tourelles. It is only a small wooden cottage surrounded by galleries, and so overhung and embowered with roses that blossom from June to January, and with honeysuckles that are green from one May to another, that it seems a bower still even when the snow is falling. Around it the pretty gardens always have some bloom or other to show, and a great linden is the haunt of multitudinous birds that make the air alive with song, and not a sparrow in the whole of them. And Maria Von Luitphen is never ashamed to take any of her few grand acquaintances to this little bower of a home that was only their gardener's in the days when Gov ernor Von Luitphen brought his pictures and plate,

and household gear and horses, to Washington, and lived enjoying himself at the top of his bent, and burned his candle at both ends, and left his family the ashes. People pitied the Von Luitphens enormously when the state of their affairs was known. But after a while it was considered that the existence of the United States Treasury was a providential circumstance, and a post there for Maria provided for them amply; and then people forgot them-all but the few whom Maria loved so



BEAVER HAT.

presently there were not even all of those few friends left in the town to pleasure Maria. What a beauty she was, to be sure! Her mother used to look at her and sigh for what might have been-with her tall and noble shape, her well that she would not be forgotten by them. But Washington is too full of dis- with its straight and heavy jet black hair, with her big blue-

gray eyes, and her the cream and blush of a tearose. The coaches were never heard whirling along the avenues to the midnight festivals that the mother did not sit and portray to herself the loveliness of Maria were she one of the ladies in ball array -Maria in white silk with carnations; Maria in

pale rose with clouds of filmy lace; Maria in delicatest sea blue shading into green, and dripping with jewels down the front, like the gown Earl Doorm would have had Enid wear— Maria in all impossible splendor. It never occurred to her that Maria looked just as charming in her white print sprinkled with tiny roses as she could have looked in velvets.

But such thoughts did not vex the girl any, if they did her mother. She was content enough to sit all day at her desk, and write letters for nine hundred dollars a year, and see men doing the same work for twice the money. For she remembered unfailingly the consternation of that time before they knew which way to look with debts to pay, and life to live, and little Robert to be educated. Now and then some of the old friends picked her up in the street, and took her home in their landaus; and now and then some one would have her and her mother to dine, and perhaps twice a year insist on taking her to the opera or to a reception, and pride themselves on their virtue for doing it. It was not a mad whirl of dissipation, but it was more than she wanted; for even the enjoy-ment of it all and the sight of her old world did not compensate for the wounds pride suffered at the hands of dresses made over till she knew every scrap in them by heart.

It was on one of these occasions when old General Shurtleff had stopped her on her way home from the Trea sury, and told her he should call for her that night and take her to hear Lucia, and Mrs. Shurtleff had embraced her in the carriage and the dark, and thrown a swan's-down mantle round her lest she should take cold, and half the audience had risen to stare at her as they went into their box, she moving and looking like "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," that, in the entr'acte, Senator Belfair joined the party.

She had never heard Lucia before,



Fig. 1.—Plush Cloak. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VIII., Fig. 39-43.

Fig. 2.—Camel's-hair Dress.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SATIN SERGE CLOAK. For description see Supplement,



Fig. 1.—Suit for Boy from Fig. 2.—Overcoat for Boy Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl from Fig. 4.—Dress for 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 18-26.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 5-12.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 29-88.

YEARS OLD.—[For Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 29-88.]

12 to 14 Years old.



VELVET POKE BONNET.

the melancholy tale of the Master of Ravenswood that moved her; it was quite as much the personality of the prima donna, who seemed to her to wear the air of some great Scandinavian

Meanwhile Senator Belfair himself was not idle. Yesterday he had called with

Jorn Scottish maiden, and over all the melodies of the opera there ran in her mind some hint or memory of the mystical Walhalla music, and the ride of the Valkyrian sisters, not hindering the sweet tunes, but adding to their power, and giving to them, as it were, an aura and atmosphere of a loftier kind. For music was the passion of

her life, and many a thing had she gone without to save money enough for the purchase of the sheets whose burden when she heard it sung, and when she tried to sing it herself, fed her soul as meat and drink

feed another.
She bowed mechanically to the Senator when he was presented, but forgot his existence the next moment, and when the curtain rung up, thought of nothing in all the world but the abandon, the intense dramatic splendor, of Lucia's acting, the ineffable spell of the sweet music, the sorrow and anguish and beauty of the whole, till it was a white rose, not a damask, on her cheek, matching the swan's-down mantle-till her eyes were shining like stars, and tears welling up and quivering in them, and she shivered and hrobbed with the excitement and delight and woe. And looking at her Senator said to himself that here to a woman, a strain of music herself and then he laughed to find himself growing poetical. But he told the General next day that Mrs. Shurtleff must take him out to see that enchanting creature, and help him make her Mrs. Belfair and the mistress of his millions. How could he know that in that moment of his ecstasy and elevation all the impression that he had made on her was that of one of Circe's swine?

General Shurtleff, however, never refused any one a favor and Mrs Shurtleff had the weakness of womankind, especially in Washington, and thought fate was going to be good to Maria, and the Von Luitphens were going to take their old place again, and Maria was to have the fortune she was to become so finely. Love? Well, she never thought of that. One can not have everything. And an establishment, a carriage, the proud position of a Senator's wife, diamonds, an unlimited purse, and an old colonial name-

that was enough for anybody. would have been ashamed of Maria had

she been so forward and so unmaidenly as to speak of love. And besides, it would have been an absurdity and an impossibility, so why talk of it? Who could love Senator Belfair—a fat, red-faced, toothless old fellow, with a shining forehead that ran up and over into the nape of his neck, a man who cared for a good dinner as he did for his life, and whose servants had now and then to help him to bed from the table? Still. he was a Senator, which many a one had rather be than President—a man of force and fortune; and what was past cure in him, Maria must endure for the sake of what was past reach for others.

Mrs. Shurtleff lost no time in taking Senator Belfair to call at the cottage, and had the mother and daughter to dine with him a few days afterward. To her amazement and disgust, when, the day after the dinner. Mrs. Von Luitphen made her duty call, and she opened to her the scheme for her daughter's advancement, the good little lady openly rebelled, and declared that she would sooner see Maria in her grave than the wife of such an animal as Senator Belfair.

For a moment Mrs. Shurtleff had the best mind in the world to let Maria go to her grave for all of her, and she sat in a vexed silence. But it did not take her long to reflect that every mother's gosling is a eygnet, and that probably Mrs. Von Luitphen would have welcomed the Archangel Michael, had he come for her daughter, with much the same cordiality. And besides, she herself had an affection for Maria, and if her own mother chose to stand in the girl's light, she would espouse her cause. She should not be hindered of state and opulence and a career by any such trivial influences. And always ready for a windmill to fight, Mrs. Shurtleff addressed herself to the contest, called all her powers about her, and before Mrs. Von Luitphen had concluded her call had convinced her that a natch with Senator Belfair was the greatest in the country, that it would confound all those people who had dropped them and passed them by in their poverty, that it would re-instate Maria in the rank that was hers, that it would educate Robbie, and give him a start in the world and that it would doubtless add years to her own life; that, when all was said, and to be plain about it, Senator Belfair, with his habits, was not likely to live very long to plague Maria, and she could bear with him for a few years for the sake of her own interest; and that, good, bad, or indifferent, if she didn't marry him, she would marry some Treasury clerk, and get along on the precarious footing of twelve hundred dollars a year, with a crisis every fourth

and with every measure her heart had beaten wilder and wild- | year for fear that pittance would stop. Mrs. Von Luitphen shed some tears, but, er, and the color had burned deeper and deeper on her cheek, on the whole, confessed it was desirable—that love was but a young dream, often till it was like a damask rose in the sun. It was not altogether | with a rude awaking, and after a year or two a woman who married wide awake

goddess, to be no less than Freya herself stooping to play the | a new novel, and the day before with a box of bonbons, and to-day he had sent



Figs. 1 and 2.—Satin and Spanish Lace Dress.—Front and Back.—Cut Pattern, No. 3156: Basque AND OVER-SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13-17.]





Fig. 2.—Cashmere Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 772.]

For description see Supplement,

Fig. 1 .- Satin and Plush Dress. For description see Supplement.

a basket of orchids and all to no avail. Maria had no time for the novel, she never ate bonbons, and she had plenty of flowers of her own. Then he came with his superb team for her mother and herself to drive. She was on the point of declining, when Mrs. Von Luitphen declared it was the very thing, and the doctor had long since told her that driving and fresh air would be her— Mrs. Von Luitphen's—salvation. And so they went; and so Maria, pitying her mother, and not feeling that she had the right to deprive her of such enjoyment, went over and over again, till at last it became insupportable. She could not bear any more to meet that man's glance; it made

her feel like a worthless thing.
"I can't, mamma," she said; "indeed I can't again. Don't you see what he means? He is

going to ask to marry me."
"And what if he does?" said Mrs. Von Luitphen. "I only wish he might. I haven't seen so agreeable a man since your dear father-"

'Mamma! mamma!"

"And when I think of such a possibility-of your taking your old place, of my living in the old luxury, of Robert's having the education he needs -I feel as if it were a leading of Providence.

"Oh, mamma! how can you say so? How can you think so? That terrible man!"
"Maria!" cried Mrs. Von Luitphen, "I really

am shocked at you. To call a Senator of the United States a terrible man!" And she recoiled as if it were a species of blasphemy.

"Mamma, you know he is. And as for mar-rying him, I would rather we all went to the poorhouse together.'

"The poor-house is a very disagreeable place," whimpered her mother. "If you had ever been there and seen the miserable wretches, some of them with their feet done up in rags, you would think better of the most sumptuous house in Washington and an unlimited bank account.'

"Well, mamma, we will end the matter. I will never marry Senator Belfair. We are very well as we are, and we will stay so." And she turned, winding back into place a heavy lock of her hair, and more beautiful than ever in her determination and resentment.

"Oh, you selfish, you wicked, you ungrateful, you abominable girl!" cried her mother. "After all I have done for you! To condemn me to poverty and suffering, and your brother to ignorance and toil-"

And just then Senator Belfair confronted them. his ring not having been heard, and Maria faced him, with her fallen hair and the stain on her cheek and the glory in her eyes

"You must pardon me," said he then, gently, "if, coming in, I could not help overhearing part of your conversation. My dear girl," and he took Maria's lifeless hand, "when have I talked of marrying you? Wait till I do before you revolt.

And, till I do, let me look on you as a dear child
that warms my heart, and brings back to it the tender memories of days that are long lost in the

It was very adroit. What could Maria do? He had begged her to take the place of a lost daughter, and he was wonderfully kind; and she pitied him a little to think he was so helplessly repulsive. Plainly there was nothing else but to let him come when he would and listen to her singing, and drive with him on sunny afternoons, and wonder what satisfaction he found in the society of one so silent and distrait as she, and go with him, under her mother's charge, to the theatre, and feel that it was wholly reprehensible in her, but that she disliked him more every day. When he sat in the low chair and gazed at her,

as she sang with her delicious voice, so modulated to the little room that one hardly dreamed its power, it grew beyond endurance for her to feel his gaze gloating over her; and when driving through the mazy roads round the Soldiers' Home and meeting the eyes of one and another unconscious of the daughterly compact, with something in them testifying to their different view of the matter, she would declare to herself that she could never go out with him again. Once, at her mother's urgency, they dined with him at Welcker's, and the crimson did not leave her face for a week; although everything had been so perfect, even to the presence of a Presidential candidate and an English earl's daughter with him at the little dinner, she had regarded herself as a Georgian girl in a slave market. Then, again, to stimulate her vanity, the man would procure her leave of absence from her desk, and take her up to the Senate and put her in the diplomatic gallery, as if no other were good enough, and servants would bring trays of dainties—a thing almost unprecedented in the dignified galleries of the first assemblage of the world—to her and Mrs. Shurt-leff, if it happened to be Mrs. Shurtleff, or to her and her mother, if it happened to be her mother sitting there and preening and pluming herself as the possible mother of one of those dignitaries below. But it only abased her to see the bald-headed men turning and adjusting their glasses to admire her, and laughing at Belfair as a sly dog.

Yet by one device and another her repugnance was kept from outbreak, between Mrs. Shurtleff and her mother and the kindly old General; she was fairly beleaguered, and felt like some wild thing at bay. Those were Senator Belfair's words, but these were Senator Belfair's looks and acts. Was a trap closing round her, and she with nowhere to turn? Sometimes it seemed to her that it had just sprung, when, instead of driving from the Capitol after these little triumphs of his, they walked, encountering half the town; and then not all the beauty of broad avenues and enchanting skies, not the blue vistas opening down these streets and those, not Arlington sitting on its heights, nor the Monument, with the sun shining through the flag that blazed atop like a great flower, not the picture of the Treasury façadenothing, in fact, closed her eyes to the view of her own degradation if she took another step be-

Yet, as the spring was deepening, she often vent on long walks by herself after office hours persecutor at the time of his usual to avoid the coming. And many a time, when her thoughts were all in a ferment, she would slip into some open church on her way, and sit down in the shadow till the quiet seemed to fall upon her like a mantle, and she could go her way in peace. Often she paused on the threshold of St. Cecilia's at some vesper service, or stole up where the choir practiced the old Latin chants, and where the voice of an acquaintance of hers used to send its soft and rich contralto tones through the arches of the empty place-empty then, but so frequently thronged with gay bridal parties, whose pomp it suited well. Often, too, she joined with her friend and found a comfort in that old music which had brought comfort to so many; and just as often she paused in a kind of fright when she found it was Father Bianchi himself drilling the singers in their parts-Father Bianchi, who had such a wonderful name for the Christmas and Easter music here that his people had a vague idea the songs of cherubim and seraphim would not be complete without him. It was heavenly old music they were singing under his direction, though, written by men with heaven and its worship in their souls; and listening to it, and joining in it with her fresh voice when she dared, always left her in

People were going from the city by this, however, the Shurtleffs at last among the rest. Congress had adjourned late in the July heats. not Senator Belfair; he still remained, and his horses came prancing to the door every night. And how could she refuse her mother the relief of fresh and blowing air outside the furnace of the city?

It was when they left the carriage, darkness having come on as they drove, one moonless night, Mrs. Von Luitphen preceding them to the garden seats, that Maria's muslin scarf caught in the gate, and she staid to loosen it, only to find the Senator's arms about her, and his breath upon her face. In a moment she had torn herself away, scarf and all, and turned on him irately in the dark. "I know I promised you," she heard him saying. "But it is too much for me. I can not pretend any longer. I love you. You must be my wife."

"Never!" she cried, passionatelynever! never! I will die first!" And she sprang past him and into the house, forgetting that so much demonstration was unnecessary.

"You're a trump, Mia," said Robbie, following her, and giving his first opinion in the matter. 'I wouldn't marry him if he was made of gold, and don't you." And Robbie was all the comfort she had for many a day thereafter, between her mother's reproachings and beseechings, weepings and wailings, and her old lover's ambuscades, from which he surprised her at any square or corner as she went to and from her desk in the hot mornings and afternoons, and insisted on walking beside her, as if he would touch the hem of her garment, although she would not glance at him or speak with him.

At length one afternoon she succeeded in going the whole way home without meeting him; nor did she see him the next day, or the next Senator Belfair had given up the matter and left town, she said; and more light-hearted than Sindbad when he escaped the Old Man of the Seasince she had always feared the least atom in the world that she might yield—she tripped along on her way to the Treasury on the morning of the day that she came to this joyous conclusion. She had conquered; she had not sold her life, her love, her self-respect, for dross. The fear of defeat was gone; temptation was gone too; she was free; she had overcome. She took her place at her desk, and there lay the long yellow envelope, the envelope dreaded by every clerk as the yellow pestilence flag is, the envelope containing letter of dismissal.

She put on her hat, and opened her umbrella, and walked home, dazed and dizzy, as unable to think for a while as if a blow had struck and stunned her

Here was Senator Balfair's hand. He had had this thing done. And she had few friends in the world, and they were all away, some of them at the ends of the earth; and perhaps none of them could help her-certainly not General Shurtleff, who was in an open quarrel with the head of her department; certainly not Mrs. Shurtleff, who would be glad to have her reduced to no alternative but marrying her persecutor. And with the powerful hand of a great Senator against her, ow was she to contend anyway? There was no help; she was dismissed from office. She had not a hundred dollars in the world; she had not been brought up to work, and there was nothing she could do; there was only a choice between starvation for herself and her mother and her brother, and marriage with the man she loathed. For herself it would be easy; but for them! And then her mother would drive her half wild with her woes. And so she did.

The summer was already gone, and now September crept away. October, with its magic color in all the squares and on all the hills, wrapped the great white splendor of the Capitol in its azure hazes, and veiled every long length of avenue or reach over the Potomac into the Virginia shores, or up the Maryland slopes, with alluring vapors that seemed to say it was all a mistake supposing there was any wretchedness in such a lovely world. And every week of it saw them nearer the end of their trifle of money, while she sought day by day for work, for pupils, for any means of subsistence whatever, and sought in Those whose daughters might learn were out of town; those who needed nursery-maids were still out of town too; there was nothing in town, it seemed to her, but want and trouble.

And now November had come, and was passing, and the winter would be along-and they had a five-dollar bill. If they were colored people,

they could at any rate go out and pick coal from the railway and refuse heaps. "Mamma," said Maria at last, "now you have

had time to think it over, do you still really wish me to marry that man whose baseness has reduced us to this strait ?- the man who found us happy and well enough, and has brought this ruin on Her mother looked at the beautiful face grown now so white and thin with care and anxiety and the diet of dry bread, and burst into tears.

'Oh, Maria, I thought it was for the best! she cried. "I wanted you so to have everything you should. But he is dreadful, dreadful. He makes me shudder to think of him. I never want to see his face again."

'Oh, mamma! mamma!" she exclaimed, half laughing and half crying, "it is better than a fortune to hear you say so. Now, at least, we are of one mind again, and we can die in peace and love together if need be."

"I don't want to die," sobbed Mrs. Von Luitphen.

"And I don't mean to," cried Robbie. will open shells in Oyster Bay first;" and Maria smiled sadly to look at his little weak white hands that never had been good for anything, and then cried to think of it.

It was while she was crying and trying her best to check it that Robbie ran, the door-bell ringing, to usher in upon her, with her brimming eyes and dishevelled hair, a spare, dark gentle-man in a long cassock—Father Bianchi. He had a roll of music under his arm, and after an abrupt word or two of greeting, he opened and spread it on the piano rack in a business-like way, struck a few chords, and called her to his side. "I have need of a soprano to-day," he said, without any circumlocution. "It is St. Cecilia's Day. We will see what we can do in her honor." And the room never echoed to such music as that singing while Maria lifted up her heart and soul in her suddenly hopeful voice, for once hardly at all abashed by the drill-master who declared this passage taken wrong, and that without expression, and the other a travesty of the writer's meaning. But after an hour a smile gathered on Father Bianchi's dark face, and he put his music into the case again. well," he said; "on the whole, well. You are the soprano of St. Cecilia's choir. You will be ready for evening service at the choral festival to-night. I have meant to make it an offering of song beyond all others in the land. We have been preparing for it this six weeks, and to-day I feared all for nothing, till I recalled you. You must sing it again before night in company with

"But where is the other soprano?" asked Maria, timidly.

"My soprano and my tenor have been dismissed," said Father Bianchi. "I do not at all require my singers to worship with me; but I do require that they shall not hinder others from worshipping with me by their secular conduct. I have replaced my tenor. I have inquired about ou. You will surely sing with a devout spirit you have something to be thankful for. The salary is not equal to that of your late desk in the Treasury; but the position will bring you pupils in singing that will double it. I will see to it."

And if Senator Belfair was among the throng in the great church that night, listening to the music at the choral festival of St. Cecilia's, as that sweet silvery voice threw forth its throbbing tones in an ecstasy of triumph and thanks, he must have felt that Maria Von Luitphen had escaped his toils forever, and was as far removed from his impossible reach as St. Cecilia herself, singing with her choir of angels round her, was in heaven.

[Continued from page 758, No. 48, Vol. XIV.] BROUGHT BACK TO THE WORLD.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Her Face was her Fortune," etc. ALL in the first week, this was; the second, I

was taken bad with rheumatic fever, and did not have much time for observation. It came late to me, but it was surely caught by my river exploit, the doctor said; and then I grew worse and worse, and did not mind what anybody told me, although the general chorus was that I was at death's door, and it was opening for me nice and wide. I thought it might as well open as not, if I could only see Em and Em's children first, and ask Em's husband to be kind to them always if he would, and for the old man's sake as well as theirs.

I lost count of a week or two presently, for when I came to myself, I was told that Em had been up to see me, and staid as long as leave of absence had been granted by her husband, who was anxious to get her back again as soon as she had left him, and that I did not know her, but lay and made faces at her finely. Em was only reconciled to leaving me again by the fact that I was in careful hands, and by the promise that if any change for the worse should show itself, she was to be telegraphed to on the instant, and this Rachel Seeley promised her.

There was no occasion to telegraph. I got better slowly, and thanks to Rachel, whose were the 'careful hands' alluded to by Em. Never was there such a nurse as she; so kind and gentle and considerate; so thoughtless of herself and her own health in her incessant application to me; so full of grief when I was at my worst, they said; so full of joy when I was on the mend, and showing almost some rare and strange bright looks to those who were interested in my coming

It was astonishing how kind everybody had been, too, during my illness. I had had no idea there was such a lot of good and thoughtful people down Cherry Gardens Court, and even in the world outside of it. Putting aside Em and Em's husband, who of course wrote up that I was to want for nothing, there was Mrs. Twitters to make me broths, and Mrs. Risbeck to bring me extra blankets for my bed, and all the boys who lived in the court, and were in the habit of shouting after me, "Old Daddy Habbajam," to take their marbles, and buttons, and hop-scotch chalk diagrams to the end of the thoroughfare, so that their noise should not rob me of the rest I needed; and there was Rachel Seeley, of course, and one whom I had only known a week before my illness came upon me. She, I have said, was invaluable to me, and everything that could be wished; and everybody said so too, and let me know it.

They tell me I should have died without you, Rachel," I remarked, when I was allowed to sit up and look about me; "and I believe I should."
"Nonsense!" she replied, curtly enough. "I

was sure you would live through it, from the first; I told them so."

"Ah, you have pulled me through."

"Well, if I have, I am glad," she answered.
"It's tit for tat, like, isn't it?" I said.

She had been almost cheerful till I said that, and then she looked dull and grave and black at once. To remind her of that December night of desperation was always to cast her into gloom, although she did not seek to evade the subject when it was before her. She only looked as if the memory gave her pain, but a pain which she was called upon to bear.

"No, it is not tit for tat; I can never repay Even your illness has been all my fault.

"Yes, you do, only you will not own it; and you have been," she added, "so very kind—the only friend I have ever had—that if you had died,

I don't know what would have become of me."
"That's a good one, that is," I replied.
I did not know what was a good one, but I could not think of any response at the moment, and I dwelt upon her words all the rest of the day, and let them harass me at night. It was so strange to be thought anything of now, save by Em down in Devonshire; it had seemed of so little account, of no account, whether I was out of the world or in it; it was so unlikely that any one would miss me save Bill Hump when he came to take his morning's spell at pier work, and found I was off night duty, and never coming back again-that I could not get her words out of my head. There was so much gratitude in them, and there was so much feeling for me, that I felt glad I had not been carted away by the parish, but was creeping round to my old self. And when I was quite round, it was satisfacwhen I was quite round, it was satisfactory to see that she was very pleased, and that I heard her once say, "Thank God for it," as if I was something she'd been praying for. Fancy any one praying for old Habbajam! I could have died of laughing at the idea, if it wasn't for some baby tears which seemed to come up in my eyes instead.

I went back to work, finding night duty the hardest job at first for any one in the fever line of business, but getting used to it by degrees again, and thankful that the company had kept the place open for me, considering the reason which had first put me on the shelf.

I don't know that I was ever much happier when I had settled down really to business, or ever felt that I had more of a home about me. Certainly not since my poor wife's death—nothing like it. Rachel Seeley made things so comfortable, seemed to anticipate my little wants so quickly, was always up and doing when I came back from duty, and had tea or coffee waiting for me, just as Em's mother would have done had she lived to this day.

Rachel was part of home

all the home I had. She had made life worth caring about again. I began to think that Cherry Gardens Court would be a blessed dull place without her, for she cheered me up without being cheerful herself, save by a flash like, which was gone as soon as it had come. I never knew a woman more completely friendless than herself; nobody seemed to ask for her, to write to she wrote to nobody, and made no fresh friends. Out-of-doors and away from the dark little room in the close court in Snowfields she would not stir if she could help it, and she was as timid after dark, they said-I never noticed it myself-as any child.

Well, I guess the reader knows what was in the wind about this time: that I was falling in love with a woman young enough to be my daughter; that I was getting on to behave like an old fool, which is one of the worst of fools, for I have tried it myself, and the proverb's as accurate as any that I know of

And I "out with it," too, after one or two nights' calm reflection on the pier, with the mop and pail for company, and the lights on the river winking at me, as much as to say, "Well, you are a rum 'un, Habbajam"—at least I could fancy they were saying it.

I told Rachel Seeley that I had got very fond of her, and that I didn't see any particular reason against our making a match of it, unless it was that she hated old men very much indeed, and me as much as most of them. I said we both seemed out of the world rather more than anybody else, and that we were both very friendless; that she had nobody to think of her, and I had only Em, who was a good two hundred miles off, and of course thought of nothing but her children and her husband, except at Christmas, when she sent me two rabbits, a bottle of ketchup of her own making, and some slices of cold plum-pudding which never agreed with me. I said and thought that Rachel and I would be happier together, that we understood each other, and that together our little earnings would make us comfortabler, with one fire to keep up, and one rent to pay; and that if all this had never crossed her mind before, perhaps she would let it from that time, and until

Rachel listened patiently; I can see her now with her hands clasped together, and her gaze

Hosted by

directed to them steadily and even sternly. She did not blush in the least, she was not embarrassed; she was even cold and steely over the proposal, as one might be who had been offered a uation that was neither worth having nor refusing.

"You think you would be really happy, Mr. Habbajam, with me?" she asked, slowly, at last. "I am sure I should."

"That I could make this more like home to

"Decidedly you could."

"I shouldn't mind for myself-for I don't care about myself in any way—and if you think it would be better, I don't object at all," she said, with too much indifference to make me explode into raptures at her consent to my proposal.

"Exactly. Thank you, Rachel—thank you," I stammered forth.

"My life seems to belong to you, you have said very often," she continued, sadly, "and you may share it with your own, if you care to do so. Nobody has so great a right. And I will try to keep you from ever saying, 'I was sorry that I asked her.' But—"

Then she stopped, and I thought her face looked whiter and harder than I had ever seen it till that

morning.
"But—what?" I echoed.

"But you must not worry me with any questions of my past—my life before I knew you," she went on; "you must be satisfied that it is past, and that I will not think of it, if it is possible. You will rest content with the fact that I You will rest content with the fact that I love no one in it-that I hate everybody in itand that I was very bad."

No, no, I'm sure you were not, Rachel."

"It is only a bad one, David, that comes to the river as I did last December. And so you give a bad one your name," she went on; "pray understand that—a bad and desperate young woman whom God is not likely to forgive.

"Come, come, not so hard as all that. There is forgiveness for everybody who repents, you know.'

"I have been told so," she answered, moodily.
"And you have repented?"

"Oh, my God! yes," she cried, with excitement at last; "if I could only atone—only live back a few years—only forget!"

sat staring at her now. This was an exhibition of passion very new to me, and yet I must have known that she could be very rash and desperate-no one more so. There must have been something in my looks to calm her, for she became her grave self very quickly after she had found they were bent upon her sorrowfully and

wonderingly enough.
"But I will make you a good wife," she repeated, "although I don't want you to have me unless it is your own free wish-although I would rather live on alone, just as we are, if you will

"I have made up my mind, Rachel."

"Very well, then."

So it was arranged that we were to be married, and that forever before her life—the life that I had not shared-was to hang a curtain which no hand of mine should seek to draw aside. The present I was to be content with always. I was sure it would content me, for I was not a curious man, and I was fond of Rachel Seeley.

We talked about our wedding day presently, and it seemed odd that we should fix on the exand it seemed out that we should his on the ex-act day when I had saved her life. I had sug-gested it at first, and she had shivered with some-thing like affright at it, at first also. Then she thought again, and said:

"Why not? It's a day memorable for its hor-ror, and I may date from it presently the life of

an honest woman-which you make me, David.'

She put her hands in mine with that look of gratitude which she seemed to have for me very often, and which had drawn my old heart toward her, and the days seemed long in coming to De-cember. As the time approached more closely, Rachel's face, I noticed, gathered more of gloom in it, and this I did not like and was aggreeved to She was almost like a woman afraid at the last, and she would say at times, "You are sure—you are quite sure that this is as you wish?" and look as if my change of mind would have been almost a reprieve. Once I mentioned this,

and she answered, very quickly:
"It is for your sake, not for my own, David. I should not like to bring unhappiness to you."

"But for yourself?"

"I don't belong to myself, you know," was her reply, "and I dread your saying some day, I wish I had never married her.'"

"Is that likely?"
"I hope not. And if the day comes when I

shall see upon your kind old face the thought that I am troubling you—why, the trouble shall not last four-and-twenty hours."
"I don't quite understand you, Rachel."
She did not answer me, and, being almost afraid of her answer, I did not press her for it. thought that I should have no trouble with her -that she would make a good wife to a man whom it did not take much to render satisfied. I fancied we should jog on together to the end of my days, an odd couple enough, but in our way quite satisfied with one another. And that is a remarkable way too, taking couples as they run, poor things. We might be the one that is a remarkable way too, taking couples as they run, poor things. We might be the one pair in a thousand, after all, who trotted well in harness together—ah! who knows? It isn't the swellest lot that makes it the easiest running also, I know. It was settled that Em and Em's husband were not to be told anything of the matter till after the wedding; it was my wish, and Rachel had no objections to urge. I had myself to please, no one else, and I did not want to unset Em's mind about it, or to get a heap of sound and sensible advice from Em's husband, which would only aggravate me. I had but myself to please, and it pleased me to get married again. That was the simple position of affairs, with which only silly people would try to interfere.

And they had not time to be ridiculous down in

Cherry Gardens Court, and only said amongst themselves, "So old Habbajam is going to marry again! Well I wish him luck;" and I thought myself really in luck's way to get so quiet and good-looking a young woman to have me for her husband, and me going on for sixty too.

There was no preparation for the wedding-I did not see any signs of even a new dress which Rachel might be working at. We were not well off enough for display, and we had not put any off enough for display, and we had not put any money by; we did not even intend to ask Mrs. Twitters or Mrs. Risbeck to the wedding. It was to be an extremely quiet affair, "with the shadow of the river on it," Rachel said, with a sigh.

Two things happened a week before the day we had fixed upon to be married, and they happened so close one after another that it looked as if it was to be, or as if it was not to be, according

to one's way of looking at it.

I woke up one afternoon earlier than usual after my day's "pitch"—that is, my sleep after duty on the pier-and went down stairs to chat with Rachel for a little while over her work.

Mrs. Twitters was not at home, and Rachel was not at work, for I did not hear the click-click of the sewing-machine as I approached the room. I pushed open the door, and said, in my usual tone,

'May I come in ?" but Rachel did not answer. I went in without invitation, thinking that the room was deserted; but there was Rachel sitting at the table, looking at a small photograph on glass, and with a cheap gilt frame round it. Her hands were supporting her head, and her elbows were plantfirmly on the table, and oh, the look of misery upon her face! I had never seen her look like that before.

"Why, Rachel, whose portrait have you got there?" I asked.

She sprang up with a half scream, and thrust the photograph in her side pocket very hastily, standing to do so, and trembling very much. She opened her mouth to answer me, but no words came from it.

Why. I have quite scared you, child," I said "you must not get so nervous as all this."

"I am more mad than nervous," she replied; "I have been mad, oh! these last two years,

"Tut! nonsense! What's the picture about?" "About the past," she answered, very sharply now, and with a look that reminded me of the

promise I had made.

"Ah! yes, yes; I had forgotten. Your pardon,
Rachel; I won't ask any more questions. I can guess whose portrait that is, and that's enough for me.

"You!"

"But I don't want to see the villain. I am only sorry to find you are thinking of him still."

"You are mistaken," was her slow response

—"very much mistaken."

"Well, I hope I am."
I tried to think I might be, but it was not a pleasant matter for reflection, so late in the day as it was of our engagement, and so close upon the time that she would call me husband. I did not get over it very readily. I had not got over my dull looks, my absent answers to her, when Em's husband, whom I had not expected to see in London for a long while, came that very afternoon into the house, almost like a ghost, and startled me with his loud, hearty greeting.

And like a ghost Rachel Seeley regarded him, like a ghost risen from the dead. John Grayson stared at her with an amazement he could not disguise, and stammered out at last her Christian

"Rachel !-you!" he said.

I looked from one to the other, fearing the truth, trying to make out what the truth of it all was, and praying that it was not as I thought. I sat there like a spectator at a play, and with these two raving in it, like the actors. "Yes, it's Rachel," she said at last; "are you

very much surprised to see me?"
"I am indeed."

"You have not come in haste to find me, then,"

she added, scornfully.

"I did not know you were here," he answered;
"I did not think you were alive."

"Did not your doll of a wife tell you that her father's nurse was Rachel Seelev?

"No," he answered; "she had forgotten your

name when she came home." "It was convenient to forget; it was well to

she answered. I had never seen Em's husband so utterly astonished, so completely thrown out of time and tune. He stood with his soft felt hat crushed between his strong brown hands, which were shaking very much, and there were big tears in his eyes despite his efforts to keep firm. "I did not know you were alive," he said again,

in a hoarse voice, as if it were the one poor excuse which he could offer her.

"Oh, I tried hard to get out of the world, but this old man would not let me," she replied. "I did my best to die, God knows, and end it—all." What does this mean?" I ventured to inquire,

and Em's husband shook his head, and said, Best not ask."

"I have a right to ask." "I will tell you when she's gone," he replied.

"She is not going away," I explained. "Her home is in this house; she will be my wife be-

fore the fortnight's over." "She? your wife?" gasped forth Em's husband, fairly bewildered now.
"Why not?" answered Rachel Seeley for her-

"Because— But," he added quickly, "you must have guessed that I was his daughter's husband. I remember Em said you asked her many "I asked if you were once gamekeeper at Hetton Court, in Dorsetshire," Rachel replied, "and

she said yes. I knew then you were the same man who led me wrong."

"God forgive me," he murmured, "how one's

sin comes round again! I was sorry, Rachel, God knows; I have been always very sorry. Had you stopped at Hetton, I would have made amends."

Stopped to become the jeer of the place, and to trust in you!" she answered, bitterly. "I can't ask you to believe me," he said, " and

I can't bring back the past, Rachel." "I thought I might," she said. Then turning to me suddenly, she added: "David, though I would have been to you a faithful friend, still I had hoped to be to him ever a reproach, ever a trouble that he should be afraid I would bring upon his wife, by telling of his treachery, of his love for me, as he called it, before he married her, and I should have told her some day what a villain he had been, and what he had made of me.'

You went away; I never heard from you

again," said John.
"I should have been easy to find, had you wanted to find me," was her stern reproach.
"But there, there, I am in the way now. You have business with your father-in-law, and I do not want to interfere with it.'

"But, Rachel—" I began.

She came to me slowly, with both hands ex-

"But you will forgive me, I know, because you have always thought so well of me. Because your liking for me would have made of me your wife, and I might have settled down, and done no harm to him or his. I don't quite know," she added for I am very strange at times. Good-by.

"No, no, not good-by. I am too old and lonely; it has gone too far now. Oh! don't leave me,' I implored.

"I think, David, that perhaps Heaven sent this man here so that I should not commit the wrong of marrying you, and wrong it would have been. For," she continued, "I was not worthy to be your wife. You are a good man."
"You have atoned for the past by—"I be-

gan, when she stopped me with a wild cry which blanched the faces of both listeners.

"I have made no atonement," she shrieked "I am the veriest wretch and the cruel est of women. There is your child, John Gray-son," she said, drawing from her pocket the photograph which I had seen her with earlier that day. "You have not asked after it yet; you have never thought of it till now, perhaps. Look at it.'

She thrust it into his hands, and he took it and stared at it dreamily.
"What has become-

"It died when it was three years old; it was starving with its mother, and I killed it." "My God!" exclaimed the man.

"I drowned it in the river. That was the scream you heard, David, not mine. I was quite prepared and calm. I thought we were better out of this world, and would go together to the next. Your fault, John Grayson, as well as mine, that I took a little life away; your fault," turning now to me, "that I came back to my awful self. a murderess."

"Horrible!" I whispered.

"Yes, I am a horrible woman; but I was good before I knew him," she said. "Now which of you two will tell the police to follow me, and help to hang me? I don't care which it is. One of you I hope it will be."

She moved toward the street, but no one followed her. She had stricken both of us to stone. As she passed John, she took the portrait from his nerveless hands, and with that clutched to the bosom of her dress, went out into Cherry Gardens Court, and on beyond into the broader thor oughfare, like a woman walking in her sleep.

I never saw Rachel Seeley again.

THE END.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT. A SUNDAY AFTERNOON'S AMUSEMENT IN MADRID.

See illustrations on page 781.

THESE graphic illustrations depict the scene most congenial to the Spanish heart—the great national pastime of the bull-fight. The best corrida is usually given at half past four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the great holiday of the people. Madrid, Seville, Malaga, and Granada, as being near to the best bull farms, indulge in the sport more than the northern and eastern towns. but these, Barcelona, Valencia, Saragossa, Bilbao, etc., hold their dozen or so fights during the cours of the summer months, and the bulls of Aragon and Valencia are by no means to be despised

The capturing of the animals, represented in Fig. 1, and their conveyance to the neighboring towns, though by no means lacking in excitement, are nevertheless hardly as dangerous as would appear at first sight, the work being invariably performed by skilled men, and by men whom the bulls more or less know. The form of the Plaza itself is well known, and needs little description -a huge amphitheatre, with tier above tier of seats for the poorer people, and an upper row of boxes, or palcos, for those who can afford their dollar. The president's box is on one side; exactly facing it is the torril, or bulls' den; to the left, the picadors' entrance; to the right, the door through which the cuadrilla, or procession of ar-tistes, enters, and the slain beasts are dragged

The ceremony opens with the procession of the cuadrilla. First come the caballeros, dressed in black velvet and bestriding black steeds; behind them come the two espadas, in their distinctive colors—the principal actors of the day, whose duty it is finally to dispatch the bulls; then the picadors, on horseback, with their quaint short cloaks and long buff-colored leggings; then the banderilleros, with their brilliant scarfs, immaculate shirts, and bright silk sashes; finally, the various attendants, and the horses which are employed to remove the slain. The cuadrilla advances slowly round the arena, makes solemn obeisance to the president, and disperses, leaving

behind, however, the two caballeros, to one of whom the president throws the key of the torril, and who in his turn (see Fig. 2) delivers it to the keeper of the bulls. A moment later the first bull dashes upon the scene. Partly to excite him, partly to guide his indecisive movements, there is some preliminary skirmishing—technically "run--with red cloths; then he is allowed to make for one of the picadors, who, with blindfolded horse and long pike, awaits the charge. Sometimes, amid the applause of the spectators, the bull is made to swerve aside, the picador inflicting upon him, as he rushes by, a wound that makes the blood stream down his flanks, some times the poor horse is made to pay a like toll with a horrible gash. Sometimes the animals come to close quarters; there is a peculiar little preliminary upheaval, and down go horse and man, to all appearance hors de combat. In this last case the moment is serious, and full of interest alike to the excited multitude and to the band of combatants. The bull is instantly and very cleverly drawn off to another quarter (Fig. 3) by the flying squadron that has meanwhile been harassing him in the rear, and the attendants rush to the rescue of the unfortunate picador, who, encumbered by his heavy steel-plated leggings, can not rise unassisted even if unhurt; in nine cases out of ten he escapes any serious injury, and is assisted to a fresh mount if his horse has received his death-blow. If, however, the poor brute can be coaxed or flogged into shuffling once more upon its legs, no motives of humanity are allowed to forbid its being again pressed into active service. A mounted picador is always kept waiting in reserve to take the place of a dismounted or disabled comrade.

When it is thought there has been sufficient butchery of horses to satisfy the popular thirst for blood the signal is given, the picadors retire, and the banderilleros become in their turn the chief actors. First, however, there is some more playing of the bull, Fig. 4 representing what is termed the "backward pass." The object of the banderilleros is to stick into the neck and shoulders of the bull six or eight banderillas, or small ornamented darts, usually four pairs. The operation is a delicate one, and requires great skill and agility. It is difficult to help joining in the applause that greets a banderillero when he succeeds in sending well home and simultaneously the two darts which he holds.

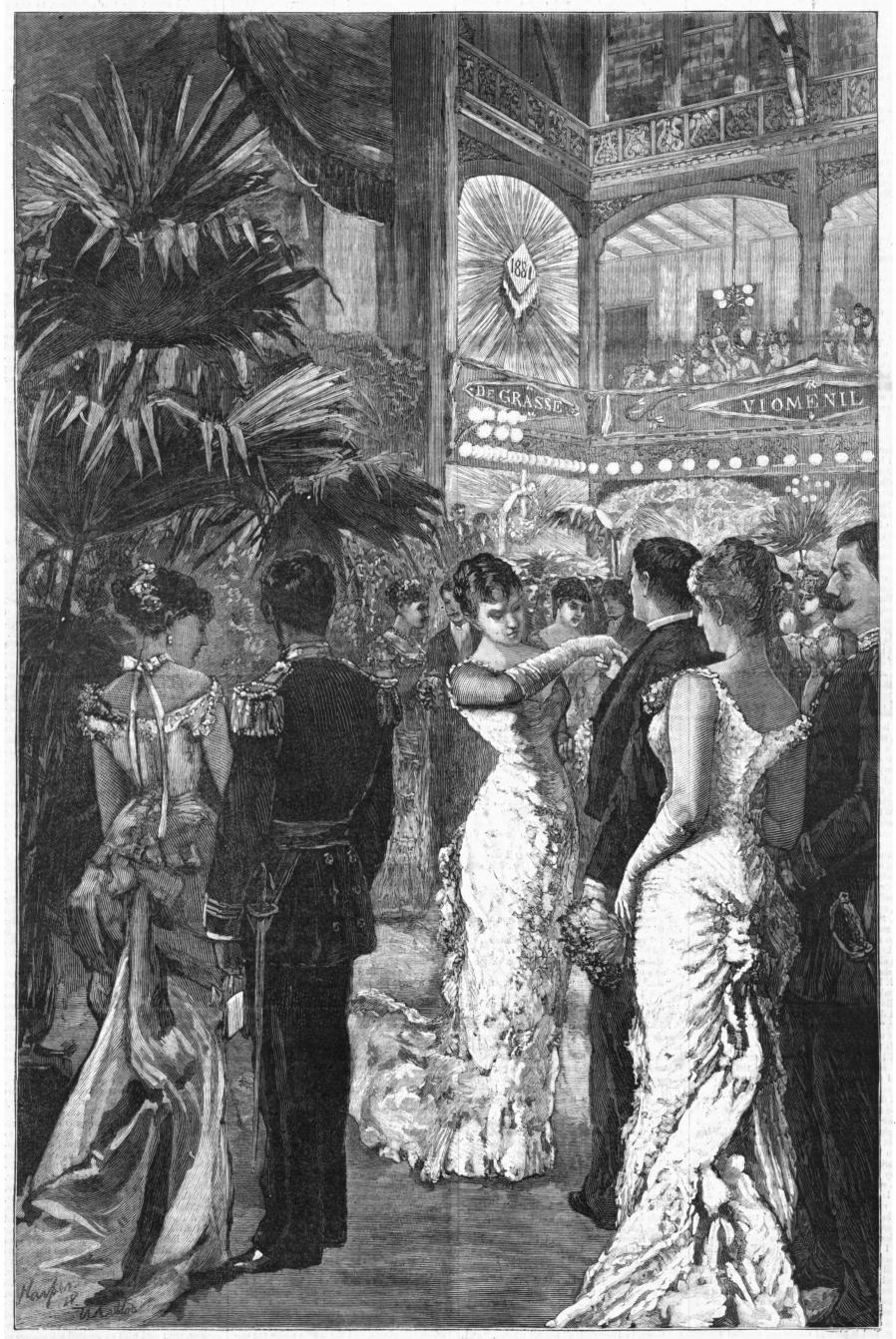
In Fig. 5 is shown the preliminary defying of the bull; in Fig. 6, the successfully accomplished feat. After about ten minutes' play with the banderillas, the signal again sounds, and the hero of the day, the espada, comes forward, being greeted with an eager welcome as (Fig. 7) he salutes the president. Then a sudden and strange si-lence comes over the hitherto excited multitude.

It is a most impressive sight to watch some eighteen thousand souls so intent upon noting every movement of this one man, as he walks into the centre of the arena, and (Fig. 8) mences his preliminary play with the bull, that they hush every action and word by common and unbidden consent. By this time the bull is becoming somewhat exhausted, and his movements are evidently labored. Still he makes head against his enemy, who, armed with a short Toledo blade and a red cloth, and aided by his satellites, exhausts every method of irritation and punishment. When he has played his victim sufficiently, and gone through the usual "passes," the espada thrusts in his sword deep between the brute's shoulders (Fig. 9). If the moment and the position have been opportunely chosen, and the hand skillful, the one blow finishes the spectacle. The bull staggers for a moment or two, and then falls heavily to the ground. In the event of such a good finish, the espada is cheered to the echo as he walks up once more to the president's box and salutes. Perhaps, also, he is rewarded with a magnificent bouquet. More often, however, the last process is longer, and decidedly however, the last process is longer, and decidedly clumsy, the wretched beast dying, rather than being killed, under repeated stickings. In the case of a very bad finish (see Fig. 10), a knife is substituted for the sword, in order to give something like the appearance of a fair fight to the

When all is over, the arena is cleared and watered, the band strikes up, the slain horses and bull are dragged away, and the whole programme is gone through again with a fresh bull the two espadas taking it in turns to kill. Six animals constitute the usual bill of fare, but a seventh, or toro de gracia, is almost invariably added. It is a very common thing for a bull to leap the barrier of the arena, and carry dismay into the outer fringe of spectators, who flee in all directions. By a series of cleverly arranged doors, however, the animal has no choice but to find his way immediately back into the ring, and it is very rarely indeed that any accident occurs.

The noble art of bull-fighting is decidedly remunerative. It is usual for the chief espada to receive two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars for each performance, which he distributes in about the following proportions: to each banderillero, twenty-five dollars; to each picador, twenty-five dollars; to his own two attendants, ten dollars—leaving a very handsome surplus, something like fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred dollars, to cover incidental expenses, and to be divided between himself and his brother espada. Besides the actual coin, all the members of the cuadrilla are provided by the impresario with board and lodging so long as they are kept in the town where the performances are given. The leader of the band brings his colleague, his caballeros, picadors, two attendants, all dresses, and the swords. The impresario provides the ring, the bulls, the horses, attendants, music, and all instruments except the swords, picas, banderillas, etc.; and with an assured attendance of from twelve thousand to twenty thousand souls, according to the size of the ring, the latter has by no means the worst of the bargain,





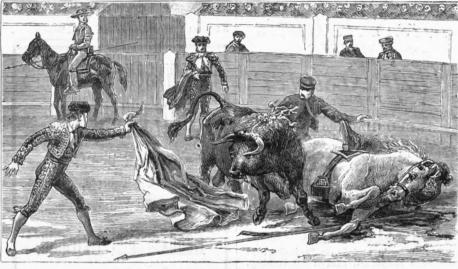
BALL IN HONOR OF OUR FRENCH AND GERMAN GUESTS AT THE METROPOLITAN CASINO, NEW YORK .- [See Page 775.]



1. SECURING THE BULLS FOR THE CORRIDA.



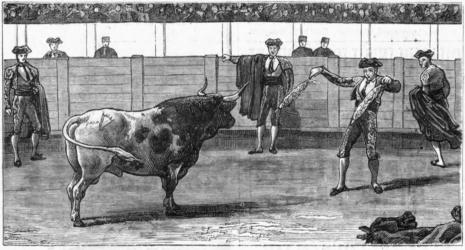
2. DELIVERING THE KEY OF THE TORRIL.



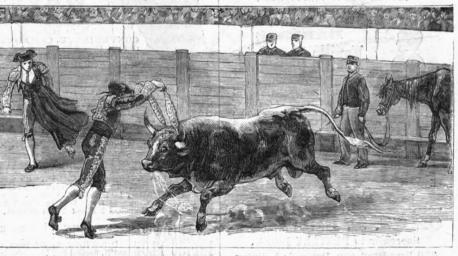
3. DRAWING THE BULL AWAY FROM A FALLEN PICADOR.



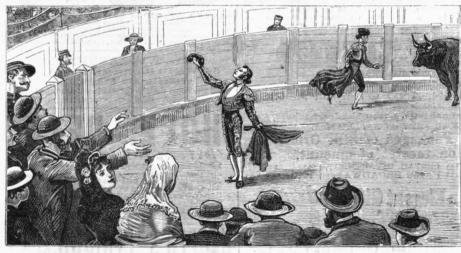
4. THE "BACKWARD PASS," WHILE A PICADOR IS BEING REHABILITATED.



5. BANDERILLERO DEFYING THE BULL.



6. PUTTING IN THE BANDERILLAS WITH A SIDEWAYS PASS.



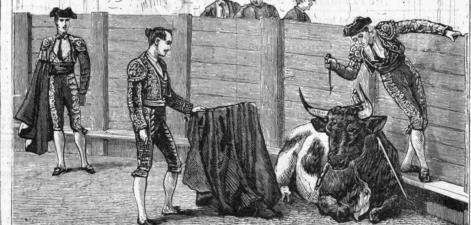
7. THE ESPADA SALUTING THE PRESIDENT,



8. THE ESPADA'S LITTLE PLAY.



9. A GOOD FINISH.



A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.-[See Page 779.]



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"ROTATION OF CROPS."

RURAL DEAN. "Tut-t-t! Oh, I don't like this! This is very— Tell Mr. Twister"—(the rector, who was away at the sea-side with his family)—"that I strongly object to his putting the church-yard to this use. I'm really surprised—"
RURAL CHURCH-WARDEN. "Zactly what I said, sir! I've spooke to 'm oover an oover again. 'Lor' bless me,' I says, 'you keep a Wheatin' on't an 'a Wheatin' on't. Why don't you 'Tater it?' I says."



OUTWARD-BOUND.

Smythe, Forbes, and Parkinson, fearing lest they should succumb to the charms of Maud, Marian, and Margaret Wilmot (and the wiles of those young ladies' clever mamma), secure berths on board the Transoceanic Steam Yachting Company's vessel Colombo for a Trip round the World. Just as they have paid their fares (\$4000 each), whom should they meet coming into the company's office but Mrs. Wilmot herself, with her three lovely daughters at her heels—all four evidently bent on the same errand!

FACETIÆ.

A MAN who has made his fortune in a very different way says that had it not been for his dog he would have been a great actor. Tragedy was his line; and, after patient waiting, he at last got a part suitable, as he thought, to his talents. Not only did he get the part, but he got through it, and that well, right up to the last act; and then came failure, because one, and one only, of a large audience failed to appreciate his efforts. In the excitement of acting he did not notice that his dog had taken a conspicuous and good position in the centre of the stage, as if to criticise his master's performance. With more candor than we are all able to exercise, finding it, to his taste, slow, he looked round at the audience, back once again at his master, then, deliberately strolling to the foot-lights, gave a terrific yawn and trotted off; and, alas! the proverbial descent from the sublime to the ridiculous was in this case as quick as the drop of the curtain.

"I wish I were you about two hours," she said to her husband, with great tenderness.
"And why, my dear?" he asked.
"Because," she said, toying affectionately with his watch chain—" because then I would buy my wife a new bonnet."

IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.

"Marquis, come with me to watch the sunset."
The Marquis (smiling). "Thanks—no; I saw it yes-

DAUGHTER (home from school). "Now, papa, are you satisfied? Just look at my testimonial—'Political economy, satisfactory; fine arts and music, very good; logic, excellent—"

FATHER. "Very much so, my dear—especially as regards your future. If your husband should understand anything of housekeeping, cooking, mending, and the use of a sewing-machine perhaps, your married life will indeed be happy."

A Boston paper says: "One of the might-have-beens lives at Little Falls." A great many of the must-have-beans live in Boston.

"I don't want to brag," observed a young artist, "but I cherish a humble conviction that I possess all the excellences of Raphael and Michael Angelo without any of their defects."
"But," says one of the auditors, "in that case you are superior to them both."
"Thanks, old fellow," said the artist, pressing his hand warmly.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill was asked whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of dauger. "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in dauger as long as the doctor continued his visits."



HARPER'S BAZAR.

AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

HERR PROFESSOR (to young Warbleton Peacocke, who has just sung Beethoven's "Adelaide"). "Ach! vat a peaudivul Zong zat is! I haf herrt it zung py Cartoni. I haf herrt it zung py Zims Reefs. Zey zung it ferry vell! Put I haf neffer kvite known how peaudivul it vas till I haf herrt it zung by you!" (Young W. P. blushes.) "Vy, my young Vrent, efen you gan not make it riticulous!"

Briggs hired a lively horse the other day to take a little exercise. He got more exercise than he wanted; and as he limped to the side of the road to rest himself, a kind friend asked him:

"What did you come down so quick for?"

"What did I come down so quick for? Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?" he asked, grimly.

A tailor whose bill had remained unpaid for some years called upon X, an impenitent Bohemian, and found him in bed at noon.

"Why don't you work instead of sleeping?" said the tailor. "Time is money."

"Ah; well, if time is money, I will pay you in time," answered X.

A member of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the professor said: "Mr. —, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death, and as nervous as a cat."

"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of a neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture."
"So do I, my dear—so do I; and there is no better culture in the country than agriculture."

HEAD OF THE ESTABLISHMENT. "David, you are a fool!"

DAVID. "Well, sir, I can't help it. When you engaged me, you told me to imitate you, and I've done the best I could."

For heroic but vain endeavors to look pleased, says a crusty old bachelor, nothing can equal the facial ex-pression of two girls compelled to dance with each other on account of the scarcity of men.

A candidate for the office of Auditor of Public Accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced: "Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an auditor."

The man who invented corsets was foolish, for he might have known they would all go to waist,

On a slow-going railway recently a passenger stopped the conductor and asked:

"Why don't the trains go faster?"

"They run fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder.

"I would," said the passenger, settling himself back in his seat, "but that my friends won't come to meet me until the train arrives, and I don't want to be waiting about the station two hours."





THE AUTOMATON TIGER.

["BRUDDER" JOHNSON, UF ON NATURAL HISTORY, UP ON GEOGRAPHY, UP ON EVERYTHING WORTH BEING UP ON, "TOTES DE SUN'Y-SCHOOL CHILLEN" UP TO THE CIRCUS.]

"Dis yere, my little lambs ob lub, Am called de Bengal tiger: Yer fin's him mos'ly, when alibe, Along de riber Niger. He's drefful when his mad am riz, An awful quick at killin',

An' mos'ly makes his brekus off
Ob tender nigger chillen.
But now he's dead and stuff, yer see,
He pays no kind ob 'tenshun;
I raps him on de yaller nose
Widout de leas' 'prehension.

De law be praised! de t'ing am chained;
But don' yer trus' to iron;
De chile what makes a bref ob noise
Will see de gates ob Zion.
Jes creep along de 'tishun wall,
Like stealin' out ob meetin';

An' don' yer 'pear too plump an' fat,
But kind ob look po'r catin';
An' when yer strikes de succus door,
You catekisum scholar,
You jes make tracks at onst fur home;
De Bible class will foller."

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THE MADEMOISELLE HAT .- [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THANKSGIVING.

WHEN the orchards with blossoms were blushing, The willows unrolling their leaves,
And the fields with the tender wheat flushing
That soon would be waving with sheaves,
Not then went the toiler to labor,
The task of subduing the earth,
With the sound of the pipe and the tabor,
With anthems of joyance and mirth.

Nor yet when processional flowers
Passed on through the light or the gloom, When the vivid and picturesque hours
Laughed out in a splendor of bloom.
When the oriole, royal and golden,
Flashed forth like a gem in the sun,
Still man by stern duty was holden,
Not yet was the victory won.

When the vines on the trellis were burdened With clusters all purple and sweet; hen the hand of the worker was guerdoned With bounty of harvests complete; When wide over mountain and valley
The banners of autumn, unfurled
In a vast and magnificent rally,
Shed lustre and pomp o'er the world;—

Then, pausing to think of the story Of promise, fulfillment, and cheer, The hope and the faith and the glory, The crown of the beautiful year,
From the stress of our care-weighted living,
The strain of our hurrying days,
We break, and uplift a thanksgiving
To God, who is worthy of praise.

And what if the storms lie before us, The days that are dreary and cold, Since the love that is vigilant o'er us Guards ever the young and the old, Still answers the earnest endeavor With more than a measured reward, And suffers our weariness never To slip from the grasp of the Lord.

So, silver-haired father and mother,
So, middle-age sturdy and strong,
So, dear little sister and brother,
Join voices and hearts in the song;
To the sound of the pipe and the tabor
Weave chorals of gladness and mirth, For the toiler may rest from his labor, And plenty hath dowered the earth.

The Mademoiselle Hat. See illustration on front page.

THIS graceful hat is of beige-colored beaver, with ruby velvet lining half the brim. The crown is trimmed with beige-colored moiré and groups of ostrich tips of the same shade. This hat is particularly becoming to young ladies, and may be made of plush or velvet with fine effect. The material of the dress or that used for its trimmings will cover Mademoiselle hats that are intended to complete suits. An edge of beaver or of chinchilla fur on the brim will give a stylish finish to felt hats of this shape.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1881.

A NEW STORY BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

A brilliantly illustrated Serial Story, entitled "MARION FAY,"

by the popular novelist ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Doctor Thorne," "Is He Popenjoy?"
"The Duke's Children," etc., will be begun in the next number of HARPER'S BAZAR, and continued weekly to the end. This charming love story is in the author's happiest vein, and recalls "The Small House at Allington" and kindred idyls whereby MR. TROLLOPE has won a wide and well-deserved reputation.

Our next number will contain a Patternsheet Supplement with a large and choice variety sheet Supplement with a large and choice variety of new and artistic Embroidery Designs for Rugs, Sofas, Easy-Chairs, Portières, Curtains, Ottomans, Sofa Pillows, Borders, Monograms, etc.; together with full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Winter House, Street, and Evening Dresses, Wrappings, and Bonnets; Girls' Party Dresses; Boys' and Girls' Suits; Ladies' Fans, Floral Garnitures, Lingerie, etc.; Fancy Articles suitable for Holiday Presents; and choice literary and pictorial attractions.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

The Thanksgiving issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PROPLE, No. 108, published November 22, contains a spirited picture by MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD, entitled " How the Little Folks Keen Thanksgiving"; Part I. of James Payn's thrill-ing description of "The Wreck of the Grosve-nor," illustrated; a true story of "The Fall of a Mountain" in Switzerland, by David Ker; the eighth installment of the interesting serial now running, illustrated; a pleasant full-page illus-tration on "The Pleasures of Nutting-Time"; together with short stories, illustrated poems, games, and puzzles appropriate to the present season.

REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

S we sit about our Thanksgiving tables, A when our ancestral usage yearly re asserts itself, we ordinarily content ourselves with sentiments of gratitude for the bountiful board before us, and for all the harvests and material blessings of the year, and forget a myriad of other blessings quite as important and tangible as turkeys and cranberry sauce, if not spread upon the table with those dishes-things that we disregard as we do the air we breathe and the sunshine that lights us on our way, because

we are accustomed to them. Let us think of the simplest item of table manners, for example, and compare our estate thereinwithout the least thought of boasting, of course, but as a historical circumstance with that of our progenitors of three or four generations back, and consider if we have nothing to be thankful for in the mere matter of not eating with our fingers. For forks are but a recent luxury, be it remembered. Although our Anglo-Saxon ancestors used them, and they had been dug up with buried treasure in various parts of England, yet they fell into disuse, and were forgotten till re-introduced, from the nicer customs of the Italians, at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and even then they were but the implement of courtiers and gallants -in Germany, indeed, held for little more than toys, as various movable figures like jumping harlequins upon their handles testify. Can we not be thankful, without vainglory or hypocrisy, that we do not, as our Puritan forefathers did when enjoying their Thanksgiving dinner, as our forefathers of other descent did also, put our meat in our mouths with our fingers and knives?

And in addition to such as this, can we hesitate about thanks for our improved condition when we recall the fact that on no one of the original Thanksgivings did those that sat down to the banquet, whether Puritan or Cavalier, have a daily paper to unfold to them the news of either this or the other hemisphere?—as late as 1720 there being but seven newspapers in all the North American colonies, and before that the little world of them living as if behind a Chinese wall, dependent for all word from the universe on some chance traveller or sailingmaster.

Who of us, moreover, sitting round that table, and recalling the sight of some primitive mansion of the olden time, whose ruins seem to be all windows, does not feel some self-gratulation to think that his own house was built in a period that was not a rebound from the tax on glass, and such a consequent rush into indulgence in uncounted windows that every room was a blinding glare of light? And what housekeeper is there that, looking down the double row of her guests, does not rejoice in the neighborhood of markets, once unknown, that make it unnecessary for her, unless she blindly cling to the traditions of her family, to make her own sausages and souse, to salt down her own beef and pork, or to freeze under the snow of the yard or in the attic the beef and mutton and poultry for her winter's use?

And if we need not stay to weigh the point of our superior safety when we remember the Indian war-whoop and the night alarm of fire and tomahawk, we can at least question if we may not be glad that all the young girls in our acquaintance can fall ill together with nameless fidgets and megrims, and all the old wives in the world suffer melancholia and hypochondria, without their being taken to the scaffold, or pressed to death with the peine forte et dure, for witchcraft.

And is it not a subject of thanksgiving as well that customs have become so much gentler that people of forty or fifty, be they infirm themselves, are not obliged to stand in the presence of their patriarchal parents, as our great-grandfathers had to do? that life and health also are prolonged to us, let us say, by the use of under-clothing of a thickness and warmth contrasting with the meagre array that in former times killed off all but the hardiest, and illustrated the doctrine of the survival of the fittest? that household comforts, such as matches, spring beds, gas and kerosene, sewing-machines, and a thousand and one others, are so innumerable and so great? and that nobody now calls the luxury of the bath, as our grandams twice removed did, a nasty French fashion—the bath which, if it never reaches with us the sybaritic height it had when, in the days of Seneca, a person was "held to be poor and sordid whose baths did not shine with a profusion of precious materials, the marbles of Egypt inlaid with those of Numidia, unless the walls were elaborately frescoed in imitation of painting, unless the chamber was covered with glass, the basins made of the rare Thasian stone, and the water conveyed through silver pipes," yet is almost universally regarded as a means of grace and as an instrument of hygienic salvation?

Surely one need not hold himself a Pharisee, thanking Heaven that he is not as the publican and sinner, who, recognizing the vast gulf between, sees in the present condition of things-in which the poorest peasant of Europe who has been a year in America can be really more comfortable now than the proudest of her colonial magnates once was -as much reason for thanks as in the biggest, brownest, and best-basted roast fowl. the richest and most spicy of plum-puddings, that can stimulate waning appetites with their steaming flavor, and do their best at subsequent indigestions and nightmares.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 49, Vol. XIV.] A TRANSPLANTED ROSE. II.

ROSE CHADWICK was not sorry that she had taken Martha with her to Mrs. Mortimer's, as the door opened, and a flood of light fell upon her like the waves which tumble over Niagara. The atmosphere of the most pronounced luxury enveloped her for the first time. Servants in livery lined the great hall, and flowers in almost overwhelming profusion hung from every coign of vantage. Music, low and delicious, seemed to come from behind a group of tropical plants which stood partly under the stairway. Seven or eight splendid rooms opened out of the great hall, and gentlemen and ladies, who looked to Rose as if they were figures in a dream, were walking up and down. It overcame the shooter of the "grizzly," and she felt a little dizzy as she essayed the grand staircase.

Martha, an accomplished lady's-maid, who had taken many young ladies through a first party, was watching her narrowly; she took off her fur cloak immediately, saying, softly, "I'm afraid the rooms is too hot for you, miss," and putting a kindly arm around her, led her up the stairs.

It was what Rose Chadwick had been sighing for in her Western wilds, but when it came, it was so much more than she had expected that it made her almost faint.

She was in a new atmosphere, and something like the overwhelming feeling of being at sea caused her to lose for a moment the cool little head which was her birthright.

When she reached the dressing-room, which seemed miles away, Martha placed her in a dressing-room chair, whipped out a smelling-bottle from one of her capacious pockets, and gave Rose an unexpected whiff. Martha was an old soldier, and never travelled without her ammunition. Rose, as she began to see clearly, was conscious of a group of exquisite white, diaphanously clad girls, who stood chatting by the open wood fire. The tallest of these, a slender creature with beautiful golden hair, struck Rose as being the most perfect thing she had ever seen, and her woman's instinct teaching her to observe dress and its details, she was again surprised by the absence of any ornament, and yet elegant appearance of the

young girl.

As she looked at this group, she glanced down at the brocade (made at Chadwick's Falls), and her heart sank within her. She seemed to be all of a piece with the gorgeous Japanese bed-spread which lay over the great bed near her. For a moment she wished herself under the bed, dead, back at Chadwick's Falls, anywhere. She saw that she was badly dressed.

By this time the gay group had observed her, and she noticed, although the faithful Martha and she hotch, almost the fathing hardina and the young girl, that they were laughing at her; she even heard a very obtrusive, rather stout, short, dark girl loudly whisper: "Fanny, I say, what a guy! How did she get here?"

"For shame, Sidonie," said the tall girl. "Who-you Mrs. Moetimer invites is supe to be pice; and

ver Mrs. Mortimer invites is sure to be nice; and look! she is ill, I fear."

The girl called Fanny, the tall one in white, who seemed a leader—as indeed she was—moved away from her friends, and approaching Rose, said, kindly, "I am afraid you are faint; you look very pale.—Here, Fifine, open one of these windows; the house is too warm.—Can I do anything for you?" And she extended a small hand, gloved in a tawny Swedish covering, whose loose folds stretched up her arm.

Never to her dying day will Rose forget that face, that smile, and that voice. It seemed as if an angel bent over her. She put out one of her green hands affectionately and spasmodically, but became suddenly conscious of that dreadful glove, and drew it back hastily.

She heard again Sidonie's scornful laugh. This ave her courage; this touched the right nerve. The shooter of the grizzly did not want an inde-pendent soul; all the absurd little mortifications of dress fell from her as all unworthy thoughts leave the spirit when it is aroused. She started to her feet with an impulsiveness which had grace and gratitude in it. She said: "Thank you. I was very faint, I believe, for the first time in my life. I think it was the perfume of some flower, but this fresh air has revived me. You

are very good."

Although these words fell freighted with the eculiar pronunciation which made Rose's best friends tremble, they had the true ring in them, and Fanny felt drawn toward her at once. It was an aristocratic sense, too, that of smell, and all the girls thought better of Rose for being made faint by a flower.

They little knew how sensitive those fine nos-trils were—as sensitive as those of a deer which had only breathed the pure air of the mountain

or the prairie. "Somebody, evidently," whispered Sidonie; "some Western Governor's daughter, I suppose; but what a guy!"

"Shall we go down?" said Fanny. "I see you are a stranger here. Perhaps you will join our

Rose eagerly accepted this kind offer, and Mrs. Mortimer was relieved and pleased to see the young Western girl entering her beautiful reception-room with Fanny Grey, the most admired belle of the winter, although Fanny's quiet elegance made the toilette of poor Rose look even more alarmingly dreadful than it had looked before.

Mrs. Mortimer had that invariable accompaninent of thorough breeding, the air always hospitable hostess. She was not one of those half-bred and vulgar women of whom New York can occasionally show a specimen, who make their own houses the fortress from which they sally forth to wound and to disable. Some women really invite people to their houses to make themselves of consequence, and to try to thus hu- | Miss Chadwick. But here are the dancers."

miliate their guests. But Mrs. Mortimer was too well born and well bred for that. Noblesse oblige was her private motto, and although she was capable of very much worldliness, and although if Rose proved not to be a social success she would have dropped her later with no particular compunction, she was altogether too much mistress of the art of politeness to show coldness now.

She was shocked at her appearance, she abhorred the brocade, she dreaded ridicule, and thought Mrs. Trevylyan ought to have suppressed

the green gloves—there is no doubt of that.

However, her very handsome face beamed with smiles as Rose approached her, and extending both her hands, she said, audibly, "Ah, my dear little Western friend, Miss Chadwick, how glad I am that you were sufficiently rested to come, after your long, long journey! So you have met

Miss Grey?"
"No," said Fanny, stopping a moment; " present me: it is only an acquaintance of the dressing-room."

Mrs. Mortimer introduced all the group to Rose-even the scornful, dark Sidonie, who could not have brought her nose down, because Nature had turned it up, and who looked at Rose with a mutilated bow.

Mrs. Mortimer's speech had been intended for the by-standers, all of whom were looking at Rose with that queer, half-impertinent, and half-curious look with which a group of fashionable New-Yorkers who know each other are apt to greet a

Fanny Grey was soon borne up to the dancingroom by a small but ferocious admirer, who looked perfectly invincible from behind a red mustache, the group of girls faded away as if by magic, and new girls took their places. Guests came pouring in, and Mrs. Mortimer was soon engrossed in the duty of receiving.

For half an hour Rose felt as she had never felt before—that she was out of place. It seemed as if every new arrival was but another stab, as women, old and young, entered and looked with a helf, suile at her, and whispering to one another walked on. Young men stared at her, nudged one another, and leisurely turned an eyeglass upon her. Nothing could have supported her had not once Fanny Grey passed her, on the arm of a black admirer, who had succeeded to the red one, as rouge et noir, noir et rouge, turns up on the green table; as she did so she gave Rose a little smile and bow.

"She is the only good one here," thought poor Rose. "I'll go back to Chadwick's Falls to-mor-row"

Mrs. Mortimer had not forgotten her, however. She was only waiting for Arthur Amberley, a wellbred bachelor of forty, who was so sure of his position that he could talk to anybody, however badly dressed, and who was so devoted a friend of Mrs. Mortimer's that he always obeyed her.

As soon as he arrived, Mrs. Mortimer whispered to him, "Do let me introduce you to Mrs. Trevylyan's niece, a Western heiress, perfectly crude, you know; but you must take her through the rooms, and see, for me, if we can polish her

into shape."
"What! the brunette with the fine eyes, standing alone in the corner?" asked Arthur Amber-

ley, without seeming to look.
"Yes, in the dreadful yellow gown and green gloves. I want that creature Jack Long to be impressed with the fact that she is somebo I want the poor thing to have a little talk with

"I am your slave," said Arthur Amberley, smiling; "but on what subject shall we converse?"

"Oh, she has shot a grizzly bear, I believe. You are one of the hunting and buffalo kind, are you not? Haven't you been out on the prairies, cattle-stealing or something?"

"Mrs. Mortimer," said Arthur Amberley, gravely, "you see before you a man who owns ten thousand cattle, and a Western ranch. I am astonished at your ignorance of the favorite pursuit of one of your oldest friends."

"Oh, nonsense! I know that you love the shady side of Pall Mall, and the Union Club window, better than any other sport; but come."

Rose saw Mrs. Mortimer coming toward her with a thin, dry, rather plain man, but whose air and manner of perfect simplicity rather reminded

her in its way of Fanny Grey.

"Miss Chadwick, allow me to introduce to you
Mr. Amberley, a mighty hunter, I assure you. You and he may find something in common

"I find nothing common about Miss Chadwick," said Arthur Amberley, shaking hands with her kindly, and paying her a little compliment with his eyes. "Let me lead you to a seat, or shall we take a walk?" offering his arm.

"I should like to go look at the dancing," said Rose, re-assured by his manner. "So should I," said Arthur Amberley. "How

exactly you interpreted my emotions, Miss Chadwick! But you must not expect me to dance, for I am old and stiff. However, if you get tired of me, I will introduce some of my grandnephews to you, who will be but too happy to whirl you in the waltz. This is a pretty house, isn't it?"

"I think it the most splendid mansion that I ever saw. It must be handsomer than the White House, or the Queen's palace," said Rose, rolling her r's fearfully.

Arthur Amberley winced, but was too well bred to show it.

"The White House is very ugly," said he; "the Queen's palaces, particularly Buckingham, are also very ugly. Our best American houses are more cheerful, and altogether better to live in. This house is more like some of the modern English houses in London, and very like a French house. The Parisian salons are very beautiful."

"I expect you have travelled a great deal," said Rose, looking at him admiringly. "Wandered the best part of an ill-spent life,

Hosted by GOOGLE

Rose saw before her a beautiful large room in white and gold, and heard the strains of Lander's Band playing "La Siren," and her little feet went tapping on the floor.
"Can you dance?" said Arthur Amberley.

"Oh yes. I learned of a Frenchman at San Francisco, where pa and I spent a winter," said

"Then you shall, a little later," said Mr. Amberley, who was touched and pleased by her simplicity and her rising color and her youth. "Realy a handsome savage—a real Pocahontas," said Amberley to himself.

He talked to her so kindly, told her who people were, explained so many matters that seemed strange to her, that Rose began to like him very much, and not to regret the lost dance. But Amberley was planning his future course, and led

her off to the supper-room.
"What will you have?" he asked.

"A dish of the ice-cream," said Rose, with her harshest emphasis on the r.

'Oh that she could only say, 'I'll take an ice'!"

thought Amberley.

However, he got her her ice, and afterward talked to little Dicky Smallwood, who was horrished to be a be depended divinely bly impecunious, and who also danced divinely-

two things very apt to go together.
"Dicky, do you want to know a Western heirs, and to dance with her? She dances beau-

"What, that horridly dressed girl? No, I "What, that horridly dressed girl? No, I couldn't be seen with her on the floor. I am sorry to disoblige you, Amberley, but I have my position to look to, and I am engaged to Sidonie Denine—really I am."

"Very well, I'll give her to Jack Long, then," said Amberley. "Long, here, come and be introduced to Mrs. Trevylyan's niece, a great Western heires, and a very pretty girl."

"Certainly, in a minute, Amberley," said Jack Long, who had reasons of his own for courting

Long, who had reasons of his own for courting and obliging the all-powerful club-man Amberley.

Dicky Smallwood saw that he had made a mis-He was just mounting the ladder of fashion; his hold on the rungs was very slippery; he had no background; the sneer of one leader of fashion would throw him back into the darkest obscurity; but if Jack Long could dance with the girl, certainly he could; so he retired and looked at his card. Sidonie Denine's dance was several waltzes off, and she always snubbed him so that he dreaded the annual sacrifice which he made to fashion in compelling himself, for the honor of being seen with her, to endure for a half-hour the most contemptuous treatment. He looked at Rose, who was bowing to and smiling at Jack

at Rose, who was bowing to and smiling at Jack Long, and saw that she was very, very pretty.

"I think, Amberley," said the poor little snob, slowly approaching the table, where two or three gentlemen were discussing Mrs. Mortimer's delicious terrapin and old Madeira—"I think I have a dance left. Would you reconsider, and introduce me to Miss Chadwick—I believe you called her?"

"Not now, Dicky. She is off with Jack Long. She is a great catch, you know, and he will not be apt to resign her. Perhaps later on you might

So while Rose went off to dance, Dicky spread the report that she was a well-born heiress, and the niece of Mrs. Trevylyan. Arthur Amberley laughed in his sleeve as the little man rushed in after the waltz to get her name on his card.

For one thing was a success, and that was the dancing of Miss Chadwick. The Frenchman had done his duty, and the graceful, youthful figure, disguised in the yellow brocade, and lighted up by the green gloves, went round in Jack Long's firm embrace with the most perfect and quiet elegance. She was a natural dancer; she delighted her partners, as one after the other solicited the honor.

Arthur Amberley sauntered back to his hostess to get his reward of a chat with her, for he privately adored Mrs. Mortimer. Your débutante will do," said he, "for she

can dance well." TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

PLAIN WOOL DRESSES.

SOFT woollen fabrics are preferred to silks for day costumes this winter, and as the season advances these materials are found in good styles at very reasonable prices. In selecting woollen goods the most important consideration is that the fabric be of pure wool unmixed with cotton, as such mixtures shrink when moistened, wear badly, and have not sufficient warmth. As regards style, the cloth-finished fabrics are the first choice, and next these are the finely twilled wools like cashmeres, though many ladies still retain a preference for roughly finished stuffs like camel's-hair. With regard to color very dark shades With regard to color, very dark shades should be chosen for morning and all-day dresses and at present the leaning is toward green, dull red, and various brown hues, instead of the blue shades that have been so long in favor. A solid color, or else very small checks or fine stripes, will be selected instead of the figured goods that soon become monotonous to look upon. When a new dress is to be purchased with a view to economy, the best plan is to buy a single fabric for the entire costume, leaving combinations of two materials to be employed in renovating partly worn dresses of a previous season. In the shops are many Cheviot-checked wool goods of lighter weight than genuine Cheviot cloth, but of pure wool and good colors, that are sold for 50 or 75 cents a yard, while the heaviest qualities of Cheviot cloths in new dull colors of stripes or blocks can be bought for \$1 25 a yard. These are double width, measuring from forty-four to forty-eight inches across the breadth, and only six or seven yards are required to make the suit in the simple style appropriate for it. The flannel-fin-

ished cloths are also sold in good qualities at the popular price of \$1 a yard, in dark colors that are not faded by sunlight; dark green is the color preferred in these cloths, and blue is least liked, because it has been used so commonly,

and, moreover, it is apt to crock.

For all these cloth-like fabrics, self trimmings, machine stitching, or else frogs and parallel rows of braid are preferred, and the suit is in best style when made in the plain, almost severe styles that tailors use for handsome cloth suits. For instance, a dark green flannel-finished cloth is seen at its best when made with a round singlebreasted basque, a long apron over-skirt stitched near the edge and draped evenly and very high on each side, with a round skirt that may be simply stitched, or else have a single pleated flounce deep enough for its heading to be concealed un-der the over-skirt. The material for this need not cost more than \$7 or \$8; and to make it a trifle more dressy, rows of tubular braid may be arranged across the front in military horizontal stripes. A very short shoulder cape may be added for the street, but wintry weather will require a warmly lined coat of the same cloth, or else the heavy cloak that is used with other toilettes. This style is worn alike by slender and stout figures, but more matronly ladies like polonaises of the simple shape illustrated on the first page of Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV.; the ribbon loops shown in the picture may be omitted, and two large rosettes of irregular folds be made of the cloth, and used instead. For the checked Cheviots described above, the favorite style is the pleated skirt with scarf-like apron drapery, and a singlebreasted basque or hunting jacket made with a rolling notched collar precisely like those on gentlemen's morning coats, and worn with a white chemisette, or else a dark scarf folded flatly like those worn by gentlemen. The pleats in hunting jackets are now stitched down near each edge by machine in the old-fashioned way, to flatten them and take away all bulk and clumsiness; as we have already said, one pleat is down each side of the front, and only one pleat is placed down the back. These pleats are tightly stitched down on the basque lining of silesia, and the belt, which is quite wide, is strapped to the waist on each side. The pleated skirts may be made over a founda-tion of alpaca, and the pleats reach only so far as the upper drapery; but if the goods is not too heavy, the pleating begins at the belt, and is laid in easy broad pleats to the foot, being held in place by tapes underneath passing around the figure. If the wearer is short, these lengthwise pleats give an appearance of greater height; tall ladies do away with this by having the pleats broken up into flounces, three or four in number, across the front and sides, confining the drapery to the back. This drapery consists of a single breadth of very wide goods, or two breadths of narrow stuff, pleated to the belt in two large box pleats, hemmed on the remaining three sides, made half a yard longer than the dress skirt be-neath it, on which it is caught up in deep loose pleats alike on each side, to make it as short as the lower skirt; the middle of the draped breadth is caught up but once, and higher than the loops on the sides, in order to make it more bouffant. If this discloses a great deal of the lower skirt, a pleating narrower than those in front may be added across the foot of the skirt. The hunting jacket of such Cheviot suits is also utilized for wearing out last year's wool dresses, of which the skirts are still good, but the waist worn, and this jacket is still considered good enough for com-pleting black or other dark silk suits of which only the skirts remain.

When a fanciful and dressy costume is made of Cheviots, plush of contrasting color is added for trimmings in the way of deep collars or shoulder capes, cuffs, side panels and border for the skirt, and covering for the button-moulds. Thus a mustard-colored checked Cheviot is trimmed with dark green or garnet plush, or a gray Cheviot with crimson-red, or dark brown with green. For the house, Jerseys of silk or of wool are used with the skirts of last year's wool dresses, and a scarf sash of wool is passed around the hips, and

tied behind in a large loose bow. The twilled wool goods are made in rather more dressy fashions than those with cloth finish, and are liked for combinations of two materials, or with a different fabric for trimming, such as stripes for the borders of flounces, or else for the entire lower skirt. Nor are stripes confined to skirts, as there are dresses the reverse of these just described, the basque being of striped wool and the skirts of solid color. The short basque with a bias piece set on at the waist line is a good style for twilled woollens, while ladies who have small hips like the full pleated frill that is now added to round waists at the waist line, and the join concealed by a ribbon belt that is sewed in the under-arm seams and tied in a bow in The back forms of such basques should be folded in two box pleats, while the frill is laid in well-defined side pleats that begin under these box pleats and meet in front. The skirt may have a full straight back of two great box pleats of the wool, and three pleated flounces with an apron in front; or this may be reversed with two or three pleatings across the back and plain front breadths with a deep apron, or perhaps two aprons with a wide hem and stitched edges. Such dresses are very heavy when made entirely of the material, and to lighten them there should be a foundation skirt, which is best when made of silk. Perhaps the lower skirt of an old silk dress can be utilized in this way, or else the low-priced silk for 90 cents a yard is bought.

Alpaca is also excellent for this purpose; but cambric foundation skirts shrink away from the woollen, do not wear well, and are ugly shams

Moiré and plush are the favorite materials for replacing the trimmings of brocade or of satin that were put on last year's woollen dresses. It

when exposed by accident.

old ones were used, as new arrangements will display the marred and faded places, and the styles of this year do not differ greatly from those of last season. Instead of large showy buttons, new woollen dresses have small crocheted buttons in bullet shape, the color of the dress goods.

GAYER COSTUMES

Combinations prevail in the gayer costumes that economical ladies make of the low-priced velvets and gros grains for their best dresses, especially when remodelling those of last year, but with these fabrics the rule also holds good of having an entire new dress of a single material. The plan for combinations in favor at present is far better than the patchy styles first introduced, when both materials were used in each part of the dress. This better plan is to have the basque entirely different from the skirts, and to put all the old material in the skirt, where it will not show hard wear. This fashion of basques dif-ferent from the skirt also permits the use of two short lengths—that are often found as bargains at remnant counters-thus making a dress at small expense. Plush is the fashionable material for independent basques, and very dark red is the favorite color for blondes and brunettes alike. These plush basques are worn not only with silk, satin, moiré, and brocaded skirts of the same color and of black, but with various other colors in harmony with the color of the basque. and often in striking contrast with it. The basque is single or double breasted according to fancy, is of medium length, straight all around—not shortened on the hips—has two large box pleats in the lower part of the middle forms of the back, and is entirely without trimming, except the fan-ciful pearl or silver buttons, and these are not of the largest size. Such a red plush basque, with a black silk or satin skirt, and a red beaver hat with wide straight brim and tall tapering crown, surrounded by shaded red tips that curve outward, is a simple, gay, and charming toilette for a young lady to wear in the afternoon, and is o seen at the opera and fashionable concerts. If the skirts are green, the contrast is correct and the toilette more stylish, for red with green is very popular. Green plush basques are made in the same way, and renew handsome toilettes of green satin Surah with brocade. If a new skirt is bought to accompany a plush basque, it may be of narrow-striped velvet, such as is bought for \$1 25 a yard, or the small-figured brocaded velvet at \$1 75 or \$2. Such a skirt may be full and round, and entirely without trimming, if the young lady has sufficient figure to carry off such a dress. Bronze plush and velvet made in this way is also

in great favor.

The low-priced velvets that are only silk on the face are also used for such basques, but these qualities show poorly on fitted garments, although they do very well for skirts; they are also more effective in certain colors—dark green, seal brown, or garnet. Black or blue velvets should be of better quality than those just mentioned, and are made up in more conventional styles with a long pelisse, open up the middle behind to the waist, and trimmed all around with fur—either black fox, beaver, or black hare. The skirt should have a border flounce, a great ruche of satin, or else a fur border. Young ladies are reviving the moiré skirts worn a generation since by their mothers, and making a single full round short skirt of the best parts of the moiré, and purchasing new velvet or plush for a coat that has side panels extending to the foot of the moiré skirt; this is handsome in golden brown moiré for the skirt, and darker seal brown plush for the jacket, with facings of red or pale blue in the panels. Pretty and youthful dresses are made of the inexpensive dark green or garnet velvets sold for \$2 a yard; these have the full round skirt entirely without trimming, and a very simply shaped round basque with silver or gilt buttons. A pelerine of black or brown fur, and a broad round hat of beaver set straight on top of the head—not toward the back-complete this for the street. Gros grains are the most economical purchase at present in silks for those who do not insist upon having the more lustrous novelties in satin. Dresses recently received from Worth are partly composed of gros grain, and he has announced his determination to restore repped goods to favor. For these the prettiest trimmings are solid jet passementeries and fringes, with a little real Spanish lace. The flounces are gathered and bias, though not deeply shirred, and there is a fancy for pleated fronts, panelled sides, and a great Watteau pleat behind instead of apron-front and sash-bow

drapery.
For information received thanks are due Messrs. JAMES MCCREERY & Co.; LE BOUTILLIER BROTHERS; A. T. STEWART & Co.; STERN BROTHERS; LORD & TAYLOR; and EHRICH BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

THE Princess of Wales is occupying much the position in the world of English fashion that the ex-Empress Eugénie did in the French. Her ex-Empress EGGENIE did in the French. Her dress at a recent ball given in her honor in the Principality was of blue silk, with gauze over-dress that appeared to be sprinkled with dia monds; she wore a necklace and pendant and a superb coronet of diamonds besides. The Prince left his throne-chair beside her on the dais to be occupied by people who would be flattered by the distinction.

-Madame Ristori is to act in English next season in London. She had to apply twice to the Drury Lane management for an engagement. —Mr. PARNELL has been learning carpentry during his imprisonment.

during his imprisonment.

—Hortense Schneider, the Grande Duchesse, is now the Comtesse de Brionne. Her marriage was a secret for three weeks. She is to reside in Italy with her husband, who is the present theme of Parisian laughter for gilding his escutcheon with her gold.

—M. Barthélemi Saint-Hillier has become

is well to put on new trimmings precisely as the | very unpopular in the French Foreign Office

because he insisted on seeing the contents of a

because he insisted on seeing the contents of a Russian dispatch bag, and found it, instead of papers, full of furs, caviar, boots, and a saddle.

—IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF is visiting in England. His forth-coming novel aims to show how deep is the gulf dividing the Socialism of Russia from that of the west of Europe.

—Mr. Sothern's widow is dying.

—The future Empress of Austria has no health. She has already been obliged to seek refuge in Italy.

Italy.

The Dublin police are so busy in the city that the outskirts are unprotected, and Lord ARDILAUN'S new and magnificent mansion of St. Anne's was recently robbed of a great quan-

St. Anne's was recently robbed of a great quantity of plate.

—The Baron James de Rothschild, who has just died at the early age of thirty-seven, was a man of fine literary and artistic tastes.

—The former employer of the present Lord Mayor of London, wanting a parcel taken to his house, and no porter being handy, was so pleased by the good-nature and want of pretension of a senior clerk who carried it for him, that he took him into partnership, and the clerk is now the head of the firm. Hogarth ought to have known of the

the head of the firm. HOGARTH ought to nave known of the firm o

Ad the Puritans do not live in New England. At St. Ives, in Cornwall, a fortnight ago, a boat road of pilchards could not be sold, because taken on a Sunday. The boat and cargo sank overnight, and it was held to be a divine dispension.

-RAFFAELLE MONTI, the sculptor, who has

The first case on record of a suit of breach The first case on record of a suit of breach of promise of marriage is said to have been brought by MARGARET GARDYNER and her daughter ALICE against JOHN KECHE, of Yppeswych, in 1452, he having, after receipt of money on condition of marrying ALICE, married one JOAN BLOYS, "ageyne all good reason and conscience."

-That electricity will one day supersede all

—Inst electricity will one day supersede all the motive powers used by man, and surpass them, is the opinion of M. D'ARSONVILLE.
—Sir Edward Thornton has moved into his official apartment at the Soltykoff House. He is pleased with his Russian reception, and is hard at work studying up Central Asian and Eastern questions.

questions.
—Messrs. Moody and Sankey are having au-

questions.

—Messrs. Moody and Sankey are having audiences of three thousand people four times a day at Newcastle, in England.

—The South Avon and Stour Agricultural Society recently made an award of ten dollars to an old man of the name of Eveny for sixty-one years of uninterrupted service with the Earl of Malmesbury. It is satisfactory to those who desire long life to know that a hundred pounds is still paid in yearly pensions to surviving servants of Queen Charlotte, and ten pounds still to an attendant of King George III.

—Sir Henry Layard has contributed to the exhibition of the Belle Arte, in Venice, objects from Samos and Nineveh, stones with cuneiform inscriptions, armor, Moorish helmets, and a marble torso of a Greek Venus. Valentino Besarel, whose family date as sculptors from the seventeenth century, contributes exquisitely carved furniture. Dr. Antonio Salviati sends a mosaic copy of a sunset by Vernet, said to be a masterpiece. There are also samples of ancient and modern Venetian lace, and splendid specimens of the new polychrome lace there.

—King Humbert, anxious to pay his father's extraordinary debts, practices an economy unparalleled by a crowned head. Besides reducing the royal stud to a minimum, and diminishing the court officials, he has made every exertion to sell several of the splendid royal palaces.

—They settle strikes summarily in some places. The compositors on the St. Petersburg Herald desiring an increase of wages, and threatening a turn-out, were reported to the police, who gave them a different sort of turn-out, ordering them to leave the country at once, and supplying their place, they being nearly all Germans, with Russians.

—The original order of General R. E. Lee disburding the Array of Virginia has been letter.

—The original order of General R. E. Lee dis-banding the Army of Virginia has been lately given to the Missouri Historical Society by Sen-

ator Vest.

—With the exception of one other, George Reilly, of Portland, Maine, is the only survivor

—With the exception of one other, GEORGE REILLY, of Portland, Maine, is the only survivor of the Kane arctic expedition.

—Captain Strachan, of the steam-ship Cyprian, which went down in Carnarvon Bay a few weeks since, gave his life-buoy to a child, a stow-away, and was lost himself.

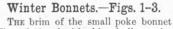
—J. F. Wager, of Sedalia, Missouri, engineer on the Missouri Pacific road, saved a heavy passenger train not very long ago, of which the engine had jumped the track and broken through a bridge, by staying at his post, setting the airbrakes, and going down with his engine into the Osage River and death.

—The Imperial Order of the Star of India is the decoration lately given to the widow of Mr. Adam, late Governor of Madras, and to the wife of Sir James Ferguson, Governor of Bombay. These ladies can now say "My stars!" with impunity, if not "My stars and garters!"

—The daughter of M. Grévy and her husband are to have a set of rooms at the Elysée, and her boudoir is to be in telephonic communication.

boudoir is to be in telephonic communication with the opera-houses, so that she may sit with her feet on the fender and hear the music her feet on the fender and hear the music. The French papers sum up her happiness statistically: Chenonceaux (equal to Warwick Castle), a stately mansion and garden in the Rue de l'Université, the apartments with the operatic telephone at the Élysée, the picturesque Mont-Sous-Vaudrey, and M. WILSON'S devotion. Count BEUST'S wedding gift to her was a barcarolle of his own composition. Her father gave five thoughned the poor on her wedding day The poor of Paris, by the way, are in luck; the late Count Branicks has just left them eight million francs. He gave half a million to the wounded of the late war.

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The brim of the small poke bonnet Fig. 1 is faced with shirred olive satin. A bias strip of olive velvet four inches and a half wide is gathered along one edge, and joined to the inside of the brim near the outer edge of the facing; it is then rolled on the outside, pleated at the opposite edge, and fastened down at the junction of the crown and brim, forming at once the binding and the outside covering for the latter. The

in-faced gros grain ribbon, arranged on a stiff net frame. For the frame a straight piece eighteen inches long and two inches and a half wide is cut; this is hollowed out along the front edge, forming a point at the middle, and leaving the ends an inch and a half wide, then wired and bound with narrow ribbon. To the back edge of this piece is joined one twenty-six inches long and four inches and a half wide, which is

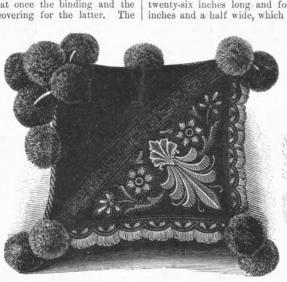




Fig. 1.—Cap for Elderly Lady.

Toilette Cushion.

Fig. 1.—Mull and Lace Collar.—[See Fig. 2.]

> 2.—CUFF FOR COL-LAR, FIG. 1.

Fig. 2.—CAP FOR ELDERLY LADY.

narrow cape is smoothly faced with satin and bound with velvet, and the crown is covered with satin. A bias band of velvet, arranged in folds, extends across the crown from the right side of the front to the left side of the back, where it is held down with a jet clasp, and upward along the left side, the end being hidden under a bow of olive satin ribbon. The ribbon that forms the strings is folded and carried from side to side across the back. The mounted head of a bird is set on the right side, and under this is fast.

a bird is set on the right side, and under this is fastened a shaded ostrich tip, which falls over the front of the brim.

The frame of the bonnet Fig. 2 is covered with condor brown plush, which is plain for the crown and the facing, and shirred for the binding and the outside of

the brim. A narrow double frill covers the joining of crown and brim. A piece two



Fig. 3.—Border for Girl's Frock, Figs. 1 and 2.

yards and a quarter long of old gold satin ribbon five inches wide is pleated at the middle, and fastened down on the top of the crown under an iridescent metal clasp; the ends, which form the strings, are carried over the sides of the crown and under the frill, and are tacked to the edge of the brim. An iridescent clasp, an aigrette, and three fancy feathers—

one condor brown, one copper-colored, and the third shaded in old gold—are set on the front of the bonnet as seen in the illustration.

The brim of the small capote bonnet Fig. 3 is covered on both sides with pleated bronze velvet; on the outside, strands of shaded brown and gold chenille fringe are fastened between the pleats. The velvet on the crown is pleated along the front edge, and drawn together below the centre of the top under a gilt clasp. A folded bronze satin ribbon covers the joining of the crown and brim, and forms the strings. Upright loops of similar ribbon and a gilt clasp trim the right side of the crown. At the top and drooping over the left side is a cluster of shaded brown and gold ostrich tips, among which an aircrette is fastened.

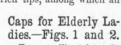


Fig. 1.—OLIVE SATIN AND

VELVET BONNET.

THE cap Fig. 1 is made of white silk tulle, Aurillac lace two inches and a half wide, and lilac sat-



Fig. 3.—Bronze Velvet Bonnet.

sloped on both sides from the middle toward the ends, and wired and bound along the lower edge; two triangular pleats are taken in on the upper edge, after which it is joined to the first piece. The crown consists of a round piece of double white silk tulle, which is box-pleated around the front and joined to the frame; the back edge is hemmed to form a shirr, which is drawn together with white elastic webbing. The frame is covered with ribbon and edged with

with white elastic webbing. The frame is covered with ribbon and edged with lace, and trimmed with ribbon loops and ends, lace frills, and drooping ends of lace.

The cap Fig. 2 is made of black figured tulle, and trimmed with full ruches of black lace and a spray of purple hyacinths. A lace-edged tulle scarf extends across the back of the cap, where it is pleated in, and forms a short full cape; the ends are brought forward and tied.



Frock for Girl from 2 to 4 Years old.—Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 2.—Condor Brown
Plush Bonner.

The front and back of this white cambric frock are gathered to a square voke at the top, and gathered in at the waist. The borders that trim it are strips of white lace-striped piqué, embroidered with two shades of red cotton in the manner shown in Fig. 3. The cross seam on the solid stripe of the fabric, which forms the middle of the border, is in the lighter shade and the cross stitches on the gene, work or lace stripe

seam on the solid stripe of the fabric, which forms the middle of the border, is in the lighter shade, and the cross stitches on the open-work or lace stripe on each side are in the darker. Narrow embroidered edging finishes the sleeves, the front, and the bottom of the dress. A ribbon sash is attached at the side seams.



The waist of this white batiste dress is tucked, and at the top is edged with wide embroidery, and joined to a yoke composed of alternate bands of lace and embroidered insertion. Joined to it at the bottom there is a side-pleated skirt, which is edged with similar embroidery, headed by a cluster of tucks.

The neck and the short puffed sleeves are trimmed with lace insertion, through which narrow pink gros grain ribbon is drawn in and out, and



Figs. 1 and 2.—Dress for Girl from 2 to 4 YEARS OLD.—BACK AND FRONT.

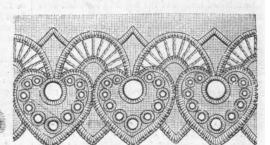


Fig. 2.—Border for Lingerie.—White Embroidery.



Figs. 1 and 2.—Frock for Girl from 2 to 4 Years old.—Front and Back.—[See Fig. 3.]

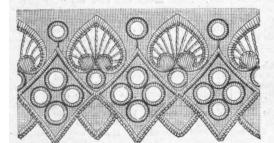


Fig. 1.—Border for Lingerie.—White Embroidery.



FOLDING-SCREEN.



HOLDER.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

Fig. 1.—Cashmere and Velvet Dress.—Front.—[See Fig. 2.]

at the top, where

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FRONT.-[See Fig. 4.]

they are fastened on the skirt. The satin basque, which is short in the front and sides and long in the back, has sleeves and trimming of furrowed plush. The long side forms of the back are caught together under a large satin merveilleux bow, and a smaller bow is set at the bottom of the front.

TEACHING SCHOOL AND BOARDING AROUND.

My thoughts go back to the rosy prime, And memory paints anew the scenes Afar in the bleak New England clime, Though half a century intervenes. On a highway corner the school-house stands, Under an elm-tree broad and tall, And rollicking children in laughing bands
Come at the master's warning call. They pile together their sleds and skates, Hang hats and hoods in the entryway, And gathering pencils, books, and slates,
Diligent study succeeds to play.

A mountain stream turns a gray stone mill, That runs with a low and slumberous sound,
And there in fancy I wander still,
Teaching school and boarding around.

Near by is a mansion large and square, With doors and casements of faded red, A stoop that shades from the summer glare, And wood well piled in the sheltering shed. There's an ancient barn with swallow holes High in the gable, three in a line; The lithe bay colt in the deep snow rolls; From racks of hay feed the docile kine. Closely are huddled the timorous sheep,
As the flails resound from the threshing-floor;
The pilfering poultry stealthily creep
And silently watch at the open door
For each stray kernel of shelling grain. Full of content was the lot I found Among the farm folk, honest and plain, Teaching school and boarding around.

The farmer's table has lavish supplies: Chicken, and sausage of flavor rare, Crullers and cookies, and puddings and pies,
Are items rich in the bill of fare. The teacher sleeps in a full soft bed Kept clean for guests in the great spare room, With gay chintz curtains over his head And blankets wove in the old hand-loom. The thrifty wife ere the break of day Springs from her rest though the morn is And breakfast ended, we haste away O'er the shining crust to the district school. Here morals are pure and manners sincere, And men in the church and state renowned Have made the first step in a high career, Teaching school and boarding around.

In the moonlight evening long and still The youth assemble from many a farm; Though the air without is crisp and chill. There's a bright wood fire and a welcome Nuts and apples are handed around,

The hands of the clock get a backward turn,
Innocent frolic and mirth abound Till low in their sockets the candles burn. Young men and maidens of artless ways Are drawn together in groups like this; Their hands are joined in the rural plays, And sweet lips meet in the guileless kiss; Twin hearts are linked with: a golden chain, And love with marriage is early crowned. How oft I dream I am there again, Teaching school and boarding around!

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SORROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GHOSTS.

Mr. Horndean and Frank Lisle had a pleasant journey down to Horndean. Everything, even the weather, which had taken up again after one wet day, was looking bright for the happy lover of Beatrix. It was vexatious that his beautiful betrothed should have had all that trouble, and Mrs. Mabberley was a fool, but in reality the matter did not distress Mr. Horndean. He was perfectly indifferent about money, on the simple condition that he always had as much as he want ed. He was in high good humor with his friend, the ready sacrifice of whose plans and wishes to his own did, for once, strike Mr. Horndean as a trait of amiability; for he knew how the sunloving soul of the painter hated the English winter. And he was delighted with their present errand at Horndean; for it had the adornment of Beatrix for its object, the rendering of a fresh testimony to her beauty, and his worship of it. The idea had occurred to Frank Lisle, on the occasion of the first discussion of the projected fancy ball, that the precious stones which formed a portion of the Horndean "collection," and es pecially the famous Hungarian garnets, would complete the rich and uncommon costume that he hoped to induce Beatrix to wear, with striking The jewels were ancient, and of considerable value, and their form was exactly that required; the circular head tire of gold, studded with uncut stones; the girdle with long ends of wrought gold and iron, with clasps, fringes, and bosses of the rich red garnets of Bohemia and Magyar-land; the stomacher, with its bosses of the same; and the collar and bracelets, of more modern date, and extraordinarily fine workman ship, in which a profusion of similar stones was employed. Of all the objects in the collection, Beatrix admired these garnets the most: there were gems of greater value there, but the richness and the quaintness of this parure had struck her at a glance, and she had been quite interested in Mrs. Townley Gore's account of old Mr. Horndean's acquisition of the precious things, and his pride in the recognition of their value by rival

collectors. His heir and successor would have continued to regard them as "a parcel of val-uable rubbish shut up in a box, and bound to stay there"-according to his contemptuous des ignation of them to Frank Lisle—if they had not been glorified by Beatrix's admiration, and if the artistic Frank had not instructed him in their beauty; but that they should be used for the adornment of his betrothed was a delightful idea. Beatrix would be the observed of all observers of course, in any costume; but to her success, thus splendidly and singularly arrayed, Mr. Horndean looked forward with the triumph of a lover, and Frank Lisle with the satisfaction of an artist. It had been agreed that the friends should go to select the jewels from the case, of which Mr. Horndean had the keys, and take them back to London to be arranged for Beatrix's use. She was to know nothing about the matter until the parure should be complete; and this was the harmless secret which her lover had promised should be the very last he would ever keep from

Frank Lisle was also very happy in his easy way, as they travelled down to Horndean in a comfortable smoking-carriage, talking pleasantly in the intervals of newspaper-reading. The sun was shining, and the face of the earth was fair. Mr. Lisle had made up his mind to his friend's marriage. It could not be helped; the red-haired witch was heartily in love, at all events: that said more for her than Mr. Lisle had expected; and Mr. Horndean's latest and severest "fit" was certainly keeping him from gambling.

They arrived at Horndean in time for dinner and late in the evening they went to the long great drawing-room, where the cases containing the collection were placed, as has already been described. A bright wood fire was burning, the room was partially lighted; nevertheless its aspect—the long range of cases, now hidden by se-curely locked covers that occupied the recesses underneath the book-cases, the sheeted cabinets, swathed-up lustres, and generally out-of-use fur-niture, with which the full-dressed portraits seem-

ed to be in strange disaccord—was gloomy.

"I wonder whether old Mr. Horndean 'walks?'"
said Frank Lisle. "This looks a likely sort of
place for a ghost. Perhaps he keeps guard over
his treasures, and won't like our meddling with
them. I say, Fred, I hope we sha't't see the old

Mr. Horndean did not smile, and he made to Frank Lisle's foolish speech rather an odd an-

"Do you?" said he, sadly. "I think I should like to have the chance of saying 'Thank you,' though only to his ghost."

The case that contained the objects in precious metals and the jewels was not one of those which occupied the recesses under the book-cases; it was a separate structure, and in the centre of the long room, between two beautiful inlaid marble tables, and exactly opposite to a door, masked by tapestry, that communicated with a small sitting-room which Mr. Horndean had used in the summer, and had now been made ready for him and Mr. Lisle on the short notice given by his letter to the housekeeper. This case was composed of ebony and thick plate-glass, and it stood on brass feet which were screwed to the floor. An oak cover fitted over it like an extinguisher, and was secured by an iron band passing under the bottom, over the top, and along the sides; this bar was fastened by a padlock. They speedily removed the cumbrous cover, and revealed the thick sheets of glass under which lay the precious collection of gems, cut and uncut, and the famous Hungarian parure, fitted into its white velvet case, and ticketed with the date, the origin, and the name of the worker in precious metals whose cunning skill had produced it. "Here they are," said Frank Lisle, "and more

of them than I thought. They will do splendidly, when it is all put together. Just look how the light gets into and shines out of the red hearts

Mr. Horndean looked at the jewels with a new interest; he could imagine how they would set off the smooth creamy whiteness of Beatrix's matchless complexion. He was impatient to see her wear them; he hoped they would console

her for the loss of her pearls.

They carried the jewels into the little sitting-room, having carefully locked the case and replaced the cover, and Frank Lisle set to work at once at the drawing, which they were to place, with the parure, in the hands of a jeweller.

"There will not be much to do," said Frank Lisle: "only a few clasps to set right, to mount the necklace and stomacher on velvet, and set the head circlet right. There will be plenty of time.

He went on with his drawing, and Mr. Horndean smoked and read. He was not in a talkative mood, and the stillness of the big empty house seemed to oppress him. At length Frank Lisle completed the sketch to their joint satisfaction, and after a little desultory talk, and as they were parting for the night,

"By-the-bye," said Frank, "what had we better do with the gimeracks? It won't do to leave them about here; Mrs. Grimshaw will think there has been a robbery, and the thieves have aban-doned a portion of the spoil, if these are found on the table in the morning."

"Take them to your room, and put them in your bag. And, Frank, remind me to tell the old lady to-morrow that we have taken these things: ought to know of their removal. I suppose you will be early, as usual, and I shall be late, as usual, in the morning."

"Yes. I shall be off for a walk as early as I can; but I shall be back in plenty of time for our start at twelve."

He wrapped the antique parure up in a handkerchief, deposited the packet in his dressing-bag, and after a final admiring contemplation of his sketch, bethought him that as he contempla-

ted a long walk in the Chesney Manor and Notley Woods early on the following morning, he had better get to sleep at a reasonable hour.

When Mr. Horndean was alone, the depression that had come over him increased. He felt restless; he hated the stillness; he wanted to think of Beatrix, of nothing but Beatrix, and he could not. Was the glass falling? Was a storm coming? He was sensitive to things of that kind, and he drew back the window-curtains and look ed out, almost hoping to see an angry sky, with black scudding clouds, and menace in it. But there was nothing of the kind; the sky was se rene, and the moon was shining unveiled. Mr. Horndean drew the curtains together with a clash, and sat down before the fire, stirring the logs. and finding a relief in the crackle with which they flung off their sparks. What was the matter with him? Why did the past intrude itself now, of all times, upon him—the needless, dead, irreversible, unmeaning past? Was it Frank Lisle's jesting mention of that old friend, that generous benefactor, whose patience he had so sorely tried, whose kindness he had so ill repaid, from whose death-bed he had been absent (but that at least was no fault of his own), that had done this? There were ghosts that took no form, and yet could haunt men in the broad daylight of their lives, in the full sunshine of their happiness, coming back long after they had been laid, and bringing the chill of doubt and presentiment with them. What was this that was in the air around him, threatening, intangible, formless, but so real that his skin shivered and his heart sank at its presence? What was this that the fair face of his betrothed Beatrix could not shut out when he summoned it up before his mind's eye, and addressed the beautiful image in murmured words of passionate endearment? Whatever it was, he was determined to drive it away by all the opposition which a happy lover's rehearsal of his bliss could offer it. He would write to Beatrix. His letter would reach her only a little before his own arrival, but so much the better; she would meet him with that wonderful look in her starry eyes, and that intoxicating tone in her low clear voice, which made him half mad while their spell was upon him. What could all the ghosts of all the past, or even that one ghost which, of them all, he feared the most—that ghost gliding horribly near him now—do to him then? He almost laughed aloud as he defied them.

Mr. Horndean wrote on steadily for two hours. Never before had he written so long a letter, and sealed it he wondered whether Beatrix would keep it always or burn it at once. He had said so much in that letter; he had poured out his whole soul to her; he had made vows and protestations of love such as he had never uttered to her in speech, even in the most assured mo-ments of their solitude and their happiness; he had revealed and admitted her empire over him with lavish adulation such as she had never yet received from him; for there was no restraining touch of that cynical hardness which even toward him Beatrix showed, to check him in the worship he was offering to her now. It was such a letter as some women could not bear to keep, lest it should sometime come to be a mocking memori al of a dead passion—these would be women who knew the world; it was such a letter as some women could not bear to destroy, holding it an assurance of the immortality of their treasure-these would be women who knew nothing of the world Mr. Horndean was well aware that Beatrix was of the former class; but he did not reason at all upon the question that suggested itself. Some day he would ask her what she had done with his last love-letter; for this would be his last; they were not again to be a day without meeting until their marriage. He placed the packet in full view upon the mantel-shelf, and, the ghosts being all gone, his serenity restored, and his mind exclusively full of Beatrix, was about to undress. when his eye fell on the coat he had worn that morning, and he remembered that at the moment of starting he had put some unopened letters into its breast pocket. He had not thought of them until now, when he resumed his seat, and looked over them. They consisted of two or three notes of no importance, and a letter bearing an Indian postmark, which was evidently unwelcome. Mr. Horndean looked at the address with a strange aversion, the expression of one in whose memor a jarring chord is struck, and with a visible effort opened and read the letter. Presently he let it fall into the fender, and sat like a man stricken with death, pale and motionless. The time passed, and save when he passed his hand across his forehead, and uttered a deep sigh, he remained in the same seemingly paralyzed state. The night was far advanced, the candles were guttering in the sockets, the last spark had died out amid the gray ashes of the charred logs, when he rose, shivering, and threw himself upon his bed. The vague presence had taken form now, and was close upon him; he knew the ghost now.

It was after eleven o'clock on the following day when Frank Lisle, coming in out of breath, but in high spirits, found Mr. Horndean waiting for him, but without any appearance of being prepared for their journey

"I was almost afraid I should be late, Fred," said Mr. Lisle. "I have had a run for it, but suppose my watch is wrong, as usual. I ought to have allowed for that, like Captain Cuttle."

"You have plenty of time. Where have you

"I started for Notley, and had a pleasant walk: the hedges were all sparkling with the sun on the night frost. They're getting on capitally with the restoration of the spire. I saw the postman, and old Bob, the carrier. I wish I hadn't been too modest to ask him to sell me his red waistcoat; it's fifty years old at least, and the tone is won-derful. Then I turned into the Manor, and taking the short-cut through the shrubbery, by the copper beech, you know, whom should I meet but Mr. Warrender, two little girls, and a white dog

-my white dog-the one whose leg I mended in

the autumn."
"Yes, yes, I remember, you told me about it," said Mr. Horndean, hurriedly, and stooping to

poke the fire unnecessarily.

"The children recognized me; I introduced myself, and in a few minutes I found myself enrolled as a volunteer on a holly and ivy cutting expedition. My young friends were very unwilling to part with me when I had to leave them-by which time the attendant gardener's wheelbarrow was filled—and very anxious that I should join them in the afternoon, when they are going to 'dress up' the church they call 'Uncle's' for Christmas."

"Where is the church, and why do they call it their 'uncle's'?'

"It is the little Catholic church, with a pretty cottage within the inclosure, near the west lodge of Chesney Manor. I suppose the children call it their uncle's because it is chiefly supported by him. Mr. Warrender is the only Catholic among

the gentry about here."
"I understand it now. Well?"

"I walked back with them to the house, and Mr. Warrender invited me to dine, and asked me to invite you, but I explained our flying visit, and

"Did you see no one else?"

No-not belonging to the family. I caught glimpse of the governess at the door as the children ran up the steps to her. Such a pretty girl, Fred! I did not observe her when I saw the children the first time. She is quite beautiful. But, my dear fellow," added Frank, as he came hastily toward Mr. Horndean, and looked curiously at him, "there's something wrong with you. What is the matter? Are you ill? Have you heard any bad news?"

"I have.

"What is it?"

"I can not tell vou."

"You can not tell me! Why, Fred, what do you mean? There you stand, looking ill, and as if you had not slept all night, and you acknowledge something has happened, and you can not tell me what it is!"

"I can not tell you now," repeated Mr. Horndean, laying his hand heavily on Frank Lisle's shoulder, "but I will before long. I am in a great difficulty, a great difficulty, Frank, and you must help me, as you always do; only this time you must help me blindfold for a little. I must be alone here to-day. It is indispensable; there is something I must do—you shall know it all soon, very soon; but I must be alone until it is done. I want you to go up to town—you must start in ten minutes—taking the things with you, to settle about them with the jewellers, and just when Beatrix will be expecting me, to send to her word that I shall be detained here until late toorrow by business. Will you do this, Frank?"
"Of course I will, but—"

"You don't understand it. No, but do I not promise that you shall know? I will tell you all

about it when I come up to town."
"Is there any reason why I should not return? For how long do you want to be alone?

"For only a few hours."
"Then I will come back to-night. You need not see me until morning if you don't like; but your looks are not at all to my mind, and I shall come back to-night, by the last train, very likely, but to-night. There's the dog-cart; and there go my bag and my coat into it. Good-by, Fred." "Good-by, Frank. You shall know all to-mor-

They shook hands and parted. Mr. Horndean did not go to the door with his friend, but so soon as the dog-cart had disappeared, he remained lost in thought for some time, and then returned to his own room. There he took a small pack-et from the tray of a dispatch-box, placed it in his pocket-book, and came down stairs again. A few minutes later he left the house, passed through the shrubbery, jumped the iron fence which formed the boundary between the Chesney Manor lands and his own, and striking into the path that led through Chesney Wood from east to west, was soon lost to sight among the stems of the gaunt leafless trees

In the mean time Mrs. Masters's little daughters had been relating the incidents of their morning walk to their mother, who was kept in the house by a cold, and Miss Rhodes, who had gladly availed herself of that pretext to remain

with her.

"Tippoo Sahib knew the strange gentleman at once," said Maggie, cutting out Maud in volubility and circumstantiality, "and he was so glad to see him; he sniffed and barked and hopped like anything. And the strange gentleman knew him, and spoke to Uncle John, and then he came with us to cut the holly and ivy, and I like him so much that I mean to marry him when I am as tall as Miss Rhodes."

"And he drew a picture of the copper beech that Uncle John is so fond of, before we came home," struck in Maud, gaspingly, "and took Moo-Cow's portrait, and Jack's too"—Jack was a donkey—"and oh, do tell me, Miss Rhodes, what is a bit of an artist?"

"A bit of an artist?" said Mrs. Masters, smil-

ing. "Why do you want to know that?"
"Because the gentleman said his name was
Frank Lisle, and he was a pit of an artist, and I should like to marry him too, when he comes back.

Mrs. Masters glanced at Helen in alarm. Here vas what she had dreaded come upon them! Here was that she had endeavored to conceal revealed by an accident, which she might easily have foreseen to be a probable one. to be done now? She sent the children to their nurse before she spoke again, and when she and Helen were alone, she said to her, tenderly:

"I have been very wrong, my dear girl. I have known for some time that this man was in the habit of coming to Horndean, and that there

Hosted by

might be danger of your meeting him, and I did not tell you, fearing to disturb your peace, and because I heard that he had gone abroad for the whole winter. Of course the risk of your meet-ing him now can be averted; but I wish you could

have been spared this shock."
"There is some mistake," said Helen, who was deadly pale, but quite composed. "I distinctly remember the person who set Tippoo's leg. I was with the children when the accident happened. I saw the gentleman, and spoke to him then. He was a perfect stranger to me

"And yet his name is Frank Lisle, and he is Mr. Horndean's friend."

"Yes. It is strange. It seems almost impossible that there should be another of the same name, also Mr. Horndean's friend; but this gentleman is not-he."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

T is so long since we have said anything about wrappings that we will give some space to these garments, so indispensable at this season of the year. Nevertheless, it is difficult to describe all the styles that burst forth under the different names of mantles, pelisses, visites, etc. Almost all are of the same shape at bottom, but are infinitely varied by the arrangement of trimmings, the sleeves (which are much more graceful than those of last year), the capes which are added, and which are greatly diversified, the combination of stuffs, etc., etc. Columns would be needed to mention all that are worn; we will content ourselves with indicating a few of the leading styles. A desirable model for morning or carriage is made of marron vigogne. The top has a shoulder-piece concealed by a pleated cape a little longer behind than in front. The back and fronts are attached to this shoulder-piece by box pleats, which are sewed on ten inches, and then left to spread out and lose themselves in the full-The bottom is trimmed with three rows of satin ribbon four mehes wide, set on flat, four inches apart. A large bow of satin ribbon, with flowing ends, closes the wrapping in front. The sleeves are covered behind by the cape, and are draped on the arms so as to simulate a second Both the neck and sleeves are edged with

a thick satin ruche.

Although their length is a characteristic feature of the winter wrappings, it is quite permissible to wear shorter ones, which, however, exact more trimming; those of velvet have one or two pleated satin flounces, partly covered with black lace, lustreless passementeries, etc. For instance, we have seen a wool visite of medium length the back and fronts of which were striped with length-wise velvet bands two inches wide, converging toward the top. The neck and sleeves were edged with velvet ruches, and a velvet ruche was set underneath the bottom so as to emerge a little way beyond the edge. Others have side panels of velvet, and are full enough in the back to form pleats at the waist line. These pleats tacked to the belt are much in vogue. There are very short visites presenting the appearance of a double cape, the lower one of which is draped by a large bow with long ends which spread out over the pouf of the dress, while the upper one forms the sleeves. This garment must be very richly trimmed with chenille fringe mixed with lustreless passementerie and jet. If made of the same fabric as the dress, it may be simpler. As a very elegant type of this style, we will mention a charming little visite, very short, and draped at the waist. This is of light chamois-colored cloth, with application of marron velvet. But what distinguishes it is that its great width, which permits of no kind of seam, shows that it can not be cut from cloth in the piece, but is woven just as it is. This stylish garment is simply trimmed with bows of sating

ribbon at the throat.

Visites made from India shawls will be more and more in vogue, but, as we have already said, this requires artistic handling; the designs must be ingeniously arranged, and above all, the cash-mere must be fine; lined with silk, and trimmed with fine plush and passementerie to match, these wrappings are elegant and comfortable, though it requires an ardent devotion to fashion to sacrifice an heirloom like a fine India shawl to a transient

style. Among all these wrappings the tailor-cut jacket retains a prominent place; but as changes are indispensable, there is a little variety in details; for instance, revers are simulated on the skirt, the side forms are left open a little way at the bottom, and one is slightly rounded and made to lap over the other as in men's coats. We need not say that they are not the accompaniment of elegant toilettes, but are worn with simple wool dresses, linen collars, and masculine cra-

We will conclude with a few details concerning one or two pretty toilettes that we have seen. A very simple one was of Havana brown wool trimmed with dark blue velvet. The skirt was pleated the whole length in front, the pleats being laid in contrary directions so as to meet, that is alternately to the left and the right. Over this was a polonaise or princesse dress opening to show the tablier; the corsage had round points, and was double-breasted, with revers of blue velvet; the sides were straight, and were fastened to the skirt under large velvet pockets; the back was wholly princesse, and was very long, with a train attached, which was looped up in graceful pleats so as to show a round petticoat edged with a flounce six inches wide, which showed beneath the pleats of the first skirt.

A dress of glace begonia-leaf wool also merits description. The skirt was slashed at the bottom some ten inches in length and twice that distance in width, and turned back to form revers. the space thus formed being filled in by fan- I the thicker wraps being left in the hall on re-

shaped pleatings of satin. The rest of the dress, of course, was trimmed in the same style, the basque with revers opening over a satin pleating, and the sleeves and cuffs ornamented in the same manner. Paniers were formed of a satin scarf drawn over the hips, and draped in a pouf behind.

We will add to the trimmings already mentioned open-work passementeries with a foundation of bright colors, and passementeries formed of variegated beads; these are used for the borders of over-skirts and skirts, and even for tabliers. They may be used, but not abused, on ball and evening dresses. As a complement of the toilette, the fan plays an important part, and must match the dress in color, style, etc. The size is a little above the medium. Ostrich-feather fans are most in favor; they are ombré, white, or dark, and are generally mounted in shell or light amber. Shell is greatly in vogue, and is used for innumerable fancy articles—bracelets, pins, buttons, diadems, combs, etc. Inlaid with gold or old silver, it is truly artistic and beautiful.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

CHRISTENINGS.

THE less ceremony about a christening the It is only considered necessary to invite the godfathers and godmothers, the near relatives of the infant, and the most intimate friends of the parents; so that the party need not exceed the number of twenty or thirty peo-ple. Godfathers and godmothers are, of course, usually chosen for their long friendship to the parents, their social position, and their banking account, the two last-named attributes being important to the small stranger setting out on life's portant to the small stranger setting out on life's journey. A father can not ask a man in a much higher social position than himself to look after the "spiritual" welfare of his boy or girl unless he is a friend of his, and not merely an acquaintance; and this, of course, applies to ladies of higher social grade than the parents as well. The blameless Miss Tox, in *Dombey and Son*, was chosen to be Paul's godmother from the fact of her humble position, together with a decided inclination to lick the boots of the great man. But motives like these do not actuate many new-made motives like these do not actuate many new-made parents, and the persons most likely to advance the child in life are usually chosen.

It would be considered a breach of etiquette to

refuse to act as a child's sponsor unless there were very urgent and obvious reasons for not do ing so. It is considered a compliment to be asked to stand as sponsor, there being no disagree-able duties attached to the office in this country. In the Greek Church it would be impossible for the godfather and godmother of a child to marry each other if they were so inclined. The making of at least one handsome present is necessary; many people go on "remembering" their godchildren until their death, when these lucky ones discover that they are "remembered" in the will.

The presents usually given take the form of plate—silver mugs, forks, knives, spoons, teapots, milk-jugs, sugar-basins, coffee-pots, cake-baskets, claret-jugs, and other articles of value. But as these things generally get used by the par-ents long before the child grows up, a good idea would be to send the child a check for some considerable sum, which being invested would ac-cumulate interest for a good many years. A pre-sent of five hundred dollars, invested at five per cent., would have more than doubled its value in twenty years, so that when the child arrives at years of discretion it would have over a thousand dollars to spend.

We hear that checks are now often sent to We near that enecks are now often sent to brides as wedding presents, and a very sensible idea it is. Perhaps it would be more appropriate in the case of the christening of a baby boy, as it is not difficult to imagine what a young lady would find useful or pretty in a new home; boys, on the other hand, get distributed all over the world, so that a sailor might find a Venetian mirror of small use, and an Australian sheep farmer think

solid silver mugs and jugs but a doubtful benefit.

To come, then, to the ceremony itself. Invitations, either printed on cards or paper to be had for the purpose, are sent out a fortnight before, requesting the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So's company at the church at such a time—the afternoon being the best—and to "breakfast" afterward at the house of the parents. Ceremonies like these should always be put off as late in the day as possible, as people are not very sociable directly after breakfast.

The father and mother, accompanied by the nurse and child, must arrive at the church punctually at the time named in the invitation. There they are met by the clergyman, the sponsors, and the other guests. Gathering round the font, the christening is then proceeded with as quickly as possible. It is usual for the godmother of highest rank to take a girl from the nurse's arms and place her in those of the officiating clergyman. Directly the ceremony is over, the party drive back to the house of the parents, where the breakfast" is at once served. The presents sent a day beforehand, should be placed on a table in the drawing-room where they could be seen, with the names of the givers attached on a card or slip of paper. It is usual to invite the clergyman to lunch.

The lunch, or breakfast, should be very much the same in character and way of being served as a wedding breakfast; that is to say, there should be soup, hot and cold entrées, poultry, game, sweets, jellies, creams, ices, and fruit. The usual light wines should be given-Champagne, claret, sherry, sauterne, etc.

If in summer, the ladies invited and the godmother should wear much the same kind of costumes as at a wedding, and should, of course, retain their bonnets during breakfast. In winter, handsome dark velvets and furs should be worn,

turning to the house. Speech-making is but little indulged in now, but some old-fashioned people still propose the health of the father, mother, and child, after which the father must rise and return thanks for his wife and himself.

The table should be handsomely decorated with flowers, and pretty menus put about. After breakfast, it is usual for the baby to be brought down by the head nurse and handed round for inspection. Babies are always dressed in white for a christening; white embroidered or lace robe, short sleeves tied with satin ribbons, white satin hat or bonnet, and large white cloak of satin or cashmere. The mother, even though quite young, should not dress entirely in white at the christening of her child, but she could wear cream or very pale colors.

Many people prefer to give a christening din-ner, which is certainly a more sociable entertainment, in which case the sponsors and guests should separate at the church door after the conclusion of the religious ceremony, returning in the evening to dinner. At a christening dinner the baby should be handed round before the guests go down stairs.

Monogram.

See Illustration on page 788.

This monogram for a handkerchief is worked with ne embroidery cotton in satin and overcast stitch.

Mull and Lace Collar and Cuff.-Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 788. The collar consists of a band of double mull an inchwide and fifteen inches long, to the upper edge of which two mull side-pleatings are joined. The upper pleating is an inch and a half, and the under one two inches wide; both are edged with lace an inch and a half wide. The cuff is composed of two similar pleatings joined to a band nine inches long.

Toilette Cushion. See illustration on page 788.

See illustration on page 185.

This tollette cushion is covered with claret-colored plush. The top is ornamented with a three-cornered piece of olive woollen brocade which covers half the cushion. The ground figures in the brocade are all edged with puri (silk and gold thread twisted), and are embroidered with open stitches in gold thread and in silk, the flowers being in two shades of plink, and the leaves and stems in olive. The straight sides of the brocade are edged with narrow olive wool loop fringe, which is ornamented with loops of purl, and the diagonal edge is covered by a piece of olive galloon that is ornamented with a Greek border in purl, and with stitches in red silk. The cushion is edged with claret silk cord, and finished at the corners with silk ball tassels in claret and old gold.

Folding Screen.

See illustration on page 185.

The wooden frame of this three-leaved folding screen is covered with olive velvet, which is stretched smoothly around it and tacked down. The panels are of olive velvet embroidered in the designs shown in the illustration. The iris buds and blossoms are in silk, shades of purple and yellow, and the rest of the design in crewel wool, brown for the cat-tails, and shades of olive for the leaves and grasses. After the panels are embroidered, they are lined and tacked to the frame, and the edges of both the panel and binding are covered with a row of galloon, which is fastened down with gilt-headed tacks. Each of the panels is edged with fringe at the bottom.

Borders for Lingerie. - White Embroidery. Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 788.

THESE borders are worked on cotton or linen cambric with fine embroidery cotton in button-hole, over-cast, and ladder stitch.

Surah and Venetian Lace Fichu-Collar.

See illustration on page 789.

See illustration on page 789.

Thus fichu-collar consists of a strip of cream-colored Surah a yard long and three inches wide, which is shirred four times at intervals of half an inch at the top, and edged at the bottom with Venetian lace three inches and a half wide. The shirring is set on a band of double foundation fourteen inches long and an inch and a half wide. The foundation for the jabot in front is a piece of stiff net three inches wide and four long; on this is set a fan-shaped pleating made of a strip of Surah four inches wide, which is edged with lace. The jabot is sewed to the right side of the band, and the collar is tied with ends of cream satin ribbon.

Silk Muslin and Lace Collar. See illustration on page 789

See illustration on page 789.

Thus collar requires as a foundation a round band an inch and a half wide. A strip of double stik muslin a yard and a half long and two inches wide, edged at the bottom with lace three inches and a half wide, is box-pleated, joined to the upper edge of the band, and turned down over it. The muslin is tacked down on the foundation under loops and ends of cream satin ribbon set at regular intervals between the pleats. A jabot is attached to the left end of the collar, which consists of a stiff net back three inches wide and four long, on which two lapping side-pleatings are set. The latter are made of strips of silk muslin half a yard long and two inches wide, which are edged with lace. A satin ribbon bow is set on the jabot.

Crêpe Lisse and Lace Collar.

See illustration on page 789.

his coller is a hand of d The top of this collar is a band of double foundation an inch and a quarter wide, which is covered with blue satin ribbon, the ends of which are tied in the front, and over which cream lace three inches wide is laid. To the lower edge of the band is joined a strip of cream crêpe lisse a yard and a half long and three inches wide, which is edged with lace on the lower edge and the rounded ends. The crêpe lisse is sidepleated along the top, reducing the length to thirteen inches, shirred in three rows below the pleating, and then pleated to the lower edge.

Designs in Darned Net.-Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on pag

se designs, which are suitable for bordering for lace insertions, etc., are darned in strips of els net with fine linen floss.

Whisk-Broom and Holder.-Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 789

See illustrations on page 789.

Fig. 1 shows the broom secured in the basket-work holder. The handle and the top of it are covered with shirred bias claret-colored satin as shown in Fig. 3; the handle is encircled by light blue satin ribbon, which terminates in a bow, and trimmed at the top with light blue ball tassels. The holder (Fig. 2) is button-hole stitched at the upper and lower edges with claret-colored chenille, which is then wound with light blue filoselle silk. It is encircled by a band of olive velveteen, which is overlaid with two rows of gold lace, the straight edges meeting along the middle. The lace is crossed with claret-colored chenille in two shades, and a large cross stitch in blue filoselle is worked in each diamond-shaped space. Stitches in chenille and filo-

selle are between the points of the lace. A blue silk cord is attached at the sides of the hold, and knotted to form a loop at the top. A blue satin ribbon bow is fastened on the knot, and a similar bow on the holder below each end of the cord.

Satin Surah and Lace Fichu-Collar

See illustration on page 789.

See illustration on page 789.

The foundation for this collar is a straight band of double foundation an inch and a half wide and fourteen inches long. On this is set a strip of ivory white satin Surah a yard and a quarter long and four inches wide, which is edged at the bottom and both ends with Aurillac lace of the same width. The satin Surah is shirred in three rows at an inch from the lower edge, and side-pleated at the upper, by which it is joined to the band. The jabot for the front consists of a stiff net back eight inches long and two inches and a half wide, on which a lace-edged satin Surah pleating and a lace fall are arranged. a lace fall are arranged.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INTERESTED.—The manner of transferring embroiddesigns is fully explained in Bazar No. 48, Vol.

SUBSORIBER FROM SPRINGFIELD.—Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 47, Vol. XIV., and you will find

the latest suggestions we can give you.

F. A. S.—Have white blinds in each division of your bay-window, and put draped curtains in the arch next the room. If you prefer it, have French sash curtains of scrim, drawn to move with the sashes, or else have your shades fringed, or lightly embroidered, or edged with lace.

LILLIAN.—Get dark green flannel or else brown Cheviot for a winter school dress for a girl of sixteen. Make it with a pleated hunting jacket fitted over a close lining, with belt and Byron collar. Then have a pleated skirt and apron over-skirt, with stitched edges for the only trimming, or else add rows of braid on the over-skirt, and make the skirt plain, with tucks

on the over-skirt, and make the skirt plain, with tucks near the foot.

Penetiope.—Keep your gulpure lace yet a little longer, as it has not been fully restored to fashion as was predicted.

JESSIE.-Any large furnishing store in New York JESSIE.—Any large lurinsning store in New York will supply you with long kid gloves that draw on without buttoning. The heavy Biarritz gloves begin as low as 75 cents a pair for the shortest length, but fine qualities of kid will cost twice as much or more.

fine qualities of kid will cost twice as much or more. We do not give addresses in this column.

F. E. D.—Make your plaid dress with a long polonaise and short skirt, or else in the way cloth and Cheviot dresses are made, with a hunting jacket, apron over-skirt, and pleated skirt, merely stitched by ma-chine, or else bordered with plush of a dark rich color.

ONE INTERESTED.—At a full-dress wedding in the evening the groom and best man wear plain untrimmed shirt fronts, with one large stud of gold or a jewel, a narrow turned-over or standing collar, accord-ing to fancy, and a folded white lawn tie. The cnffs are square-cornered, meeting when fastened by the linked sleeve-buttons. Read further hints in the New linked sleeve-buttons. Read further hints in the New York Fashions of Bazar No. 48, Vol. XIV. You should provide the best man with gloves, button-hole bouquet, and a carriage. The swallow-tail full-dress suit is confined to evenings, and is accompanied by white kid gloves. At day weddings the frock-coat is used; and it is the fashion at present for the groom and attendants to omit gloves at day weddings.

Subscriber.—Bazar No. 27, Vol. XII., dated July 5, 1879, contains an article on "Treasnry Girls."

VIRGINIA.—Various recipes for staining wood were

VIRGINIA.—Various recipes for staining wood were given in Bazar No. 12, Vol. XI.

READER.—You will be safe in purchasing a seal-skin sacque or long cloak. Read all about them in New

York Fashions of Bazar No. 46, Vol. XIV.

Her.—Use your jetted fringe by all means. It is still stylish, yet the fashion may not last. Have one double box pleat pressed flatly, instead of three, in your Cheviot hunting jacket, and have two single box pleats in front, with the lapped double breast and two rows of buttons between these pleats.

K. B.—Get bronze green plush for your skirt, and make it with two wide box pleats behind, and merely a narrow pleated frill on the edge.

Clara M.—It is not the correct thing for ushers to

wear dress suits at 9 A.M., or at any hour of the day.
Full-dress suits are not put on until evening by gentlemen. Read all about gentlemen's clothing in New York Fashions of a late Bazar.

L. A.—You should write to any of the fancy stores

that advertise in the Bazar for information about canvas, its width, prices, etc.

LENA.-Moiré skirts with plain gored front, two box pleats behind, and a great ruche at the foot, will be worn with plush basques of the same, or of contrast-

HOOSIER.—Make your gray flannel suit with a hunt-HOOSER.—Make your gray nannel suit with a hunting jacket, or else a Jersey waist. Then have a pleated skirt like a kilt, and an apron scarf drapery tied in a large soft bow behind. For your plum-colored silk get narrow striped velvet or else plush for a basque, and have a full silk skirt with a border of the velvet

A Subscriber.—A brunette with plenty of color in her cheeks will look well in dark myrtle green—either cloth, cashmere, or velvet; but if she is pale, a very dark garnet or terra cotta red would suit her. Embroidery for trimming cashmere should be done in the color of the cashmere—not in the various shades of aves represente

Mrs. Mayo .- Do not alter your circular except to remove the ball fringe, and have the edges stitched. Have the plush jacket fitted closely, like a basque. Make a basque and pleated skirt of the cashmere, and put satin scarf drapery on the skirt and basque.
Philadelphia.—For a very cheap screen you can

buy either cretonne or wall-paper that represents files or has other Japanese designs, and mount it on a clothes-horse of smallest size, which you should first blacken like ebonized wood

H. L. H .- Don't alter any of the dresses already made. Have your black camel's-hair made up like a cloth dress in tailor fashion. Get bronze moiré, not striped, to trim your satin Surah, and add to this some rich embroidery or else bronzed Spanish lace. For your Ulster have dark bottle green cloth made in Mother Hubbard style, with a pleated flounce around the

A. E. K.-A Russian sable muff will be a very safe purchase. It is a pity the cloak sent you is not brown plush or else green cloth, with marabout feather border, as green and brown now go together. However, if your black cloak is very long, it does not matter what dress is worn beneath it.

Minnis.—The bridegroom should wear a frock-coat

when the bride wears a travelling dress, and he, as well as other gentlemen, at a day wedding may omit gloves; but the bride and her mother and lady guests should





AUTUMN SHOPPING.

THE SOLILOQUY.

THE autumn sun begins to shine, The autumn wind to blow; 'Tis time that on this brow of mine
An autumn hat should show; I'll hie me to the milliner, The latest styles to know.

THE SHOPPING.

She tried me in a cone-shaped hat-I'm rather tall and thin; She tried for something broad and flat, My kind regard to win—
My head looked like a stunted nut An o'ergrown burr within.

She tossed, with hand that did not crush, Felts, furs, and velvets o'er; Old gold chenille and moleskin plush She thought I should adore: She seemed to think my purse was flush To buy up all the store.

She said, "Here's something very neat; You can not pass it by. I looked: a gaudy parrakeet
Had spread its wings to fly.
"Try this:" a pair of tiger's feet Upon the brim did lie.

"Now here's a lovely thing in fur, Topped with a gray rat's head." Oh, horrors! and I looked at her, Not sure of what she said. She smiled, and said, consolingly, "Of course the rat is dead."

Upon my brow, as on a stone, A cock with glassy eye Was laid, with helpless head and lone, By cruel hand to die; And next a brooding guinea-hen Its nesting there did try.

She said: "This turtle can not fail Your taste refined to meet, Unless you choose this graceful snail, Or spider with gold feet. A life-like shrimp, or sprawling crab, Would make your hat look sweet."

Perplexed and tired and sick at heart, I said, "I'll think it o'er." The milliner was loath to part, And longed to show me more. Glad to escape from fashion's mart, I sought my sheltering door.

That night I dreamed a fearful dream That filled my soul with sighs. All round me fluttering birds did seem To rend the air with cries; The dove's sad moan and peacock's scream Were all my lullabies.

And through my hair, that night of dread, Did scratch and peck the fowls, And hens upon my heated head Did brood like wakeful owls, And pawless bears and tigers leaped Upon my couch with howls.

All o'er me scrambled great gray rats, And turtles pinched my ears; Fat, slimy snails left shining trails That mingled with my tears To tell such horrors language fails-The moments seemed like years.

THE CONCLUSION

I woke. My throbbing head grew cool; My heaving breast grew calm. I said, "No more I'll be a fool." I sang this peaceful psalm:
"The Quaker garb shall be my choice; Plain dressing bears the palm.'

Next day I joined the "S. P. C. A.," And next the Peace Society. Behold me now in neat array, Eschewing vain variety.

A nun could hardly be less gay: Of style I've had satiety.

BOULOGNE FISHERMEN'S WIVES AWAITING THE BOATS. See illustration on double page.

In this drawing by Mr. A. E. Emslie, which was in the London Black and White Exhibition of 1880, a rather touching scene of humble life, often witnessed by English visitors to the most accessible of French watering-places, is represented with striking truth and a high degree of sympathetic feeling. The hard-working poor wo-men and girls of the St. Pierre quarter, in the upper part of the town, come down to the steps of the harbor pier early in the morning with their baskets to receive the produce of the fishermen's nightly toil at sea, ready to carry it to the market for sale. Many of them, perhaps, having been kept awake by a crying infant or by some anxious thoughts of danger to those whom they hold most dear, are still in need of a little more rest before they are compelled to begin the labors of the new day. Some are therefore observed to lie sleeping on their stony pillow, or leaning against one another as they sit, while those not overcome by slumber are chatting or knitting, and frequently looking out to sea for the approaching fleet of boats. There are more than a thousand fishingboats, we are told, belonging to this port, but many of them repair to the coast of Scotland, or even go so far as the Shetland Isles, for the herring fishery. They are the largest and best worked in the British Channel. This class of the Boulogne towns-folk have some distinctive and peculiar customs, and neither in their dress nor in the *patois* of their language resemble the ordi-

nary French population. It is worth while for the visitor to Boulogne to stroll through the streets of their habitation, where nets are hung up to dry in front of almost every house.

LIFE IN MEXICO.

An interesting and important Discovery.—Opening an Aztec Tomb.—The Foundations of an Ancient Temple uncovered.—Descendants of the Aztecs.—The Mexican Market-Place.

Market Outple 8, 1881

Mexico, October 8, 1881.

VERY interesting discovery has recently been made near Morelia, a city lying about one hundred and twenty-five miles west from the city of Mexico, in the State of Michoacan. The following account of the discovery is given by

the *Periodico Oficial* of Morelia:
"Archæology is the torch which can throw light in the darkness which envelops the history of the ancient Michoacans. Monuments speak where history is silent, and a recent discovery, the result of accident, may lead to the establishment of many interesting facts, if brought to the attention of scholars competent to understand the full mean-

ing of its revelations.

In the grounds belonging to the hacienda of Tequezquite, on the west shore of the lake of Nacimiento, about four kilometers south of Morelia, some peasants were giving chase to a large snake, which suddenly disappeared in a hole in the ground. The peasants, determined to capthe reptile, began to dig in the place where it had so unexpectedly vanished. They soon found the snake and killed it, but that small triumph was soon forgotten in the surprise that followed. In digging for the snake they had excavated an ancient tomb, in which reposed a mummy in perfect preservation. At its shoulder was an arrow-head of obsidian, and in a small cavity at its head were several clay vases of unique

"The desire to find jewels of gold and silver has led a large number of persons to make new excavations in this ancient burial-ground of a forgotten race. But instead of precious metals, a vast number of tombs have been discovered, in one of which five mummies were lying side by side. The tombs are built near to each other, and are of rough stones rudely piled together, with no indi-cation of mortar. Thirty mummies have already been taken out, each one having been buried with weapons of obsidian and clay jars of different kinds, some in the shape of deformed human

"Among these objects taken from the tombs is a curiously formed candelabrum, and also a mu-sical instrument. The latter is of red clay, and highly polished. It is composed of two hollow spheres connected by a concave tube. A design representing a serpent is visible on the body of the instrument, and the mouth-piece is in imita-tion of the open mouth of the same reptile. The

sound it produces is similar to that of a flute.

"The clay from which these relics are made is the same as was used for the manufacture of pottery by the Aztecs of this region previous to

the Spanish conquest.
"In one of these tombs was found a piece of granite marked with a cross in bass-relief, which would seem to indicate the date of this ancient cemetery to be after the introduction of Catholicism into Michoacan. It is thought, however, by those versed in the ancient history of Mexico. that this cemetery is the burial-place of a people who had ceased to exist, and whose name was forgotten long before the Spaniards came to invade the country of the Aztecs. An ancient mound, built by prehistoric hands, exists in the neighborhood of this burial-place, and there is little doubt that the people who built the mound lie sleeping in these ancient tombs, as the wea-pons and clay utensils buried with them are evidently the work of a race older than the Aztecs. As the sign of the cross is found among the old-est ruins of Yucatan, dating from a much older period than the introduction of Christianity by the Spaniards, it is also possible that it may have been an emblem possessing a certain significance among the aboriginal inhabitants of Mexico.'

Scarcely a week passes that some interesting discovery is not made of the relics of the ancient inhabitants of Mexico. During the past summer workmen have been engaged in digging up the ground within the inclosure of the cathedral of this city, for the purpose of planting flowers and shrubs. Their shovels hit upon a solid stone, which on further investigation proved to be the base of a large pillar. This interesting relic of past ages was near the southwest corner of the great cathedral, and is undoubtedly a portion of the first church built by Cortez on the site of the ancient temple to Huitzilopochtli. Five of thes foundations of pillars have now been dug out, and lie within the inclosure. Some large stones covered with Aztec designs were found near the pillars, which are supposed to be a portion of the temple itself. They represent the "feathered serpent" of the Aztecs, the coiled body and the head being almost as distinct as when it left the hands of ancient workmen.

Near the pillars some skulls and a large number of human bones have been exhumed. The skulls are black with age, and crumble on being exposed to the air. One only has remained perfect. It is not known that any burial-ground ever existed in this place, and these remains are supposed to be those of victims who perished on the great sacrificial stone which may still be seen in the court-yard of the National Museum. This theory is rendered probable from the fact that the skulls are found in a position which indicates that they were separated from the bodies before burial. The remains may also be those of Aztec or Spanish soldiers, as many fell in the terrible battles which took place at the base of the great temple during the struggle for the possession of the city. Workmen are still digging to uncover these interesting relics, working up to

their knees in water, which flows into the holes so rapidly that large pumps in constant opera-tion fail to keep the excavations clear. A curious crowd is constantly gathered about the spot, the Indians especially showing the most intense curiosity in these relics of their ancestors. These ancient stones and human remains were only a very few feet below the surface of the ground, and there is little doubt that many other things of archæological importance are lying buried in the cathedral inclosure. There are many voices clamoring for further excavations, but the majority of the people protest in strong terms against turning the streets and plazas of the city of Mexico into a field of scientific investigation.

The Indians form a very curious and interest-ing part of the crowd in the streets of this city. They are a trading people, and always have something to sell, and all the business of the sidewalk stands is in their hands. Fruit, candied sweetmeats, cakes of all kinds, cheap foreign trinkets, and many curious bits of pottery, and toys man-ufactured of clay or straw by the Indians themselves, are exposed for sale on these sidewalk stands. In the large market-places, where fruit, vegetables, and flowers lie in luxuriant heaps on the pavement, Indians have sole control. Darkeyed, nut-brown girls, with long flowing black hair, and wrinkled old women, with skin like leather, sit on the damp stones surrounded by golden and rosy mangoes, pomegranates, peaches, pears, plums, red and white roses and hundreds of other flowers, and all the vegetables of the North and South, and cry their merchandise in melancholy, sing-song tones. Nothing could be more picturesque than the Mexican market-place in the early morning. By the gateways tortilla women have their stands. Kneeling at their work, they grind the corn, mix the dough, and bake the small flat cakes with the same rude im-plements of stone and rough clay which Mexican Indians have used for ages, and will continue to

In all the civilized portions of Mexico the Indian is a very useful and peaceful member of society. Only pulque and religious enthusiasm can render him troublesome. The pulquewhich, alas! grows cheap and abundant, while bread grows dear and scarce—is a beverage the Indian can not dispense with. Pulque shops are more numerous in this city than drinking saloons along the Bowery and Third Avenue. At almost every corner one is greeted by the sour yeasty smell, and there is the small shop, level with the sidewalk, with its row of jars, its distended hog-skins, its large mugs, filled with the white liquor, standing on the counter, and its crowd of thirsty

In religious matters the Indian is a fanatic, and in the interest of his faith would commit atrocities as calmly as his ancestors, ages ago, dug out the hearts of their victims in the name of Huitzilopochtli. The recent religious riots in the western portion of the State of Mexico are sufficient proof of this fact. Since the great reforms, which are heartily supported by all the best people of the country, religious liberty is allowed throughout Mexico, and church processions are no longer permitted to encumber the streets. But in spite of these laws, the Indian Protestants have been attacked by other In-dians even in the State of Mexico itself. The riots assumed such proportions that men, women, and even children have been killed, and the excitement in that section of the country is intense. At the same time, complaints come from San Luis Potosi and other cities of the interior that religious processions interfere with the business routine, and that the ridiculous spectacle has been seen of images of saints carried in state through the public streets, followed by crowds of adoring Indians. Truly it takes many years, even in this age of enlightenment, for a people to free itself from old superstitions.

The city of Mexico, among its other blessings, is the fortunate possessor of a natural ice-house, which from January to December never fails to yield a supply far in excess of the demand. On the plateaux above the snow-line on the ancient volcano of Popocatepetl are hundreds of small ponds, which are always kept filled with water by the Indians, who every morning take out great blocks of clear sparkling ice, which the early train brings to the city. After the arrival of the train, indians may be seen in all the city streets wheeling what appears to be a load of dried grass, but what is really a block of the finest ice in the world, enveloped in grass to keep it from melting. Blessed is a city over which an ice company has no control! Indians may be seen in all the city streets wheel-

DOMESTIC UPHOLSTERY.

GIRLS are daily learning more and more thoroughly the use of their hands and brains, and this knowledge gained, another point is soon reached, namely, that any work well done is worth its price. Hence ladies do not scruple to take money for their painting, work, etc., and girls are learning more fully than they did of old that the cessity for work does not lower the worker.

Still, there is much to learn. Girls think it no shame to their gentility to go out and fight the battle of life on their own account, but many of them scorn the work to be found nearer home, which must be done if things are to go on comfortably at home. In many families there is no necessity for the girls to earn their own living, at least to leave the home circle for the purpose; but if they would use the talents they have for the benefit of their own families, they, if not actually earning money, yet might save it (and, according to the old saw, "a penny saved is a penny gained"); and by taking into their hands some of the light work and odd jobs always to be found about a house, could reduce the number of servants, and at the same time leave a larger margin for any little unforeseen wants or pleasure.

It is wonderful how much may be done at home by willing hands and clever brains. The present style of furniture offers plenty of scope for amateur taste and work. Still, it is not given to every one to start with a new house, and the power of buying new furniture. Many people, willing and anxious to have bright, dainty surroundings (by-the-way, brightness is hardly the great characteristic of the present taste), can not afford to dismiss the solid, ungainly old furniture that came to them with the house, and is far too good to get rid of, and yet too utterly out of date to be salable at anything like a fair price. The famous "drawing-room suite," covered in rep or broché of some, to modern taste, excruciating shade of green or magenta, which was once all but universal, is fast dying out. Enough specimens still remain to harass unlucky owners, who are gradually awaking to a taste for less decided colors. The things are good, nay, even handsome, of their kind, but oh! that covering, which no amount of sun can apparently fade to any less try-ing shade. Your walls, fresh papered or painted, may be perfect. Papa has stretched a point, and allowed the Brussels drawing-room carpet, with its astounding bouquets, to be superseded by Persian or Indian rugs and stained floor; but you know quite well it is hopeless to think of that furniture. Few good upholsterers care to be at the bother of re-covering old furniture, unless antique enough to be a curiosity. They frankly tell you it will cost almost as much as new, and certainly make good their words. What, then, can be done? The answer is simple. Do it yourself. It may sound alarming to speak of recovering with your own hands those chairs, sofa, etc.; but, honestly, the sound is the worst of it. Begin at first modestly with a separate chair, and try your hand at covering it with some cheap material, so that, even if you fail, the result will not be disastrous. Proceed as follows: Over the cushion of your chair pin a piece of thin tough paper, and cut out an exact pattern, carefully marking all the pleats and little nicks required to make the cover lie smooth and even-the great secret in this work. Lay this pattern on your material, and cut the latter out exactly by it, marking all the required pleats and nicks. strip off carefully the gimp binding of the chair you intend operating on, brush the cushion thoroughly, and remove any stain with benzine, or you may chance to see your old enemy re-appear through the new cover. The chair thus prepared, pin on your new cover, taking care to get it to sit quite evenly everywhere before fastening it. This done, nail it on carefully with tiny furniture tacks, made for the purpose, and finish it all off with a gimp, or a band of the same material, stretched firmly all round to hide the rough

If the seat is buttoned down instead of being quite plain, your task is a little more troublesome, and must be done in one or other of the following ways: Take the buttons off, fasten the cover, which must be cut a little larger, rather loosely on; then with a long, thin packing-needle and some strong twine sew in the buttons, covered to match the seat, from the back. The second way is the neatest, if the buttons are fixed on firmly enough. Lay your stuff over the seat of the chair, pin it lightly into position; then, with strong thread, of the proper color, pass your needle round the button, catching the new cloth, and so cover the button as it stands, wind the thread round the cloth tightly three or four times, and fasten. Repeat this process for each button, and then fit your cover on as before. This is the whole mystery of covering furniture; and if you will only be really careful with your pattern, and in fixing on your material smoothly and neatly, your work is sure to be a success. After all, why should you not succeed? Who does the work for the upholsterer? A woman; and what one woman can do, another may. She may have a little more experience and training, but as against that you have more time and greater inclination to take trouble. From sixteen to eight-een yards of material of ordinary (not narrow) width will cover a small suite.

A very little practice will make you wonderfulhandy at this work, and you will be astonished to find what pretty, useful pieces of furniture you may make out of old ones by help of a little pretty crewel or appliqué work and a yard or two of velveteen or plush. For example, take an old American rocking or lounging chair, which has seen service, and of which, though the frame may be good, the varnish and the cane-work are decidedly passé. Cut away the cane-work, leaving the holes around the frame quite clear; have this frame thoroughly scrubbed with hot water and soda, and when dry, cover it all carefully with a coating of Berlin black. Next day polish this with a clean, hard, black-lead brush. If you touch it up with a few lines of gold paint, the effect on the ebonized surface produced by rubbing up the Berlin black will be really good. Now covering. Sew on to the back and seat with strong twine a piece of stout ticking or sacking. On this foundation, which must be sewn on as tightly as possible, tack two or three pieces of wadding, which you must cover with a piece of strong muslin or glazed lining. Next have ready your outside cover, which must fit exactly, and which you also sew on strongly with thread. Finish off with a gimp or cord, tacked on with small tacks inserted between the holes in the frame. For the back, nail on a straight piece of the material, finishing off with the gimp as before. Of course the outside cover may be plush, velveteen, a strip of work between either of the preceding, or cretonne, as you please. A useful appendage in a drawing-room, though,

if bought, rather an expensive one, is a work-table Still, any one who can use hammer and nails, and is moderately neat-handed, can soon make a very pretty one. Take a shallow, wide box, such as you can buy of any grocer, and take off the lid; cut the tops diagonally of four sticks, such as seeds-



men sell for standard rose supports, and fasten these tops to your box, at the corners, and about an inch and a half from the sides. These legs should cross letter X fashion, and be secured at the crossing with a thin French nail. Slip the lid of your box on to the lower part of this letter X by means of four holes cut to match the angle of the legs, and secure it also with French nails. This will make a shelf to hold your cup of tea, a book, etc. Your frame made, paint and polish it like the chair mentioned before, and, when dry, trim it as follows: Fasten a sheet of wadding all round the outside, over this padding slip a joined strip of velveteen, plush, or any material you choose, securing it with glue or nails to the bottom and inside of the box. This may be finished off with a band of macramé lace, or a narrow strip of a light-particle of the box. er shade of satin, embroidered in silks, or with tassels and ball fringe, as you please. For the lining, cut pieces of card-board to fit the bottom and sides of your box; pad them with wadding also, and then cover the bottom one with a piece of satin or satteen, quilted or plain, as you fancy. Make one side the same. The other three should be finished off with pockets like a work-basket. These five pieces of card-board should be glued to your box neatly, and the whole is complete. A cover of velveteen to match the box, lined with the same as the box lining, and finished off with the owner's monogram in silks or gold thread, and some lace all round in addition.

Most people know that home-worked table covers, tidies, and cushions may be produced better than bought ones; but few seem to realize that the faded chintz or stained rep they grumble at and try to hide with the former can be easily and inexpensively covered by their own fingers, and how valuable any pieces of work will be in helping on the transformation.

VIEWS IN CEYLON.

See illustration on page 797.

"CEYLON," writes Sir Emerson Tennent, from whatever direction it is approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness and grandeur unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe. Every traveller is alike entranced by the vision of beauty which expands before him as the island rises from the sea, its lofty mountains covered by luxuriant forests, and its shores, till they meet the ripple of the waves, bright with the foliage of perpetual spring." The Brahmans style the island "resplendent," the Buddhist poets sing of it as "a pearl on the brow of India," while the Mahommedans believe it to be the spot assigned to Adam to console him for the loss of paradise, and the early European explorers spoke in rapture of the "spicy breezes" that blow from its shores. Long before the sailor sees the lighthouse at Colombo, and the cocoa-palms which fringe the shores, he beholds the towering form of Adam's Peak rising high above the loftiest ranges of the hills, and often shrouded in storms and thunder-clouds. Till the year 1815, the hill district, in which the peak is, if not actually the highest, yet the most conspicuous elevation, was unknown to Europeans. But in that year the English, who had succeeded the Dutch and Portuguese in the low country, burst through the mountain rampart which had long defended the King of Kandy and his capital. The first work of the conquerors was to carry a military road into the heart of the country, reaching an altitude of more than six thousand feet above the sea. Rocks were pierced, precipices scarped, and torrents bridged to effect the passage. For the last thirty miles before the city is reached, the road passes through scenery which combines the grandeur of the Alps with all the splendor of tropical vegetation. It is an Oriental Simplon. It was seen by the British Governor that so grand a work would be a reproach instead of a trophy if it did not serve to develop the resources of the island. Taught by experience that the low lands were unfit for the cultivation of coffee, he formed a plantation on his own estate near Kandy. His example transformed Ceylon from a military cantonment to a flourishing colony. The mountain ranges were rapidly covered with plantations, and coffee-trees quickly bloomed on solitary hills around the very base of Adam's Peak. From Gaenpola, the spot at which the great roads converge from the richest districts, the road winds ard to the sanitarium of Newaraellia, skirting the bases of the hills till it reaches an apparently insurmountable barrier of mountains in the glen of Rangbodde. So narrow is the gorge that the road enters between two cataracts that descend on either side of the pass. Near Rangproduced. The plantations are at every season objects of beauty. The leaves are dark green, polished like those of the laurel; the pure white flowers grow in tufts along the top of the branches, and bloom so suddenly that at morning the trees look as if snow had fallen on them in wreaths during the night. The jasmine perfume they exhale lasts but for a day, then crimson berries like cherries succeed, bearing within the pulp the double seed.

At the distant Adam's Peak, devotees of all races meet, and unite in peaceful worship of the holy foot-print, which Brahmans believe to have been impressed by Siva, the Buddhists by Buddha, the Mohammedans by Adam, and the Catholics either by St. Thomas, or by the eunuch of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia. Some misbelievers affirm it is the footstep of Lucifer when he fell from heaven to earth. The foot-print is about five feet long. The view from the summit is grand, and unobstructed over earth and sea, as the eye looks down on the zone of hills, the rolling plains, and silver rivers till in the purple distance the glitter of the sunbeams on the sea marks the line of the Indian Ocean. Nowhere else can the eye measure the height by comparison with a surrounding plain nearly on a level

with the sea. But this lofty peak is not the oldest scene of mountain worship. Years before the sacred foot-print had been stamped into the rock, the great apostle Mahindo had met and converted King Devenipiatissa on the top of the hill of Mihintala. It is a mountain carved into a temple. From its summit the view extends over an expanse of foliage that stretches away to the horizon. Towering above this ocean of verdure are the gigantic dagobas of the ancient capital Anurajahpoora, the city on whose splendors the early Chinese travellers expatiated with religious fervor. The ground for miles must have been covered with magnificent buildings, surrounded by groves of odoriferous trees. Now a few huts and a dwelling for some priests are all that remain of its splendors. The Brazen Palace is a forest of rough pillars; the air is heavy and unwholesome; the forest covers everything with its impervious shade.

Royal pomp has vanished, but religious observances remain. Here is the sacred Bo-tree, the planting of which, in the year 288 B.C., forms an epoch in Singhalese annals, and here are the most famous dagobas in Ceylon. The word dagoba means a relic shrine, and a huge pile of brickwork raised to preserve one of the relics of Buddha, which were collected after his cremation. They consist of a bell-shaped dome of brick-work surmounted by a cube supporting a pointed spire. and are placed on a square platform approached by flights of stone steps. Those that have been explored have been found to be solid, inclosing a hollow vessel which once contained the relic, but in which only a few discolored pearls have been found. One of these enormous buildings is said by Mr. Ferguson to be the oldest monument now extant in India. It was built three centuries before Christ. The Abhayogiri dagoba, built B.C. 87, was originally four hundred and fifty feet high. The holiest of all, the Thuparama, which enshrines the collar-bone of Buddha, is only seventy feet high, but is remarkable for its bellshaped form. The highest at the present day is the great Javta-wana-rama, erected A.D. 330. It is 249 feet in height and 360 feet in diameter, and ests on a platform of stone 720 feet square and 15 feet high. The whole contents, therefore, exceed twenty millions of cubic feet. The building would cost over five millions of dollars, and occupy five hundred bricklayers for seven years, and the bricks would line an ordinary railroad tunnel twenty miles long. The construction of these huge shrines is only remarkable for the vast amount of labor which must have been expended on the work. The form is of the simplest design, as befits the primitive constitution of a religion which substitutes meditation for worship. Around the dago-bas there were originally circular colonnades of columns; many of these, octagonal in shape and graceful in proportions, still remain erect, forming, in the words of Knox, "A world of hewn-stone pillars."

MISS BRITANNIA TITTER-MARY'S LAST THANKSGIVING.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

T was a fine November morning. As Miss Britannia sat by the open fire and waited for the twins to come to breakfast, her eyes rested pleasantly upon a little bouquet of wild flowers she had bought for only ten cents the day before. She thought of brown fields garnished with the splendors of the olden year—of purple mists upon the mountain, of blushing leaves kissed into crimson dyes by passionate wooers of storm and wind; she thought of the solemn woods, of the deep-crimsoned ash, the yellow maple, and the silver beech.

And yet Miss Britannia had never been five consecutive days in the country. The Tittermarys had always lived in the city. They now occupied a small flat in an unexceptionable neighborhood

I must hasten to say that Miss Britannia, although perhaps a little sentimental and imaginative, was also an extremely practical little woman. She had prepared the breakfast with her own hands. It was a delicate, dainty repast, but nothing was subtracted from quantity to add to quality. From the spotless linen to the handful of fall flowers, everything was made the most of. It was suggestive of my heroine's character. A careful observer would have noticed that the capabilities of all the materials had been eked out to the furthest extent.

It was the more to be regretted that the twins, for whom the repast was devised and created, were not careful observers. A slipshod performwould have done ins Britannia had never labored for applause, or even appreciation. As a general thing, what is not demanded is seldom obtained, and Miss Britannia was comparative. Her most excellent qualities seemed to be merely negative ones. She was a little woman of forty or thereabouts, with faded hair, complexion, and eyes.

The door of the dining-room suddenly opened, and one of the twins stood upon the threshold. So positive an exemplar of womanhood irradiated the apartment that Miss Britannia's negative nce was nearly wiped out upon the spot. The full flower of youth shone there-golden hair, blue eyes, arched eyebrows, dazzling complexion; and following close upon her high little French heels was another vision of beauty in an adolescently masculine shape-black eyes, olive skin, vivid color, high nose. This was Tom Tit-

"Why, Rosy," he said, looking admiringly upon his sister, "you look immense this morning. And yet you turned in about as late as I did last night. If you keep these late hours, young woman, you'll

find your lilies and roses pegging out."
"Oh yes," said Rose, "you have an admirable way of turning attention from your own misdeeds by pitching into others. My time was well em-

ployed last night. I sang superbly, and acted splendidly.

"Hold on," cried Tom. "Let's see the pa-

"Only the Home Journal," said Rose. "You must remember that I don't sing for money.'

"Don't you wish you did?" said Tom.
"Oh, don't I?" responded Rose. "And won't
I, if something better don't turn up very soon!"

"Come to the table, children," said Britannia.

Down they scrambled. Voraciously they ate,
without regard to precision or prudence, Tom devouring one dainty dish, his sister another, Britannia's carefully prepared viands disappearing like chaff before the wind. As they ate they talked, gesticulated, quoted, dramatized. Britannia's little cup of tea grew cold while she looked upon them. How bright they were! how beautiful! how brilliant! But it was now past eight o'clock, and Tom was expected at Mr. Jones's office at that hour. He had certainly made an excellent meal, and was now finishing off upon a gigantic fall pippin, as he listened to his sister's graphic description of the amateur entertainment of the evening before.

"Tom," said Britannia, taking out her old-fashioned watch, "it is past eight."

"All right, Tannie," said Tom. "I meant to have told you that I've given up that job."

"Left your situation, Tom?"

"Yes or it have left warmer to the left warm

"Yes, or it has left me; it amounts to the

same thing, I suppose."

Britannia was disappointed, but not shocked. Tom was the most remarkable fellow for losing one situation and gaining another. As a proof of his wonderful activity and the versatility of his talents in this way, it may be mentioned that Tom had been known to lose and gain five differ-

ent occupations in a week.
"You see, Tannie," said Tom, turning to his elder sister, and taking some scraps of paper out of his pocket, "these mercantile fellows have no appreciation for the cravings of genius. They are given over to the sordid amassing of dollars and cents, and so greedy to know how many miserable pennies they make in a day that they want a fellow to plod up and down the columns of a ledger, with the same ten figures, eternally. Now you may reverse and twist and turn these hieroglyphics as you like, after a while they become monotonous, and I was taking a little rest with this sketch for the boys"—here Tom displayed a creditable study in horses' heads (three abreast, and straining every nerve to reach a goal beyond the width of the sheet); "and this one"—here he showed his sisters a sketch of animal life upon a house-top—" Cats in the early Morning," he call-

"It's very well done, Tom," said Britannia, but perhaps Mr. Jones—"

"Yes, Tannie, old Jones advised me to go and hire a studio; he said his office was not calcula-ted for the pursuit of Art—sarcastical, you know. But I'll take the old fellow's advice some time. Don't look blue, Tannie; I won't hire a studio

to-day; I've got another situation."
"Oh, Tom, if you could only keep it!"

"I think perhaps I will this time. The gentle-man that engaged my services looks like a man that expects nothing, so that he's not likely to be disappointed. He only asked a few questions my name and so forth-and seemed to be satisfied. He's a queer, cold, dried-up-looking chap by the name of Grimshaw.'

'Grimshaw!" cried the elder and younger sister, simultaneously.

"Grimshaw," repeated Tom. "What's in his name? A rose by any other would smell as sweet. But it isn't any such intangible, fragile essence as perfume we want just now; it is hard cash, which this Grimshaw seems to possess to excess.

'He is cold and dried-up-looking, Tom, is he, with skin the color of Tannie's bedstead?" said

"Yes-a light mahogany, something that would

"Yes—a light mahogany, something that would suit the demand for Egyptian mummies."

"Silent, cold, reserved," said Rose.

"Glum and grim," said Tom, "with a cynical twinkle in his hollow eyes."

"That's he! That's the Sultan! You owe your situation to me. He fell in love with me last night. I was going on to tell you about it when Tannie took out her watch. He came late. when Tannie took out her watch. He came late. I knew by the sensation he created he must be an available party. All the girls began to glower at each other, and prink up their different styles. One commenced to languish sentimentally, another to converse æsthetically, still another to arch her eyebrows and look infantile, and each and all of them out of the corners of their beautiful eyes sought the attention of this cold, grim mummy of a man. Then I made inquiries, learned he was the Sultan of the season, returned to the city after years of patient, unremitting toil, with the practical result in dollars and bonds and investments and everything; now means to enjoy himself, and buy a wife; the best the market can af-ford—ahem!"—Rose paused, held up her head proudly-"that's me," she said, impressively. "You are always more cheeky than grammat

ical, Rose," said Tom, "and sometimes more un-reliable than either. How are we to know that your vanity has not run away with your veraci-Bag your game before you boast.'

"Give me time, Tom. Let me see, this is the 5th of November. Thanksgiving is our birthday."

"I don't see why, Rose. I don't know why "I don't see why, Rose. I don't know why we should be perpetually identified with grati-

"I begin to," said Rose. "Nous verron till Thanksgiving-day. In the mean while don't chatter to Mr. Grimshaw."

"I'll imitate his severe reserve," said Tom, and went out the door, and down the stairs three at a

Rose went into the parlor, opened the piano, and began those trills and roulades with her voice that at first enchanted the neighborhood, then drove it to distraction.

Miss Britannia remained in her chair. She allowed the little maid to clear off the table un-assisted. Her cup of tea had remained untouched; she had not eaten a morsel since she had heard the name of Grimshaw. She was living in a Thanksgiving twenty years ago. She was back again in the old house in the dingy street of the dingy town. A heavy, damp, dull, unseasonable day; oaths and scuffles, and shrill voices of feminine gossip; the blare of the band from a passing target company distracted her ears; min-gled odors of turkey dressing and chloroform sickened her nostrils. The shabby back of her father's coat as he knelt at the bedside; the patchwork quilt; the green mosquito netting; the gaudy colors in the wall-paper—everything offended her sight, except the white, wan, still beautiful face of Rose, her step-mother, her friend, the young, lovely creature her father had married only one year ago. The ugly brass clock ticked off the last poor little minutes with the same old monotony. Britannia remembered that it struck twelve horrible, grating, discordant bangs upon the old gong, when the bell rang.

The big beautiful eyes in the white face upon the bed suddenly opened wide upon Britannia.
"It is Mr. Grimshaw," whispered the pale lips.

Britannia felt the cold little hands close like a vise upon her own. An eager, strained expression pleaded in the dying face.

"What is it, darling? What can I do for you?" said Britannia.
"It—is—Mr.—Grimshaw!" faltered the poor

woman. "My—babies! What will become of—"
"Your babies, Rose? I will take care of them.
I will never forsake them. May God do so to

A heavenly light suddenly shone in the dying face, then faded; the white lids closed. She was

Britannia remembered so well when she went in to Mr. Grimshaw. How was it the twins spoke of him just now? Poor children, if they only of him just now? knew! Cold, grim, impassive? Ah, no! It could not be the same Mr. Grimshaw. The color deepened in the poor lady's cheek; her eyes shone with a soft radiance; she was half ashamed of the old memories, so warm, so sweet. Cold? Ah, no! he was never cold. But cruel—yes.

Her tears, her sobs, her cries of pity and regret, only seemed to harden him.

"It is time you should be relieved of all this care and misery," he said. "Your father was a fool to marry again; he must abide by the consequences. The time has come when you must

choose between your father and me."
"It is not a question of duty to my father,"
she had said. "Think, dear—do think of these

helpless babies!"

"Babies!" he cried. "Are there two of them?" "Yes, dear; they are twins-a lovely boy and

"Twins!" repeated Mr. Grimshaw, and grew in proportion doubly stern. "What a fool your fa-

"I promised their poor mamma I would never forsake them," said poor Britannia.
"And what did you promise me, Tannie?"

"To love you, Harry, with my whole heart and soul; and so I will, for ever and ever."

He put away her caressing hands. The poor dying Rose might well have fears for Mr. Grim-

"Love that is shared by so many," he said, "becomes very attenuated and thin; I have no relish for such an article. Let your father get a nurse for his babies, and do you come to me."

How well she remembered the long, wearisome, heart-breaking dispute! Before it ended, the strong cable of his love seemed to dwindle to a thread. At last it snapped in twain, leaving one end of it with her. She must have gathered up the other too, for her love seemed doubly strong, while his faded quite away. For ne would never relent from his decision, and how could she from hers?

Her father, poor man, had never recovered from the shock, and died shortly after his young wife, leaving a small insurance upon his life to Britannia and the twins. It was very small. It had taxed every energy of her being to eke it out to the extent of feeding, clothing, and educating the twins in a manner befitting the natural gifts God had given them in exchange for the life of their young mother. Were there ever children so beautiful, so bright, so altogether lovable and enchanting? She could not be quite unhappy with such a heritage as these. She had no time hopes. Her whole life was merged in the dual ones she had adopted. Were they glad—she was delighted. Were they sad—she was in desnair to mourn over lost opportunities or thwarted Their triumphs were hers, their sorrows more than her own. Tom's first prize in the drawing class made her heart beat so high with rapture it brought on an attack of palpitation, from the effects of which she had never been able to rid herself. Rosy's triumphant début at an amateur concert cost her a fit of illness from overjoy. confided in her, adored her, made her their companion and friend, gave her the place of mother and comrade in one. She had tasted to the full the happiness meted out to those who are never weary in well-doing. Had she yielded to her love for Mr. Grimshaw, and been faithless to her trust, could he have comforted her for that which she would have abandoned? Ah, no! She could hope for nothing from a nature capable of such cruel tenacity.

With one bound Miss Britannia leaped over twenty years. She flew into the parlor, and interrupted Rosy's efforts to reach the high C, which

was the summit of her every ambition.
"Rosy," she said, "is it possible you would marry a man twice your age, that you care no-thing for, merely for the sake of a little money?" The beautiful mouth which had opened wide to give vent to the coveted note closed demurely. "For a little money, did you say? No, Tan-

Hosted by



"BRITANNIA FELT THE COLD LITTLE HANDS CLOSE LIKE A VISE UPON HER OWN."

ny, indeed I would not; but I made careful inquiries, and I am positive there is a good deal of money involved. And for a good deal of money, yes. I am not so selfish as to consider my personal wants, though even these could be moderately supplied. A box at the opera, the power to pursue my musical studies at home or abroad, to dress befitting my superior charms, to study befitting my superior mind, to have built and furnished an abode befitting my superior taste—all these, Tanny, are trifles not to be despised. Then there is Tom, poor boy. To procure for him a studie filled with stuffed procure for him a studio filled with stuffed horses and dogs and cats; to get him a few hundred yards of canvas and an unlimited order for tubes of paint—it would be pleasant to give him this happiness. But above all it is for you I revel in the thought of Mr. Grimshaw's preference. Do you suppose I don't know how you have screwed and managed, and tortured and devised, for the sake of your abominable twins? Do you suppose I am indifferent to all your little wiles to deprive yourself of the actual necessities of life, so that we may thrive in luxury? You haven't had a new gown since Tom and I were born, nor a decent piece of lace, nor a civilized shoe or stocking, or petti-coat or glove. You wait till Tom and I have had our fill before you touch a dainty, and the only reason I humor you in this self-denial is because I hate to see you miserable. But Mr. Grimshaw! Ah, Tanny, in that name lie plenty and power and comfort unlimited for us all; to murmur that name is to think of you in silk at-tire, with siller to spare, and warm, soft, lovely wraps, and plenty of old lace. Yes, indeed; if he stood there where you are standing, and remained a mere interrogation point of inquiry, I'd

say, 'Yes, yes; oh, indeed, yes.'"
"Rose, Rose, you break my heart. How can

you? I will never consent to it—never."

"Then the game is up, as Tom says, for I never will do anything without your consent. But you'll think better of it,

Tanny."
"No, no," said Britannia.
And she never did think better of it-in many ways she thought worse; but she never could find it in her heart to let her own inclinations stand in the way of the happiness of the twins. Despite all the old memories, which seemed desecrated and trodden upon; despite the old wounds which were opened anew; despite her fears and doubts and misgivings — she could not say them nay.

On the twenty-sixth morning in November, Britannia had prepared another breakfast, which the twins were gobbling down with their usual precipdown with their usual precipitancy, talking, gesticulating, dramatizing as usual as they devoured. The burden of their theme was of course Mr. Grim-Tom told what he did during the day; Rose rehearsed his movements in society.

"Mr. Grimshaw has risen in my estimation," said Tom, "since I have had the honor of his acquaintance. Personally and socially I think he is a capital fellow."

'He always stood very high in mine," said Rose, "since I found him so highly endowed in financial excellence

"I don't think the terms

cold, impassive, and dried up' were well applied in his case," said Tom.
"He is very much nicer and livelier than an

Egyptian mummy," said Rose.

Tom finished his third banana, shook out his rom innshed his third bahana, snook out his napkin, pushed his chair back, and got upon his feet. "I had almost forgotten to tell you," he remarked, as he caught up his hat and coat and started for the door, "that I have invited a friend to dinner to-morrow."

To our Thanksgiving dinner?" cried Britannia. "You know, Tom, we never entertain strangers at that meal."

"I know it, Tanny. I tried to get out of it—I did indeed. But his appeal would have melted a heart of stone. He said he was a sad and lonely man, that the hope of an alliance with our family was his only remaining chance for happi-

'Who-who said so, Tom?" faltered Britannia. "Mr. Grimshaw," said Tom, and trotted out the door, leaving the two women looking at each other. Britannia gulped down something like a lump

"Rosy, my child," she said, "this is a very serious matter. If Mr.—a—if what Tom says is true, it amounts to a proposal."

Rosy had taken her last banana to a rockingchair, and was now at the very heart of its succulent delight. Her mouth was quite full at first, so she only nodded. Then she blurted out, still nodding her curly head, "Looks very much that

way, Tanny."
"And he will want an answer to-morrow?"
"Shouldn't wonder if he would," said Rose,

nodding like a beautiful Chinese mandarin.

"Rosy, please don't," said Britannia. "Do try to think of what you are doing. Do you care for this Mr.—a—a—Mr. Grimshaw?"

She had spoken it aloud but once before in twenty years. "Why, of course I do. I think, take him all in all, he's almost the nicest man I ever saw."

"But, Rose, are you prepared to share your life with him?"

"Quite prepared, Tanny. I think we'll both be all the hap-

"But, Rose, he is of a very stern, exacting disposition. He will never consent to your caring much for others.

"I don't care for anybody but you and Tom."

"Even these, Rose even Tom and me.

"Oh, he won't object to you and Tom, and my practicing. I must go at that right away. I smell sugar and spice, and everything nice. I smell pumpkin, and believe there must be a bank somewhere whereon the wild thyme blows."

Rosy went into the parlor, and began her efforts for high

C. Britannia remained in her

chair. Again the little serv-ant cleared away the break-

fast things unassisted. Upon the range in the kitchen boil-ed and bubbled away the va-

rious concoctions dear to the gastronomical Thanksgiving heart. The pumpkin began to grow too thick, the cran-

berries too thin, important moments were passing in

which the whole success of the Thanksgiving dinner was concerned, and still Britannia

sat immovable in her chair. The very odors that floated

in to her reminded her so

forcibly of that sad, dreadful day, twenty years ago, when she had last parted with Mr. Grimshaw. He had told Tom he was a sad and lonely

man; the name of Tittermary had doubtless recalled tender

recollections, memories of

thwarted hopes, and Rose was so beautiful, so enchant-

ing, so infinitely more at-

tractive than she had ever

been. Despite the disparity in years, he might yet, poor man, be happy. Rose was an

affectionate, generous, true-hearted girl. Many a woman

well on in years was less sensible and wise. It was

an excellent match for the

Britannia. In return for the benefits he would confer upon her, she would, no doubt, make Mr. Grimshaw happy. As for Britannia, as for herself, she would no longer torment him with her ideas of family affection. He should have Rosy all to himself. She was not very strong, and could not hope to remain very many years with her children in any case. The thought had always tortured her that the palpitation might carry her off before the twins could spare her, and what a matter for thanksgiving it would be to leave them in the firm, strong, loving hands of Mr. Grimshaw!

Here the tears of the good lady began to flow, but her heart was softened and relieved. An odor of burning cranberries and scorched pump-kin aroused her from her reverie, and as she flew to the kitchen an air of abnegation, of full sur-

render, shone in her gentle face. When Mr. Grimshaw arrived the next day, the twins were out. Tom had said he was going to the skating rink, and Rose had run out to buy some music. Both had promised faithfully to return in a very short time, long before there was any possibility of Mr. Grimshaw's coming. Britannia had put on her best black silk, and

yielded to the entreaties of Rose in relation to some soft old lace. The Tittermary hair was nat-urally crinky, so that it was easy for Rose to prink it up in a subdued resemblance to the prevailing fashion.

Close proximity to the range, and various conflicting emotions, had brought a faint color to Britannia's cheek, which considerably deepened when, at last, after waiting till the last moment for the twins, she went in to Mr. Grimshaw. She had reasoned and argued with herself till she felt quite strong and firm.

He was looking out the window, with his back to the door, and she walked several steps in his direction without any difficulty. Then he suddenly turned, and she stood stock-still. He strode on, and took her limp hand in his. How it shook as it rested in his strong warm clasp! That old pal-



"HE PUT AWAY HER CARESSING HANDS."



"'WHO-WHO SAID SO, TOM?' FALTERED BRITANNIA."

pitation came on so terribly that she could not choke out a word.

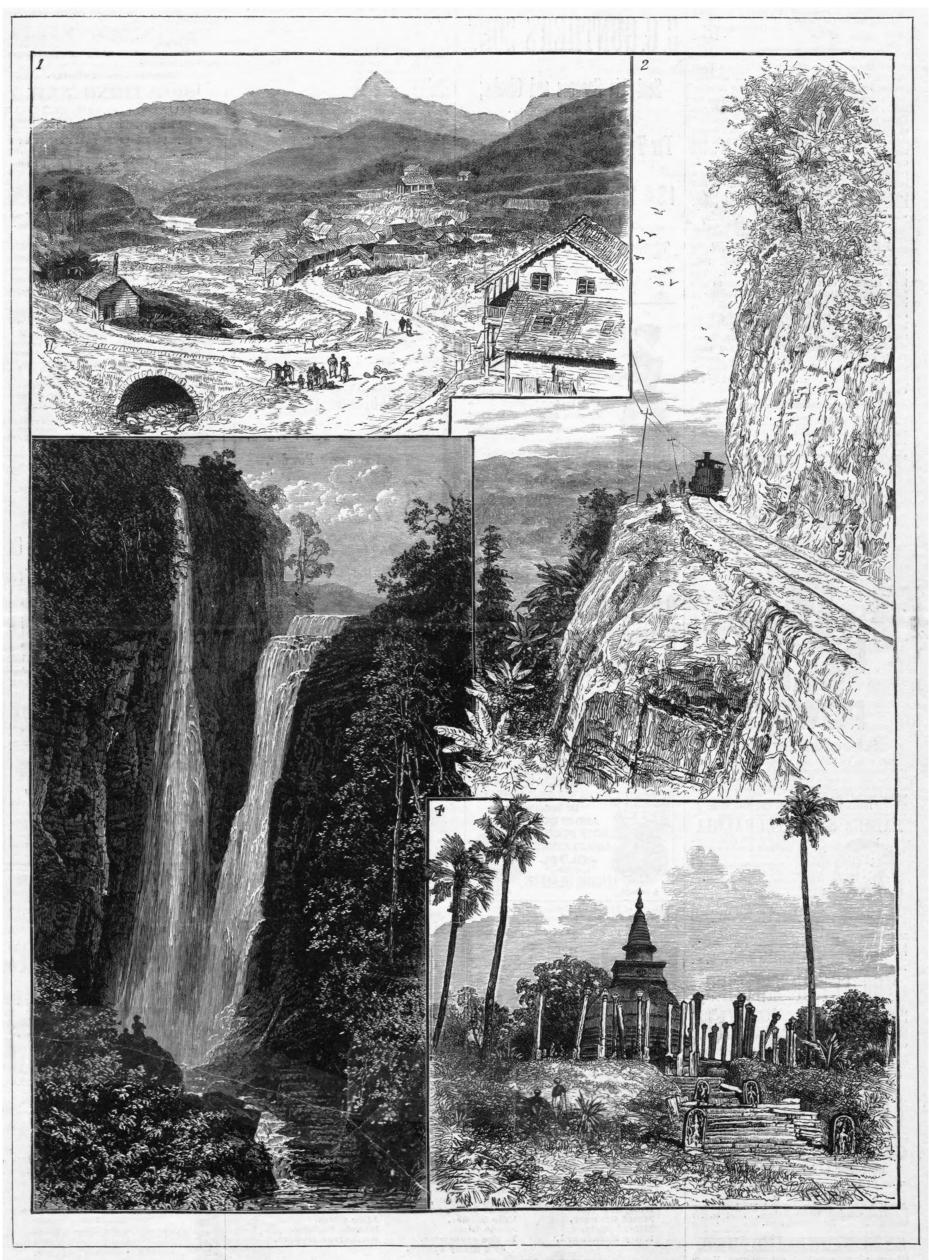
"Britannia," he said, and then she believed she never would get her full breath again.

"The-the children are out,"

she gasped.
"Out!" he shouted. "Of course they are out. Let them stay out. They interfered enough with my affairs twenty years ago. I'm an older man now, Britannia, and a sadder and wiser one The twn also changed for the better. You alone, of us all, are your old sweet self. A noble, unselfish little woman, that I'm almost ashamed to approach. Tannie, my long lost love, my dear little woman, will you be mine at last?"

Was it then, or twenty years ago? After long grief and pain, the arms of her true-love were round her once again. Her palpitation nearly carried her off, and frightened Mr. Grimshaw into all sorts of prom-ises about the twins. When ises about the twins. When at last they sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner, one side of the turkey was burned to a crisp, the pumpkin and cranberries were slightly scorched, but the twins and Mr. Grimshaw declared it a miracle of perfec-It was Miss Britannia Tittermary's last Thanksgiving: the next one found her Mrs.

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SKETCHES IN CEYLON,-[SEE PAGE 795.]

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INDUCTIVE.

OFFICER. "How's this, Murphy? The Sergeant complains that you called him names."
PRIVATE MURPHY. "Plaze, surr, I niver called him anny names at all. All I said was, 'Sergeant,' says I, 'some of us ought to be in a Menagerie."

FACETIÆ.

Ther.well thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should come to years of discretion and be able to choose for itself.

"'I showed him my garden,' says Coleridge, 'and told him it was my botanical garden.'

"'How so?' said he. 'It is covered with weeds.'

"'Oh,' I replied, 'that is because it has not come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries.'"

A young lady having died with a guitar in her hands, a Bostonian regrets the fact, but would not object if a few young men should die with accordions in their hands.

Beau Nash being in company with a lady who was deformed, one of the party asked her from whence she came. The reply was, "Straight from London." "Then, madam," said B. N., "you are wonderfully warped by the way."

This is not bad for a Cork shop-keeper. His establishment was seized for debt, and it was closed previous to an execution sale. He put out a large poster: "Closed during stock-taking."

The true way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll at least avoid hitting her thumb.

"There, I have it!" exclaimed Jones, who had been looking at Slapdash's painting. "The trouble is this: he uses too much ochre."
"Yes," said Fogg; "mediocre."

"Did you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it."
"Well, not exactly," replied Brown; "I asked her for it, and she gave me her negative."

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them as from those which they pretend to have.

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.

Λ little three-year-old, whose mother was mixing a simple cough medicine for him, watched the process and asked if it was good. He was permitted to taste, and exclaimed, "It is awful good, mamma; let's keep it all for papa."

An Ohio man strangely disappeared. The shrewdest detectives were put on his track, and at the end of nine weeks they seemed to be no nearer him than when they started. Then a close observer of human nature got the Mayor of Cincinnati to appoint the missing man to a position in the city government. Two hours later the appointee, all out of breath, dashed into the Mayor's office to be sworn in.

A naval officer, for his courage in a fierce contest where he had lost a leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship. In the heat of the next engagement a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck. A seaman, thinking he had been wounded again, called out for a surgeon. "No, no," said the captain; "the carpenter will do."

"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

"Tommy," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you may talk."

talk."
"But you never stop," retorted the boy.



TOO CONSCIENTIOUS BY HALF.

MAMMA. "Really, dear John, I can't make you out! Your own Son, only twelve, just caught in the very act of smoking a Cigarette; and yet you, who think Smoking such an abomination, take it quietly!"

PAPA. "Well, my love, it's rather awkward, you see. I was caught in the act when I was only ten—and, by Jove, it was a Cigar!"

[Let us hope dear John will warm the youngster to rights, all the same.

An unsuccessful vocalist went to the work-house and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he had been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must onsent to be taught many things which you know

"I declare," exclaimed Brown, "I believe I have forgotten all I ever knew."
"Sorry to hear it," remarked Fogg. "However, you can take an hour some day and learn it all over again."

A little girl passing the Washington statue lately, asked a lady who was with her if Washington was buried there.

"No," said the lady.
"Where is he buried?" said the little girl.
"I don't know," said the lady.
"Then I guess you don't read your Bible much," said little innocence.



DR. BOLUS DETERMINES TO HAVE A SPLENDID THANKSGIVING DINNER. SO HE HIES HIM TO THE COUNTRY TO PURCHASE SUCH A TURKEY AS



HE HEARS OF A BIRD SO FAT IT CAN HARDLY WAD-DLE. HE PURCHASES IT ON THE SPOT.



Being duly dressed, it is so large it has to be sent to the neighboring Bakery to be cooked.



DINNER IS SERVED. DR. BOLUS PROPOSES TO CARVE. BUT FIRST "A BUMPER TO THE BIRD."



HALF AN HOUR LATER. THE DOCTOR EXERTS ALL HIS STRENGTH TO GET INTO THAT TURKEY, OR DIE. A CRASH!



A SUGGESTION IS OFFERED. THE FIRST THING THAT OLD BUZZARD'S PARENT DID WAS TO HATCH IT. LET THE LAST THING BE TO AXE IT.



Brute strength failing, a mechanical contriv-ance is brought to bear, and a Saw is fetched from the Lumber-yard near by, when—



Enter Bridget. "I thought he'd be tough. He must be an ould Bird to have swallied this thing what I took out of him when I claned him." MORAL.—When you buy a fat Turkey, first ascertain his age.



THE STORY OF A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

ART-WORK ON LINEN.

THERE is something especially fascinating to artistic fingers in the creamy coloring and softness of the linen used for decorative art purposes. No other fabric takes the work so well. The delicate colors of the silks used, the touch of shading that can be given to the flowers, the few stitches and lines put here and there, that are so little and yet express so much, and the ease with which it can be worked—all these appeal to the love of the beautiful within even the least appreciative and educated among us. There is a freshness about it too, after each laundrying, that no other material possesses.

An exquisite five-o'clock tea cover lately sent

to the Decorative Art rooms in New York, and which received the seal of the society, was of cream white linen, finished in drawn-work and sprays of arbutus. The material was two yards in length and one in width before shrinking. This is done by allowing it to remain in hot, not boiling, suds for an hour or then it is rubbed as in ordinary washing, put over the fire in cool water without any soap, and after the water becomes hot, taken off the fire, and when cool rubbed again, then rinsed well, and dried in the sun. This pro-cess effectually removes the gumminess and stiffness that would otherwise interfere with the work. Fringe both sides and ends to the depth of two and a half or, if preferred, three inches. Draw the threads for a herring-bone border that shall be three-fourths of an inch wide, and far enough from the edges to form a border of plain linen one and a half inches in depth. In the herring-bone, when doing the second row, catch up the alternate threads of the first row; that is, in-stead of taking the four or six threads on the first side done, take half the threads from each cluster to, form the new cluster on the second side; makes the th go across in saw-teeth fashion, making much prettier than if they were taken up alike. Divide the cover into fourths lengthwise, reserving the two middle divisions for the top of the table, and the others, one at each end, to fall over. These end pieces must now be divided by herring-bone to form panels, which not only render the work more effective by their laci-ness, but also break the monotony, and enable the design to admit of more variety. Make three rows of herring-bone across each end, coming to within half an inch of the

work on the border;

these cross rows must

divide the ends, which

are one-fourth the depth of the whole cover, into three long, narrow panels of plain linen, the end border making the outer row for the third panel. Subdivide the upper oblong into three small spaces of linen by two short rows of herring-bone, working from the first to the second row of work, and parallel with the length of the cover; repeat these short cross rows in each of the end panels; when finished, there will be nine small divisions in each end of the cover, and in them is to be put the main part of the decoration.

put the main part of the decoration.

Trailing arbutus, with its lovely pink flowers and dull green leaves, is decidedly the most effective, and was the decoration chosen for the cover alluded to. One should see it growing to know how to arrange it properly, have followed up its

"trail" through the woods, fragrant with the breath of early spring, and noted how the little sprays of delicate pink and white are arranged on the long coarser stems of the plant, how the dull green of its leaves shades off and fades away into the lovely browns, all bringing out the wonderful beauty of bud and blossom.

The very good imitations on Christmas and other cards give one a suggestion both as to color and arrangement of flowers on the smaller sprays, and if fortunate enough to obtain a long branch from the woods, even if not in bloom, the idea of its growth can be gathered. Tiny filaments are seen growing on both sides of the large branches; these can be imitated by short stitches of silk corresponding in color with that used in the work.

It is better to have the spray at one end of the cover coming in from the top, and at the other from the bottom. Draw a faint line in pencil the general direction wished for the decoration; this will form the main branch, smaller ones going from it, which can be again subdivided into sprays. Vary the pattern as much as possible, breaking the branches here and there by clusters of flowers, some fully open, others partly so, and when the continuity of the stems is broken by the herring-bone, follow it out on the other side of the break, just as if there had been no interruption. Have tiny sprays of flowers peeping out here and there from the corners or sides of the drawnwork, just where they would be most effective, and give one the suggestion of ends of branches,

the main part being out of sight. When the ends are completed, draw a light line in pencil down the sides of the plain piece reserved for the centre, going in side of the drawn-work one inch, and parallel with it. In this arrange a conventionalized design of buds, leaves, tendrils, and flowers, which shall reach from the first cross row of drawn-work at one end to the corresponding one at the other. Draw only a few inches at a time, as it will rub and soil; and while the same shape of buds can be used continually, vary the arrangement so as to avoid monotony.

A crib cover done in

the same material was tempting enough to induce one to purchase it even if there had been no "well-spring of joy" in the house to decide it. It was of the same creamy linen, one yard wide, and a yard and a quarter in length, before shrinking. A plain hem one and a half inches deep finished both sides and the lower end; being tucked in when on the crib, plain needle-work was sufficient. The hem on the upper edge was caught down on the wrong side of the spread with drawnwork, done as in the five-o'clock tea cover ; the reason of doing it on the wrong side of spread is when in use the upper edge should be turned over for at least four or five inches. This should be done and basted down before drawing the decora-tion. A large circle fourteen inches in diameter should be made by a pair of compasses, having one point a pencil, just in the middle of the spread, calculating from the plainly hemmed end to the edge of the hem on the part turned over. Outline this circle in two shades of blue silk, leaving the merest line of white linen between the two. Design a spray of apple blossoms, some fully open, others only partly so, to go across the inside of the circle, from one



Fig. 1.—SATIN MERVEILLEUX DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Brown Plush Cloak. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—MOTTLED PLUSH CLOAK.
For description see Supplement.

Hosted by

side to the other, terminating in a straggling end, passing over the circle, and down nearly to the bottom of the spread.

Break the branch here and there by clusters of blossoms and open flowers, while in the vacant spaces a flight of birds can be outlined in dark blue silk. If preferred, two smaller circles can be outlined in place of the one large one. Have one twelve inches across, and a little nearer the top and right side than if there was only one. e smaller one, seven inches across, lower down, and a trifle to the left of the other; make the branch terminate at the edge of the larger, re-appearing in the smaller one, as if it had passed behind the narrow space of linen between the two

For a wall-protector, take one yard of linen that is three-fourths of a yard wide, shrinking it as directed. Baste a hem all around it, turning the corners as neatly as possible, about an inch and a half deep, fastening it down with a border of drawn-work. Decorate it with long sprays of morning-glory, buds, flowers, leaves, and tendrils, in pale blue and pink, making them look as if they had been carelessly thrown across. If desired, the lower end can be fringed, top and sides hemmed; or, what is more elegant, fine torchon lace two inches wide can be put on perfectly plain, with only the necessary fullness at the corners.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW STORY.

Our readers' especial attention is invited to the delightful love story, with its brilliant illustrations, "MARION FAY,"

by the favorite novelist Anthony Trollope, author of " Doctor Thorne," " Is He Popenjoy? " The Duke's Children," etc., which is begun in the present Number of HARPER'S BAZAR.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PROPLE No. 109, issued November 29, contains among its features of special attraction a brilliant short story by SYDNKY DAYRE, entitled " How Tom Primrose Protected His Father," with front-page illustration; an article on Husting by W. A. LINN, in connection with an exquisite specimen of wood-engraving from a drawing by FERDINAND LAUFBERGER: an article of great interest on the Piano-Forte, by MRS. JOHN LILLIE, with five illustrations; the conclusion of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," by JAMES PAYN, illustrated; the usual installment of the serial story; and a beautiful full-page drawing, illustrating " The Dolls' Reception," an entertainment now in progress at Republican Hall, Thirty-third Street, by MRS. JESSIE SHEP-

THE ART OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

THERE is one period of the year when a wild spirit of excitement seems to seize the quiet every-day world. It is like a top which is set rolling, and begins by moving slowly at first, with a monotonous hum, then spins on faster and faster, until one can scarcely follow it in its maze. So it is with Christmas. At first no one intends making any presents for this year. No, not even a card shall be sent. Presently the gay shop windows attract attention. You must just look over the Christmas cards, and see what the new ones look like. Then you can not help purchasing a few. The cards lead to other investments, and before you know it you are among the most eager of the Christmas shoppers.

A few practical rules would prevent much loss of time, and after-regret. First, know what you want; then, for whom you want it; lastly, how much money you can spend on it. Let this all be settled before beginning the important work, remembering to adapt your purchases first to your purse, next to your friends. If through the year past a friend has expressed a wish to possess any little article of luxury or comfort, bear it in mind, and let the receiving it at your hands be a Christmas surprise. Or if you have visited at houses where you have been made welcome, show your sense of the compliment by some fitting gift. For instance, if you have had cozy talks around an open fire, what a bright remembrance of such evenings would be a little fancy brass shovel and tongs, or some trifle suggestive of a warm fireside! Or if the table at which you have been a guest in hours gone by had been bountifully spread, and sweetened with smiles and lively conversation, it may recall some of those pleasant hours for the family you have visited to see afterward a silver epper owl, a set of dainty mats, or a dozen

Japanese butter plates sent as a souvenir

by "one of the circle" at Christmas. If the friend or relative whom you intend to remember is keeping house, some article of household ornament is always acceptable. If boarding, or about to travel abroad, then something for personal wear or convenience is more suitable, such as a bag, a portable writing-desk, or a couvre-pied.

Now to adapt all these several articles to the various requirements, tastes, and circumstances of your friends requires time and thought, and some knowledge of character and circumstances. Do not give a book to one who never reads, if it be ever so highly prized by yourself, or lace to one debarred from society.

There are some things, too, that are admirably fitted to Christmas, and others which it is not good taste, or rather good feeling, to bestow at such a time. Do not let your friends suspect that your remembrance is actuated more by charity than regard, for their poverty is the last thing they wish to have obtruded upon their notice at Christmas. A young girl might be pleased with a lace pin or a shell comb, who would resent a pair of gloves or a bonnet as a reflection upon her appearance. Give such a one some luxury that she can not feel it right to afford for herself, reserving more useful donations for other occasions, so that your Christmas gifts may be viewed in the light of charming surprises, not humilia-

Christmas is not the time for making expensive presents. Leave those for weddings and birthdays. The simpler the gift, the more suitable, the more Christmassy, will it be. We all remember the Eastern tale where the wreath of flowers culled at even shone, by some occult magic, the next morning in all the resplendent hues of precious stones and ablaze with diamonds. Even so your little sprigs of holly, your reaths of evergreen, that look perhaps homely and commonplace the day before, can be converted by the weird charm of Christmas-tide to peerless offerings more worthy of acceptance than the most costly gifts at any other time.

Christmas is no time to remind your friends of their infirmities, even for their souls' good. Keep books of sermons and moral essays for more suitable occasions.

Do not present a person who, while advancing in years, is diligently and creditably trying to preserve intact the graces and charms of her earlier days, with The Evening of Life, or Consolations for the Aged; do not give a hopeless invalid a convenient travelling case, or one with failing eyesight a volume of tantalizing engravings. Those whose poor fingers are weary with mothers' work do not find gold thimbles or darning bags any alleviation of their daily toil. Give to such something bright and tasteful to remind them that life is not all drudgery, or they mere drudges.

In the list for Christmas shopping do not let the young and happy forget the aged and the unhappy. Such value extremely any little attentions, and treasure them up with heart-felt thankfulness little dreamed of by those who only have to wish to re-

If you had a clear idea of what you want. and for whom you want it, the poor distracted shop-girls would have an easier time. As it is, they too often not only have to show goods, but also to select them to suit the deas and tastes of perfect strangers, with whose means they are totally unacquainted. No sooner does such a shopper decide upon one article and put it one side than something else, totally different, meets her eye, and directly a change must be made, which in too many cases is sadly and unavailingly re-pented of at home. Pretty articles are tossed about and snatched off the counter by eager purchasers, who would stand a far better chance of selection, and be much more comfortable, if, instead of choosing Christmas-eve as the time for spending their little hoard so long cherished and set aside for the luxury of presents, they would go quietly out a week—yes, even a month—beforehand, with a clear idea of what they want, for whom they want each article, how much money they mean to pay on an average for each purchase, and perhaps one might add why they want it.

In remembering our friends our gifts should be the spontaneous outpouring of our hearts, not the cold, dry, calculating result of a debtor and creditor ledger, whereby the claims of society and relationship are

satisfied, and "naught beyond." Another reason for being early in the field in Christmas shopping is that there is less danger of being robbed. When there is a rush and a crush, it is very hard to keep your wits about you, or your purse about you either. If the first go astray, the second is very apt to follow.

Then, again, the range of selection is much greater early than if you wait until the best is picked out, and you have to put up with the remnants left by more fortunate | had spoken.

shoppers. Even in a great city there is a choice, and many a one sees some little time beforehand "just what she wants" in china or books, and, secure of purchasing the coveted prize at any time, calls for it a day or two before Christmas, only to find that it is gone, and nothing else as desirable is to be found in a hurried search involving much waste of time and patience.

To those whose friends are many and dollars few, we would commend Christmas cards, which are always in good taste. They oftentimes accompany a gift, but they can speak very eloquently when they are sent by themselves. Devote some portion of your time and energies to the selection of fitting cards by which to express your good wishes. Do not gather them up in a handful, as if you were shuffling for a deal in whist, or so many for one dollar, and then leave the choice to the sales-woman, expecting her to supply brains as well as cards. Christmas cards are among the very few things which are lovely in spite of being cheap. Some are radiant with a religious halo; some recall summer's birds and flowers in the midst of winter's gloom; others are bright with winter's charm of frost and snow; all are expressive of some sentiment, varied to suit different tastes. Adapt those you send to the ideas and characters of those for whom they are intended. Diaries and calendars never come amiss to rich or poor, and as in general they command a set price, it can not seem mean to give what is always the best of its kind, besides linking yourself in the remembrance of another in each passing day's record.

There are many exquisite little volumes in poetry and prose of a religious, contemplative nature, bound daintily to suit the season. These are lovely remembrances for those to whom the very word Christmas only brings sad memories, who can not join in the festivities of the time, yet who might feel hurt if entirely passed by.

To those of slender means but large hearts we would also commend, in the selection of inexpensive gifts that are always acceptable, baskets and chinaware. Who can resist a basket! Who, in the country, can ever see the basket-maker's wagon going by without an irresistible longing to rifle its contents, or in the city pass a basket-maker's den without "just stopping in." Who ever had as many baskets as they wanted? and who ever had too many?

There are the scrap basket and the gardening basket, and the flower and fruit basket, and the work basket and knitting basket, to say nothing of baby baskets, and little children's dear possessions in that way.

Many of these you can ornament yourself, and thus enhance their value, either with ribbons or crewel-work, or both together, and thus have a tasteful present at small cost. As to china, the theme is simply inexhaustible. There are all the quaint little majolica pitchers and Japanese tea-pots and cups and saucers and flower-receivers in all sorts of odd shapes and sizes. Did any woman ever express herself as satisfied with the amount of china she possessed? If you buy such an article yourself, you look lovingly at it, and think how pretty it would appear on your own buffet, or in your hanging cabinet, or filled with flowers on your dinner table, and you sigh. There is the real sacrifice to friendship. And it cost only—do not reveal the secret; that might kill the charm; now you have selected it, and relinquished it too, for the sake of a Christmas offering, all the wealth of Aladdin's lamp could not redeem it. Its money value is sunk in its sentimental value. Indeed, may not this truly be said of all Christmas gifts?

The transforming genii have touched them with the wand of an enchanter. You paid that patient young man or that smiling girl so many shillings in money value for them, but once in your possession, henceforth they are priceless.

[Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 49, Vol. XIV.] A TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

THE next morning, as Mrs. Trevylyan was taking her late breakfast in her sunny little sittingroom, which was fitted up for her invalid needs, she sent Martha for Miss Chadwick, anticipating an account of the party at Mrs. Mortimer's with

some curiosity.
"She sleeps late, poor girl," said Mrs. Trevylyan, thinking over the mortifications which she had probably endured.

Martha came down in a few moments, pale and trembling.

"She's gone, ma'am!" said the careful and prudent Martha

'Gone! Where?" A conversation with Rourke, the waiter, reveal-

ed the dreadful fact that the front door had been found unbarred when he descended to open it. and as Miss Chadwick's street dress and bonnet were gone, it was but too probable that she had departed for the seven-mile tramp of which she

"She's a wild one, mum," said Martha. "I'm thinking you'll have trouble, mum."

Lost in New York by this time!" said Mrs. Trevylyan, wringing her pale hands. "Tell me all about last evening, Martha. And—here—send a note to Mrs. Mortimer."

She wrote a few hurried words to Mrs. Mortimer, and while debating as to whether she should send for the police and put them on the track of Rose, she listened to Martha's story of the evening before.

'She cried in the carriage as we was a-coming nome, mum, and I guess she saw she didn't look just like Miss Fanny Grey and them other young ladies, mum," wound up Martha. "Oh, I wish she was back at Chadwick's Falls!"

ighed Miss Trevylyan.

Mrs. Mortimer came in an hour, and recommended peace and patience.

"She was dreadful, Laura, absolutely dreadful, in that brocade and those green gloves; you ought to have suppressed those, Laura. But she has produced an impression. Do you know she dances beautifully? And Jack Long and Dicky Small-wood are telling everybody about her; but you should have heard Sidonie Devine go on about her clothes and her pronunciation! I believe she drew a caricature of her on her dancing card. Fanny Grey, that dear thing, was very good to her; but then, you know, she is good to every-body, and we must not count on many such girls as Fanny Grey. Sidonie Devine will persecute her nearly to death. However, Amberley says she has sense and charm, if we can only get at them. She must be put with a class of girls at Professor Paton's immediately to correct her speech."
"But where is she now? I am afraid—oh!

I don't know where to look for her—she has wandered off!"

Mrs. Mortimer laughed. "Why did not your brother send you a 'grizzly' at once?'

"Oh, Sophia! I don't think I can stand it! I shall send her back to-morrow!'

"She will come back all right, do not fear, Laura; that girl could take care of herself in Paris. I was struck with a certain native dignity and poise about her as she stood in my parlor and was snubbed last evening; her lip curled and her eve flashed, and I saw that there was character and courage and force in her. One thing is certain, the girl has got to see for herself that she is in the wrong, and then we can perhaps teach

her something."
Poor Mrs. Trevylyan ordered her coupé, and started for the Park as one would look for a needle in a haymow.

But in all the groups there was no Rose, and after a drive of two hours Mrs. Trevylyan returned in despair.

Rourke was not allowed to open the door for his mistress, but Rose threw it open, and ran down the steps to help her aunt herself.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said she. "But you see I felt very low down in my mind, and I got up early to take a long walk, and thought I would go and see the Brooklyn Bridge. We have heard of that out at Chadwick's Falls, and I've been over it. First they said I couldn't, but I told them I would, so they laughed and let me, and then I walked round Brooklyn (oh, a real nice place! all trees and flowers and gardens — I like it better than New York), and then I came home, and I'm sorry you were uneasy.'

"But were you not frightened, and did you not

lose your way?"
"Oh, not a bit of it. Father always has told me to remember that I had an English tongue in my head, and that I could ask my way of a policeman when I was in San Francisco or St. Louis, and out on the prairie you have to find your way without a policeman. Then I had some money in my pocket, and if I had lost my way, I could

have hired a carriage to bring me home."
"But, Rose, there are other considerations. You know what I told you about going out alone.

You are too young, and—too pretty."

"Nobody seemed to think so, Aunt Laura. Nobody looked at me, and nobody spoke to me. I reckon I ain't so handsome as you think." And Rose continued: "You see you're so good yourself that you think everybody else is just like you;" and the irrepressible Rose threw her arms about her aunt's neck.

What to do with such a creature? how to put suspicion into this pure mind? how to make her self-conscious, prudent, and conventional?—it al-

most dazed Mrs. Trevylyan.
"Well, Rose," said her aunt, "I throw myself on your generosity. You see I am an invalid, consequently nervous; you see I am easily frightened. Promise me hereafter that you will not go out without speaking to me first. Won't you promise me that, dear ?"

"Well, aunt, I'll try; but I can't promise, for I never asked anybody's permission to go out in my life. I might break my word, you know, and forget sometimes; and that is worse than going out alone, isn't it?"

"Yes; but remember, I expect it of you. Now

tell me about last evening. Did you enjoy it?"
"Well, yes; it's the most elegant place I ever saw in all my life—real handsome—and Mrs. Mortimer is a splendid lady. I had an extra fine dance too. There's a Mr. Long, who is coming to see me to-day."

"Oh, you asked him to call, did you?"
"No; he asked me if he might come; he said his mother knew you."
"That was all right, Rose."
"And I asked him if he knew Jack Townley,

and he said he did; and I asked him to ask Jack Townley to come and see me, and I wrote him a letter myself this morning, telling him to come

"That was very wrong, Rose. You should have let me write that letter and send the invitation to

Mr. Townley."
"Well, I don't know why, for I know him, and you don't, Aunt Laura."



"Because, as I told you, young ladies do not ask young gentlemen to come and see them; mothers or their chaperons do it for them.'

"Well. I never had a mother since I can re-

remember," said poor Rose. "I will make it all right; I will ask your

friends to come and dine with you here a little later," said Mrs. Trevylyan. "Now tell me about the young ladies you met last evening."

There was one girl who was real good to me; the others seemed to be proud," said Rose.

You mean that they were not polite?' "I suppose I do. Proud and haughty, and not at all sociable," said Rose, who would have been tortured like an Indian at the stake before she would have confessed that she felt herself badly dressed, and that she had been mortified before these ill-mannered people. "I liked a girl named

Grey," she continued.
"Yes, one of the most admired girls in New York," said Mrs. Trevylyan—"very good manners. But let me correct your phraseology, dear 'Proud' does not mean 'ill-mannered.' Proud people behave well. Pride is a noble quality.

"Yes, but there are several kinds of pride," said Rose, her cheeks flushing as she remembered Sidonie Devine's sneer. "There was a nice old gentleman named Mr. Amberley; he wasn't proud."

Mrs. Trevylyan laughed. "Arthur Amberley is not old, Rose, and he is the proudest man in New York. He has reason to be. He is of an honorable old family; he is a gentleman of the best breeding; his position is of the highest. You were fortunate, in your first evening out, to meet him, Rose, for you will not meet a better-bred man

"He made me feel very comfortable, and he gave me some supper, and he told me who people were, and he introduced some partners to me," added Rose, gratefully—this last good deed had filled her cup, evidently—"but I do think he is old.

"Well, do not say so, then," said Mrs. Tre-

vylyan.
"He said he would introduce his grandsons or his grandnephews to me."

"That was his badinage. Arthur Amberley is just the age for a successful and a courted man said Mrs. Trevylyan.

Rose looked as if this subject was getting tedious.

'By-the-way, Rose, I want to give you a pretty white dress and some gloves and boots. Suppose we go out after a while and order them ?

So, without opening the mounds of Chadwick's Falls millinery again, the question of toilette began to be satisfactorily answered; and when Martha went up to attend to Miss Chadwick's wants for the evening, she found that the brocade and the green gloves had been folded away in the depths of a trunk.

Fanny Grey called in a few days, and asked Rose to join a sewing class, to come to luncheon, and to come to the Roller-skating Rink.

There are in society, as in the greater, wider world of tragedy and poetry and human experience, two forces always at workthe dark and the light, the good and the bad-Michael, the archangel, and Lucifer, prince of the powers of darkness. It is perhaps somewhat absurd to compare the petty jealousies of the salon with these mighty powers, whom the poets Goethe and Milton describe as dividing the world between them. But they fight out the same great battle in every parlor, in every ball-room. Our little girl, Rose Chadwick, is fated to be torn by these contending forces. Good and evil, malice and kindness, will pull her this way and that. The drama of to-day is exactly like that of a thousand years ago, and if the agents seem less dignified than Goethe's Faust or Milton's angels, their power over the happiness and the misery of a human being is

Sidonie Devine also called, and so did Jack Long and Dicky Smallwood. Rose was not at her ease with any of these people. She had as yet no experiences in common with them; a chat in the drawing-room revealed to her more than ever how far away she was from their world, how much they must look down upon her. She began even to listen to her own voice, and to find it flat and discordant. She longed for the arrival of Jack Townley—he who had been so agreeable out on the plains, he who had lived so long at her father's generous table, he who had been so pleasant, and who had promised her that he would come and see her when she came to New York, and would take her for drives and for horseback. Where was he? There was one subect on which she could talk with these friends of hers, and that was a horse. Rose knew all about that noble animal, and was a fearless cross-country rider. She was overjoyed when Jack Long suggested that she should join the Galaxy Hunt, and she sighed to think that her own beautiful blooded horse, Fountain, was at Chadwick's Falls. She knew that there was nothing like him in all New York.

Her idea of a riding dress was, however, to put a long skirt over her usual dress, to tie an old hat over her ears with a handkerchief: and in that guise she came down to take her first ride with the fastidious Jack Long.

He declared himself suddenly taken ill, and had to give up the ride that day. It was a bitter disappointment to Rose. Jack Long wrote a note to Mrs. Mortimer that evening.

In a week Rose found herself, she scarcely knew how, in a London cloth habit, with very short skirt; a little pair of boots showed beneath the skirt; and, if truth must be told, a very well fitting pair of cloth pantaloons and a man's shirt were under the habit; a low-crowned Derby, fitting her small head to perfection, crowned this garb, and Jack Long, with his groom, and a horse for Rose, were waiting outside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK FASHIONS. WINTER BONNETS.

SMALL bonnets made entirely of feathers are among the recent importations, and are offered in lieu of the feather turbans which have al ready become so familiar, and are copied in such coarse feathers that they are losing favor. These bonnets are made of breast feathers laid close over the entire frame of small capote shapes, and have for trimming a bird perched on one side or else two heads are crossed near the top. The lining of the brim shows in the front, and is made of glacé plush that combines the colors in the feathers, and the strings are of changeable plush ribbon to match. These bonnets are very handsome in blue-green impion feathers; and in the brown and red mixed pheasant feathers they are also useful, as they are appropriate with suits of any of the various colors that appear in the feathers, as well as with black costumes.

Red bonnets are the favorite of the winter. The taste for the gay red plumes that were seen on so many round hats at the summer resorts has increased until entire bonnets or great round hats of this single color, through various shades, from shrimp pink to garnet, are seen. There are street hats for morning of red felt and beaver, and the most dressy hat for receptions is of red plush with shrimp pink feathers. Young ladies choose for the street the tall crown and wide-brimmed Mother Shipton hats of dark garnet felt, or perhaps with fur-beaver edges on the straight brim, though it is equally popular to have a puff of velvet or plush as a binding on the wide flat brim. A row of nodding ostrich feather tips in red shades is then set around the crown, and completes the This hat is most picturesque when set straight on top of the head, shading the forehead well in the way similar hats are worn by peasants, rather than in the Gainsborough fashion, far back on the head to display the coiffure. For ladies who prefer bonnets, and for dressy receptions, there are the new round-crown pokes with brim projecting downward, made of red velvet or plush. There are always two kinds of goods in such pokes -a smooth fabric for the crown, and figured velvet or the new pomponette plush for the brim. The smooth material is drawn over the crown in a single piece, instead of being cut to fit it, and the front is laid on in folds, wrinkles, or pleats shirring is very little used in this way at present A single cluster of ostrich tips on the left is enough trimming for such a bonnet, and strings may be dispensed with.

Small bonnets are preferred for dress by ladies who adopt here the prevailing Parisian style Cream white and shrimp pink are the colors most used for these, and the materials of white bonnets are of remarkably fine beaded net and lace with white pearl or iridescent beads in Spanish designs. This lace is laid over satin, and droops over the coronet front, leaving the scallops to rest on the hair in a most becoming way. Three comb-like curves of beads are on the crown, and the only trimming is the panache of white ostrich tips on the left side. White moiré or plush strings. A shrimp pink plush similarly made has white Oriental lace for its trimmings.

The favorite black bonnet that forms a part of almost every lady's outfit is of plush this winter in preference to velvet. The front of the brim is of pomponette plush, or else of plain plush nearly concealed by the ostrich feathers that are laid The crown is plainly covered, and is quite prominent by reason of its height, and because it is left in relief by the trimming being placed far forward on the brim. Two or three rows of jet faceted beads are inside the brim, and the strings are moiré or plush ribbon. For a more youthful black bonnet, the Bolero hat is covered with black plush quite smoothly, and feathers are the only trimmings. The inexpensive black hats for general wear that ladies are apt to arrange at home have small crowns of black felt—broad crowns belong to last year's bonnets-with long napped beaver brims in poke shape. A large bow of ribbon, either black or colored, is placed on the left side, and one or two demi-long plumes, held by this bow, droop down the right side. The brim is left "raw"—that is, not bound—and a facing of plush is inside, beginning two inches from the edge, and under this is a wire to keep the brim in shape. The strings match the bow of ribbon on the outside.

NOVELTIES IN LINGERIE.

Large collars and deep capes of lace like those in fashion twenty years ago are shown in the shops for wearing with high corsages of velvet or satin. Duchesse and round point laces are used capes the Spanish, Aurillac, and Breton laces are chosen. The round pelerine cape, reaching over the shoulders like an extended collar, is shown in duchesse lace of various qualities, costing from \$25 to \$75 each. The Mother Hubbard cape is a quaint shirred pelerine made of a single piece of cream or of black Spanish lace that was originally a scarf, but has one long side gathered to meet a smaller collar or frill about the neck These cost from \$11 upward, and are very dressy in black when worn over black silk dresses, though they are also worn with colored dresses The white Spanish lace Mother Hubbard cape makes a dark toilette sufficiently dressy for most occasions, and is very popular with young ladies The new Medicis lace, which is all silk, and woven in quaint striped designs, with the stripes gathered to pass around the shoulders, and finished at the neck by a pleated turned-down collar is made into less expensive capes. There are also very fully shirred capes of black or of white Surah, with three rows of Spanish lace on the lower edges; white China silk is made in the same way, and mounted with a Byron collar of the creamy silk prettily embroidered.

The newest squares of lace to be worn in threecornered shawl shape are of Spanish blonde woven in a single piece so large that it measures a yard and an eighth each way. These are of creamy whiteness, and wrought in new designs through the centre with rose or leaf edge; they cost \$18, and are handsome enough for valuable gifts as the holidays. These are the genuine mantillas that Spanish women wear as veils, adjusting one corner on the hair, where it is held by a rose, and drawing the remainder around the shoulders. They are used this season in that way for the opera, or for sorties de bal, as well as being folded in a kerchief about the shoulders over dresses that have open necks; they are opened in a low point at the throat, or else fastened high about thin necks, and ornamented on the left side with flowers. The hand-run Spanish net is imported in the piece three-fourths of a yard wide for making simple squares, or for scarfs to wear over the head, and for over-dresses; it costs \$10 to \$18 a yard. For a long time the real Barcelona lace was not brought to this country, but a few pieces have been imported in which the thick work as well as all the open meshes of different patterns is seen to be the irregular designs of hand-made lace done on a pillow instead of the evenly woven machinework, with merely outline threads run in by hand, as is seen in the clever French imitations of Barcelona laces. A scarf of this real Spanish lace large enough for drapery on a skirt or for wearing about the shoulders is \$175. Instead of squares the single fichu of Spanish lace is still a favorite piece when it is of nice quality, but the imitations are so coarse and common that the plainest muslin or lace frill is in better taste.

Oriental lace is the title given the new darned lace that has long stitches like South Kensington work. This is very effective, and is made on soft cream white net that furnishes a suitable trimming for the mull, gauzes, Surahs, etc., that are used in kerchiefs and fichus. A sort of crimped silk gauze with Japanese designs pressed in it is a favorite fabric, in pale blue, rose, or white, for the doubled fichus now so much used. These are rounded at the back, pointed in long tabs in front, and have full gathered lace all around them: either the Oriental lace, Aurillac, or Spanish is preferred. Such fichus cost \$5 upward, and among them the new pansy patterns of Aurillac lace are much used. Very large fichus of white mull with silk embroidery in figures have wide lace all around; again plain mousseline de soie is used for the centre, while still others are of plain net.

The Carrickmacross or Irish point lace is a very showy lace, and is used for fichus that have a very little mull in the centre-merely enough to support two wide frills of the open-wrought Irish lace. This lace cleans nicely, but should not be trusted to a novice, as the curves and points of its edges curl up when wet in a way that destroys its beauty. Valenciennes lace is used for trimming similar fichus, and those edged with Oriental lace are \$5.

The large handkerchiefs of Dolly Varden muslin with a deep hem are worn in the house with dark dresses. There are also Quaker gray shaded muslin kerchiefs in striped patterns for ladies of quiet tastes. The dark blue mull kerchiefs with white dots are now finished by a pleated frill wrought on the edges in white scallops. Colored mull, squares of lavender, blue, or pink, are edged with white Spanish lace or with Oriental lace, and are youthful and pretty. Scarfs of brocaded gauze in white or colors are two yards long when edged with white lace. These are for furbishing up the corsage of a plain dress. They pass around the neck, and are gathered down each side of the front, with the ends drooping below the waist. The new Spanish net with very large polka spots is effectively used in similar scarfs.

For ladies of fair complexion who can wear all black about the neck, unrelieved by white, the fichus, Mother Hubbard capes, and scarfs are chosen in entire black in the designs described above for white.

New collarettes have two rows of Aurillac lace pleated and turned down around the neck, with the fronts of Surah shirred in two straight pieces like the gathered plastrons that now trim dresses. These are \$4 or \$5, but there are other collarettes of rose point lace with the corners turned down at the throat and the points reaching to the shoulders, that cost \$40 to \$65. Among other rich laces a scarf of rose point is shown of exquisite design, valued at \$1000; it would serve as drapery for a skirt or the shoulders, or as a bridal veil, as it is three yards long. Another dainty parure in a jewel box is garniture lace, fichu, and handkerchief of point lace, marked \$500 for the set.

The favorite linen collars with young ladies toned at the ton by a collar button, or else curved or sloped from the point where they meet. The small turned-over round collar of linen succ the square-cornered Byron collar. The English collar with points turned down in front and standing behind are still worn by those who do not seek novelties. The squares of mull in pure white, or striped, or dotted, or else with gay bouquets in Dolly Varden fashion, are used at breakfast, and indeed all day long in the house, and ladies who have economical habits find they can make these at home at far less cost than the prices asked in the shops.

CHILDREN'S COLLARS

Mother Hubbard collars for children can be easily made at home, and will make inexpensive Christmas gifts for the little folks. They are made of two rows of open-worked cambric: the upper row has all the plain cambric cut off, and embroidery is laid in side pleats in a piece of sufficient length to fit a neck-band of cambric an inch wide, over which the pleated collar is turn-The lower pleating is a strip a yard and a fourth long, with enough cambric left at the top to give it a depth of seven or eight inches. This is shirred at the upper edge in three or four rows,

and gathered to the neck-band; the embroidered part is then pressed in pleats, and the corners are made square to bring the needle-work up the When worn, the upper collar meets at the front. throat, and the lower part opens out from it. These cost from \$1 25 upward in the stores. Triple collars of dotted work tied with tassels are shown for very small children at 60 cents each. The most elegant wide collars to be worn over plush or velvet coats are of Irish crocheted lace in beautiful designs, with cuffs to match; the sets cost from \$2 50 to \$12. There are small collars for \$1 25 in simpler patterns of crocheted lace.

For information received thanks are due Madame Kehoe: and Messrs. Worthington & Smith: Lord TAYLOR; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; JAMES McCreery & Co.; and Aitken, Son, & Co.

PERSONAL.

It is rumored that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess LOUISE are to be removed from Canada to Ireland, replacing the Earl and Count-ess COWPER at the head of the vice-regal court in Dublin, gratifying the Irish people with a royal ruler among them in person, and also the Princess by a nearer residence to the centres which she prefers to Canadian wilds.

—Waoner is in Naples, suffering from erysipales in the face.

clas in the face.

—Mrs. Langtry has played recently at an amateur performance of Mr. Rae's comedietta, A Fair Encounter, at the Twickenham Town-Hall.
—Professor T. Sterry Hunt, who is a native —Professor T. STERRY HUNT, who is a little of Connecticut, but was for twenty-five years on the Geological Survey of Canada, before taking a chair in the Massachusetts Institute of Technical Control of Laws

a chair in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is to receive a degree of Doctor of Laws from Cambridge, England.

—Mr. John B. Morris, whose will has just been probated in Paris, Kentucky, left all his estate to his former slaves.

—The Harbor Trust at Swansea recently gave the Princess of Wales a magnificent châtelaine, ornamented with fine diamonds, turquoises, and enamel, with devices of the rose thistle and enamel. emannel, with devices of the rose, thistle, and leek, for England, Scotland, and Wales, carrying compass, scissors, scent bottle, and other articles, the whole making a most queenly deco-

-GAMBETTA is very fond of an incognito. When he lately took a house in the Rue St. Di-dier, the owner supposed it was leased to a Ma-dame Léon, and in Germany he travelled as M. De Massabie. -Miss GENEVIEVE WARD intends to play in

French in St. Louis and in New Orleans, in both of which cities is a large resident French popula-tion, appearing in La Pluie et le Beau Temps. -Mr. Adams, the projector and publisher of Bradshaw, the English railway guide, has just

Mr. August Belmont, Jun., and his bride will spend their honey-moon in Egypt.

—It is again rumored that the musical author

Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is to be knighted.

—Miss Emilia Von Schaumberg, for years a noted beauty of Philadelphia, is at present a prominent figure in the festivities at Brighton, in England.

—Mr. ALFRED MORRISON, of London, has

—Mr. ALFRED MORRISON, of London, has bought the CASTELLANI collection of gems.

—The bride of Mr. WALTER WINANS, of Baltimore, who was recently married at St. Peter's Church, Brighton, England, wore white satin broché and lace, a veil and wreath of orange blossoms festooned with diamonds, while her six bridemaids appeared in cream lace and crimson, with hats to match.

—Mrs. JOHN LULUS the sinther of "Prindence".

—Mrs. John Lillie, the author of "Prudence," soon to be published in *Harper's Monthly*, is an American, who has had rare opportunities of studying her æsthetic subjects in London, where she has lived for some time. The illustrations

she has lived for some time. The illustrations are by Du Maurier.

—A descendant of Cotton Mather, Mr. Cotton Mather, of Kalamazoo, one of the first settlers of Michigan, died the other day.

—A Creek Indian student of the class of 1883 in the university at Wooster, Ohio, Mr. A. P. McKellor, has been appointed secretary to the Lower House of the General Assembly of the Indian Territory.

—The Birmingham Festival committee have paid twenty thousand dollars to M. Gounod for his oratorio, La Rédemption.

—The grandson of Victor Emanuel, the Crown Prince of Portugal, who is a poet and musician, is going to marry the Infanta Paz, daughter of Queen Isabella, who is agreeable-looking, and has been finely educated under the eye of her strong-minded elder sister, the ex-Princess of the Asturias.

—The question "Can the old love?" seems to

Princess of the Asturias.

—The question "Can the old love?" seems to be satisfactorily answered by the Earl of Mount Cashel, who, in his ninetieth year, is about to lead the widowed Mrs. MOLESWORTH to the altar.

—The LAFAYETTE tree on Congress Street, Portland, Maine, under which in 1825 a public reception was given to LAFAYETTE—which was the only tree spared by the fire of 1866 in the burned district, and which has been patched up for many years—was lately cut down, by order of the Mayor.

—Père la Chaise, where the Parisians have

lately celebrated their Fête des Morts, was named for the confessor of Louis XIV., a numismatist through whose instrumentality the King founded the Academy of Medals.

—The Marquis of Londonderry has lately en-tered into the retail coal trade in London with tered into the retail cost trace in London with marked success. He sells his coal thus without the intermediation and expense of a middleman.

—Mr. John Sojourner, who, at the age of ninety-two, has just married Miss Sarah McGer,

of about fifty, has been a widower five times, although all his season of widowhood put together does not amount to one year. He has been a church member for eighty years, and is still sprightly and vigorous.

—Mr. Whittier's autumn festival poem, with

—Mr. WHITTER'S autumn testival poem, with which the Governor of Massachusetts has just decorated his fanciful Thanksgiving proclamation, was first written by the poet for an agricultural gathering in the town adjoining his home. The Rev. J. C. FLETCHER, father of the author of Kismet, translated it into the Brazilian for the Emperor of Brazil to read at a harvest festival in that country. Being in Portuguese, it soon travelled to Europe, and was retranslated, to be sung at the gathering of the vintage, into the Italian, and has since then gone on singing itself into all the tongues of Europe.

Hosted by **GOO**

Tea-Cloth in Old German Embroidery. Figs. 1 and 2.

This tea-cloth is composed of four squares of white or cream-colored linen, which are connected by bands of guipure lace insertion. The squares measure ten inches on the side without the hem, and the insertion is three inches and a half wide. The cloth is edged with guipure lace of the same width as the insertion. The linen squares are embroidered in each corner with the arabesque design given in Fig. 2. The centre of the space is occupied by the figure of a gnome

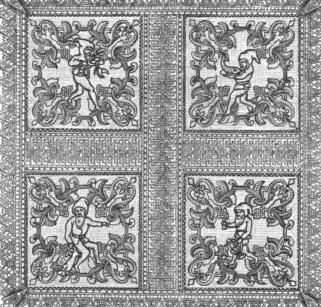


Fig. 1.—Tea-Cloth in Old German Embroidery.—[See Fig. 2.] For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 31.

bearing game, etc. The design for one of these is given in Fig. 31, Supplement. The work is executed in stem and in back stitch with embroidery cotton.

Two shades of résé-

are then caught down at regular intervals with transverse stitches in a darker shade. Worked on a suitable material the design is also appropri-

ate for

ent tassels of similar wool are fastened over the seams as seen in the illustration.

Pond-lily Design for Wash-stand Back. Outline-Work.

This design for a wash-stand back or splasher is worked in stem stitch in shades of olive brown crewel wool on crash or coarse écru linen. If preferred, the pond-lilies may be solid, in which case they are worked with yellow filoselle or washing silk in feather stitch. Another method of filling them in, and one which is both rapid and effective, is to cover the petals with long satin stitches in yellow silk, which



Fig. 5.—Embroidery for Fan, Fig. 2, Page 812.

a mantel valance or a sofa back. It can be enlarged with little trouble.

Writing-Desk.—Figs. 1 and 2. This writing-desk is covered in bronze plush with brass mountings. The inside is lined

with bronze satin, and is fitted up
with stationery and other appliances
for correspondence. The top of the
folding leaf is embroidered with a vignette
and monogram in the manner shown in Fig.
The work is executed in satin and in stem
by with comparidory silk and gold bullion

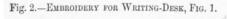
stitch with embroidery silk and gold bullion.

Flower Garnitures.—Figs. 1-5.
See illustrations on page 812.

Fig. 1, a spray for the hair or corsage, is a Marshal Niel



WALL-BASKET.



da are used for the arabesques, the darker for the edge and the lighter for filling. The outlines of the central figure are in dark brown, the face and hands in light brown, and the hair and beard in light gray. The squares are hemmed, and bordered with a row in double cross stitch of dark réséda cotton, which is then wound with light réséda as shown in Fig. 2. The squares, insertion, and lace are overseamed together.

Wall-Basket.

This wall-basket, for holding dust-cloths or other odds and ends, is stained black. The valance which



Fig. 1.—Writing-Desk,—[See Fig. 2.]

falls over
the side
consists of alternate strips of
peacock blue and
bronze plush. Each
strip is turned in at
the bottom to form a
point, and is embroidered with a small desi
in pink, blue, and ol

rip is turned in at
he bottom to form a
point, and is embroidered with a small design
in pink, blue, and olive
silks, and gold thread. The
whole is edged at the bottom with tassel fringe in
bronze and peacock blue
wool, and balls with pend-

bud in satin and plush with plush foliage.
Fig. 2 is an ornament for the hair composed of long and short loops of claret satin ribbon, clusters of small scarlet blossoms and berries, and a velvet butterfly mounted in iridescent metal.

The hair bow Fig. 3 consists of loops and ends of pink moiré ribbon, among which are fastened tufts of feathery green

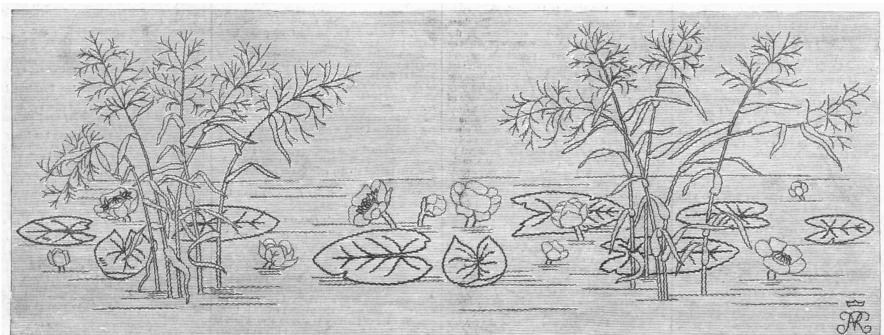


Fig. 2.—QUARTER OF DESIGN FOR TEA-CLOTH, FIG. 1.

and silver foliage with scarlet berries. An insect in mother-of-pearl and silver is set on the knot.

Fig. 4, a corsage bouquet, is composed of a loose cluster of pink and dark red half-blown roses with foliage, and green and scarlet berries on long evergreen stems.

The corsage bouquet, Fig. 5, consists of sprays of yellow chenille flowers, to which are added chenille pendants in a darker shade, and chenilleedged olive satin leaves.

MARION FAY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "Doctor Thorne," "Is He Popenjoy?"
"The Duke's Children," "John Caldigate,"
"Orley Farm," "The Warden," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARQUIS OF KINGSBURY.

WHEN Mr. Lionel Trafford went into Parliament for the borough of Wednesbury as an advanced Radical, it nearly broke the heart of his uncle, the old Marquis of Kingsbury. Among Tories of his day the marquis had been hyper-Tory, as were his friends the Duke of Newcastle, who thought that a man should be allowed to do what he liked with his own, and the Marquis of Londonderry, who, when some such falling off in the family politics came near him, spoke with indignation of the family treasure which had been expended in defending the family seat. Wednes-bury had never been the marquis's own; but his nephew was so in a peculiar sense. His nephew was necessarily his heir—the future marquis—and the old marquis never again, politically, held up his head. He was an old man when this occurred curred, and luckily for him, he did not live to see the worse things which came afterward.

The member for Wednesbury became marquis. and owner of the large family property, but still he kept his politics. He was a Radical marquis, wedded to all popular measures, not ashamed of his Charter days, and still clamorous for further Parliamentary reform, although it was regularly noted in Dod that the Marquis of Kingsbury was supposed to have strong influence in the borough of Edgware. It was so strong that both he and his uncle had put in whom they pleased. His uncle had declined to put him in, because of his renegade theories, but he revenged himself by giving the seat to a glib-mouthed tailor, who, to tell the truth, had not done much credit to his

But it came to pass that the shade of his uncle was avenged, if it can be supposed that such feelings will affect the eternal rest of a dead marquis. There grew up a young Lord Hampstead, the son and heir of the Radical marquis, promising in in-



ADELINA PATTI.-FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.-[SEE PAGE 807.]

telligence, and satisfactory in externals, but very difficult to deal with as to the use of his thoughts. They could not keep him at Harrow or at Oxford, because he not only rejected, but would talk openly against, Christian doctrines; a religious boy, but

determined not to believe in revealed mysteries. And at twenty-one he declared himself a Republican, explaining thereby that he disapproved altogether of hereditary honors. He was quite as bad to this marquis as had been this marquis to

the other. The tailor kept his seat, because Lord Hampstead would not even condescend to sit for the family borough. He explained to his fa-ther that he had doubts about a Parliament of which one section was hereditary, but was sure that at present he was too young for it. There must surely have been gratification in this to the shade of the departed marquis.

But there was worse than this—infinitely worse. Lord Hampstead formed a close friendship with results of social rank, and that he would more probably serve the purposes of his future life by associating with his equals; that like to like in friendship is advantageous. The marquis, his father, certainly thought so in spite of his Radicalism. But he might have been pardoned on the sever of Raday's general good gifts, wight the score of Roden's general good gifts; might have been pardoned, even though it were true, as supposed, that to Roden's strong convictions Lord Hampstead owed much of the ultra virus of his political convictions; might have been pardoned had there not been worse again. At Hendon Hall, the magnifel has the Roden worse again. the marquis's lovely suburban seat, the Post-office clerk was made acquainted with Lady Frances Trafford, and they became lovers.

The radicalism of a marquis is apt to be tainted by special considerations in regard to his own family. This marquis, though he had his exoteric politics, had his esoteric feelings. With him, Liberal as he was, his own blood possessed a peculiar ichor. Though it might be well that men in the mass should be as pearly gould as possible. in the mass should be as nearly equal as possible, yet, looking at the state of possibilities and realities as existent, it was clear to him that a Marquis of Kingsbury had been placed on a pedestal. It might be that the state of things was matter for regret. In his grander moments he was certain that it was so. Why should there be a ploughboy unable to open his mouth because of his infirmity, and a marquis with his own voice very resonant in the House of Lords, and a deputy voice dependent on him in the House of Commons? He had said so very frequently before his son, not knowing then what might be the effect of his own teaching. There had been a certain pride in his heart as he taught these lessons, wrong though it might be that there should be a marquis and a ploughboy so far reversed by the injustice of Fate. There had been a comfort to him in feeling that Fate had made him the marquis, and had made some one else the ploughboy. He knew what it was to be a marquis, down to the last inch of aristocratic admeasurement. He would fain that his children should have understood this also. But his lesson had gone deeper than he had intended, and great grief had come of it.



"THEN BY CHANCE SHE HEARD THE NAME 'FRANCES' WITHOUT THE PREFIX 'LADY,' AND SAID A WORD IN HAUGHTY ANGER."

The marquis had been first married to a lady altogether unconnected with noble blood, but whose father had held a position of remarkable ascendency in the House of Commons. He had never been a cabinet minister, because he had persisted in thinking that he could better serve his country by independence. He had been possessed of wealth, and had filled a great place in the so-cial world. In marrying the only daughter of this gentleman the Marquis of Kingsbury had indulged his peculiar taste in regard to Liberalism, and was at the same time held not to have derogated from his rank. She had been a woman of great beauty and of great intellectual gifts; thoroughly imbued with her father's views, but altogether free from feminine pedantry, and that ambition which begrudges to men the rewards of male labor. Had she lived, Lady Frances might probably not have fallen in with the Post-office clerk; nevertheless, had she lived, she would have known the Post-office clerk to be a worthy gen-

But she had died when her son was but sixteen and her daughter no more than fifteen. Two years afterward our marquis had gone among the dukes, and had found for himself another wife. Perhaps the freshness and edge of his political convictions had been blunted by that gradual sinking down among the great peers in general which was natural to his advanced years. A man who has spouted at twenty-five becomes tired of spouting at fifty, if nothing special has come from his spouting. He had been glad when he married Lady Clara Mountressor to think that circumstances as they had occurred at the last election would not make it necessary for him to deliver up the borough to the tailor on any further occasion. The tailor had been drunk at the hustings, and he ventured to hope that before six months were over Lord Hampstead would have so far rectified his frontiers as to be able to take a seat in the House of Commons.

Then very quickly there were born three little flaxen-haired boys-who became at least flaxenhaired as they emerged from their cradles-Lord Frederic, Lord Augustus, and Lord Gregory. That they must be brought up with ideas becoming the scions of a noble house there could be no doubt. Their mother was every inch a duke's daughter. But, alas! not one of them was likely to become Marquis of Kingsbury. Though born so absolutely in the purple, they were but younger sons. This was a silent sorrow; but when their halfsister Lady Frances told their mother openly that she had plighted her troth to the Post-office clerk, that was a sorrow which did not admit of

When Lord Hampstead had asked permission to bring his friend to the house, there seemed to be no valid reason for refusing him. Low as he had descended amidst the depths of disreputable opinion, it was not supposed that even he would countenance anything so horrible as this. And was there not ground for security in the reticence and dignity of Lady Frances herself? The idea never presented itself to the marchioness. When she heard that the Post-office clerk was coming, she was naturally disgusted. All Lord Hampstead's ideas, doings, and ways were disgusting She was a woman full of high-bred courtesy, and had always been gracious to her step-son's friends; but it had been with a cold grace. Her heart rejected them thoroughly—as she did him, and, to tell the truth, Lady Frances also. Lady Frances had all her mother's dignity, all her mother's tranquil manner, but something more than her mother's advanced opinions. She too had her ideas that the world should gradually be taught to dispense with the distances which separate the dukes and the ploughboys—gradually, but still with a progressive motion, always tending in that direction. This to her stepmother was disgusting.

The Post-office clerk had never before been re-

ceived at Hendon Hall, though he had been introduced in London by Lord Hampstead to his sister. The Post-office clerk had indeed abstained from coming, having urged his own feelings with his friend as to certain unfitnesses. "A marquis is as absurd to me as to you," he had said to Lord Hampstead, "but while there are marquises they should be indulged—particularly marchionesses. An overdelicate skin is a nuisance; but if skins have been so trained as not to bear the free air, veils must be allowed for their protection. The object should be to train the skin, not to punish it abruptly. An unfortunate sybarite marchioness ought to have her rose leaves. Now I am not a rose leaf." And so he had staid away.

But the argument had been carried on between the friends, and the noble heir had at last prevailed. George Roden was not a rose leaf. but he was found at Hendon to have flowers of beautiful hues and with a sweet scent. Had he not been known to be a Post-office clerk-could the marchioness have been allowed to judge of him simply from his personal appearance—he might have been taken to be as fine a rose leaf as any. He was a tall, fair, strongly built young man, with short fair hair, pleasant gray eyes, an aquiline nose, and small mouth. In his gait and form and face nothing was discernibly more appropriate to Post-office clerks than to the nobility at large. But he was a clerk, and he himself, as he himself had declared, knew nothing of his own family-remembered no relation but his mother.

It had come to pass that the house at Hendon had become specially the residence of Lord Hampstead, who would neither have lodgings of his own in London nor make part of the family when it oc-cupied Kingsbury House in Park Lane. He would sometimes go abroad, would sometimes appear for a week or two at Trafford Park, the grand seat in Yorkshire. But he preferred the place, half town half country, in the neighborhood of London, and here George Roden came frequently backward and forward after the ice had been broken by a first visit. Sometimes the marquis would be there, and with him his daughter-rarely the marchioness. Then came the time when Lady Frances declared boldly to her step-mother that she had pledged her troth to the Post-office clerk. That happened in June, when Parliament was sitting, and when the flowers at Hendon were at their best. The marchioness came there for a day or two, and the Post-office clerk on that morning had left the house for his office work, not purposing to come back. Some word had been said which had caused annoyance, and he did not intend to return. When he had been gone about an hour, Lady Frances revealed the truth.

Her brother at that time was two-and-twenty. She was a year younger. The clerk might per-haps be six years older than the young lady. Had he only been the eldest son of a marquis. or earl, or viscount, had he been but an embryo baron, he might have done very well. He was a well-spoken youth, yet with a certain modesty, such a one as might easily take the eye of a wished-for though ever so noble a mother-in-law. The little lords had learned to play with him, and it had come about that he was at his ease in the house. The very servants had seemed to forget that he was no more than a clerk, and that he went off by railway into town every morning that he might earn ten shillings by sitting for six hours at his desk. Even the marchioness had almost trained herself to like him-as one of those excrescences which are sometimes to be found in noble families, some governess, some chaplain, or private secretary, whom chance or merit has elevated in the house, and who thus becomes a trusted friend. Then by chance she heard the name "Frances" without the prefix "Lady," and said a word in haughty anger. The Post-office clerk packed up his portmanteau, and Lady Frances told her story.

Lord Hampstead's name was John. He was the Honorable John Trafford, called by courtesy Earl of Hampstead. To the world at large he was Lord Hampstead; to his friends in general he was Hampstead; to his step-mother he was especially Hampstead, as would have been her own eldest son the moment he was born had he been born to such good luck. To his father he had become Hampstead lately. In early days there had been some secret family agreement that in spite of conventionalities he should be John among them. The marquis had latterly suggested that increasing years makes this foolish; but the son himself attributed the change to stepmaternal influences. But still he was John to his sister, and John to some half-dozen sympathizing friends, and among others to the Postoffice clerk.

"He has not said a word to me," the sister replied, when she was taxed by her brother with seeming partiality for their young visitor.
"But he will."

"No girl will ever admit as much as that, John.'

"But if he should?"

"No girl will have an answer ready for such a suggestion."

"I know he will."

"If so, and if you have wishes to express, you should speak to him."

All this made the matter quite clear to her brother. A girl such as was his sister would not so receive a brother's notice as to a proposed overture of love from a Post-office clerk, unless she had brought herself to look on the possibil-

ity without abhorrence.
"Would it go against the grain with you,
John?" This was what the clerk said when he was interrogated by his friend.

"There would be difficulties."

"Very great difficulties-difficulties even with

"I did not say so."

"They would come naturally. The last thing which a man can abandon of his social idolatries is the sanctity of the women belonging to him." "God forbid that I should give up anything of

the sanctity of my sister!"

"No; but the idolatry attached to it. It is as well that even a nobleman's daughter should be married, if she can find a nobleman or such like to her taste. There is no breach of sanctity in the love-but so great a wound to the idolatry in the man! Things have not changed so quickly that even you should be free from the feeling. Three hundred years ago, if the man could not be dispatched out of the country or to the other world, the girl at least would be locked up. Three hundred years hence, the girl and the man will stand together on their own merits. Just in this period of transition it is very hard for such a one as you to free himself altogether from the old trammels."

"I make the endeavor."

"Most bravely. But, my dear fellow, let this individual thing stand separately, away from politics and abstract ideas. I mean to ask your sister whether I can have her heart, and, as far as her will goes, her hand. If you are displeased, I suppose we shall have to part—for a time. Let theories run ever so high, Love will be stronger than them all." Lord Hampstead at this moment gave no assurances of his good-will; but when it came to pass that his sister had given her assurance, then he ranged himself on the side of his friend the clerk.

So it came to pass that there was great trouble in the household of the Marquis of Kingsbury. The family went abroad before the end of July, on account of the health of the children. So said the Morning Post. Anxious friends inquired in vain what could have befallen those flaxenhaired young Herculeses. Why was it necessary that they should be taken to the Saxon Alps, when the beauties and comforts of Trafford Park were so much nearer and so superior? Lady Frances was taken with them, and there were one or two noble intimates among the world of fashion who heard some passing whispers of the truth. When passing whispers creep into the world of fashion, they are heard far and wide.

CHAPTER II. LORD HAMPSTEAD.

LORD HAMPSTEAD, though he would not go into Parliament, or belong to any London club, or walk about the streets with a chimney-pot hat, or perform any of his public functions as a young nobleman should do, had nevertheless his own amusements and his own extravagances. In the matter of money he was placed outside his father's liberality—who was himself inclined to be liberal enough—by the fact that he had inherited a considerable portion of his maternal grand-father's fortune. It might almost be said truly of him that money was no object to him. It was not that he did not often talk about money and think about money. He was very prone to do so, saying that money was the most important factor in all the world's justices and injustices. But he was so fortunately circumstanced as to be able to leave money out of his own personal consideration, never being driven by the want of it to deny himself anything, or tempted by a superabundance to expenditure which did not otherwise approve itself to him. To give 10s. or 20s. a bottle for wine because somebody pretended that it was very fine, or £300 for a horse when one at £100 would do his work for him, was altogether below his philosophy. By his father's lodge gate there ran an omnibus up to town which he would often use, saying that an omnibus with company was better than a private carriage with none. He was wont to be angry with himself in that he employed a fashionable tailor, declaring that he incurred unnecessary expense merely to save himself the trouble of going elsewhere. In this, however, it may be thought that there was something of pretense, as he was no doubt conscious of good looks, and aware probably that a skillful tailor might add a grace In his amusements he affected two which are

especially expensive. He kept a yacht, in which he was accustomed to absent himself in the summer, and autumn, and he had a small hunting establishment in Northamptonshire. Of the former little need be said here, as he spent his time on board much alone, or with friends with whom we need not follow him; but it may be said that everything about the Free-Trader was done well - for such was the name of the vessel. Though he did not pay 10s. a bottle for his wine, he paid the best prices for sails and cordage, and hired a competent skipper to look after himself and his boat. His hunting was done very much in the same way, unless it be that in his yachting he was given to be tranquil, and in his hunting he was very fond of hard riding. At Gorse Hall, as his cottage was called, he had all comforts—we may perhaps say much of luxury—around him. It was indeed hardly more than a cottage, having been an old farm-house, and lately converted to its present purpose. There were no noble surroundings, no stately hall, no marble staircases, no costly salon. You entered by a passage which deserved no auguster name, on the right of which was the dining-room; on the left a larger chamber, always called the drawing-room, because of the fashion of the name. Beyond that was a smaller retreat, in which the owner kept his books. Leading up from the end of the passage there was a steep staircase, a remnant of the old farm-house, and above them five bedrooms, so that his lordship was limited to the number of four guests. Behind this was the kitchen and the servants' rooms-sufficient, but not more than sufficient, for such a house. Here our young democrat kept half a dozen horses, all of them, as men around were used to declare, fit to go, although they were said to have been bought at not more than £100 each. It was supposed to be a crotchet on the part of Lord Hampstead to assert that cheap things were as good as dear, and there were some who believed that he did in truth care as much for his horses as other people. It was certainly a fact that he never would have but one out in a day, and he was wont to declare that Smith took out his second horse chiefly that Jones might know that he did so. Down here, at Gorse Hall, the Post-office clerk had often been received as a visitor, but not at Gorse Hall had he ever seen

This lord had peculiar ideas about hunting, in reference to sport in general. It was supposed, and supposed truly, that no young man in England was more devotedly attached to fox-hunting than he, and that in want of a fox he would ride after a stag, and in want of a stag, after a drag. If everything else failed, he would go home across the country, any friend accompanying him, or else alone. Nevertheless he entertained a vehement hostility against all other sports.

Of racing he declared that it had become simly a way of making money, and of all ways the least profitable to the world, and the most disreputable. He was never seen on a race-course. But his friends or enemies declared of him that though he loved riding, he was no judge of an animal's pace, and that he was afraid to bet lest he should lose his money.

Against shooting he was still louder. If there was in his country any tradition, any custom, any law, hateful to him, it was such as had reference to the preservation of game. The preservation of a fox, he said, stood on a perfectly different basis. The fox was not preserved by law, and when preserved was used for the advantage of all who chose to be present at the amusement. One man in one day would shoot fifty pheasants which had eaten up the food of half a dozen human beings. One fox afforded in one day amusement to two hundred sportsmen, and was-or more generally was not-killed during the performance. And the fox during his beneficial life had eaten no corn, nor for the most part geese, but chiefly rats and such like. What infinitesimal sum had the fox cost the country for every man who rode after him? Then what had been the cost of all those pheasants which one shooting cormorant crammed into his huge bag during one day's greedy sport?

But it was the public nature of the one amusement and the thoroughly private nature of the other which chiefly affected him. In the hunting field the farmer's son, if he had a pony, or the butcher-boy out of the town, could come and take his part, and if the butcher-boy could go ahead and keep his place while the man with a red coat and pink boots and with two horses fell behind, the butcher-boy would have the best of it, and mind the displeasure of no one. And the laws, too, by which hunting is governed, if there be laws, are thoroughly democratic in their nature. They are not, he said, made by any Parliament, but are simply assented to on behalf of the common need. It was simply in compliance with opinion that the lands of all men are open to be ridden over by the men of the hunt. In compliance with opinion foxes are preserved. In compliance with opinion coverts are drawn by this or the other pack of hounds. The legislature had not stepped in to defile the statute-book by bylaws made in favor of the amusements of the rich. If injury were done, the ordinary laws of the country were open to the injured party. Anything in hunting that had grown to be beyond the reach of the law had become so by the force of popular opinion.

All of this was reversed in shooting, from any participation in which the poor were debarred by enactments made solely on behalf of the rich. Four or five men in a couple of days would offer up ten hecatombs of slaughtered animals, in doing which they could only justify themselves by the fact that they were acting as poultry butchers for the supply of the markets of the country. There was no excitement in it-simply the firing off of many guns with a rapidity which altogether prevents that competition which is essential to the enjoyment of sport. Then our noble Republican would quote Teufelsdröckh, and the memorable epitaph of the partridge-slayer. But it was on the popular and unpopular elements of the two sports that he would most strongly dilate and on the iniquity of the game-laws as applying to the more aristocratic of the two. It was, however, asserted by the sporting world at large that Hamp-

stead could not hit a hay-stack. As to fishing, he was almost equally violent, groundin, his objection on the tedium and cruelty incident to the pursuit. The first was only a mat-ter of taste, he would allow. If a man could content himself and be happy with an average of one fish to every three days' fishing, that was the man's affair. He could only think that in such case the man himself must be as cold-blooded as the fish which he so seldom succeeded in catching. As to the cruelty, he thought there could be no doubt. When he heard that bishops and ladies delighted themselves in hauling an unfortunate animal about by the gills for more than an hour at a stretch, he was inclined to regret the past piety of the Church and the past tenderness of the sex. When he spoke in this way, the cru-elty of fox-hunting was of course thrown in his teeth. Did not the poor hunted quadrupeds, when followed hither and thither by a pack of fox-hounds, endure torments as sharp and as prolonged as those inflicted on the fish? In answer to this, Lord Hampstead was eloquent and argumentative. As far as we could judge from Nature, the condition of the two animals during the process was very different. The salmon with the hook in its throat was in a position certainly not intended by Nature. The fox, using all its gifts to avoid an enemy, was employed exactly as Nature had enjoined. It would be as just to compare a human being impaled alive on a stake with another overburdened with his world's task. The overburdened man might stumble and fall, and so perish. Things would have been hard to him. But not, therefore, could you compare his sufferings with the excruciating agonies of the poor wretch who had been left to linger and starve with an iron rod through his vitals. This argument was thought to be crafty rather than convincing by those who were fond of fishing. But he had another one which, when he had blown off the steam of his eloquence by his sensational description of a salmon impaled by a bishop, he could defend with greater confidence. He would grant, for the moment, though he was by no means sure of the fact, but for the moment he would grant, that the fox did not enjoy the hunt. Let it be acknowledged, for the sake of the argument, that he was tortured by the hounds rather than elated by the triumphant success of his own manœuvres. Lord Hampstead "ventured to say"-this he would put forward in that rationalistic tone with which he was wont to prove the absurdity of hereditary honors—that in the infliction of all pain the question as to cruelty or no cruelty was one of relative value. Was it "tanti"? Who can doubt that for a certain maximum of good a certain minimum of suffering may be inflicted without slur to humanity? In hunting, one fox was made to finish his triumphant career, perhaps prematurely, for the advantage of two hundred sportsmen. "Ah, but only for their amusement!" would interpose some humanitarian averse equally to fishing and to hunting. Then his lordship would arise indignantly and would ask his opponent whether what he called amusement was not as beneficial, as essential, as necessary to the world, as even such material good things as bread and meat. Was poetry less valuable than the multiplication table? Man could exist, no doubt, without fox-hunting. So he could without butter, without wine, or other so-called necessarie without ermine tippets, for instance, the original God-invested wearer of which had been doomed to lingering starvation and death when trapped amidst the snow, in order that one lady might be made fine by the agonies of a dozen little furry sufferers. It was all a case of "tanti," he said; and he said that the fox which had saved himself half a dozen times, and then died nobly on behalf of those who had been instrumental in preserving an existence for him, ought not to complain of the lot which Fate had provided for him among the animals of the earth. It was said however in reference to this comparison between fishing and fox-hunting, that Lord Hampstead was altogether deficient in that skill and patience which

But men, though they laughed at him, still liked him. He was good-humored and kindly hearted. He was liberal in more than his politics. He had, too, a knack of laughing at himself and his own peculiarities, which went far to redeem them. That a young earl, an embryo marquis, the heir of such a house as that of Trafford, should preach a political doctrine which those who heard ignorantly called Communistic, was very dreadful; but the horror of it was mitigated when he declared that no doubt as he got old he should turn Tory like any other Radical. In this there seemed to be a covert allusion to his father. And then they could perceive that his "Communistic" principles did not prevent him from having a good eye to the value of land. He knew what he was about as an owner of property should do, and certainly rode to hounds

as well as any one of the boys of the period.

When the idea first presented itself to him that his sister was on the way to fall in love with George Roden, it has to be acknowledged that he was displeased. It had not occurred to him that this peculiar breach would be made on the protected sanctity of his own family. When Roden had spoken to him of this sanctity as one of the "social idolatries," he had not quite been able to contradict him. He had wished to do so both in defense of his own consistency, and also, if it were possible, so as to maintain the sanctity. The "divinity" which "does hedge a king" had been to him no more than a social idolatry. special respect in which dukes and such like were held was the same. The judge's ermine and the bishop's apron were idolatries. Any outward honor, not earned by the deeds or words of him so honored, but coming from birth, wealth, or from the doings of another, was an idolatry. Carrying on his arguments, he could not admit the same thing in reference to his sister, or rather he would have to admit it if he could not make another plea in defense of the sanctity. His sister was very holy to him; but that should be because of her nearness to him, because of her sweetness, because of her own gifts, because, as her brother, he was bound to be her especial knight till she should have chosen some other special knight for herself. But it should not be because she was the daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter of dukes and marquises It should not be because she was Lady Frances Trafford. Had he himself been a Post-office clerk, then would not this chosen friend have been fit to love her? There were unfitnesses, no doubt, very common in this world, which should make the very idea of love impossible to a woman—unfitness of character, of habits, of feelings, of education—unfitnesses as to inward personal nobility. He could not say that there were any such which ought to separate his sister and his friend. If it was to be that this sweet sister should some day give her heart to a lover, why not to George Roden as well as to another? There were no such unfitnesses as those of which he would have thought in dealing with the lives of some other girl and some other young man.

And yet he was, if not displeased, at any rate

dissatisfied. There was something which grated against either his taste or his judgment—or per-haps his prejudices. He endeavored to inquire into himself fairly on this matter, and feared that he was yet the victim of the prejudices of his order. He was wounded in his pride to think that his sister should make herself equal to a clerk in the Post-office. Though he had often endeavored, only too successfully, to make her understand how little she had in truth received from her high birth, yet he felt that she had received something which should have made the proposal of such a marriage distasteful to her. A man can not rid himself of a prejudice because he knows or believes it to be a prejudice. That the two, if they continued to wish it, must become man and wife, he acknowledged to himself; but he could not bring himself not to be sorry that it should be so.

There were some words on the subject between himself and his father before the marquis went abroad with his family, which, though they did not reconcile him to the match, lessened the dissatisfaction. His father was angry with him, throwing the blame of this untoward affair on his head, and he was always prone to resent censure thrown by any of his family on his own pe-culiar tenets. Thus it came to pass that in defending himself he was driven to defend his sister also. The marquis had not been at Hendon when the revelation was first made, but had heard it in the course of the day from his wife. His Radical tendencies had done very little toward reconciling him to such a proposal. He had never brought his theories home into his own personalities. To be a Radical peer in the House of Lords, and to have sent a Radical tailor to the House of Commons, had been enough, if not too much, to satisfy his own political ideas. To himself and to his valet-to all those immediately touching himself-he had always been the Marquis of Kingsbury. And so also, in his inner heart, the Marchioness was the Marchioness, and Lady Frances Lady Frances. He had never gone through any process of realizing his convictions as his son had done. "Hampstead," he said, "can this possibly be true, what your mother has told me?" This took place at the house in Park Lane, to which the marquis had summoned his sen.

"Do you mean about Frances and George Roden ?"

"Of course I mean that."

"I supposed you did, sir. I imagined that when you sent for me it was in regard to them. No doubt it is true."

"What is true? You speak as though you absolutely approved it."

'Then my voice has belied me, for I disapprove

"You feel, I hope, how utterly impossible it is."
"Not that."

"Not that?"

"I can not say that I think it to be impossibleor even improbable. Knowing the two, as I do, I feel the probability to be on their side."

"That they—should be married?"
"That is what they intend. I never knew either of them to mean anything which did not

sooner or later get itself accomplished."
"You'll have to learn it on this occasion. How
on earth can it have been brought about?" Lord Hampstead shrugged his shoulders. "Somebody has been very much to blame.'

"You mean me, sir?"

"Somebody has been very much to blame."

"Of course you mean me. I can not take any blame in the matter. In introducing George Roden to you, and to my mother, and to Frances, I brought you to the knowledge of a highly educated and extremely well-mannered young man." "Good God!"

"I did to my friend what every young man, I suppose, does to his. I should be ashamed of myself to associate with any one who was not a proper guest for my father's table. One does not calculate before that a young man and a young woman shall fall in love with each other."
"You see what has happened."

"It was extremely natural, no doubt, though I had not anticipated it. As I told you, I am very y. It will cause many heart-burns, and some

unhappiness.' "Unhappiness! I should think so. I must go away in the middle of the session.'

It will be worse for her, poor girl."

"It will be very bad for her," said the marquis, speaking as though his mind were quite made up on that matter.

"But nobody, as far as I can see, has done anything wrong," continued Lord Hampstead. "When two young people get together, whose tastes are similar, and opinions—whose education and habits of thought have been the same-

Habits the same!"

"Habits of thought, I said, sir." "You would talk the hind-legs off a dog," said the marquis, bouncing out of the room. It was not unusual with him, in the absolute privacy of own circle, to revert to language which he would have felt to be unbecoming to him, as Marquis of Kingsbury, among ordinary people.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM ENGLAND TO NATAL. See illustrations on double page.

THE traveller southward when he has passed the chopping seas of the English Channel and the long swell of the Bay of Biscay, is sailing in summer seas. The first land seen is Porto Santo, a little island northeast of Madeira, with a high peak in the centre, of which the extreme point appears above the clouds. It was on this island that Columbus, observing the drift-wood brought ashore from the west, realized the fact that a new country lay still beyond him. As the vessel crosses the thirty miles which separate Porto Santo from Madeira, the beauty of the latter island becomes fully apparent. Dark purple rocks clothed on the summit with rich vegetation rise up from the sea, quiet hamlets nestle on the sides of the hills or by the bays, and every nook of land is terraced and cultivated, and all varieties of tropical and semi-tropical plants flourish. The view of Funchal, the chief city, is lovely; the blue sky above and the blue sea below are the frame of the picture. In the foreground is a picturesque castle with Moorish battlements perched on an isolated rock, the houses come down to the water's edge, and thin off as they mount the steep hills, standing out clear with their white walls and tiled roofs against a background of emerald foliage. Another day's sail brings the voyager in sight of the huge Peak of Teneriffe, which towers aloft to the height of 12,182 feet. The ascent is difficult, but the view from the top amply repays the traveller for the fatigue, as he looks down on the seven lovely islands of the Canaries—a name given them, according to Pliny, ex multitudins canum found there by the first civilized landers. The cone of the peak is a pile of lava, pumice, and ashes thrown up in an ancient crater. Steam and sulphureous vapor still issue from its summit, on which the snow lies for four months of the vear. There are no accounts of active eruptions from the peak, but streams of lava. were discharged in 1798 from vents in the sides. The canary-bird is here wild, and its natural color is a grayish-brown, the yellow color of our tame birds being produced by three hundred and fifty years of domestication.

The pleasantest part of the voyage to the Cape is near Madeira and the Canaries. The air is soft and balmy, the sea smooth and pleasant, the winds are low, all sails are set, and new ones bent on the yards to catch the gentle breezes. Beyond the equator the trade-winds are encountered, cool and refreshing, but the nearer the ship comes to the Cape, the more they grow in strength, and often from cool become cold. Then comes a sail of three weeks with little to break the monotony. Concerts are threatened and theatri-cals proposed, but the tropical languor usually seduces the passenger to be a lazy spectator of the routine of the ship, the mustering of the crew for prayers on Sunday, and the heaving of the log to ascertain the daily run. Then some morning he wakes to see before him the huge bulk of Table Mountain. The summit, on which Camoens enthrones the Giant of the Cape, is perfectly horizontal. "Heere," says old Purchas, "Nature hath framed herself a delightful bower, heere to sit and contemplate the great seas, and therefore

hath heere formed a great Plaine, which with the fragrante herbs, varieties of flowers, and flourishing garden of all things, seemes a terrestrial Par-The town is highly picturesque; the houses white, with terraces in front. Behind rises the wall of the mountain, while its two ramparts, the Devil's Peak and the Lion, form the wings of the amphitheatre. A dense and lofty forest of pines clothes its flanks. Trees of all zones grow side by side. Crowds of fishing-boats are arriving or departing, men-of-war of all na-tions are lying in the roads, while the streets are filled with a motley crowd of Malays, negroes, Caffres, Hottentots, Jews, and all the races of Europe.

The southeast wind blows with terrific force, and ships had often to put to sea for safety, before the Prince Alfred Docks were built a few years ago. The usual way of reaching Natal from Cape Town is by a coasting steamer, which makes its first halt at Port Elizabeth, a town founded in 1826. The town is built round the bay, and consists of one long street. It is said to be the best starting-point for the Diamond Fields. The coast, so dangerous to mariners, is well in sight the whole way, a fine bold outline, but bleak in appearance. Then the Bluff is sighted, the bold headland which protects the harbor of Natal, and where, unless the tide serves, the vessel must lie till it can cross the bar which closes the landlocked bay.

DON'T LET THEM BURY ME DEEP.

By WILL CARLETON.

[It will interest readers to know that this touching poem is founded upon an actual occurrence, which has lately obtained some publicity through the news-pages 1.

LIFT me a bit in my bed, father; Press your warm lips to my cheek; Put your arm under my head, father-I am so tired and so weak. I can not stay long awake now Many a night I shall sleep. Promise one thing for my sake, now—

Don't let them bury me deep Cover my bed with sweet flowers, father, Those I so well loved to se So, in the long lonely hours, father, They'll be companions for me.

If I should wake in the night, then,

Their lips my sad face would sweep. Make my grave cheerful and bright, then-Don't let them bury me deep! When to the church you all go, father,

At the sweet Sabbath bell's tone, I shall be dreary, you know, father, Lying out there all alone. Hang my bird near in a tree, then Watch over me he will keep; He will sing sweet hymns to me, then-Don't let them bury me deep!

Call on me whene'er you pass, father, Where by your side I oft ran; Put your face down on the grass, father. Near to my own as you can. If I could look up and hear you, Into your arms I would creep; Let me sometimes nestle near y

Don't let them bury me deep! Look! who has come for me now, father, Standing so near to my bed? Some one is kissing my brow, father-Mamma, I thought you were dead! See! she is smiling so bright to you, Beckons for you not to weep; .
'Tis not good-by, but good-night, to you— They can not bury me deep!

ADELINA PATTI.

DELINA JUAÑA CLORINDA-or, accord-A ing to other authorities, Adèle Jeanne Marie Patti was born at Madrid in 1843, the child of Salvatore Patti and his wife, who sang under the name of Barili. A few years after her birth the family came to America. The children all studied music from infancy, and Adelina made her first public appearance in New York in 1851, during the season in which Madame Bosio was here. She continued her studies under the guidance of Maurice Strakosch, her brother-in-law, and made her real début 24th November, 1859, in this city, as Lucia in La Sonnambula. Her success was decided, and after visiting the principal cities here, she went, in 1861, to Europe. From that year to the present time she has sung every year at Covent Garden, London. France, Holland, Belgium, Austria, and Prussia were all in turn scenes of her triumphs, and it was proved in a lawsuit which she brought, on attaining her majority, against Strakosch that he had received under his contract with her over \$120,000 in one year. After 1864 she was attached to the Italiens at Paris, but made visits to London, Baden, Brussels, and St. Petersburg. At the latter city her triumphs in 1870 were most brilliant. The Emperor conferred on her a decoration and the title of First Singer to the Court. She sang Aids in the Apollo at Rome, and returned to Paris in 1874. has sung since then in Brussels, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Milan, and Seville. In every city her combined attractions of person, manner, and artistic skill charmed the public. She poss equal facility in impassioned tenderness and in sprightly comedy. Her répertoire is extensive, embracing thirty rôles, chiefly of the Italian school, but including Marguérite in Faust, and Giulietta in Romeo e Giulietta. In England she has been equally successful in the concerts of the Birmingham Festival in 1864, when she sang the part of Adah in Costa's Naaman, and at the Handel Festivals of 1865, 1867, and 1880. But

it is on the operatic stage that she has gained her most brilliant laurels, and it will be a matter of regret if, during her visit here, we do not hear her in that style of art where she reigns supreme.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAUD F. - Seal-skin sacques are worn in deep mourning, and will remain in fashion all winter, though long cloaks of seal-skin are more elegant.

Lena.—It is impossible to judge of the value of your china by mere description. You may learn about it from Prime's exhaustive treatise on Pottery and Porcelain, published by Harper & Brothers. does not constitute value; yet old china is always worth investigation. Five tables would be too many for a room the size you mention, with the other neces sary furniture. Berlin wool is preferable to crewels for your footstool in Persian knot stitch.

A. H.—The Vatican palace has grown up by degrees, and dates back to the time of Charlemagne, or perhaps still farther. It was rebuilt by Innocent III., in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and enlarged half a century later by Nicholas III., but did not become the permanent residence of the Popes until after their return from Avignon in 1377. Very little of the present edifice, however, is older than the time of Nicholas V., who commenced the renovation of the palace in 1447, which was afterward completed by Alexander V. The Sistine Chapel was built by Sextus IV., in 1474. The palace contains the greatest art treasures extant.

INQUIRER.—Numerous patterns for applied-work have been given in the Bazar. Besides the smaller designs for cushions, etc., there are, among borders, the tiger-lily in No. 5, curtain borders in Nos. 19 and 20, and the large sunflower design in Nos. 41 and 43, Vol.

READER.—You will find your queries answered in the article "Before the Wedding and After," in Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV.

Mrs. G. F. B.-An article in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XIII. gives information about curtains woven from silk

L. G., LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.—The flowers in the

design are to be filled in.

design are to be filled in.

IGNORANCE.—You would do well to bring a letter
from your family physician to the city doctor you
wish to consult. You can call on him, or send for
him to see you at the hotel; there is no special etiquette in the matter. There are many infirmaries that receive private patients.

A New Subscriber, Albany.—It would be quite

proper to call after coming out of black, even if cards proper to call after coming out or black, even it cards had been sent. To enter society, however, it is well to give a five-o'clock tea or soirée, and save yourself the trouble of calling. It is absolutely proper to invite all young gentlemen who have called at New-Year's, or who have sent cards.—As to the Turkey red dresses trimmed with white Hamburg, we think the combination too startling.

Use gray or blue or white Marseilles.

B. S., Boston, Massachusetts.-No one can call upon you unless you send word where you live. All brides should send cards with number of residence, as there is great confusion caused if they do not. Every one calls on a bride if invited to the wedding, personally or by card, if they know where to find her.

MINNIE.—A pale pink cashmere dress for a young lady should be embroidered in the same shade, in the open Saxony-work now in fashion. Make it with a pleated skirt, panier drapery, and antique pointed

SUBSCRIBER.—The seam in the middle of the back of a circular should be bias, and the front edges should be straight.

IGNORAMUS.—French nainsook is the nicest material for infants' dresses. The American soft-finished cambrics are suitable for night dresses, slips, and skirts.

Mas. M. A. G.—Retrim your cloak with black plush, putting on a wide border of it where the fur is now. Do not alter the shape. You can probably dispose of your furs among the fur dealers.

H. M. F.—The answer about cosmetics was to anoth-

er correspondent under the same initials as yours. The antique corsage is pointed in front and back, and extends a trifle below the waist line over the hips. Greek over-skirts have a deep apron pointed long on one side, and caught up very high on the hips. Bow drapery is a scarf-like sash that passes around the hips and is tied in an immense bow behind, with wide

ends that take the place of a draped over-skirt.

Daisy.—Plush, either plain or ridged, and of the same shade, will trim your blue Surah dress hand-

J. E. H.—Get a wide straight-brimmed round hat of blue felt with high tapering crown, and have blue fea-ther tips curving outward all around the crown. Bang your front hair, and braid the back low on the nape of

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.-A red plush basque, or else facings, panels, and shirred scarfs on the corsage of red brocade, will be the best way of introducing color into your black dress for evening. The red plush basque with black silk skirts is a favorite suit for the opera and other dressy occasions. You need not introduce red into the skirts, as they are now entirely different from the basque. Black and white striped satin or velvet is also used for a basque to be worn with black silk skirts.

M. S .- We do not publish designs such as you sug

gest at the request of our readers.

MAGGIE C.—Clean your black cashmere by sponging it with diluted ammonia. Get some moiré and put a pleating from the knees down on the skirt; drape the over-skirt low enough to cover this at the top, and put moiré on the basque in plain bands, collar, and cuffs. EMILY.—Get black cashmere to combine with plaid

wool. For a best dress for a girl of seventeen have a dark green, blue, or wine-colored Surah, with plush borders of the same color.

OLD SUBSORIBER.—Read reply just given "Emily." You will find further hints in a late number of the Bazar, in the New York Fashions. A plush basque with silk skirts makes a simple and pretty toilette for

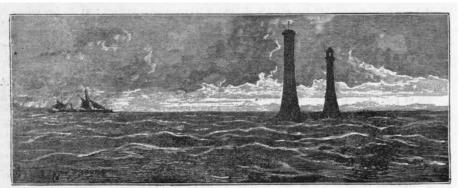
a young lady.

UGLY GIRL READER.—An ordinary tea-spoon is the size referred to.

Mrs. E. M. B.-You will find addresses in our advertising columns

Miss K .- Ball dresses will be worn short or with quarter trains by young ladies. Kid or satin slippers are used with them. Moiré of the same shade would be beautiful with your Nile green silk. White satin slippers are worn with any evening dress. Linen cuffs are still worn, though not so generally as they formerly were. The bride wears gloves, no matter how in-formal the wedding may be; the bridegroom omits them or wears them at pleasure.

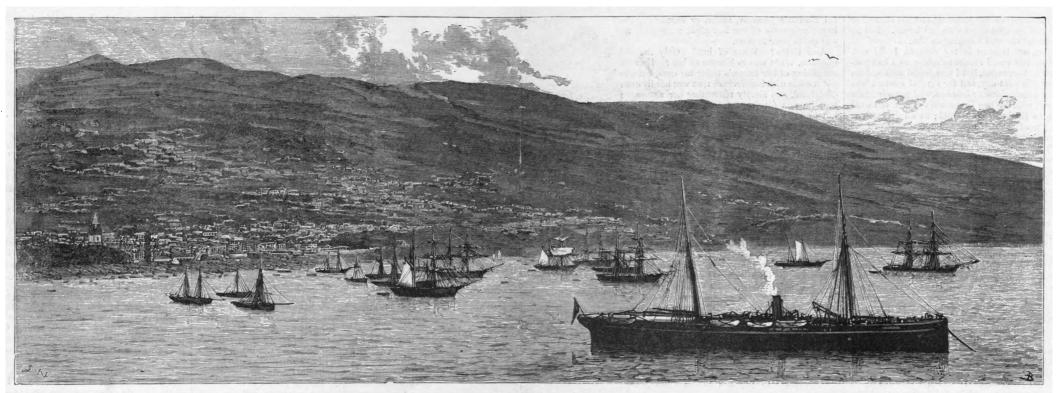




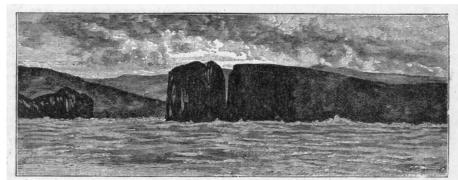
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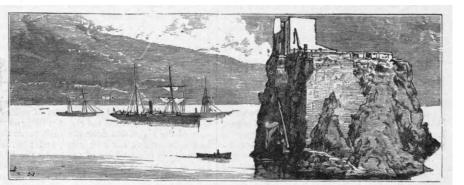
PORTO SANTO, MADEIRA.



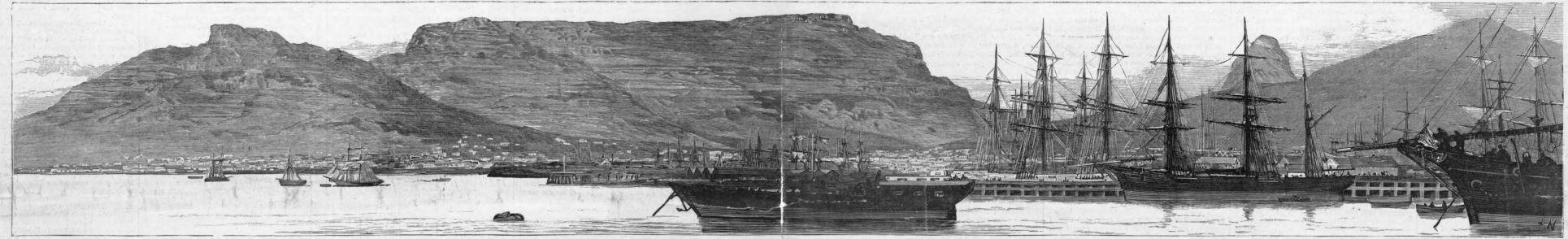
FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.



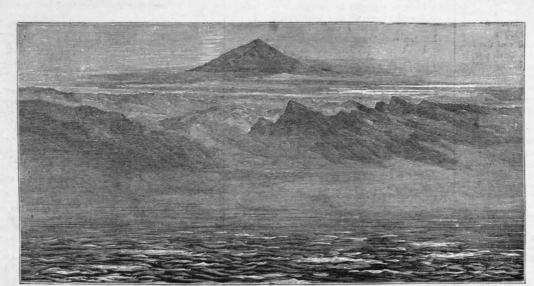
"THE HOLE IN THE WALL," ST. JOHN'S RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA.



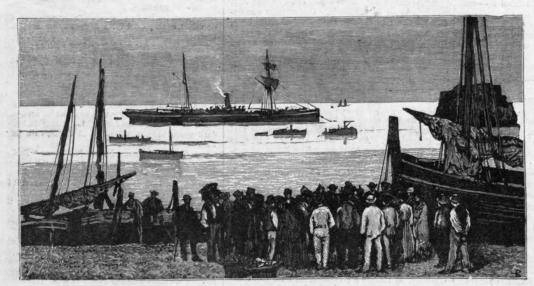
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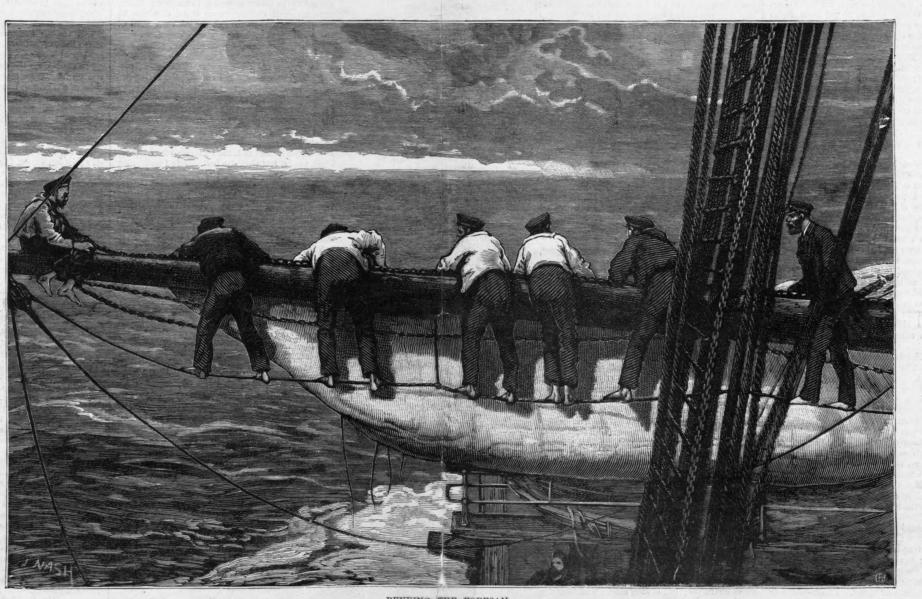
CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.



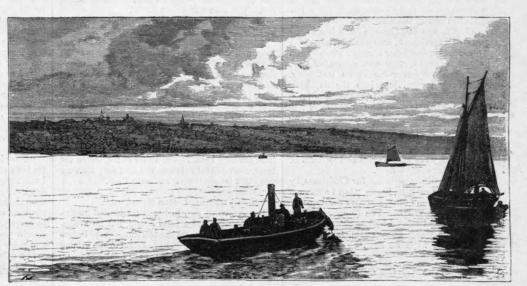
PEAK OF TENERIFFE, TWENTY-SIX MILES DISTANT.



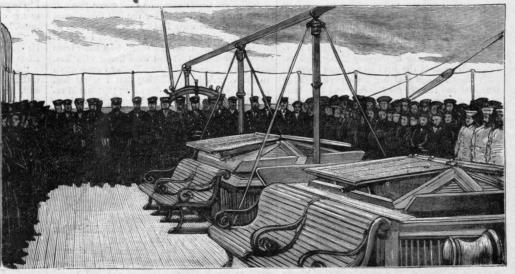
LANDING FRUIT AT FUNCHAL.



FROM ENGLAND TO NATAL.—[See Page 807.]



PORT ELIZABETH, NATAL



CREW AT MUSTER, SUNDAY MORNING.



[Begun in HARPRE'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY, e of "All or Nothing," "The Blossoming of an Aloe," "A Golden Sorbow," etc. AUTHOR OF

CHAPTER XXXIX. FACE TO FACE.

THE west lodge of Chesney Manor almost faced the small prettily laid out inclosure within which stood the Catholic church and the house which Mr. Warrender had built for the use of the officiating priest. From the little garden, with its privet hedges, and the rustic porch, the west gate was plainly to be seen, and there was a view of a very picturesque bit of the park. The site of the church and the cottage had formerly made a portion of a fine wood which skirted a gentle curve past a long stretch of rising ground, and the small clearing was backed and bounded on both sides by the wood, leafless now, but still beautiful. The sun was shining on the cottage and the garden, and the long narrow windows of the little church were glittering in its rays. The doors of both church and cottage were open, and there was an unusual stir about the quiet scene. A couple of wheelbarrows under the charge of a couple of boys, and a light cart, drawn by an un-mistakably pet donkey—the Jack so well beloved of Mrs. Masters's children-were stationed at the side of the church nearest to the cottage, and a tall gray-haired man, wearing a long black cassock and a black velvet skull-cap, and carrying a stumpy book under his arm, was superintending the unloading of the donkey-cart by Jack's driver. The contents of the three vehicles were flowers in pots, long shining garlands of holly and ivv. and other winter greenery, and these were all taken into the church.

"I was to go back and take the barrows for another load," said Jack's driver, "and to tell your reverence that Miss Rhodes and the young ladies are coming down at two o'clock."

Away went the man with the cart and the boys with the barrows, and the priest, going with them to shut the gate, observed that a gentleman was standing on the pathway at a little distance. Not knowing whether the stranger meant to come in or to pass on, the priest did not close the gate upon the barrows, but stood at it, waiting. There was a loitering, uncertain air about the stranger, but the priest's attitude seemed to decide him. He came up to the gate quickly, and lifting his

"Mr. Moore, I think?"

"That is my name," answered the priest. "Did you wish to see me? Will you walk in?"

"Thank you," said the stranger, complying with the invitation. "I am glad of an opportunity of making your acquaintance. My name is Horndean."

Some desultory remarks followed, and Mr. Moore was leading the way to his house, when Mr. Horndean, pausing at the open door of the church, asked permission to enter. They went in, and while the stranger looked about him at the unfamiliar scene, the priest knelt for a few moments in front of the altar.

The church was empty, save for a boy in the long coat of a seminarist, who was busy about the altar ornaments; and after a casual examination of its simple architecture and decoration, Mr. Horndean's inspection came to an end. Moore politely invited him into the adjoining house, but he seemed to prefer the open air, and was careful, while talking to the priest, not to lose sight of the gate and west avenue of Chesney Manor. Something was said of the season, and the decoration of the church, and Mr. Horndean politely expressed a hope that in future Mr. Moore would lay the shrubberies and gardens of Horndean under contribution.

"I am bountifully supplied for Christmas by Chesney Manor," said Mr. Moore, "but I am much obliged for your kind offer, and may avail myself of it on another occasion. You do not remain at Horndean for Christmas, I believe?"

"No. I am going away again, but soon to return. Then I hope we shall be good neigh-

All this time he was intently watching the west

gate of Chesney Manor.

Mr. Moore made a civil reply, and was secretly wondering what had brought Mr. Horndean, whom he had not once seen during the months of his sojourn at Horndean, to the retired nook at the Chesney west gate, when his unaccountable visaway toward the skirt of the wood. At the same moment Mr. Moore caught sight of a group moving along the avenue of Chesney Manor, and immediately crossed the road to the west lodge to meet Miss Rhodes and her little pupils. They preceded the reladen donkey-cart and wheelbarrows, and they were accompanied by their nurse. There was a good deal of news for Mr. Moore: Uncle John was coming presently; they might stay until it was growing dark; and mamma had ordered almost all the camellias to be cut for uncle's church on Christmas-day.

Miss Rhodes was rather silent and anothetic and when she had hung up a few wreaths, and given the boy in the long coat some directions, she excused herself on the plea of having to get back to Mrs. Masters, and leaving the children with their nurse to await Mr. Warrender's arrival, she went away, accompanied to the gate by Mr. Moore. A side path through a plantation extending on the right of the gate lodge led by a circuitous route to the house, and this was the way that Helen selected, with the object of avoiding Mr. Warrender. This had become her chief solicitude; not that anything on his part had made her position more difficult than before, but because she found the pain of it, the sense that

to her would be due the breaking up of that happy home, the acute disappointment of her kind and generous friends, almost intolerable. This had such complete possession of her mind that the incident of the morning had faded in comparison; the thing was a puzzle, it might be a danger, but it was not that which was almost choking her; it was not that which made her feel the house a prison, and the faces she loved terrible. That morning Helen had resolved upon appealing to Jane, and as she walked through the plantation, breathing freely because she was alone, and might indulge in all the trouble of her mind, undisturbed by a solicitous look, to cut her as if with a keen reproach, she tried to arrange the sentences in which she should tell her friend how all that had been done for her peace and protection had come to naught.

"What wonder," she said to herself, bitterly, and with smarting tears rolling slowly over her cheeks, "if they think me an unlucky, uncanny creature, not fit to help myself, and marring every endeavor to help me? What wonder if they should blame me because he loves me, if they should think that I have forgotten or braved the wretched truth, and led him into this great mis-take, evil, and sorrow?"

She had been so absorbed in her thoughts, she had so entirely yielded to the relief of solitude, that she had not heeded the slight rustling on the side of the plantation near the park fence that had accompanied her own steps, and now, seeing a neatly trimmed log of timber by the inner side of the path a little shead of her, she quickened her steps, and seating herself upon it, gave unrestrained way to her tears. Presently they were checked; her startled attention was attracted by a stir among the trees in front of her, and a little packet fell at her feet. She started up, and looked around her in some alarm, but there was no one in sight, and she picked up the missile. It was addressed, in pencil, to "Miss Rhodes," and the sight of the handwriting made her feel deadly faint. She sat down again, from sheer inability to stand, and, trembling from head to foot, she broke the seal. Not a word was written on the paper, but it inclosed the Apollo pin—the pin which Frank Lisle had given her, and she had returned to him with the lying symbol of their pretended marriage, the false wedding ring—the pin which she knew had been in his bands since then! The pretty, delicate ornament lay in her lap, and her eyes gazed at it distended as though it were some loathsome object; her head reeled, that terrible vertigo which had once or twice before come to her with a shock seized hold upon her; she stretched her hands down at either side of her, and tried to clutch the rugged bark of the log on which she was sitting, while the scene grew dim and distant, and a black pall hung itself before her eyes. The agony of surprise and terror might have lasted an age, or an instant—she knew not. With a deep, gasping sigh, she tried to rise to her feet and fly from the spot, but her knees refused to support her, and she sank down again on the log. With the movement, displaced, the pin fell from her lap on the ground, and the next moment a man's foot was set heavily upon it, grinding and crushing it into the clay, and Helen, looking up in deadly fear, saw as if through a mist a man standing before her. The man was Frank Lisle!

She uttered a dreadful, low, gasping cry, and hid her face in her hands.

"Don't be frightened," he said, and he too was pale, and his voice was strange; "and pray let me speak to you. I must; it is absolutely necessary for us both that I should. There is nothing to fear; for Heaven's sake do not shake like

She put a strong constraint upon herself, and forced her lips to form words.

"What do you want with me? Why do you

"I want nothing but your forgiveness. I come here because I am forced to do so; because the truth must be told between you and me; because you must be made aware of who I am."

"Who are you?"
"I am Frederick Lorton Horndean."

She stared at him in blank terror and amazement: she uttered a faint sound, but no articulate words; once more the blackness came before eyes, and she would have fallen to the ground but for his sustaining arm. He held her in no gentle clasp; there was not the slightest suggesion of a caress in his touch; it was merely aid of strength to weakness; and she rallied instantly, and shrank away from him with a movement which he did not attempt to contest.

"You are better now," he said, "and you will listen to me; it shall be for the last time. And you must hold me to be, and I suppose I am. It was only last night that I learned, by a letter from Mrs. Stephenson, that you were living with Mrs. Masters at Chesney Manor. To-day I came down to the church here, thinking that I might find some means of sending the token that would reveal my presence to you, and then write and entreat you to see me without any one's knowledge; but the priest was there, and he saw me; I had to talk to him, and to give up that plan. There was nothing for it but to follow you, and

She was listening to him, but it was as if in a dream. The crowd of recollections was too great, its whirl was too bewildering; her brain seemed to be burst and shattered by them; she could only realize that this man was Frank, and

that she was suffering horrible pain. "I am here to tell you the truth, and first that I did not desert you as you believed."

Ah, yes; her mind is getting a little clearer. This was the man by whose false name she had been called, for whose coming she had vainly watched and waited through all those dreadful weeks, who had utterly wrecked her life. She was going to learn the word of the enigma now, and she felt hardly able to be curious about it.

She made no attempt to speak, and she closed her eves and covered them with her hands. But he knew that she was listening to him.

"No; as Heaven is my witness, I did not. When I left you, I meant to return as I had promised and arranged, but I was seized with sudden illness the next day, and for several weeks I was either unconscious or helpless, and nobody knew where I was. When I returned to Paris, you were gone to England, I was told; at all events, you had placed yourself under the protection of your friends, and withdrawn yourself from mine. I don't excuse myself; I only explain. Circumstances hindered me from trying to get you back. It was better for us both."

"Did you mean to marry me when you return ed to Paris?"

He hesitated, and with his hesitation her emotion vanished. She was quite calm as she waited

for his reply.
"I—I will go back to the beginning, and tell you the truth. The day I met you at the Louvre, when I put you into a carriage, you gave as your address my sister's house. She and I had quarrelled, and I knew nothing of her doings just then. My curiosity was excited about her; my admiration was roused by you—" She shrank so plainly from these words that he hurriedly begged her pardon, and continued: "I contrived to meet you again, and as I did not want my sister to find out anything about me, and did want to do her an ill turn, I called myself by my friend Lisle's name, and tried to win your confidence in a false character."

"And succeeded. It was not very brave. I was only a girl, a miserable dependent in your

"Don't think that I don't know how cowardly it was; but the wretched little excuse there was to offer I could not make now without offending you. I was living very recklessly at that time, gambling and drinking, and doing all the things for doing which my guardian, Mr. Horndean, had so severely condemned me, and which were very likely to cost me the inheritance which he had promised me. There was just one thing that would have made my loss of it quite certain—a marriage of which Mr. Horndean would not ap-That was the risk I could not incur, the penalty I could not face; in that you have the explanation of my conduct, execrable, I admit to you. It was not a deliberate plot; that is all I have to say for myself. When I left you at Neu-illy to go to England, I was in hopes that the old man was dying, and that all would be safe. Had I reached England then, and had he died, I would have returned and made you my wife."

And Mr. Horndean believed what he said.

Needless to add that Helen believed it. But while the assertion gave him a sensation of com-fortable self-approval, it merely awoke in her the heart-felt sentiment, "Thank God for all that has happened, because it was not that!"

I need not repeat what did occur. Before Mr. Horndean died, you were gone, and then, I done, and I was glad, very glad, you had found honorable protection. We had both escaped a very great evil."

It had never, perhaps, befallen Frederick Lorton in his life before to have to say anything so difficult of utterance as those latter senten the meanness, the cruelty, and the falsehood they revealed were as evident to himself as to the girl who listened to him. But that girl was no lor the weak and childish creature whom he had deceived so easily; nobler associations and the forcing-school of suffering had instructed her. She raised her head with supreme dignity, and said, in a tone of cool command,

"Pass on from that part of your explanation,

if you please."

He gave her a startled look, but he obeyed

her.
"Your letter convinced me that the best safety for both of us was in leaving things as they were. I was summoned to England. Mr. Horndean was dead. By the terms of his will I should have been disinherited if I had been a married man at the time of his death. And now I have indeed to crave your pardon; for I know I ought to have sought you out when I became my own master, and made you my wife, but-"

She calmly interrupted him.

"You had ceased to wish to do so, Mr. Horn-I have at least reason to be grateful to you that you did not inflict that worst of injuries upon me. You need tell me no more; I know that you are about to marry Miss Chevenix (whom I have seen) very shortly, and all the consequences to me of that marriage are clearly before my

"To you! Surely it is impossible that you—" He hesitated. The strife of his contending passions was great

"You would say that I have no part in the matter—that it is impossible I should love you You are right, that is quite impossible; that has long been over, with all its suffering. And I forgive you quite fully and freely; you will be a very happy man if my wishes can avail. But there are consequences to me. I can not re main here; I can neither reveal your secret, nor carry on false pretenses to my friends. Miss Chevenix and Mrs. Townley Gore must soon learn that I am here; and besides—don't mistake me -this must be the last meeting between you and me."

He was ashamed of himself; he was sorry for what he had done; he would have given a good deal of money that he had never seen the face of Helen Rhodes; but a great irrepressible joy was awakened in him by her words. She had said all in a few words that he had been laboriously planning how to say in many. The importance to him of secrecy, which he was at a loss how to insinuate without insult to her, had been perceived by her unassisted intelligence. He was saved, free, relieved from all dread of his beauti-

ful Beatrix's jealousy, anger, or suspicion; the haunting ghosts of the last night were laid; he was quitte pour la peur.

And Helen? What of her? Only the old

question, What was to become of her? He said something of her future's being his care, but she put it aside with indifference that was hardly even disdainful, and simply reiterating her assurance that he was forgiven, and that she would have left Chesney Manor before he brought his bride

to Horndean, she begged him to leave her.
"I must have a little time to recover myself," she said, "and I shall be missed at the house.

Good-by, Mr. Horndean."

Even to his perception, so dimmed by vice, so dulled by selfishness, the nobility of the girl was striking. He felt something as near to reverence as he was capable of feeling, as he bowed low and turned away into the plantation. There was one point of resemblance in the respective states of mind of Helen and himself: it was the impossibility that both felt of realizing their former relation to each other. Between Frederick Lorton and the pure, gentle, lovely image of the girl whom he had loved and left so lightly there interposed itself the splendid picture of Beatrix, the grand passion of his hitherto wasted life. Was there anything that came between the image of her false lost lover, as he was when she loved and believed in him, to blur and confuse it in her mind's eye as she sat for a while where he had left her, trying to think, but fast losing the co-herence and resolution which had come to her aid while he was there, and with a terrible consciousness of physical illness coming over

If there was any such thing, Helen did not

know it.

When she reached the house she was surprised to find Mrs. Masters in the hall, and on the lookout for her.

A glance at her showed Helen that something unusual had happened.

"A charming surprise for you," said Mrs. Masters, taking her arm and giving it a warning squeeze. "Jane Merrick is here!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RELICT OF CAPTAIN PROSSER.

THEN she came back to Northport, and took up her abode in the old homestead where she was born, and which adjoined the cemetery where the dust of all her kindred reposed, Northport regarded the widow Prosser with great favor.

She was so completely a widow that she commanded the respect always shown, even in this imperfect state of existence, to thoroughness. From the crispness of her black crape veil and the doleful freshness of her black silk gloves to the severe hem of her black bombazine dress she radiated unmitigated affliction.

And there was such an appropriateness in her living next door to a cemetery! She might have chosen a new house in the midst of the village, as at her time of life, and with her means, many a woman would have done, for she was little more than forty, and it was generally understood that her husband, a sea-captain, had left her very "forehanded." It certainly showed an edifying sense of the fitness of things for her to live in that lonesome old house, with the perpetually moaning sea on one side, and the grave-yard on the other

She had taken her husband's niece to live with a young girl sober and demure of aspect, and exhibiting in her garb a modified grief. She wore her hair banged, and had red cheeks, but otherwise she harmonized perfectly with the widow's establishment; and such slight imperfec-tions as having a husband's niece with banged hair and red cheeks were, after all, but human, and seemed only, as it were, to show in a stronger light the widow's otherwise perfect pro-

She chose as man-of-all-work Uriah Peaselev an ancient mariner, who, having been stranded on the reefs of rheumatism, had devoted himself for several years generally to "choring," and especially to the office of sexton's assistant, being, as he described himself, "handy at grave-diggin', and genteel at callin' off the mourners.'

An Irishwoman whom she had brought with er from the distant town where her married life had been spent, and who vouched for herself as having been "three times a widdy, and as dacent a one as iver stepped," completed the widow Prosser's household, with the addition of a sleek, drab, sanctimonious parrot, and a tabby that evil-disposed person had not cut off two-thirds of her tail, leaving a funny little bob, which gave her a very comical and undignified appearance she was thus saved from unbecoming friskiness, having no tail long enough to chase.

widow had her sitting-room in the back part of the house, with side windows overlooking the cemetery. As she explained to all her callers, she always had been one that enjoyed passing, but she hadn't a heart to look at it now.

As there was but one house beyond hers on that road, and that occupied by an old hermit, who never had any visitors, and as the road went nowhere in particular, straggling along more and more grassily until it lost itself in a marsh, the widow could have had no great opportunity to indulge in the dissipation of looking at "passing" if her feelings had not forbidden; but still it was regarded as proper and commendable in her to retire to the back part of the house.

It was approvingly noticed that she never went to any social gatherings except those of a religious character; but sewing circles and donation parties were regarded as belonging to that class in Northport, so the widow's recreations were not so circumscribed as at first might appear.

"I only came at the call of duty," she remark-

. Hosted by

ed to her nearest neighbor at a donation party. "A poor heart-broken widow has no part nor lot in merry-makin's."

"Land sakes! you don't call this a merry-makin'?" exclaimed the neighbor, who was Mis' Deacon Wiswell (pronounced Wizzle), in holy horror. "To me it's a most solum and edifyin' occasion; and I never yet brought a custard that had less'n four eggs in it, and I never shall, let other folks do what they will."

This declaration of uncompromising virtue was delivered in a very forcible manner, and loud enough to reach the ears of a meek little woman, who was the wife of Deacon Phillips, the "closest" man in Northport.

"Folks can't expect much of poor lonely widow women," said the widow Prosser, smoothing the crape folds on her dress; "but I ain't scrimpin' of butter in my cake, nor don't begrudge frostin', and my apple jelly always jells splendid, if I do say it. And Cap'n Prosser, that had been all over the world, and asked to dinner by the Czar of Rooshy and the Emperor of Japan, couldn't eat any doughnuts but mine"

"You don't say so! But I ain't a mite surprised. I says to Mis' Copelin, when we was a takin' the things out of the baskets, says I, 'Mis' Prosser's doughnuts is enough to bring tears to your eyes.' And I was glad to see that you had fetched some beautiful mince-pies, for Mis' Sherborn was just tellin' me how much the minister set by them. She says he always writes his most forcible sermons, them that gives it to sinners so powerful, and describes the bad place so clear and beautiful, after gettin' up in the night and eatin' a whole mince-pie. It's a solum and touchin' thought that you're a providin' a means of grace when you're a-choppin' meat, and a-weighin' out spices, and a-measurin' out molasses."

"I hope they ain't too sweet," said the widow.
"Cap'n Prosser he liked 'em sweet, and I can't bear to make 'em any other way. It always seems as if I was makin' 'em for him."

"I suppose, from your mournin' him so, that he was a beautiful man; that is, so to speak. Of course we're all sensible that poor human nater ain't never what it ought to be."

The widow, with downcast eyes, nodded assent, either to one or both of these propositions.

"Ship that he sailed in never heard from? Well, it's terrible consolin' that he left you well off, and no funeral expenses neither. And the second is very often likelier than the first."

The widow raised her head, and gave her a haughty glance from a pair of keen black eyes.

"I hope you ain't one to take offense when none is meant. A young and handsome widow is dretful apt to take a second, more especially if she's so situated as to be able to support him."

The artful compliment was soothing to the widow's irritated feelings, but she replied, proudly, "Not if she is the relict of Captain Prosser."

"I hain't no doubt he was a terrible likely man, and you do seem to feel your loss uncommon," said Mis' Deacon Wiswell, in a conciliatory manner. "I hope his niece is a comfort to you," glancing across the room at the bangs and red cheeks.

The widow shook her head with a gentle sigh.

"Ann Olive means well, but she is young and flighty," she said.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mis' Deacon Wiswell, in a low tone of intense interest, drawing her chair nearer to the widow's. "They do say that Obed Welcome is a-tryin' to keep company with her. I don't say but what Obed is a likely young man; he parts his hair in the middle, and scents himself up beautiful, and appears as genteel as if he was a school-master; but he did use to put buttons in the contribution-box when he was a boy, and his grandfather's half-sister eloped with a tin peddler, and the tin peddler got taken up for cheatin'. So he hain't what you could call good blood."

"He doesn't follow the sea. I think a great

deal of Ann Olive, and I never could be willing that she should marry anybody but a sailor. I suppose I'm set, and I know I'm aristocratic, but I do want to see Ann Olive a first mate's or a captain's wife."

"Sailors ain't so very apt to be godly given,

"Sailors ain't so very apt to be godly given, and it must be kind of lonesome to have your husband always away to sea, and they're terrible apt to get drownded, and don't always leave their wives well off. But the Welcomes go to the other meetin', and I don't never feel sure that I get my full weight of sugar; and they're so stuck up that it seems a Christian duty, as you might say, to take 'em down a peg. So I do hope you won't let her have anything to say to Obed."

"I shall never give my consent to her marryin' Obed; but I'm a poor widow, too heart-broken and crushed to have much influence over anybody. If her uncle was only alive—"

body. If her uncle was only alive—
"Mis' Prosser, I do hope you're resigned.
Mebbe you'd better get the minister to pray with
you if you ain't. Mr. Sherborn is terrible gifted
in prayer."

"Oh, I am! I am!—that is, I hope I am," said the widow, hastily.

And then she arose and hurried over to the sofa where Ann Olive sat; for Obed Welcome, although he went to "the other meetin'," had come to the donation party, sacrificing a bag of his father's best flour and a box of raisins to the felicity of spending the evening with his beloved. And, after all that, the cruel widow guarded her dragon-wise, so that he could not get near enough to speak to her, and tucked her under her arm and whisked her off home, refusing all escort, at half past nine o'clock.

And Obed heaped maledictions upon the cruel fate that had made him a clerk in a grocery store instead of "a sailor bold," and walked home under the starlight revolving in his troubled mind plans to outwit the widow, and win and wear

There was an imposing monument in the cen etery, with this inscription:

"Erected to the Memory of Captain David Prosser by his Inconsolable Widow. "We would not call thee back from Heaven."

The widow spent much of her time planting and tending flowers and shrubs around the monument, and keeping the turf that surrounded it fresh and green.

On a cold, gray November twilight she was engaged in picking up the withered leaves that had fallen upon the grass there, when she suddenly saw the figure of a man coming through the cemetery gateway, and advancing toward her.

The cemetery was on the outskirts of the village, and visitors to it were rare. The widow wondered what his business might be. When she discovered that he wore a sailor's garb, her heart began to beat quickly. As she confided to her faithful servant Barbara that night, she had, at that moment, a presentiment of what was coming

She leaned against the monument for support; she put her finger upon the inscription, "We would not call thee back from heaven," as if that ought to have its effect upon the mind of any well-disposed ghost.

But the figure still advanced, and taking off his sailor cap, revealed a black, curly head, a sunburned face, and a great deal of jet black curling mustache. A young man, and the late Captain Prosser was sixty; a very dark man, and the late captain was fair.

The widow drew a long breath and stood upright, although, as she afterward explained to Barbara, the "presentiment" did not for a moment leave her.

"I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding upon you, especially while you are engaged in so sacred a duty," he said, with great politeness, "but I have a communication to make to you which may prove to be of great importance."

The widow invited him to her house, leading the way with a weak and faltering step, instead of her usual brisk and alert one.

She ushered the sailor into the sitting-room, where Ann Olive sat, in a melancholy frame of mind, embroidering sunflowers and cat-tails on crash towelling—for the æsthetic had travelled even as far as Northport—and thinking of Obed Welcome. With so many polite bows and complimentary phrases that Barbara, who was peeping and listening at the slightly opened door, confided to Uriah Peaseley that he was "ayther Ould Nick himself or a Frinchman." He seated himself beside the fire, and while the widow had her face turned toward the window, in an effort to regain her composure, he managed to whisper an aside to Ann Olive, "I am not what I seem!"

Obed belonged to the Shakspeare Club in the village, and Ann Olive had heard him recite that in the hoarse and growling accents which were supposed to be natural to Shakspeare's heroes. The whisper was different from the growl, but still Ann Olive knew that the sailor was Obed. She knew, too, that he had adopted the sailor's disguise for the purpose of getting into her aunt's good graces, and she gave expression to her delight by hugging the ancient bob-tailed tabby, that was napping beside her, so forcibly that she uttered an ear-splitting me-ow.

"There! there!" exclaimed the widow, turning around, more agitated than before. "I should know now that something was going to happen, if I hadn't known it before. That cat's cry always means something. I never knew it to fail."

The sailor concealed a grin, and Ann Olive sat wickedly silent.

"We sailors knock about the world a good deal, and hear of a good many strange things," remarked the sailor, in an easy, off-hand manner, and in a kind of falsetto voice which caused Ann Olive to be divided between mirth and admiration. But the widow noticed neither the manner nor the voice. She was pale with expectancy. "I met an old shipmate over at Northport Harbor the other day, and he told me—I don't want to raise any false hopes, and it may be only a rumor—but he said that the Sunbeam had been heard from!"

The widow uttered a cry, and sank into her chair with her hands clasped, as if in supplica-

"She was wrecked, but the captain and several of the crew were picked up and carried to Australia, and it is thought are now on their way

"The saints be good till us!" cried Barbara's voice. "Indade it's the ould Nick himself that's afther bringin' such news as that! Sure and can't himself shtay dhrownded, the like iv anny ither corups, and lave thim in pace that's been kilt wid his impidence—the owdacious ould ras-

"Barbara! Barbara!" said her mistress, reprovingly; but she wept, and wrung her hands despairingly, and at last tottered out of the room, half fainting, and supported by Barbara's faithful

This astonishing reception of his news filled the sailor with dismay, especially as, the instant that her aunt was out of hearing, his lady-love turned fiercely upon him.

"A pretty mess you have made of it, haven't you?" she said. "I hope to goodness it isn't true."

"I am afraid it is," said the sailor, mournfully.
"I did hear so, and I thought it would be a capital opportunity for me to get into her good graces. I thought she would be delighted. I was only afraid she would die of joy. She seemed so inconsolable!"

"Inconsolable fiddlestick! She was a widow, and she wanted to do it well. It is her way to do things well. And she hates men, and didn't want another one to ask her to marry. He was

a horrid old wretch, my uncle; used to beat her black and blue, and keep her in terror of her life. Oh, horrors! I do hope it isn't true. You had better get out of the way as quick as you can; she won't want to see you again."

"She said she wanted you to marry a sailor," said the young man, dejectedly.

"Only because there would be a chance of his getting drowned. And she'll never let me marry you, that is certain. If you didn't know any better than to bring such news here, you might have asked somebody who did. Now you had better go and take off those fixings, that make you look perfectly horrid, and never come here any more." And Ann Olive flounced out of the room, with signs of approaching hysterics, and the sailor slunk out, miserable and dejected beyond expression. But as he meditated, a ray of hope lightened his gloom. The sailor's loss might be Obed Welcome's gain.

On the next day and on several days thereafter Obed was missed from his accustomed place in the store. He had gone to Northport Harbor, and afterward to Boston, "on business." The nature of that business was only revealed when, a week after his appearance there in the disguise of a sailor, he boldly called at the widow Prosser's.

The widow had shut herself up on the plea of illness, denying herself to all visitors, but it was absolutely necessary that she should play propriety since Obed Welcome had had the audacity to call on Ann Olive.

Obed plunged at once into the matter at hand. "I suppose you heard that about the Sunbeam?" he said. "There was a sailor round here telling about it. I made inquiries in Boston, and—and—and I'm sorry to tell you" (that stuck in honest Obed's throat, but he remembered that all was fair in love and war, and forced it out)—"I'm sorry to tell you, but it isn't the Sunbeam that Captain Prosser sailed in. It's another vessel altogether—sailed from Baltimore. And she hadn't been out but about twenty-eight days, so I don't know how they ever came to think 'twas the old Sunbeam."

The widow Prosser arose to leave the room, too much agitated to stay. But on the threshold she turned

she turned.

"I never had any personal objection to you, Obed," she said. "I've always found you a particularly agreeable young man. And there are some uncomfortable things about marryin' a sailor. So if Ann Olive has a mind to marry you, I don't know but I'm willin'."

After that the widow Prosser went on being a widow without interruptions, and even more thoroughly than before.

THE LANGUAGE OF UMBRELLAS.

HERE is a language of umbrellas, as of flowl ers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it is about to change owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it, that a hat or two is going to be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain. signifies courtship; when the man has the umbrella, and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To push your umbrella into a person, and then open it, means, "I dislike you. swing your umbrella over your head signifies, "I am making a nuisance of myself." To trail your umbrella along the foot-path means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies, "Exchange is no robbery." To purchase an umbrella means, "I am not smart, but honest." To lend an umbrella indicates, "I am a fool." To return an umbrella means—never mind what it means: nobody ever does that. To turn an umbrella in a gust of wind presages profanity. carry your umbrella in a case signifies that it is a shabby one. To carry an open umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies, "I am a woman." press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh, do take it; I would much rather you would than not," signifies lying. To give a friend half your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means, "It will clear off."

WASTE OF VITALITY. A THOUGHT OR TWO FOR MIDDLE-AGED LADIES.

If we come to reflect upon it, in middle age we find that the one great cause of departure from the ideal in real life is our liability to take cold. Almost all our pleasures are bound up with this probability, for when we have taken cold we are far too stupid either to give or enjoy pleasure. And there is no philosophy connected with colds. Serious illnesses are full of instruction and resignation, but who thinks of being resigned to a cold, or of making a profitable use of it?

"Chilly" is a word that of late years has come to be a frequent and pitiably significant one on the lips of the middle-aged. They have a terror of the frost and snow which they once enjoyed so keenly, and they really suffer much more than they will allow themselves to confess.

The most invigorating and inspiriting of all climates is 64°, but if the glass fall to 50°, chilly people are miserable; they feel draughts everywhere, especially on the face, and very likely the first symptoms of a neuralgic attack. At 40°—which must have been the in-door winter temperature of our forefathers—they become irritable and shivery, and lose all energy. If the temperature fall below 80°, they "take cold," and

exhibit all the mental inertia and many of the physical symptoms of influenza, which nevertheless has not attacked them.

Let us at once admit a truth: the young and robust despise the chilly for their chilliness, for there is such a thing as physical pride, and a very unpleasant thing it is in families. These physical Pharisees are always recommending the "roughing" and "hardening" process, and they would gladly revive for the poor invalid the cold water torture of the past.

Without being conscious of it, they are cruel. Chilly people are not made better by the unsympathetic remarks of those of quicker blood. There is no good in assuring them that the cold is healthy and seasonable. They feel keenly the half-joking imputation of "cosseting," though perhaps they are too inert and miserable to defend themselves.

Strong walking exercise is the remedy always proposed. Many can not take it. Others make a laudable effort to follow the prescription, and perhaps during it feel a glow of warmth to which in the house—though the house is thoroughly warmed—they are strangers. But half an hour after their return home the tide of life has receded again, and they are as chilly and nervous as before.

Nevertheless, they have passed through an experience which, if they would consider it, indicates their relief, if not their cure. While out-of-doors they thought it necessary to cover their feet with warm hosiery and thick boots, the head with a bonnet and veil, their hands with gloves and a fur muff, their body with some fur or wadded garment half an inch thick. In short, when they went out they imitated Nature, and protected themselves as she does animals.

But just as soon as they return home they uncover their head and hands, replace the warm, heavy clothing of the feet with some of a more elegant but far colder quality, and take off altogether the thick warm garments worn out-of-A bear that should follow the same course when it went home to its snug subterranean den would naturally enough die of some pulmonary disease. Nations which are subjected to long and severe winters have learned the more natural and excellent way. The Laplander keeps on his fur, the Russian his wadded garment, the Tartar his sheep-skin, the Shetlander goes about his house in his wadmal. It is only in our high state of civilization that men and women divest themselves of half their clothing with the thermometer below zero, and then run to the fire to warm their freezing hands and feet.

If warm clothing protects us out of the house, it will do the same in the house; and it is no more "coddling," and much more sensible and satisfactory, than cowering over a grate. Under the head-dress a silk skull-cap is a most effective protection against draughts, and would prevent many an attack of neuralgia. A silk or washleather vest will keep the body at a more equable temperature than the best fire. A shawl to most middle-aged ladies is a graceful toilette adjunct even in the house, and it is capable of retaining as well as of imparting much warmth. When very chilly after removal of outside wraps, or from any other cause, try a wadded dressinggown over the usual clothing. In five minutes the added comfort will be recognized.

The secret is, then, to keep the body at its proper temperature in the house by the adoption of sufficient warm clothing, instead of trusting to artificially heated atmosphere. No one will be more liable to take cold out of the house because she has been warm in the house. There is no more sense in shivering in-doors in order to prepare the body to endure the out-door climate than there would be in sleeping with too few blankets for fear of increasing the sense of cold when out of bed.

A stuffy room, with air constantly heated to 75°, is the most efficacious invention ever devised for ruining health. But it is equally true that habitual warmth is the very best preserver of constitutional strength in middle and old age; and undoubtedly this is best maintained by a temperature of 68° and plenty of clothing.

A very important aid to warmth is a proper diet. Many women who suffer continually from a sense of chill, below the tide of healthy life, have yet constantly at hand an abundance of nourishing food. But they eat one day at one hour, the next at another; they don't care what they eat, and take anything a flippant-minded cook chooses to send them; they wait for some one, when themselves hungry, out of mere domestic courtesy; and when their husbands are from home the take tea and biscuits because it is not worth while giving servants the trouble of cooking for them alone. In all these and many similar ways vitality is continually lost, and with every loss of vitality there is a corresponding access of slow, chilly, shivering inertia.

It is a great mistake that women are taught from childhood that it is meritorious in their sex to conceal their own wants, and to postpone their own convenience to that of fathers, brothers, husbands, and even servants. For in the end they break down, and are left in a state of ill health in which all the wheels of life run slow. The trouble, in a sentence, is that women have no wives—no one to remind them when they are in a draught, or come in with wet feet, no one to get them a warm drink when chilly, and ward off the little ills (which soon become great ones) by loving, thoughtful, constant care and attention.

All women know how hard it is to live the usual life of work and amusement in a physical condition of far below the requisite strength. Nothing induces this condition like chronic chill. In it no vitality can be gained, and very much may be continually lost. Therefore every plan should be tried which promises to raise the temperature to a healthy standard. Try the effect of a room heated to 68°, and plenty of warm, constantly warm, clothing.



Fans.-Figs. 1-5.

The fan Fig. 1 has ebony sticks with silver ornamentation. The black satin covering is embroidered in chain stitch with silver thread and black floss silk in the design given by Fig. 30, Supplement

The ivory frame of the fan Fig. 2 is painted and gilded. The white satin covering is embroidered with white floss silk and gold bullion in the manner seen in Fig. 5, page 804, which gives part of the embroidery, showing the stitches and the way in which the bullion is employed. The full design is given in Fig. 29, Supplement. The fan is edged with a fringe of white marabout feathers, and completed by white

china-painting a risky and oftentimes disappointing pur-From a list of about thirty colors the artist will do well to choose a dozen or so, which will be found amply sufficient for a commence-ment. To lessen any difficulty in selecting the most useful, we may mention the following: cobalt, Prussian Fig. 1.—Rose-bud and Leaves. blue, turquoise blue, végétal green, Hooker's green, crim-son lake, vermilion, light chrome, cadmium, raw sienna, sepia, and black. As canvas of several qualities is Fig. 3.-Knot of Ribbon AND EVERGREENS. to be procured, the artist must first decide as to the kind of work he intends to Fig. 2.—Knot of Rib-BON AND EVERGREENS. Fig. 1.—BLACK SATIN FAN WITH Fig. 2.—WHITE SATIN FAN WITH GOLD Fig. 3.—BLACK SATIN FAN Embroidery.—[See Fig. 5, Page 804.] WITH FEATHER STITCH CHAIN STITCH EMBROIDERY. EMBROIDERY. For design see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 30. For design see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 29.

silk cord and a silk and bullion

Fig. 4.—Corsage Bouquet.

The fan Fig. 3 has open-work gilt sticks and a black satin covering, which is embroidered with a spray of roses and leaves in their natural colors. The top of the fan is bordered with gold-lace, which projects half an inch beyond the edge. A black and gold cord with tassel is attached to it.

The sticks of the fan Fig. 4 are of gilded ebony. The old gold satin covering is trimmed with a black feather border, which is beaded with gold beads.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON TAPESTRY-PAINTING.

THE art of tapestry-painting is no new work, but has lately been revived with great success. Amongst ladies, with whom all kinds of art-work are the prevailing fashion, it is fast superseding the tapestry-work on frames, on which so many leisure hours were at one time spent. The rapidity and facility with which it can be accomplished is one among its several recommendations. While no one can for an instant hope to rival with tapestry-painting the splendid pieces executed in the looms of the Gobelin or the Beauvais manufactories, still excellent imitations can be produced; and while the price of the latter debars the generality of persons from enjoying its beauty in their homes, the former brings the possibility of adorning their walls with peturesque panels within the reach of many.

within the reach of many.

Liquid colors are prepared specially for the canvas; they are, in fact, dyes that when applied sink into the material, by which means a durable coloring is obtained. As they do not differ greatly from the ordinary water-colors known by the same names, the amateur has not the difficulty to contend with that will of necessity be found in first attempting the decoration of pottery. Though both kinds of painting possess their several ndvantages, tapestry, without doubt, is the easier to accomplish, and the artist has only himself to depend on. He can balance his colors, harmonize his tones, and neutralize his effects of light and shade until a satisfactory result is attained; in china-painting, on the con-trary, his work is, for a time at least, at the mercy of the man who manages the kiln, the perfection to which it is subsequently brought being due to the firing it undergoes. Such drawbacks,



Fig. 4.—OLD GOLD SATIN FAN WITH FEATHER BORDER.

Fig. 1.—Overcoat for Boy from 7 to 12 Years olp.—Cut Pattern, No. 3161: Price 20 Cents.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2,—Cheviot and Velvet Dress.—Back.

[For Front, see Fig. 2, Page 813.]—Cut
Pattern, No. 3160: Basque, 20 Cents.

[For pattern and description see Supplement

[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11-23.] Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl from 12 to 17 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3162: Basque and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

For description see Supplement.

produce. A rough canvas is suitable for large showy pieces, and beautiful effects are secured by its appropriate use, but it is difficult to cover. The finer kinds are useful when it is im-portant that delicate outlines should be perfectly executed, as they afford the necessary smoothness of surface; but a medium texture is, without doubt, the easiest for an amateur in his first attempts at tapestry-paint-ing. In color the canvas also varies, the finest being a soft buff shade, while the rough plaited sorts assume a brownish tint. The width of the material allows of its being used without joining for curtains and wall-hangings. It requires stretching in the same manner as canvas for oil-painting, but that can be done at the artists'-color-man's where it is obtained. An embroidery frame will satisfactorily take the place of the stretcher if preferred, in which case the canvas is tacked across from side to side with strong thread or twine. Hog's-hair brushes are employed, with sable for finishing; round hog's hair tools, flat at the end, are sold for working in the background and drapery. Several brushes should be at hand, for if the artist has constantly to wait while he cleanses his brushes, it not only greatly retards the work, but causes him to consider the process of tapestry-painting far more tedious than it is in

Fig. 5.—Corsage Bouquet.

though unavoidable, render

The design is first sketched in with charcoal, and should be entirely completed before the painting is commenced; any super-fluous charcoal is dusted off, and the sketch is outlined with colors to preserve it. Soft shades of the colors to be used in representing the various objects should be used, such as green for the trees, so that they may be easily merged into the after-painting. When a decided outline is required-and it is often an improvement to decorative workbrown is most useful; but it is well to leave outlining for the finishing process, as it is apt to get blurred and uneven during the working.

Tapestry-painting may be regarded much in the same light as water-color drawing: the lights are left clear, no white being used; one color is softened into another, and in such blending of shades consists the great charm of the painting. All tints dry lighter than when first washed in; two and sometimes three washes are necessary before the requisite depth of tint is obtained; allowance must therefore be made for the absorption of the

canvas in preparing a shade. The best plan is to mix, in cups or sau-cers, different strengths of the colors for the several washes. Darker shades should be put on first, so that the lighter may be blended into them. If the light colors are washed in first, the dark shades run into them, and may probably spread too far, and when such is the case there is no chance of com-plete alteration. Being dyes, the colors can not be removed; the work must in consequence be proceeded with carefully. A tint, if not allowed to dry, may be partially lightened by washing out with plenty of water; but it can not be entirely eradicated. Sufficient color should be mixed at once for an entire wash. If a portion is com-menced, and the worker has to leave off to mix more, he will find that a hard line is left on the canvas by the abrupt interruption, which there will be some difficulty in getting rid of. Especially with the sky is this precaution important. Several hues should be mixed before commencing to lay on, that each may be blended into the other as occasion demands.

Cobalt is good as a first wash, while pink madder, or carmine, with cobalt or French ultramarine, will produce soft gray for the light fleecy clouds that fleck the summer heavens. The warm hues that tint the horizon may be produced with pink madder, chrome, and cadmi-um; the sea green, with cobalt and chrome greatly diluted. Above all, there should be no hardness, no harsh contrasts. The true representation of even the simplest sunset is no easy task; but when the summer sun descends behind clouds of brilliant orange, fiery crimson, and rich purple, that shade through infinite gradations of color to lose themselves in the vast expanse of cool, pearly blue-green, the greatest master the world has ever known would surely have declared the task of truly depicting the scene in all its wealth and loveliness to be beyond his highest powers. No pigments are brilliant enough, none pure enough, with which to portray one such sunset as we may see day after day unfolded before us. The green for leaves of trees is formed by mixtures of blue and yellow. Prussian blue is a useful color, and with it and burnt sienna a good green may be produced. Cadmium may also be mixed with it advantageously for a rich green. Emerald green is good to mix with other colors, such as Prussian blue, cadmium,

or burnt sienna. but should be used sparingly alone. The backs of leaves are often of a light tone of color; in these instances light chrome with blue is used. Hooker's green is valuable when added to yellow. Raw sienna, indigo, and a lit-tle chrome will be found suitable for painting some trees. An olive green is made with Prussian blue and raw sienna.

The mention of how a few greens can be found may be of some little assistance to the worker, but it remains for him to determine while mixing on his palette, the shade he quires, and the proportions of the colors he employs. For example, more blue gives a bluegreen, more yellow a yellow-green; but experience and a close imitation of nature will alone enable him to produce such tones and hues as he sees re-vealed everywhere around him in woods and fields. The shadows in the trees being rendered in a warm brown causes the depth and



Fig. 1.—Cloak for Girl from 8 to 10 Years For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Cheviot and Velvet Dress.—Front. [For Back, see Fig. 2, Page 812.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3160: Basque, 20 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 11-23.

Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—Dress for Girl From 7 to 9 Years old. For description see Suppl.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl from 13 to 15 Years old. For description see Suppl.

Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-10.] Figs. 1-5,-CHILDREN'S PARTY DRESSES.

Fig. 4.—Dress for Girl from 9 to 11 Years old.—[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 24-28.]

Fig. 5.—Dress for Girl FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD For description see Suppl.

lighter shade, while rose-pink and Prussian blue will give yet another tint. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

intensity of the darker parts of

the foliage to appear more real. Browns are formed by mixing purple with green, orange with purple, and green with orange. Vandyck brown and yellow ochre will do for

stems of trees, sepia for the darkest shadows on the trunks. Rosepink added to brown will give a warm tint that is often required. An old ruined wall or portion of a

castle forms a picturesque object; it serves as a foil to the bright tints of foliage and sky, and cools

the picture if too vivid in coloring.

Sepia and cobalt make a fine gray; carmine and French ultramarine, or pink madder and cobalt, a soft pearly gray, useful for assisting the blending of colors. The fore-ground may have a first wash of

raw sienna, the several objects being afterward made out in grays,

ing afterward made out in grays, greens, and browns. In the middle distances grayish-greens and browns predominate, while the extreme distances present somewhat stronger tones of the sky tints. The painting will require to be gone over twice, or even oftener, until the several parts hear a right

until the several parts bear a right relation to each other; one may

need cooling, another strengthen-

ing, while yet another will be the better for some dark strong touches to give force and solidity. On

these dark touches, put in at the last, the reality of the representation hinges; they make the stones to stand out of the foreground; they raise the weeds from the path-

ways; they cause the rocks to look rugged, the tree trunks gnarled and old. Still, they should be put in with discretion, as much depends

on the positions they occupy.

So far landscape painting has been chiefly considered, but each worker should follow the style in

which he excels, whether it be land-

scapes, figures, or flowers. In figure-

painting the artist will have to de-pend chiefly on the draperies for his effects of color, and these may be of the richest. A few, well chosen, will show to greater advan-

tage than a multiplicity of hues. Orange-colored drapery should be laid on in the following manner:

First, a tint of cadmium is washed over all; it is allowed to dry, and then a wash of carmine is passed

over it; the shadows should be carmine modified with sepia. Vermilion is improved in tone by the same

means; its acknowledged heaviness

and dullness is brightened up considerably by a first wash of yellow;

its shadows are of lake and sepia.

Crimson lake, with tints of yellow

ochre, black, and

vermilion, is use-

ful as a drapery; burnt umber, black, and ver-

milion will make

its deepest shadows. The chrome

yellows are brilliant, but not to

be counted on

for durability;

they are, how-ever, good for vivid touches

has already been made; the shad-ows should be

warmed with red, brown, or

lake, mixed with

sepia. French ultramarine is shaded with Prussian blue,

but it is not de-

sirable to use blue in large

masses; its shad-

ows may be

warmed with a

brownish tint.

A negative blue

is often found more satisfac-tory than the

pure color; a

mixture of em-erald green with

Prussian blue

forms a good compound tint.

Purples are composed of red and blue; lake

and indigo, or

carmine and French ultrama-

rine, will pro-duce rich dark

purples, carmine

and cobalt

touches on yellow. Of greens mention

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A DOLEFUL BALLAD OF A COLLAR STUD.



The dance begins at half past eight.
And Charley's late and in a flutter;
His tollette must be very swell.
And quite too all extremely utter;
His very hurry makes him slow,
Because he knows he mustn't linger—
When suddenly his collar stud
Slips from between his thumb and finger.



It must have fallen on the floor;
He stoops and hunts, but can not find it;
Perhaps it rolled beneath the bed,
And hides away secure behind it.
In vain he creeps on hands and knees,
Around each bed-post feeling, peering;
The stud is nowhere to be found,
And half past eight is quickly nearing.



He searches every inch of floor.

In every crack and crevice poking;
The little game of hide-and-seek
Is now a matter not for joking.
Tis half past eight—'tis nine o'clock;
He can not wait another minute;
He rises to the crisis then,
Exclaiming—happy thought—"I'll pin it!"



His toilette now is soon complete,
And to the dance our Charley hurries.
Alas! his collar's pinned awry;
His face shows traces of his worries;
He has suspicions of his hair,
And dreadful doubts about the parting—
Forgotten to consult the glass
In all the flurry of late starting.



He finds that all the prettiest girls
Have been engaged for all the dances;
Grows hot and red to find himself
The object of derisive glances.
The row of wall-flowers round the room—
Some thin, some fat, and mostly faded—
No consolation can afford
To feelings so intensely jaded.



But yet, concealing his chagrin
(For Charley still was of the boldest),
He put a look of courage on,
And chose the thinnest and the oldest.
As gallantly he led her out
As if she'd been a sweet sixteener;
But when he took her to her seat
His heart in secret beat serener.



He took her out to supper too,
And gave her wine and cake and ices,
And sought to pass the time away
With many commonplace devices,
Relieved was he when all broke up,
And one by one the guests departed,
And to his chamber he returned
As dull and wretched as he started.



But later, sitting in his room,
In melancholy mood undressing,
An exclamation passed his lips
That one would hardly call a blessing;
And as the cause of all his woes
Popped innocently from his stocking,
His language was, I grieve to say,
Too quite unutterably shocking!

FACETIÆ.

THE other night when Bickles went home, he found Tigs other night when Bickies went nome, he folind his wife particularly retrospective. She talked of the past with a tear, and looked to the future with a sigh. "Oh, by-the-way," said Bickies, as he sat on the side of the bed pulling off his boots, "I saw a gentleman to-day who would give five thousand dollars to see you."

- "Who was he? Does he live in Little Bridge?"
 "I don't know his name."
 "I'll warrant that it was Oliver Gregg."
 "No."

- "No."
 "Then he must be George Weatherton."
 "Guess again. I might know his name if I were to hear it."
 "Oh, I do wish I knew," said the lady, exhibiting excitement. "Was it Oscar Peoples?"
 "Guess again. I remember his name now."
 "Harvey Glenkins?"
 "No; his name was Lucis Wentwig."
 "I don't know a man by that name. Why should he give five thousand dollars to see me?"
 "Because he's blind."

When Mrs. B—started for Paris she said to her old aunt, a practical lady: "I shall bring you back a shawl. Now what color would you like?"
The aunt replied, after reflection, "Black and white, my child: your poor uncle is so infirm."



It is very hard work climbing the Pyramids in Egypt.



AND SO IT IS GETTING OVER THE SIDEWALK OBSTRUCTIONS IN NEW YORK CITY, FOR THAT MATTER.

If you want to get rich, mount a mule, because when you are on a mule you are better off. A homely young girl has the consolation of knowing that if she lives to be forty she will be a pretty old

A reporter, in describing a railway disaster, says: "This unlooked-for accident came upon the community unawares."

Georgie (four years old, at the tea table). "Mamma, nay I have some sardines?"

MAMMA. "Wait till I'm ready, Georgie."

Georgie (surprised). "Why, ma, it's me as wants 'em."

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

"A lobster never comes ashore," says an old fish-monger, "without great risk of getting into hot water."

The other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe on a lady's shawl.

"I'm attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose.

"The attachment is mutual," was the good-natured route. reply.



THE BEAUTIFUL WASHER AND IRONER. "I had often heard my wife speak in enthusiastic terms of her beautiful Washer and Ironer. My curiosity was piqued: I resolved to see her. Next time she came home with the things I slipped out after my wife. I now infer that my wife in speaking of her had reference to her professional rather than her personal qualities."—Extract from a letter.



THE POWER OF MUSIC. "Dere's cullid Marfa twiddlin' on the Missus' piano agin. Goodness sakes! how my heart beats for dat child!"



Vol. XIV.—No. 53. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT

THE WHIRLIGIG OF FASHION.

THOSE who affect to despise the fashions and their caprices do not realize, perhaps, how much they are indebted to them for the pleasures of the eye and of the æsthetic sense. The tendency of all fashions is toward the ideal costume,

or at least it is a groping in that direction however misled; each new one is a sort of experiment to determine if it may not be better fitted to the exigencies of taste and comfort than the last. The constantly increasing beauty of fabrics, of ornamental devices, is due in great measure to the demands of fashion, which daily requires new material to work in, and the fashions of an age might be said to show the moral and social condi-tion of the times when they reigned, to be an epitome of their history, since in those of every race and epoch may be found something indicative of the peraments, standards, and circumstances of the people who originated or wore them, something typical of their mental financial plight, some-thing descriptive of their climate and culture. But as we do not see the fashions of our day in the perspective which idealizes those of our ancestors, they naturally seem to a reflecting mind at times to be trivial and without excuse. Why, we may ask, if the clinging skirt em-bodied the æsthetic idea and satisfied our artistic instincts vesterday, should we become bouffant to-day? If imitation laces merited our just contempt last year, why do we lend them our favor just now? Are we wrong in denouncing imitations, or right in countenancing cheap lux-uries? If shirring is too sweet for anything, why shall it abdicate for boxpleating, double or single? If the other day nobody's ward-robe was complete without an alpaca gown, why should it need the efforts of a Lady Bective to bring it into good repute and society? wear flowers inside our bonnets to-day, and laugh at the freak to-morrow, hav-ing relegated them the outside? If plaids were pleasing effects, why banish

them from sight for

a few years, only to spring them upon the

community with a

startling result? If womankind dotes on jet at present, why must it lose its glamour in the course of a few seasons at most? Is not a thing of beauty a joy forever? If curling bangs soften the face, lend an air of youthfulness to some countenances, and add an element of picturesqueness to others, why should they be brushed

aside? If warmth and comfort, elegance and sense, all meet in the long cloak or Ulster, why cut it short? Why sacrifice the rich effects of cardinal and old gold to bottle green? No doubt there is a reason in the nature of things for this variability besides the fact that human nature loves change.

Moiré Muff.

See illustration on double page.

This muff is lined with black satin, and covered with moiré, which is arranged in puffs. Between the middle two puffs the muff is encircled by a jet band. On each side are two frills of double moiré, wired along the edge to

double moiré, wired along the edge to keep them extended, and studded with jet beads. The sides are edged with full frills of Spanish lace, and finished with pendent bows of moiré ribbon.

Satin and Lace Muff.

See illustration on double page.

This muff is lined with red satin, and covered with jetted net laid over black satin. It is bordered on each side with a black satin puff, and trimmed with full frills of Spanish lace, and satin frills which are valled with jetted net. Chenile and jet tassels hang from the sides.

Satin Merveilleux and Spanish Lace Corsage.

See illustration on dou-

ble page.
This corsage with demi-long sleeves is made of black Spanish lace over black satin. It is furnished with vest fronts of pink satin merveilleux, which are crossed by double rows of lace, and trimmed with a scarf of like material that is knotted on the right side.

Velvet and Satin Merveilleux Antique Corsage.

See illustration on double page.

This corsage is made of garnet velvet, with a plastron of garnet satin merveilleux. It is short on the sides, forming a deep point in the front and back, and is bordered with white lace. The sleeves are composed of two deep puffs of satin merveilleux sepa-rated by a velvet band which is bor-dered with lace at the top and bottom, and are completed by a deep velvet cuff that is bordered with similar lace. The stiff flaring collar of white linen is bordered with lace insertion and edged with lace, the ends of which extend along the sides of the heartshaped opening and meet under a bow with long garnet sa



Fig. 1.—Brocade and Plush Visiting Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 836.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3163: Basque, 20 Cents; Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3-9.

Fig. 2.—Satin Serge Cloak.—Back.—[For Front, see Page 836.]

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 24-29.

HOSTED by

as seen itration. Ogle

HARPER'S BAZAR

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY-16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PROPLE No. 111, published December 13, offers its readers a pleasant fore-taste of Christmas in a story by MRS, MARGA-RET EYTINGE, entitled "Lady Rags," with an admirable illustration by Sot. EYTINGE, JUN.
This is followed by a very attractive article, entitled "The Fairy Fungi," with six illustrations by the author, MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK. Jimmy Brown relates, with the help of an illustra-tion, another of his remarkable efforts, this time nearly successful, to please his elders. The cur-rent chapter of "Talking Leaves," illustrated, is very entertaining; while the shorter sketches and poems display characteristic brightness and originality. Among them is an interesting article by MRS. HELEN S. CONANT, on "The Children of the Pantomime," with two brilliant illustrations. For very little readers there is a page of merry Jingles, illustrated.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE FOR CHRISTMAS.

The CHRISTMAS NUMBER of HARPER'S Young Prople, profusely illustrated, and filled with the most attractive holiday reading matter, will be published December 20.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year ... \$1 50 HARPER'S BAZAR, per year ... 4 00 HARPER'S BAZAR AND HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Per year ... 5 00

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

An EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT. containing the conclusion of MR. HARDY'S fas-

"BENIGHTED TRAVELLERS,"

with other entertaining matter, is issued gratuitously with the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 17.

CHRISTMAS-PAST AND PRESENT.

MERRY Christmas and a happy New Year." Shall we ever grow tired of the kindly greeting? Our finest friend has no finer salutation, and the market-man in his bower of paper roses, the grocery boy stamping stiffened feet at the area door, the cook flushed with responsibility over the heaped-up tables of her kitchen, the little crossing sweeper blowing blue fingers of desire, pronounce the cheerful benediction as with no ultimate thought of gain. Nay, before the day begins, has not the sound thereof roused us reluctantly from exhausted slumbers, as in the chill De-cember darkness the tittering, whispering, rapturous children tiptoe about to feel the bulging stockings it is yet too early to see? Yea, even for days and days before this top and crown of days, have not all the newspapers been exclaiming in the very fattest and blackest of capital letters that every shop in the city has more beautiful, more various, more abundant, and more preposterously cheap holiday presents than every other? And have not these glorified streets, these enchanted marts, these dazzling wares, these hurrying, smiling, eager crowds, been crying out over and over again, "Wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year"?

No, plainly, Christmas is a fashion that will never go out. And yet it is a fashion that has greatly changed within the memory of middle age. The Puritans left it religiously behind them when they packed up their carefully assorted traditions for transportation. No profane wassail, or Druidical mistletoe, or pagan custom of gift-giving, or heathenish Yule, encumbered them. And if perchance the scholarly VANE sent out an early copy of the poems of Mr. John Milton to his well-remembered friends in the new settlements of Massachusetts Bay, we may be sure that the "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" was very seldom read. In New England, therefore, gentle Christmas went long unrecognized, and it is only the present generation which has really done it fit honor, with music, and rejoicing, and incense of the fresh woods in breath of hemlock and mosses and pine.

Wherever the Establishment took root. however, or wherever the Roman Catholic element was strong, or the great German stream flowed into the New World reservoirs, there the Christmas feeling came also. In New York, and Virginia, and the South, was vast hospitality of eating and drink ing, some exchange of gifts, and a limited rch-going. Yet here again it is only

reneration which sees Christmas as the sal holiday, the general festival taken e pale of Catholic or Episcopal possession, and made the property of all sects, as of all ranks and no ranks.

But in South and North alike Christmas past was a narrow and self-seeking spirit as compared with Christmas present. Christmas past, roused perhaps by the gentle praise of IRVING, made family feasts, rejoiced the children of the household with gifts, taught the elders to look back and sigh for the bounteous merry-making of the olden time. But Christmas present, of which DICKENS was the great apostle, and for whose coming he made the way straight, is the spirit of unselfish kindness. Every year the churches are more beautiful, but the gorgeous fruitage of the trees that grow in their vestries is for the children who would have no Christmas else. Every year the shops are more splendid, and wealth and love give costlier gifts to their own, but every year, also, more men and women save something from the sum to be spent on kin and friend for those who can claim only the human tie for remembrance. Every year more ragged school-children, and newsboys, and boot-blacks, and sufferers in hospitals, and patient folk in alms-houses, and long hopeless inmates of asylums and prisons, are remembered in kindness. Every year more hard-worked men and women get the brief holiday for their homely uses. Every year there is more friendliness in the air.

So it seems that the true Christmas, like the kingdom of heaven, of which, indeed, it is a part, is within us. It is the hour of charitable thought and active service. It is our season of vision, when eyes are anointed to see how beautiful a thing is Happiness, and how easy it is to bestow it. To most of us, indeed, an underlying sadness must deepen a little by contrast with the external joy. We think of those past Christmases of our youth, each of which in turn was to have seen us great, or rich, or famous, or noble, or happy, with the fulfillment of some desire which was never to be satisfied. We think of the friends whose greeting was the best of Christmas to us, and whose voices we shall no more hear. Filling the children's stockings, we long unutterably for the child who was to grow up only in the life to come. But these aspirations, ambitions, loves, are not dead. Let us not try to forget, but give them all a place at our Christmas fire, rich, very rich, in what we have, richer in what we fancy we have lost.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 49, Vol. XIV.] A TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

This business of the private theatricals made it easy for Mrs. Trevylvan to propose to Rose the propriety of studying elocution. She could see no other way in which to attack those vices of pronunciation which were so in the way of any success, either social or intellectual. For although no city and no State is without its local rusticity in the way of accent-although Boston people have their twang, and although New-Yorkers say "byerd" for bird, and "pote" for poet, and "Ffthavnu" for Fifth Avenue, and the Philadel-"Ffthavnu" for Fifth Avenue, and the Philadelphians talk about "cyanes" and "cyars," and call their respected progenitors "payh" and "mayh," yet there is a worse fault than all these, and that is the adding of an "r" to every word ending in "a," and also giving "r" an unnecessary agency in "scorn," such as saying "scourne." All this, which we indefinitely and perhaps improperly call Wastern prepupalistics. Bose had to properly call Western pronunciation, Rose had to a terrible degree. She also used the word "real" quite too often, as "real pleasant," "real nice," "real elegant," all of which made Mrs. Trevylyan feel as if rusty scissors were being pushed into her ears. The lesser elegancies of course escaped her. These could only come with time and prac-

So Mrs. Trevylyan sent for Professor Paton, an Englishman, whose neat and finished speech made her perfectly happy, and begged of him to obliterate the ruggedness of this provincial speech.

"I call it continental speech," said the professor. "It is all over your great country, madam."
"How do you hope to change it?" said Mrs.

Trevylyan.

"By the reading of the best authors in class after me, by the study of music, and particularly by the study of the Italian language, that liberates the throat."

"Oh dear! poor Rose! She can not do all that this winter," said Mrs. Trevylyan.

"If she is quick, she will soon begin to talk like me," said the professor, laughing. "I catch the girls imitating me very often."
"I could wish for nothing better," said Mrs.

Trevylyan; but she felt very hopeless.

had underestimated the vigor of her niece. Rose was soon at work at Italian and music, and never missed a day at Professor Paton's class, nor her beloved horseback rides, nor her attendance at Fanny Grey's sewing circle, nor her ready and affectionate devotion to her aunt. She was full of the ichor of youth, and New York was exactly the full cup of which she loved to drink. She found that blissful excitement which makes work easy in a highly charged atmosphere, where every one is at work and in motion, as in the great city, whose pulses beat quickly and deeply. She had not yet learned, poor girl, how tremendous a strain it was to be upon her nerves, or how she might yet pay for this overwork in after-days—in headache, in sleepless nights, and in weary years of nervous prostration. All was bright before her, excepting one lingering re-

gret, almost a pain.
Where was Jack Townley?—her only friend in New York, as she had looked forward to her first winter. Where was the man with the deli-cate face, the strong arm, the unerring aim, the splendid seat across country? Where was her hero? He had been kind to her on the prairie; he had looked love, if he had not spoken it; he had called her a "prairie flower," and other nice names. He had told her many a time and oft that when she came to New York he should be the first one to greet her. She knew that he was in town, for she heard his name every day. But he had not answered her note, and he had not called. Amid all her work, amid all her new emotions and excitements, this thought would come back, and it poisoned her pleasures.

She was glad that he had not seen her at Mrs. Mortimer's, for she was now conscious that she looked badly then. She was glad he had not seen her mistakes at the lunch-that dreadful lunch—where those girls had grinned like fiends. But she looked better now. She had wondered why he was not at the hunt, why she had not met him on the Avenue, or at Mrs. Mortimer's subsequent evenings. Why?

first ball, however, was approaching, for Mrs. Mortimer, who never put her hand to the plough but she advanced it through the furrow, had seen to it that Rose was asked to the Patriarchs, and to the F. C. D. C., and to all the best of the private balls. She was also down for one of Arthur Amberley's little dinners, and Mrs. Mortimer was to chaperon her. When she was dressed for her first ball in one of Connelly's best and simplest ingenu dresses, with her rounded arms covered with long tan-colored gloves nearly to the shoulder, with her superb hair braided in a knot at the back of her head, she looked like anything but the girl from Chadwick's Falls. She was conscious herself that a graceful beauty stood before the cheval-glass, and four bouquets

claimed her attention.

Alas! not one had the card she wanted to see; not one said "Mr. John Townley." Mrs. Trevylyan put a pretty fan at her side, with her initials painted on it under the guise of a daisy chain, added a delicate handkerchief to put in her almost inaccessible pocket, and kissing her cheek, said, "You are very becomingly dressed, dear Rose," the pleasant feelings overcame the disagreeable ones.

Mrs. Mortimer called in her carriage at eleven o'clock to take Rose to her first ball at Delmon-

By this time Rose had become a sensation. Her mingled beauty and mistakes, her failures and her successes, Sidonie's attacks and Fanny and ner successes, Successes, Business Grey's partisanship, besides the quiet indorsement of Mr. and Miss Amberley, and the carefully prepared report—partly Arthur Amberley's mischief—that she was a great heiress, had given the name of Rose Chadwick a certain prominence at the clubs and in social circles. The wildest rumors were affoat. Some people said that she owned a silver mine, and that, next to the Baron-cas Bundett Courte, she was the rights travers in ess Burdett-Coutts, she was the richest woman in the world. Others said that she had saved the lives of three hunters who were attacked by grizzly bears. Others said that she was an utter no-body, whom Mr. Chadwick had picked up in the streets of San Francisco; that he had no money, but was an adventurer, a gambler, and a sot; that Mrs. Trevylyan was a wonderfully credulous woman to take her at all, etc., etc. (Of the prospective fortune there were grave doubts; and as the reader has a right to look behind the scenes,

fortune was, like many another American for-tune, very apt to swing like a pendulum from bad to good, and from good to very bad.) But here was a very pretty girl, now well dres ed, an excellent dancer, and under the most fash-ionable chaperonage, on the threshold of her first ball; and as Lander's delicious strains filled the room, two or three partners dashed forward to claim her hand.

it must be acknowledged that Mr. Chadwick's

Whatever might be the future of Rose, that first hour was full of delirious delight, and she was not aware until she had completed her third dance that Jack Townley was in the ball-room.

Everything faded before her eyes, and home came back. Those long and delightful rides across the prairie; her father, and Fountain, and her dear dogs; and Jack, whom they had taken care of when he was ill—Jack, who had been so kind and so familiar a presence

She darted from her seat, and almost ran to where Jack Townley stood with a group of young

men, and holding out her hand, said:

"Oh, Mr. Townley, have you forgotten me?
How glad I am to see you!"

Jack Townley turned pale. He saw in a mo-

ment how this story would be told, and how he should be laughed at at the Union Club; but he responded, of course, politely, and offering his arm, started for a promenade round the roon

Mrs. Mortimer was talking with the lady next to her when Rose made this sudden departure, and did not notice the frightful faux pas until it was almost too late to remedy it.

But she was a great society general. She there-fore quickly did the best she could. Reading the scorn and laughter in her neighbor's eyes, she immediately left her seat, and walking toward

Rose and Mr. Townley, she said, gayly:
"Oh, Mr. Townley, I am so glad Rose caught
you! I wanted to insure your presence at the
dinner I am to give her on Wednesday week—and you are always in such request. Now you will be sure and come? It was so thoughtful of Rose"—with this she gave poor Rose a pinch which meant "Keep your mouth shut," and went on, "After you and Rose have finished your walk, bring her to me; for she can not half keep her engagements.

And thus talking, and walking half round the room with the pair, Mrs. Mortimer covered Rose's

mistake with the large mantle of her own imperial social position, and retired to her seat, with her heart beating, and with the determination to give Rose a good scolding for her impulsive

Jack Townley belonged to the large class of deliberate snobs who are only to be reached by the sense of what is useful to themselves. He had liked Rose very well on the prairie, but he did not particularly care to meet her at Delmonico's. He was engaged, too, in a very engrossing flirtation with Mrs. Morella, a married belle, whose smiles were only given to the favorites of fashion. He was, however, a gentleman, and a man with many attractive qualities. His fine, delicate face and tall, slender figure, his quiet, elegant manners, all covered physical courage and manly qualities which had made him respected on the Rose was to be forgiven if he had touched her young heart. There were few wo-men who did not find him fascinating, the more so that his own want of heart left him always in ossession of his intellect.

He saw through the ruse of Mrs. Mortimer, and thanked and respected her for her brave rescue of her young charge, and for the possibility which she gave to him of refuting the sarcastic statements which Dicky Smallwood might make at the club of the impulsive rush of the young

There was therefore nothing before Jack Townley but to walk and dance with Rose, although he did not answer her beseeching eyes as she pointed out two or three vacant places on her card. Pleading his own engagements, he left her with Mrs. Mortimer, and returned to the quiet corner where Mrs. Morella sat—already with a black cloud on her brow, for his interrupted allegiance had infuriated her-and noticed poor Rose no more. Rose passed the rest of the evening in a Dicky Smallwood took her out, and told her all about Jack Townley's flirtation with Mrs. Morella—a story which shocked her.

"But isn't she married?" said Rose, catching

at a straw.

"Oh yes: that's her husband flirting with Sidonie. He's as great a flirt as she is, but Jack Townley is unusually devoted to Mrs. Morella;

some people think he is really in love with her."
Then Dicky swung her off in a galop.
When Arthur Amberley came to talk with Rose, he found her so distrait that he could hardly get an answer to his questions about the play, the hunt the coming dinner or her fading about her hunt, the coming dinner, or her feeling about her first ball. He watched her dark eyes, and saw that they were glued to the spot where Jack Townley leaned over Mrs. Morella's ear, and he read the story in a moment. "So here is some of Jack the Lady-Killer's work, is it?" thought he. "Poor little girl! Well, let us try the effect of an antidote."

"So you dance the German with Jack Long, do

you?" he asked.
"Yes," said Rose, gravely and absently. It seemed so utterly unimportant with whom she danced now

"Well, I'll tell you a secret. Jack Long saved a life to day, and has done a fine heroic act, and I think he did it for you. Now show your woman's tact, and find out what it was."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

THE shops are made gay by their array of articles for holiday gifts, and the variety is so great that something can be found to suit ?" tastes. Plush coverings are as nuch in vog for fancy goods as for clothing, and this soft stu-with its long pile is a most effective background for decorations of needle-work or of embroidery. There are pretty trays of plush on gilt or silver feet to serve as card-receivers; plush-covered box-es are shown for toilette articles, for stationery, for photographs, for jewels, gloves, mouchoirs, and for perfume bottles. The newest portfolios are covered with plush in peacock blue, old gold, or dark red shades, and there are card-cases, porte-monnaies, and purses for change also of plush. Bevelled mirrors in diamond shape or square are framed with plush that may be plain, or else have some painting of flowers that extend over upon the glass, or perhaps some quaintly appropriate motto is done in old-fashioned lettering. Brocaded plush cabinets for the wall, made with the irregular shelves copied from Chinese cabinets, are among the most tasteful gifts found at the furniture houses, and there are footstools of plush in box shape, and mounted on gilt frames that close like camp-stools. Plush-covered tables are liked for bric-à-brac, and are shown in low square shape with a shelf below, or in trefoil tops, long oval, or with the corners cut off to form an oc tagonal top.

The newest brasses have nickel combined with them, and the forms of many articles are more conventional than those used last year. There are straight half-high candlesticks of brass in place of those with dragons formerly in favor, and the brass inkstands for library tables are massive square stands resting on heavy trays richly chased or in open patterns. Card trays are of nickel, with brass feet and odd figures of little men and women for the handles. A set of brasses for the fire-place is a favorite gift, and there are book-racks of polished brass for holding the newest volumes on a centre table; the latter cost \$6, and are substantially made and highly polished.

Tusks of ivory are mounted in many ways that make nice gifts for gentlemen: for instance, a single large tusk supports a thermometer; another is sliced to form a paper-knife, and is mounted with silver; massive pieces are cut off for paper-weights, and smaller ones are arranged as pen-racks above an inkstand. Blotters for desks or library tables have ivory handles, and

Hosted by

whisk-brooms are mounted in the same extravagant way, and made to cost \$3 or \$4.

The fancy for the grotesque is shown in using the ugliest animals, such as apes, toads, frogs, the rhinoceros, or the elephant, and the least beautiful of birds, for decorating articles of various kinds; thus there are thimble cases that hang over a hedgehog's back, an elephant of oxidized silver bears on his back as a saddle an inkstand or a bouquet-holder, monkeys grin upon paperweights and vases, and the solemn owl stares out from corner brackets, jewelled brooches, card cases, and picture cards.

The French and Vienna leather articles have this season rough surfaces, such as the seal and alligator skins, that are found to be far more durable than the smooth Russia leather. Black glazed English morocco is used for gentlemen's letter cases, and for card cases for ladies; those with silver-mounted corners are liked for gentlemen, and the initials in silver are easily attached. When the smooth leathers are used, the decorations are embossed in light colors, and consist of flowers, or the favorite animals, or else a monogram. Dressing cases and travelling bags of leather are arranged with the articles in a frame, so that they may be lifted out and laid on a dress ing table convenient for use, and the empty bag or case made to serve other purposes. Shopping bags of the prettily grained seal or alligator skin are still made in square shape, with a hook on the handle to fasten them to the belt.

Among new olive-wood articles are book-racks that hold three or four volumes, and are sold for \$2 50. There are pen and pencil sets of varied designs resting on racks of this wood; an olivewood piano frame incloses writing materials or sewing articles for a lady of musical tastes, and there are jockey caps covering inkstands for gentlemen, smokers' boxes with zinc or tin lining to preserve the tobacco, and note-pads or memorandum cases for physicians' tables, with paper prepared to fold like an envelope, upon

which a visitor writes a note.

Lovers of porcelain select this season the English and Dresden wares that have figures in relief. such as fruit and flowers of natural size and color; these are to be found in all the fancy shops, while the Oriental porcelains are now almost entirely confined to the Japanese stores that make a specialty of such things. Dresden frames for sconces and for mantel mirrors, with candelabra to match, are favorite pieces for ladies' boudoirs, and there are smaller Dresden frames for photographs that ornament any room. Porcelain lamps, droplights, and students' lamps are chosen with Limoges vases, or enamel, or else the choice English wares; and one of the prettiest lamps is of rose-colored glass, with the globe and chimney of the same hue, to shed a rose-color throughout the room. Dresden rose-balls or snow-balls are in favor for single pieces in which to present flowers or bon-bons at Christmas or New-Year. A piece of Royal Worcester, such as a vase, jug, or basket, in ivory white with jewelled decorations, or else a dozen plates with the figures in gold on ivory white, is a very rich gift. The fine Persian glass liqueur sets, or a Venetian vase; English crystal bottles for the dressing stand in white, or amber, or tipped with rose-color; fruit or bonbon dishes of Austrian glass in Rhenish green or peacock blue, or with stripes of rose and deep red-are some of the choicest things in glass-ware. For single cups and saucers those of Sèvres or of Capo di Monte are prized highly at \$10, and for tête-à-tête sets there are exquisite things in English wares and in the colored Irish bellique at most reasonable prices.

Fans for young ladies are of medium size, and made of feathers, such as the breast feathers of the blue jay, with humming-birds resting upon them, or else the golden pheasant's plumage, with sticks of amber or tortoise-shell. An ostrich feather at the end of each stick is shown in white fans for brides, in pink plumes with pearl sticks, and in black with ebony for ladies wearing mourning. Painted satin and lace fans remain the choicest selection for bridal gifts.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

The American Christmas cards excel the imported cards this season, and many of them are framed and presented as separate gifts, instead of merely accompanying a Christmas present. The four prize cards are of the highest excellence, and are especially worthy of their pretty setting in a wide mat of cream white or pale gray and a narrow frame of whitewood traced with red or blue lines, or of ebonized wood lined with white or red, or ame of dead gilt. charming illuminated bit on the wall, and are lasting souvenirs of 1881. Some of these come provided with a border of fringed silk in quaint olive, pale blue, red, or gold-color, with a cord for sus-pending them, and these have the advantage of not concealing the tasteful decorations on the back. Among smaller cards, the Christmas Carol cards, showing four funny little girls and birds on a bough, or two of the same little folks draw. ing Christmas greens, are great favorites, and these are also mounted in fringe or in wooden The Goddess Fortune card is liked by people of artistic tastes, and there are many amus-ing cat, frog, and bird designs. The bric-à-brac cards are richly colored, and there are new floral designs, quaintly dressed groups of children, new horseshoe cards for good luck, spread fan cards finished with silk fringe, and the pretty Christmas dove, similar to the Easter dove of last spring. The folding calendar is the prettiest American dar yet made, and surpasses the famous English ones. These cards, when sent by mail, should be folded in stiff card-board, and put in envelopes that fit closely, as they are apt to be broken if not well protected.

The eating doll is the novelty with which girls are delighted this year. A bit of candy is put in

her open mouth, disappears, and comes out at the sole of her foot. Another new doll has music within herself, so that when wound she raises her hands and seems to sing. A third novelty, more valued for its durability than beauty, has the doll head cut from a solid piece of wood, and this wooden head can be banged about without breaking. The head moves, and the body, which is also wood, is painted as the fine French dolls are; and some of these wooden dolls say "Mamma" and "Papa." In small sizes, such dolls, without the speaking attachment, are \$1 25, and these are chosen for children whose bump of destructiveness is large. The well-known indestructible heads, with short hair of sheep's wool that will wash and comb, are made with prettier faces than when first introduced. Brown-eyed dolls are in great favor this season, especially among the bisque dolls, that were formerly all blue-eyed. The tiny doll entirely of bisque, with natural long blonde hair, eyes that open and close, and jointed limbs, is a favorite with little girls who do not think size everything; and these cost from 65 cents upward. Mothers who want to teach their children correct ideas select each part of the doll with care, and have each article of clothing well made, so that it can be taken off and put on. First, the doll's head is selected. This may be of the composition said to be indestructible, and with short blonde curly hair of wool that is easily cleansed, and will cost from 30 cents to \$2. according to size; or else it may be of French bisque, with eyes that are fixed or with movable eves, and hair of wool, but most natural-looking, These range from 70 cents upward, and among the more expensive heads are those with Titian red hair and brown eyes or else golden vellow hair with a bang on the forehead and flowing behind. The wax heads are most varied of all and most natural-looking, but most perishable. They are shown as infants with bald heads or a scant bang, to wear caps; as short-haired boys, with Charles II. flowing locks; and as ladies with elab-orate coiffures. The body is then chosen of either muslin or kid, and must be made up without wires, and stuffed with cotton to make it light, instead of the heavy sawdust that sifts through the cover. They can also be bought with the crying arrangement inside. The muslin bodies cost from 30 cents upward; those of kid are more expensive. Mother Hubbard dolls are favorites this season and as this consists in dressing them in a shirred cloak of cashmere or satin, with a poke bonnet or steeple-crowned hat of the same, they are easily gotten up at home. The imported dolls come elaborately arrayed in plush and satin costumes, but tasteful little girls prefer instead a doll dress-ed in the first short clothes with white muslin yoke dresses, skirts, and petticoats that may be taken off and put on, and over this a Mother Hubbard cloak, with hat to match. Every article of clothing may be bought separately for the doll, including rubber overshoes and hair-pins, and there are boxes with three or four different sets of clothing for the doll inmate. Infant dolls in long clothes are accompanied by a furnished basket, and are completely dressed in white muslin. with a sash, and a cloak of white cashmere with double cape and quilted silk border. A colored nurse or a French bonne with a cap can also be supplied.

OTHER TOYS.

Furnishing for dolls' houses is carried to perfection this winter, and includes cabinets, pianos, and jardinières in the drawing-rooms, library sets that are covered with leather, whitewood chamber sets upholstered with pale blue silk, dining-room sets, with buffet and extension table, and every article of kitchen furniture. Hammocks, statuettes, busts mounted on pedestals, transparent pictures for the tiny windows, mantels with mirrors set in them, gilded clocks, vases, lamps, and photograph albums are among the new articles of luxury, and a lady doll in full evening toilette of the present day, or else a powdered French marquise, is chosen to preside in the tiny mansion.

Among the walking toys is a cock that crows as it walks, an elephant that moves slowly, and an ape that clambers along most ungracefully; the musical ape and a most natural-looking cat are new this season; a pug walks around, a pig jumps out of a box, and an egg is put in at the top of a box, and a chicken comes out below There are new musical rattles dressed as harle quins, with a music-box inside. Tambourines, lutes, mandolins, and all the musical instruments by the æsthetes in I toys, and some are decorated with paintings and

gay ribbons.

New alphabet blocks have the letters painted on squares of different sizes that are piled up one within another. The Brooklyn Bridge and the House that Jack built are new building blocks. The newest wagon is the great canopy-topped wagon of the prairies, and is labelled, Go West. New banks for savings represent all kinds of animals with open mouths for catching pennies, and ample bodies for holding them. Wooden animals, well carved and without paint, are in boxes for small children, while for larger ones are boxes of skin-covered animals. Menageries. stables, sheep, cats, dogs, show genuine skins and finely shaped creatures. New targets have four birds and a bull's-eye that can be knocked out when struck; a cannon or a rifle is sold with these. New tops work by electricity, and the colors change as you touch them while they spin. Telephones, telescopes, printing-presses tool-boxes with a scroll-saw added to them, rub ber balls, drums, trumpets, sleighs with real white Angola robes, bicycles, and leaping horses are the attractive things for boys.

For information received thanks are due Messrs TIFFANY & Co.: DAVIS COLLAMORE; LORD & TAY-LOR; STERN BROTHERS; L. PRANG & Co.; L. TIB-BALS: and EHRICH BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

THE Governor of Bombay has telegraphed to Lord DUFFERIN that the cholera has ceased in Surat. Owing, however, to a habit among the Japanese of disinterring and bathing the dead on every third year, the world is liable to a fresh irruption of that plague, as the dead there of three years ago were the victims of a great cholera epidemic

-One of the wits declares that Dr. FROTHING-HAM has created more of a ripple by doubting

—Some idea of the value of land in Newport may be gathered from the fact that Miss CATHERINE WOLFE paid over a hundred and ninety-one thousand dollars for a strip shortly since, and Ochre Point, for which Mr. LAWRENCE paid twelve thousand has realized in all about half a twelve thousand, has realized in all about half a

The wife of Alma Tadema is said to show

great progress in her paintings.

—For his services in connection with the Electrical Exhibition, the son of Hon. George WALKER, our Consul-General at Paris, has been decorated as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

—In order to avoid invitations to dine out

during her visit to Paris lately, the Princess of Wales left her dresses behind her in London.

—Stephen Jenner, grandnephew of the dis-coverer of vaccination, who lately died in pover-ty at Heathfield, England, had considerable reputation as a caricaturist and artist.

—Lady Anne Blunt says that the Arabs judge

of the wholesomeness of water by the presence or absence of insects in it, as perfectly clear water without animal life is sure to be noxious.

—Dr. Andrew Clark, a celebrated physician of London, stated in a recent address that what is called "moderate drinking" is potential in is called "moderate drinking" is potential in exciting gout, heart-disease, Bright's disease, and liver complaints, and that medical opinion is unanimous that there should be no drinking of alcohol in any form save at meals.

—Until the present the Russian Church has

—Until the present the Kussian Church has classed people making excessive use of opium or stimulants with suicides, and has refused them the solaces of their religion. This has just been reformed by an order from the Patriarch.

—The cost of furniture bought recently in London by the King of Siam is a million and a guarter follars.

quarter dollars.

-Mrs. E. A. FREEMAN, it is said, revises all the manuscripts of her husband, the historian.

—President ARTHUR, on the authority of Mr. FLORENCE, the player, is the best salmon fisher in America. His sister, who will probably be the lady of the White House during his administration. istration, was formerly a governess in Edgefield, South Carolina.

South Carolina.

—Most of the foreigners in Washington attend St. Matthew's Church. At a fair held for this church lately cards were issued by the Mexican Minister's wife: "Madame Zamacona requests the pleasure of your company to a tea at Willard Hall—twenty-five cents a cup."

The King of Denmark travels under the ti-tle of Count FALSTER.

—Lady WILDE, the mother of the æsthete, writes to a friend that the Prince of Wales drops in occasionally, and she "takes delight in seeing him drink tea and smoke cigars with WIL-LIE and OSCAR."

—PAUL JOUKOUSKI, son of a tutor of ALEX-

ANDER II. of Russia, is installed at RICHARD WAGNER'S Bayreuth mansion, Wahnfried, where he is at work painting the preliminary sketches

for Parsifal.

—Miss Fu An Ting, who was married the other day in San Francisco to Rev. WALTER CHING Yung, the ceremony having been performed by Right Rev. Bishop KIP, wore over a robe of purple and black with a touch of gold thread a pea-cock blue brocaded satin tunic, lined with scar-let brocade, edged with stripes of yellow satin, and fastened with solid gold buttons. The head-dress of the flowers of her native country covered the back of the head; gold-embroidered slippers and a scarlet satin handkerchief completed the effect.

—Mr. Renan is a small, thickset, and clumsy looking man with a round from which but for

looking man, with a round face, which but for his fine brow and thoughtful eyes would be

—Owing to the laws against the phylloxera, the imperial palace at Vienna came near losing the roses ordered from Italy for its decoration the roses ordered from Italy for its decoration at the time of the visit of King Humbert and Queen Margherita, they having been held on the frontier, and allowed at last to enter Austrian territory only by special order of the Minister of Agriculture.

—CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is still one year on the sunny side of forty. Her blonde wig, worn in Margaret, cost seven hundred dollars, and is a vard long.

yard long.

—Thackeray's house in Kensington Palace
Gardens, which he built himself of red brick, and in the style of that Queen ANNE period with

and in the style of that Queen ANNE period with which he was so familiar, has just been sold.

—Queen CAROLA of Saxony has been in the habit of doing up all the preserves used in the hospitals under her patronage. The fruit harvests in Germany were so bountiful this year that

vests in Germany were so bountiful this year that the Queen fell ill with nervous fever, owing to her zeal in making the most of her opportunities.

—HELENA of Waldeck, Prince LEOPOLD's flancée, is niece of the Queen of Sweden, and sister of the present Queen of the Netherlands.

—Lady Bective's efforts to bring alpaca into good society recall the days when George III.

good society recall the days when GEORGE III. and Queen CHARLOTTE vainly took part with the buckle manufacturers against the innovating shoe string.
—Mrs. Hemans's poetry is recommended for

children by Matthew Arnold. It used to be good enough for anybody.

—Thomas R. Gould, the sculptor, was a class-

mate of HAMMETT BILLINGS, EDWARD L. DAV-ENPORT, and THOMAS BALL, at the Mayhew School. His brother SAMUEL was his most generous patron, buying his bass-relief of Hamlet's Ghost, his water-babies, and other works.

—RAMESES II., the Pharaon who pursued Moses and the Israelites into the Red Sea, is visiting London in the flesh, so to speak, al-though he shuffled off this mortal coil forty

ituries ago. —The fortieth birthday of the Prince of Wales was recently kept at Sandringham, and the gifts were arranged on small tables in the hall.

-Sir NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD has commis —Sir NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD has commissioned Mr. MILLAIS to paint a figure in the picture left unfinished by LANDSEER, but intended to represent Queen VICTORIA on horseback when a young princess. As the picture is to hang in

the house once belonging to NELL GWYNNE, Mr. MILLAIS intends to paint in a figure of this actress, it is reported.

—When Franklin Pierce was a student at

Bowdoin, he taught a district school at Hebron, Maine, for fourteen dollars a month.

-The Princess BEATRICE has given two thonsand dollars, the proceeds of her birthday-book, to a children's hospital.

-PAUL BOYTON is said to be tired of India rubber navigation, and having paddled his own canoe some twenty thousand miles, will now

cance some twenty thousand mines, will now marry and stay ashore.

—ROBERT HELLER, the magician, was the son of a Canterbury organist. His real name was PALMER, and his success as a magician never reconciled his family to his profession. He taught music under his own name in Washington, where he married a Miss KICKHOEVER, the daughter of a wealthy banker there.

-Eugénie is going to relate the true story of her escape from the Tuileries. -Miss Louisa M. Alcott is forty-nine years

—Miss LOUISA M. ALCOTT is forty-nine years old, and her father is eighty-two.

—"A modern JEREMIAH in kid gloves" is the graphic description of MATTHEW ARNOLD given by Rev. PAXTON HOOD.

—Nineteen thousand dollars was the sum brought by Montpelier, the home and burial-place of President Madison, at its recent sale. —Othello is the title of Verdi's new opera. —The gardener at the Palazzo Ferentino, Na-

ples, has not painted the lily, but he has added a perfume to the camellia.

—Patti's favorite dish is boiled macaroni

—Patti's favorite dish is boiled macaroni with tomato sauce. Queen Victoria's is boiled mutton and caper sauce.

—A grandnephew of old Davy Crockett, Mr. W. Crockett, lives in Bandera County, Texas. He excels in hunting, swimming, riding, jumping, and shooting, is six feet and four inches tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five nounds.

es tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

On Thanksgiving day Mr. Longfellow made his friends thankful by reading a new poem, entitled "Hermes Trismegistus." He has

not, and never had, a cancer on his face.

—People who enjoy the Pirates of Penzance may not know that Penzance is near the extremity of Cornwall, in England, and the birth-place of Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the safety-

lamp.

—A wax figure of Ben Franklin exhibited in France is labelled, 'FRANKLIN, inventor of electricity, who, after making seven voyages around the world, died in the Sandwich Islands, and was

devoured by savages, of whom not a fragment was ever discovered."

—W. W. Story, of Rome, has executed in marble the bust of his father, Judge Story, and given it to the United States Supreme Court.

—Somebody who has lately seen the Baroness.

—Somebody who has lately seen the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS says she has the advantage of her young husband in everything but years. She wore, when this person saw her, a twilled silk with delicate flowers sprinkled over its white ground, a white Canton crape shawl folded like a fichu, and a tiny bonnet of white lace and these ribbon. and lilac ribbon.

-Rosa Bonneur is painting a family of lions from living models in cages in her park near Fontainebleau.

—In order that the Duke of Marlborough might break the settlement of the Blenheim estates, so far as to bring the Sunderland library under the hammer, an act of Parliament was re-

-AUGUSTINE ITURBIDE, who was adopted as MAXIMILIAN'S heir, has been at school in Eng-land and on the Continent, and some of the time at Woolwich with the late Prince Imperial of France. He is a youth of eighteen, speaking four languages, and accomplished in mental as well as physical exercises. His home is now with his mother in Mexico.

-In WAGNER'S Parsifal a garden of fairy flow-—In WAGNER'S Parsyat a garden of inty nowers springs from the floor, and in a few moments
fades and dies, leaving nothing but sand.
—Dean STANLEY once said that when he was
in low spirits and wanted a pick-me-up, he read
DICKENS'S account of the ride of the Pickwick

Club to Manor - house Farm, and their dinner

-Mrs. Heathfield, formerly of Boston, and —Mrs. Heathffield, formerly of Boston, and daughter of the late William Twing, well known in Washington, lately took part in the presentation of a superb diamond brooch and illuminated address to Mrs. Chamberlain, the Lady Mayoress at Birmingham, England.

—John Adams and his friend John Marston, it least diam teaching areas Saturday forces.

—John Adams and his friend John Marston, it is said, dined together every Saturday for nearly thirty years on boiled cod-fish.
—An English lady, Miss Campbell, called "the Queen of Corsica," having built a church at Ajaccio, draws a watch from her pocket, if she thinks the sermon too long, and holds it over her head till the chaplain takes the hint.
—Among the exhibits of the Cincinnati Art Museum is a part of the toilette service of Czarina Anna Ivanovna, who died in 1741.
—There are now on exhibition at Paris the green silken coat and a jacket and trousers of

green silken coat and a jacket and trousers of striped silk worn by the little Dauphin, Louis XVII., during the earlier part of his imprison-

JOSIAH FLAGG, who held a major's commission in the Revolutionary war, was the first dentist in the country, as far as known, having been taught by an officer under Count ROCHAMBEAU while the two armies were quartered in Rhode

-A great-granddaughter of John Quincy Adams has just married a younger son of Mrs.

CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

The Paris drawing-room of Mrs. Morton, wife of our Minister to France, is furnished in the Louis XVI. style—the walls panelled with white and gold relieved with pale pink, the cciling representing a cloudless sky; the furniture in gold yellow brocade, with carved and gilt wood-work. The curtains are of the same brocade, the lambrequins being arranged in Pompa-dour fashion below carved and gilt cornices, with guipure lace draperies and vitrages to cor-respond; the chandeliers are gilt and crystal; and the carpet is an Anbusson tapestry. The reception-room is in terra-cotta-colored silk velvet, embroidered in floss silk with flowers in their natural tints; the curtains are of embroidered velvet to match; the floor is covered with a Smyrna rug. The dining-room, which seats fifty persons, is panelled and curtained in crimson velvet with tapestry borders, the upholstery is of crimson morocco, and the buffet of ebony intaid with arabesques of red and yellow copper, steel, and bruss.

Fig. 1.—Lady's Crochet Slipper.—[See Fig. 2.]

through both loops of the stitches in the preceding round, and widen and narrow to suit the pattern. Embroider the crochet foundation of the slipper with single transposed cross stitches of red worsted as shown by Fig. 2. Bind the edges, and trim the front with a bow of satin ribbon. The leather soles with French heels must be put on by a shoemaker; cork soles may be Embroider-

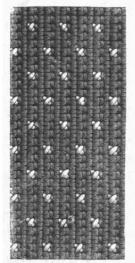


Fig. 2.—CROCHET DESIGN FOR SLIPPER, FIG. 1.

ed Reticule. THE lower part of this ret-

icule or workbag is formed by an oval pasteboard box five inches long and three wide: the side is two inches and a half deep. This is slightly wadded on the inside, and lined bronze with The botsilk. tom is faced on the outside with similar silk, and the side is covered with a strip of bronze velvet, which is ornamented with an embroidered bor-

der. The design for the border is given in Fig. 23, Supplement. After tracing it on the velvet, the waving double line is defined in chain stitch with olive silk, and the space between the lines is filled in with a cross seam in pink silk. The flowers are worked with pink and blue silk in turn, and the leaves with olive green silk. The bag at the



Lady's Crochet Slip-

per.—Figs. 1 and 2.

This slipper is crocheted

Fig. 2.—Doll's Sailor-boy Suit. (Height, without Head, from 12 to 23 Inches.)—Cut Pattern, No. 3164: Price 5 Cents. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. X., Figs. 46-51.





For description see Supplement,



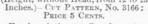
red cloth, which is em-

broidered on each point

in the design given by

Fig. 52, Supplement. The work is executed with tapestry or double

Fig. 3.—Doll's Princesse Dress. leight, without Head, from 12 to 23 inches.)—Cut Pattern, No. 3166: Price 5 Cents.





BORDER FOR TOWELS, ETC.

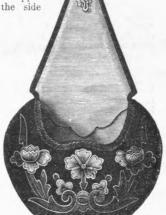
wadded and buttoned down on the bottom, and shirred around the side. The bottom of the open lower basket is lined with terracotta red cloth,

LADY'S EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

large ones are veined with maroon in her-ring-bone stitch, the small ones with green in long stem stitches. The stems and ten-

drils are in dull





For design see Suppl., No. V., Fig. 22.



EMBROIDERED RETICULE. For design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 23.



CASHMERE AND MOIRÉ DRESS.—BACK. [See Fig. 2, Double Page.] For description see Supplement.



CLOTH AND MOIRÉ COAT.-FRONT. [For Back, see Fig. 1, Double Page.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30-39.

top of the reticule consists of a straight strip of bronze satin sev en inches wide; it is joined by the lower edge to the top of the box, turned down two inches at the upper, and run twice through the double material to form a shirr, through which olive silk cord is drawn. The edges of the velvet are covered with two rows of bright-colored fancy galloon,

Lady's Embroidered Slipper.

This slipper is of brown embroidered cloth. Having transferred the outlines of the designs to the material, work the embroidery in satin, stem, chain, and knotted stitch and in point Russe with brown silk in four shades.

Basket Stand, with Embroidered Valance and Cover.

This wicker basket stand is stained a golden brown. Hanging from the top edge of the upper basket is a valance in terra-cotta



Fig. 1.—Doll's Visiting Dress. (Height, without Head, from 12 to 23 Inches.)—Cut Pattern, No. 3165; Price 10 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 40-45.

BASKET STAND, WITH EMBROIDERED VALANCE AND COVER. For design see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 52.



shape shown by the illustration, is covered on both sides with old gold satin, the front being slightly wadded, and bound with bronze plush. The design for the em-broidery on the front of the case

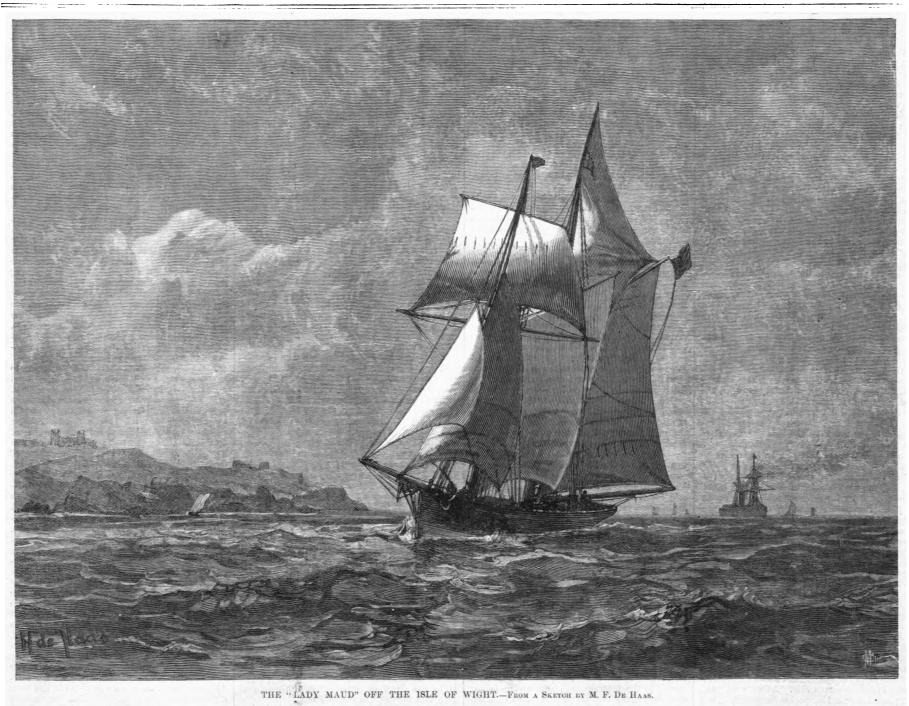
is given in Fig. 22, Supplement. After tracing it on the plush, the flowers are worked in feather stitch with silk in two shades of pink for the middle one, and of heliotrope for the one on each side. The leaves and stems are

vellow silk.



BROCADE AND PLUSH VISITING DRESS. in satin stitch of olive silk, and the whole design is edged with gold cord caught down with fine Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II , igs. 3-9.1

Hosted by **GOOQ**



THE "LADY MAUD:"

Schooner Yacht.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

AUTHOR OF "A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART," "AN OGEAN FREE LANGE," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THURSDAY, June such and such a date, was the day fixed for the sailing of the yacht Lady Mood for a cruise as far as the latitudes of the West Indies. The voyage was planned on account of the health of Lady Brookes, the wife of the owner of the vessel. The doctors had discovered that one of her lungs was threatened, and urgently advised her to take a long sea trip, that for all the summer she might breathe no-thing but ocean air. Her husband, who was a great lover of the sea, had only recently sold a forty-ton yawl named the *lone*, and purchased in its room the *Lady Mand* schooner. In this vessel he thought his wife would be able to get as much sea air as she needed, and that she would enjoy home privileges beyond any a passenger ship could supply. It was therefore settled that the cruise should be made in the yacht, which was forthwith equipped and victualled for the voyage; and among the persons invited to join Sir Mordaunt and Lady Brookes was the writer of this account of the journey, and of the lamentable shipwreck and sufferings of the people concerned

was willing to go for several reasons. I had been to sea for eight years in the merchant service, and had passed an examination as chief mate, when my father died, and bequeathed me a property that was an estate to a bachelor of simple tastes; so I quitted that life, but I left my heart behind me in it, and was always glad for an excuse to get upon the sea. So, as I say, this was one reason. Next, as I have told, I was a bachelor. The only relative I owned was a married sister, who lived at Bristol, many leagues out of my track, and thus my stake was too small to hinder me from going where I pleased and doing what I pleased. Add to this, I had just resolved to go abroad for some weeks, to kill the hot English months, when there comes the letter from Sir Mordaunt Brookes (whom I had known two years, and in whose yawl I had enjoyed several pleasant runs along our east coast), telling me about his wife's health, the proposed voyage, etc., and begging me to go with them. The offer was to my fancy, if I except the West India part. I thought June a queer month to choose for a voyage to the Antilles, as those islands where the dogstar always rages were called. But Sir Mordaunt wrote that if we touched at any port it would be merely to fill our fresh-water casks, by which I

understood that we were to keep almost entirely upon the water and among the blowing winds.

Preparing for a voyage ten times as long would have cost me small trouble. A few hours served to complete my arrangements, and punctually on the appointed day I was at Southampton, waiting for the arrival of the Lady Mand's boat to carry me aboard of her.

I was never at that town before, nor have I visited it since; and nothing of it remains in my mind but a clear image of the stretch of beautiful sparkling water, bounded in the south by the delicate white and green coast of the Isle of Wight, and opposite by the shores and country of Beaulieu. There was a large number of yachts and other vessels riding at their anchors, and many more under way, with their white canvas flashing softly in the brilliant sunshine. A pleasant breeze blew from the northeast, but the sky was quite cloudless, a deep, darkly pure blue, like the heavens of the South Pacific.

I was anxious to see the vessel that was to be my home for some months, but none of the watermen I asked could tell me which was she. How-ever, I had not long to wait, for whilst I stood admiring a very handsome, heavily sparred yawl, anchored within musket-shot of the pier, a boat pulling six oars shot from under her stern, clearly from one of the yachts lying beyond, and headed directly for the spot I occupied. The men rowed with fine precision, their oars flashed like glass, and the froth twinkled frostily at the stem. Before she was alongside I read the name Lady Mand on the breast of the cockswain's jersey, and went to meet him as he jumped ashore. He had been one of the *lone's* men, and knew me; and luggage the hotel and bundled into the boat.

The moment we cleared the stern of the vawl. the cockswain, pointing to a large schooner that lay a few fathoms astern of a small vessel similarly rigged, said that that was the Lady Mand. I looked at her eagerly, but the first impression was disappointing. She had a straight stem like a cutter's, an unusual thing in a craft of her rig; and as her copper came high, starting at the bows a very few inches under the hawse-pipes, she had the look of a revenue boat about the hull. As we approached, however, some good features be gan to exhibit themselves. She was rather bluff about the forecastle rail, but rapidly fined down to the water's edge, and was like a knife at that point. Her run was beautiful, and a decided spring forward gave her a defiant posture upon the water. She was large for her class, nearly two hundred tons by Lloyd's measurement. Her spars were the handsomest sticks I had ever seen, and the soaring maintopmast, surmounted by an angular red flag that blew upward like a tongue of flame against the lovely sky, made the eye gid-dy that followed it from the low level of a boat. Unlike any of the other yachts about, she carried a topsail and top-gallant yard; and, judging from

the height of the forevard from the deck, I reckoned that if Sir Mordaunt Brookes carried a square-sail, it should be big enough to hold a gale of wind.

We dashed alongside. I grasped the white man-ropes, and was received at the gangway by my friend.

"Up anchor now, Purchase, and get us away," he sung out, holding my hand in a cordial grip. "Tripshore, look after the baggage in the boat there, and have it stowed away in Mr. Walton's

So saying, he led me over to his wife, who was sitting aft under a short awning, in company with a young lady and a short dark man dressed in gray clothes. This was my first introduction to Lady Brookes, who spent the greater part of the year in the south of France, and had always been out of England when I was with her husband. She was a fine woman, about four-andtwenty years old-indeed, she and her husband had only been married three years—large black eyes, sparkling yet listless, complexion disposed to sallowness, good teeth, thick raven hair, lustrous as polished ebony; dressed in blue serge that faultlessly fitted her figure—moulded like one of Herman Melville's South Sea water god-

On the other hand, her companion, a niece of Sir Mordaunt, was fair, her hair a pale gold, her eyes blue as the sky. My friend in introducing me to her called her Ada Tuke. Indeed, she was a very pretty girl, but I will not attempt to convey an idea of the *character* of her prettiness. Little Roman nose, arched upper lip, small head, almost straight eyebrows, darker than her hair-these are points easily named; but what do they press on paper? No more than my asserting that the Lady Maud's figure-head was a handsome device would assist your imagination in figuring the appearance of the vessel. If the prospect of the cruise was agreeable to me before, found it quite delightful now that I knew our little company would include Ada Tuke.

The gentleman who stood near was Mr. Norie, M., who had been shipped by Sir Mordaunt to look after her ladyship's health. He had a smooth-shaven face and black eyes, and would have passed for an actor or a priest. The rest of the party consisted of two superb mastiffs, which lay near the mainmast in the sunshine, outside the shadow line of the awning. They were a noble pair of dogs, and they reclined with their great paws stretched along, enjoying the heat of the decks, and watching the men tumbling about, with slow-rolling eves and an inquisitive cock of the ears.

The ladies had now to shift their seats, for their chairs were in the road of the men who had gathered aft to hoist the mainsail. I placed Lady Brookes's chair for her clear of the running ri ging, and asked her how she liked the ide

"Not at all," said she, quickly, and yet without animation. "Nothing but my husband's anxiety

"But it is sure to do you good," said I.

"There is no finer medicine than the ocean air."

"Perhaps so," she answered, languidly; "but even health may sometimes cost too much."

I turned to Miss Tuke, and asked her how she

liked the prospect of the journey.
"Very much," she replied, removing a small opera-glass from her eyes. "I am hoping we shall meet with exciting adventures.

Lady Brookes smiled, but the expression went out of her face quickly. Here Sir Mordaunt joined us, and catching hold of my arm, called my attention to the spaciousness of the Ludy Maud's decks, and asked me what I thought of her. I told him I considered her a very beautiful vessel, and honestly meant what I said. Her decks were exceedingly roomy, in spite of a row of hencoops abreast of the foremast on either side, and a boat on chocks amidships, and as white as snow, and as solid as a thousand-ton ship's. Strength, indeed, was the agreeable peculiarity I everywhere observed. Her bulwarks were tall and stout, her companions and skylights almost unnecessarily massive; but everything was plain, and, as I considered, the fitter by reason of that quality for ocean use. She was steered by a wheel, and I took notice of the strength of the tiller and wheel chains. Her rigging was handsomely set up, the masts stayed to a hair; every block worked as easily as a carriage wheel. I walked aft to remark her length, and was delighted by the fine sweep of shining deck and the bold incurving of the forecastle bulwarks, meeting at the long powtaut bobstavs.

But by this time they had got the mainsail on her, and were busy getting up the anchor. Purchase, the skipper, came and took hold of the wheel, looking up and around as he grasped the spokes, and hallooing to the men in a slightly wheezy deep-sea note. It was the hottest hour of an unusually hot day, yet this man was wrapped up like a North Sea pilot in thick rough cloth and a blue shawl with white spots around h throat. As he was to have charge of the ves I examined him closely, and beheld a round f purple at the cheek-bones; a pear-shaped, cocolored nose; small eyes, buried deep in kles, and glowing like sparks in their welled caverns; a capacious mouth almost coof lips; the whole surmounted by a decorated with a broad gold be looked rather too nautical more the appearar masqueradin a plair

We carried a mate, named Ephraim Tripshore as well as a captain, and eleven men, counting the cook and the steward. The decks looked pretty full with them and us, and I watched them as they worked, the thought coming into my head that if they were no better than the usual run of 'longshore-men, it would be a bad look-out for us should sailorly qualities come to be needed.

By this time they had got the anchor off the ground, and the vessel, lying almost athwart the run of the water, with her nose pointing at Southampton, was already slipping along, sweeping round fast to the southward. Talk as they will of the beauty of foreign ports and scenes, I never remember in all my voyages, nor in any journeys I have made since, the like of that scene of Southampton Water, and the shores on either hand, as I beheld it on that day. The yachts at anchor, with the flashing water trem-bling in their glossy sides; the leaning pillars of canvas here and there shining like virgin silver in the sun; the flags which filled the sky with spots of bright colors; the houses ashore, looking as delicate as ivory-work in the far distance; the undulations of the coast making a soft horizon of trees and green country against the heavens; the Isle of Wight ahead, and beyond its marble-like heights in the southeast the pale blue waters of the English Channel—combined to produce a picture of which no language at my command Could express the beauty.

The anchor was catted and fished, and the ves-

sel, with the wind broad on the beam, was slightly leaning under the huge mainsail and a couple of jibs. Her pace even under this canvas was good, she threw the water off her weather bow in a little wave that arched over like a coil of glass, the extremity of which, abreast of the forerigging, broke into foam and ran hissing to join the sparkling line of wake astern. It was perhans characteristic that I should be watching the yacht and studying her qualities instead of contemplating the brilliant scene through which we were running. One picturesque sight, however, interested me greatly. It was a beautiful little steam-yacht lying at anchor, and as we approached her. Sir Mordaunt motioned to the skipper to put the wheel over by a spoke or two, that we might close her. There was a group of ladies and gentlemen under the awning, who, when they saw the Lady Maud coming, rose and stood in a crowd at the steamer's side. As we went past, Lady Brookes waved her pocket-handkerchief, and Sir Mordaunt called out good-by. They gave us a demonstrative farewell, the ladies flourishing their parasols and the gentlemen shouting. But it was only a turn of the kaleidoscope, a brief shifting of the shining colors. We passed a succession of sparkling pictures of that kind, but all the rest of the people who looked at us were

strangers, and no more farewells were exchanged.

I was struck by the expression on Lady Brookes's face after we had dropped the steamer, and the brief excitement kindled by the hurried salutations had passed from her. Dejection was never more strongly defined. I was sure she dreaded the voyage more than she had owned, and I now wonder, on looking back, that what was unquestioned. tionably a presentiment of ill in her mind did not decide her husband upon abandoning his resolution to find a cure for her in the heart of the North Atlantic. Her melancholy was strongly accentuated by the contrast of Miss Tuke's happy, cheerful face: the full spirit of the lustrous scene was reflected in the girl's soft eyes, and expressed in her lips' subdued wonder and admiration. The wind stirred the curls of goldbright hair upon her forehead, and now and again she would say something aloud—involuntarily and to herself apparently, for she addressed nobody—and follow it with a gentle laugh that mingled with the lip, lipping of the water, sound-ing like the tinkling of hundreds of little bells along the sweeping sides of the yacht, and the moan of the foam at the stem that fell upon the ear like the murmur of a fountain, and the voice of the warm wind overhead as it poured into and out of the glistening concavity of the great space of milk-white mainsail.

We had shifted our helm and eased off the main-sheet to run through the Solent, and had hove up West Cowes until the houses were clearble to the naked eve. asked me to step below and look at the yacht's accommodation. I followed him down the companion steps, and found at the bottom a polished bulk-head, behind which was the pantry. The cabin stretched from this bulk-head aft, and was spacious room, considering the tonnage of the acht. There was a handsome piano against the unmast, and beyond the mainmast a door that to the sleeping-berths, of which there were six ree of a side. The walls of the cabin were d and grained in imitation of satin-wood; silk curtains protected the central skylight: ling was painted with floral devices; and t mainmast that pierced the upper deck, mished through a rich Turkey carpet looking-glasses moulded to the shions upon the lockers

sumptuous in

abaft

mond-shaped mirrors which were arranged around the cabin, filling the air with prismatic light.

Sir Mordaunt then conducted me to the sleep-ing-berths, the first of which on the starboard side I judged was to be mine, by observing my baggage stowed away in a corner. The bunk was draped fit for a prince to lie in : every convenience that a comfortable bed-chamber should possess was here. It was, in truth, a superbly fitted sleeping-room, and the warm wind pouring in through the open port-hole gave it a wonder

ful freshness and sweetness.
"Such a bedroom as this," said I, "might make even a Frenchman in love with the sea

"A little snugger than a ship's forecastle, eh, Walton?" said Sir Mordaunt.

"A little. The sight of that bunk puts me in mind that somebody stole my blankets at the beginning of my first voyage, and that to keep myself warm I had to sleep in my sea-boots, and sometimes lie under my mattress.

"Yes, sailors have to rough it. We yachting men know very little about the sea, though some of us can swagger. What think you of this cabin?"

As he said this he threw open the door of Lady Brookes's berth. There was a bright-eyed, smart ly dressed little woman at work arranging some books upon a shelf. Sir Mordaunt called her Carey, and I supposed her, as I afterward knew her to be, her ladyship's maid. I stood in the doorway, looking with great admiration upon a room that was as unlike a sea-cabin as the most expensive arts of the upholsterer could make it. The hangings were of blue satin; a brass bedstead swung within a foot of the cabin floor upon strong irons hooked to stout eyes screwed into the beams; pictures and looking-glasses covered the walls; and I should tire your patience by cataloguing the carpets, couches, chairs, bracket-lamps, and the hundred knickknacks which em-

bellished this exceedingly elegant apartment.

"Is there a passenger ship afloat that could have given my wife a more cozy room than this?" said Sir Mordaunt, looking around him with an air of grave satisfaction.

"I never saw anything more charming. That

bed, Sir Mordaunt, is quite original."
"It is. I had it made expressly for this cruise. You see Lady Brookes can step into it without help. The ordinary cot, even in a calm, is a trou-blesome contrivance, and in a seaway one must be very agile to 'fetch' it, as sailors say.

"Does Lady Brookes suffer from seasickness?"
"I am afraid so. But I console myself with reflecting that if she is to be sick, a five-thousand-

ton ship could not save her."

He came out of the cabin, and as we walked forward, said, "I wish my wife undertook this journey more light-heartedly. Her physician as-sured her that a sea-voyage was of the utmost importance to her health, and having full faith myself in the prescription, and knowing indeed that the journey must be taken, in one way or another, for her sake, I have not thought it wise to

notice her reluctance and depression."
"Oh, she will recover her spirits in a day or We must all turn to and cheer her up; besides, the North Atlantic is a big stage, something more than mere sky and water in these days of ship-building, and plenty of things should hap-pen to amuse her. What sort of skipper have you got?"
"A capital man," he answered, speaking with

energy. "He has been a sailor all his life, and served, I believe, in every sort of craft you could name, from a full-rigged ship down to a galleypunt. His last berth was as master of a Sunder-land collier, but he was thrown out of work by a fall, and has been idle for a year. I got him through an advertisement. There was no use shipping a smooth-water man for an Atlantic voyage, and when I saw his captain's certificate and heard his experiences, and that he was in the West India trade for some time as second mate and carpenter of a small Barbadoes brig, I engaged him, and I do not know that I could have done better.

"If he is all that he says, he should answer your purpose," said I.

"Lady Brookes thinks he drinks," he contin-

ued, smilingly, "because he has a red nose. But what looks like drink is, in my opinion, nothing but weather."

"Likely enough, Sir Mordaunt. Sailors soon lose their complexions, and it is not always fair to attribute the change to rum."

We had pushed through the pantry, and were in the kitchen—a neat little box of a place, hot as an oven, everything new in it, and the copper stuff shining like gold. The cook wore a white apron and cap—a dress I should have laughed at on a man in another vessel than a yacht—and was clearly of a sour temper, the expression of which in his long yellow face was not improved by the loss of his port eye. This imperfection he took no pains to conceal, but, on the contrary, seemed anxious that everybody should, in a sense, share his deformity with him, for I observed that whilst answering some questions put to him by Sir Mordaunt, he kept his dead eye bearing full upon the baronet. Sir Mordaunt, who was probably used to the man, talked to the eye as though it had been full of life. The skipper's and mate's berths faced the kitchen, and beyond was the forcastle bulk-head, which shut off that end of the yacht from the after-part. The impression of strength conveyed by the exterior of the vessel was confirmed by her appearance below. was undoubtedly a very noble, powerful boat, abundantly qualified to undertake, not indeed merely a summer Atlantic cruise, but a voyage to any part of the world at any time of the year.

CHAPTER II.

had got under way shortly before three might have made the daylight wo down the English Channel

by breaking out the anchor at dawn; but the nights were too short to make our departure needful at an uncomfortable hour, and, moreover, we should have the moon overhead until hard upon daybreak. By this time I had inspected as much of the interior of the vessel as was open to me, and followed Sir Mordaunt on deck. I was surprised to find that we were nearly clear of the Solent. No more sail had been made on the vessel, the wind was on the starboard quarter, and the main-boom swung well forward, yet the Lady Maud was slipping through the water as though she had been in tow of a steamer. She made no noise; the merest seething of foam came from the direction of the cut-water; the pale blue surface alongside was only just blurred by the motion of the yacht; but astern her passage was de noted by a long line of eddies and revolving bub-bles, which broadened out like a fan, until the extremity resembled a faint puff of steam, amid which the heads of the little windy ripples flashed like dew upon grass over which a shred of mist

is crawling.

With the land close aboard of us on either side, it was difficult to realize that we had veritably started upon a long voyage, and that for week we should have nothing but the deep and distant waters of the North Atlantic under and around us. I loitered at the companion to look around me, and then joined Sir Mordaunt, who had crossed to his wife

They might have passed for father and daugh ter; for he was fifty years old, though he could have made himself look younger had he chosen to rid himself of a great beard that fell, like a sapper's, to his waist. He was a tall man, nearly if not quite six feet; hair slightly frosted; eyes gentle and soft in repose, but bright and animated in conversation; a thorough gentleman in feelings, though his manners had no special polish, and his language was formed of the first words which occurred to him. He was telling his wife that I was delighted with the yacht, and that my opinion ought to re-assure her, as I was a sailor of some experience, and knew what the Atlantic was, and what was fit to meet its seas.

"Indeed," said I, seeing his wish, "I would rather be in a gale of wind in the Lady Maud than in a good many big ships I could name."

"Sir Mordaunt ought not to make you think I am nervous," said she. "It is the tediousness of the voyage that I shall not like."

"But you should remember, my love, our motive in undertaking it," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt.
"And why must it be tedious, aunt?" said Miss Tuke, turning her sunny face toward us. "There are plenty of good novels down stairs, and a pi-ano; and you should be able to tell us, Mr. Walton, if we are likely to meet with any adventures."

"No, I can't tell you that," said I; "and, to speak the truth, we don't want to meet with any adventures. All that we have to do, Miss Tuke, is to run down our latitudes comfortably, and pray that the fine weather may hold."

'Precisely," cried Sir Mordaunt. "And what sort of adventures would you have, Ada? All romance went out of the sea when steam was discovered. There are no more pirates, no more privateersmen, no more handsome, dashing tars, with their belts studded with pistols, and their holds full of plundered ingots and pieces of eight.

Even shipwreck is no longer picturesque."
"Well, I won't say that," said I. "What with rockets and blue-lights and life-boats, shipwreck is more highly colored than it was."
"Pray don't let us talk of shipwreck," said

Lady Brookes, pettishly.

"No, no, don't let us talk of shipwreck," echoed Sir Mordaunt, quickly. "Walton, d'ye know the coast hereabouts? Yonder's Warden Point, I think, and that should be the Needles light."

Time was when I could have drawn from memory a chart of the English Channel coast, with every light-ship and light-house and beacon upon it or belonging to it; but a great deal of that know-ledge had slipped away from me. Nothing, I think, goes out of the head more quickly than the things learned at sea. The names of ropes, blocks, and of the different portions of the standing rigging go first; coasts and lights follow; and then the science of the sun, moon, and stars disappears. A sailor who quits the sea for a few years finds he has a great deal to learn over again when he returns to it. Ought not this consideration to make the people concerned cautious in their selection of nautical assessors?

Happily the lives of the people aboard the Lady Maud were not in my charge, and consequently whether my marine memory was good or bad mat-tered nothing. I borrowed Miss Tuke's opera-glass to look at the coast; but the beautiful scene showed best when inspected with the naked eye, for then the whole expanse of it was in sight. On the right was both the Hampshire and Dorse shore, visible from Stansore Point to beyond Christchurch Head, and I think Durlston Point was in sight, though a mere film down in the west. Astern of us was the Isle of Wight, whose towering terraces and gleaming heights were slowly drawing out as we rounded to the southward, bringing Node Beacon and the shining ramparts of chalk beyond it on our port quarter; and right under our bow, and running up into the silver blue sky of the horizon until it stood but a foot under our bowsprit end, was the broad, bright, lake-like English Channel. To behold that shining field of water was to feel at last that our voyage was fairly begun. I own that my heart went out to meet it. Of all seas, none can be so dear to an Englishman as the stretch of water that separates England from France. It is a stage full of glorious historical memories; it is the busiest maritime highway in the world; its margin is enriched on the British side with spaces of exquisite scenery; and it is consecrated to sailors by the thought of the scores of mariners who have found a resting-place upon its sands.

When it opened broad under both bows we all stood gazing at it. But whatever our thoughts

may have been, they were speedily interrupted by old Purchase, who still grasped the wheel, bawling to the men in his husky, deep-sea note to set the gaff-foresail. Yachtsmen imitate men-ofwar's men in their manner of springing about. Where the rush is finely disciplined, it is good; it is always finely disciplined in a man-of-war, and though one would think sometimes that the fellows were only trying to break their necks, yet the whole fabric of the ship is vitalized by their method of going to work, as any man knows who has watched a frigate-when there were such things-trip her anchor and flash into a lovely cloud of canvas all at once. Yachtsmen sprawl and tumble about as cleverly as navy men; but it is not only because they are seldom numerous enough as a crew that they never produce manof-war results. I watched the Lady Maud's men making sail, and thought if they had scrambled less they would not have done their work worse. Some of them helped up the foresail by "riding down" the halyards, an unseaman-like trick and very unsightly. One after another the sails were expanded, and presently the yacht was leaning under every stitch of fore and aft canvas that she carried. If Sir Mordaunt's wish had been to try her speed, he could not have had a better chance than this. The sea was perfectly smooth, not the faintest swell disturbed the table-like surface, and yet there was a pleasant, merry breeze that kept the water laughing and sparkling and creaming in tiny foamy-headed billows.

Right aft, to windward, was the best place to see the yacht. I went there, and forking my head over the rail, had the whole picture in my eye. The sun was veering to the westward, but its light, as we were steering at that time, was still to windward, and the yacht's metal sheathing caught it, and gave back a red baze like that of dull gold. Along this rich surface the water was flying in a thin line of foam, and the ripping of the stem sounded like the crunch of feet upon rotten leaves. From the inclined, beautifully moulded side of the vessel the shrouds ruled the sky like bars of iron, and cast jet black tracings upon the cotton white decks. The great spaces of canvas filled the air overhead, and it was a delight to look up at the leaning bright yellow masts and mark the superb set and cut of the sails and the prodigious number of cloths under which the Lady Maud was sweeping through the calm wa-It was a glorious picture, and I have it very clearly before me at this minute—the shapely fabric of white decks and gold-bright sides; the gleaming sails lifting their broad folds to the sky; the whirling snow of the wake eddying out upon the blue water from under the stern; the beautiful placid sea stretching for leagues ahead, and the land growing smaller and hazier upon our starboard beam and quarter.

Whilst I stood admiring, Miss Tuke left her seat, and first of all she talked to the big mas-

tiffs, and then came a little further aft, and took a glance aloft, and then approached the binnacle and peeped at the card. My eyes left the vessel when the girl reached the compass. She was prettier than the yacht, and could she have had her portrait taken at that moment, the picture would have been a fine one, with the sea and the huge main-boom for a background, and the deck for a platform, and old Purchase to help out the marine accessories with his strawberry-colored nose, and both great hands with fingers like bunches of carrots holding on to the wheel, and his

small eyes squinting aloft.

"You can see the yacht going through the water if you'll come here," said I to her.

She came at once, and I think she had a treat.

I spoke to her, but she did not answer me. The sweeping water, the sensation of flying, induced by the almost noiseless and quite level passage over the clear sea, the beautiful effect of the brass-like copper against the foam, and the ocean of white canvas against the deep blue sky, acted upon her like a spell. At last she looked around, and said, "If I had been born a man, I should be a sailor."

A singular noise in Purchase's throat made me fix my eyes sternly on him; but the old chap's face was quite wooden, and his gaze riveted upon the weather leech of the foretopsail, for all the square canvas was upon the vessel now.

"You must not suppose," said I, "that this

sort of thing is like going to sea as a sailor."
"Is a sailor's life really so hard as people say it is?" she asked, earnestly looking at me with her intelligent, singularly clear, and winning eyes.
"Yes—that is, the life of a merchant sailor—

and harder, because the people who say it is hard know very little about it. The people who know it is hard-I mean sailors themselves-do not talk. It is not gales of wind, nor bitter cold, nor fiery heat, that make it hard; not even famines and shipwrecks, because they are accidents, and of no more account, so far as life at sea goes, than railway collisions and fires in churches and theatres are of account so far as life on shore goes. It's the part that's hidden that makes sailoring hard -bullying officers, leaky or overfilled ships, bad food, grinding work, broken rest, wet clothes, wretched forecastles. You might read a hundred marine novels and never get at the truth. The only way is to serve before the mast, as that fine fellow Dana did, sleep in a miserable bunk, and eat and drink with sailors. That, most fortunately, you can't do," said I, laughing; "and why you should wish to be a man, merely that you might do it, makes me wonder."

"Perhaps if I were a man I might have different views," said she, eying me as if amused by my outbreak. "Are you still a sailor?"

"How long were you a sailor?" says she.

I told her.

"Beg your pardon, sir," rumbled Purchase, from the wheel, "but might you have been a marchant or a navy man?"

"A merchantman," I answered,
"Long woyages, sir?"



"Yes, long voyages and big ships. And you, I hear, are an old sailor?"

He smiled slowly, as if the question amused

him.
"Yes, I'm an old sailor," he answered, looking at Miss Tuke. "Fifty-three next birthday, and forty year out o' that at sea, in all sorts o' weather, and in all sorts o' wessels, from a billyboy up."

A sense of importance appeared to oppress him, and he looked away from us at the sea to leeward. Meanwhile the men had coiled the running gear away, and were grouped in the bows of the yacht, where they made a tolerable crew. Tripshore, the mate, paced the weather deck of the forecastle, and the cook, with his one eye, coming up for a breath of air, sat in the companion, talking to him as he passed to and fro.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 16, Vol. XIV.] THE QUESTION OF CAIN.

By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "ALL OR NOTHING," "THE BLOSSOMING OF AN ALOE," "A GOLDEN SOBROW," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—(Continued.) DESPAIR

"THAT at least is impossible," said Mrs. Townley Gore, "for her own pearls were stolen on the same occasion."

"So Mr. Lisle remarked to the man," said Mr. Osborne, "but he replied that the loss of the pearls was a blind. Miss Chevenix was at a loss for money to carry on her deceptive position until she could marry, and had made up her mind to sell her pearls. They also were in this man's possession, and he sold them, and she had the money, together with her share of the spoil of Lady Vane. I fear there is no way out of this explanation."

Mrs. Townley Gore answered only by a groan.
"The Horndean robbery," continued Mr. Osborne, "was to have been the next, and it was expected to be a very rich haul. The man came down in the disguise of an organ-grinder; it was to that disguise the police got the clew; and he picked up all the necessary information. Miss Chevenix got at the keys of the collection, and at the window fastenings, just as she had done the other instances."
"But it was all to be her own. Why should

"Because she would have been denounced as an adventuress to you and your brother if she had hesitated, and she could not have retaliated without avowing her own guilt. She did struggle and protest, but in vain; she had to submit. This vas to be the last of the series of crimes; the elder confederates had cleared off with their gains
—very considerable, no doubt, for Miss Chevenix
was not the only tool they worked with—and

Miss Chevenix was to be free from her associates."

"But how, then, did it—did this awful—did
the crime occur, if she—if my brother's affianced
wife"—Mrs. Townley Gore shuddered from head
to foot as she uttered these words—"knew?"

"Mr. Lisle asked that question also; but there was an answer to it. Miss Chevenix did not know. When this villain found her manageable on the point of the robbery at Horndean by threats only, he left her in ignorance; he refused to tell her when he intended to act upon the information which she had supplied. He knew nothing, so he states—and I am inclined to believe him—of Mr. Horndean's intention to come to Horndean, and he declares that he had no idea Mr. Horndean was in the house when he entered it with the intention of committing the robbery.

"What is to become of this wretched girl?" was the first utterance of Mrs. Townley Gore when Mr. Osborne paused. She was wonderfully calm and collected. Probably the very greatness of the shock had steadied her. "Who knows of this? Is it public property yet?" "The murder only," answered the stranger, speaking for the first time. "That was in the

evening papers."

Then Mrs. Townley Gore recalled, as if in a dream, the ease of their exit from the Lyceum Theatre, and the looks and whispers of the group in the doorway. And now the stranger struck in with such effect that all the others subsided into the background, and Mrs. Townley Gore was conscious of a horrid sense that he was taking ssession of her and her house, and all that was

"My name is Inspector Simms, of the Metro politan Police," said the stern stranger; "and I hold a warrant, granted by Sir Gregory Grogram, for the arrest of Miss Chevenix. Mr. Osborne came up to town with these gentlemen; they got the warrant, and they communicated with Mr. Townley Gore, and here we are-I and an officer. He came back with you and the young lady from the theatre; he's in the hall now, and it's our painful duty to apprehend Miss Chevenix, here and now.'

"In our house?"

"Yes, madam, in your house; and I'm sorry to say, when there's such family trouble about, the sooner the better. There's a cab waiting.'

"You don't mean to say," remonstrated Mr. Townley Gore, "that you will take her away tonight? She has to be told that her affianced husband has been murdered, and that she herself is denounced by his murderer as an adventuress and a thief. You are surely not bound to remove her from my house? Take any precautions you will against her escape; I will aid them to the best of my ability; but let her remain here until tomorrow. All this may be capable of an explanation compatible with her innocence.'

"It may, sir, and I do not say it is not. We are used to much stranger stories than this one. der saw that her eyes were closed. They waited from what I understand, this Ramsden's record for a little, after which the inspector said, "We

is a precious bad one; but duty's duty. I must act on this warrant"—he produced the paper—
"and it's getting late. The question is, which of you gentlemen will come with me, and break it to the party?

So far as Mr. Townley Gore was concerned, the inspector's question was answered on the instant, for, with a deep sigh, Mrs. Townley Gore fell from her chair in a dead faint, and he was fully occu pied with her. After a hurried consultation, Mr. Osborne and Mr. Warrender left the room with the inspector, and passing through the hall, where the other policeman in plain clothes was on duty, they went up stairs, preceded by the frightened butler, who was told to call Miss Chevenix's maid into the passage to speak with them.

Beatrix, rather vexed at finding no letter from Frederick, and wondering a little at the delay of a summons to the pleasant little supper with which Mrs. Townley Gore always wound up an evening at the play, was sitting by the fire, thinking now of Frederick, again of *The Bells*, and anon of Mrs. Mabberley's odd freak. She was tired, hungry, and impatient, but still she was very happy. Presently she set her dressing-box upon a velvet table by the fireside, and took out the precious letter. She should have time to read it once again before the gong sounded. How sweet it smelled, with the scent of the fragrant leaves about it! As she lay back in her chair, her queenly head with its red gold crown of plaited hair against the embroidered cushion, the gleam of jewels on her fair neck and strong white arms, the blended light of wood fire and wax candles playing on her rich dress of cream-colored satin, she presented a perfect picture of beauty, ease, and luxuriousness. Who could have believed the hour had struck, the fiat gone forth? A mild knock at the door of the adjoining dressing-room, to which her maid responded, did not even attract her attention. That was all for her lover's letter, as she dwelt upon it, with long sighs of happiness. She looked up at the hurried entrance of her maid, and seeing three strangers in the doorway, rose, laid the crumpled paper back in the box, closed the lid, and asked them who they were, and what their business was with her?

Frederick was dead! The man whom she had hated and defied had killed him! It was all over! Only a few minutes ago she was the hap-piest of women; what was she now? The most wretched. Accused of crimes which she hardly comprehended, beyond seeing that there was no way of clearing herself from the imputation of them, had she even cared to do so; a beggar, an outcast, the most lost, ruined, forlorn wretch upon the surface of the earth that was so soon to cover him whose hand had written only two days ago the words that had made her heart burn within her. What did she care for any of these things, beyond the first of them? Frederick was dead! She had loved him, and now there was no such thing. She gave no thought to his sister or to the world; the void was too utter for gradation, the ruin was too complete for stages. The dignity and composure with which she met the statement made to her by Mr. Osborne (with a due warning on the part of the inspector that she should not say anything to her own injury) made a profound impression upon the beholders "I have done none of these things," she said; I don't know what you mean."

And then she left them all there in her thoughts, as things of no account. Frederick was dead!

The inspector told her maid that she might put p a few necessaries for the use of Miss Ch

nix, and he withdrew into the passage while a morning dress was being substituted for her evening attire. Through all this she was perfectly passive. Frederick was dead! All was over! She was at the foot of the wall, and facing her was the blank of nothingness.

When the gentlemen were re-admitted, Mr. Osborne said to her,
"I trust that you will seek consolation in God, and that He will establish your innocence."
"You are very good, sir," was her dreary answer; "but there is no God, and my innocence is no matter to me or to any one left alive."

no matter to me or to any one left alive."

Then the good clergyman shrank away, and vent to the library, and cowered there, with Mr. and Mrs. Townley Gore, waiting, with a sickening dread, for the sound of footsteps in the hall, and the departure of the wretched woman into the outer darkness.

Mrs. Townley Gore had offered-had even tried to go to her, but she was quite unable, and Beatrix had merely said:
"See her? No. Why should I? I do not

ant to see any one any more."

Only Mr. Warrender, whose gentleness and com-passion could not be surpassed, and the inspector, who had never in all his experience met with anything like this before, were with Beatrix, when her maid said that she was "ready." She had not asked whither they were going to take her; she seemed quite lost in thought, and it was remarkable that she had not shed a tear. Her eyes burned with a feverish brilliancy, her complexion varied from a crimson flush to a waxen paleness her hands were icy cold, and the nails were blue, but she stood steadily upon her feet, and no tears

When all was done, she calmly asked the inspector, "May I take some papers out of my dressing-case—only a letter or two?" He told her she might, and she quietly resumed her seat, drew the velvet table close to her, and raised the lid of the box. The letter lay on the top, but she shifted the tray, and bending her head so that it was hidden for an instant, seemed to search for some-thing under it. The next moment she leaned back, with Frederick's letter spread out in her hand, and pressed it passionately to her lips, the action concealing her face completely. Then her hand dropped, and the inspector and Mr. Warrenmust go." At the same instant there was a faint sound, like the click of a lock, and the closed eyes slowly opened. The two men rushed to the side of Beatrix, but she had eluded their vigilance She had availed herself of her father's terrible legacy. Beatrix was dead!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME NEW HOLIDAY BOOKS.

OF all holiday gifts, books are the choicest. They are the most lasting of souvenirs, the most entertaining of companions, the wisest of counsellors, and the most faithful of friends. No one can make a mistake in choosing them for a since they reflect credit alike on the giver and the receiver, provided, of course, that the se-lection is discreetly made. And here lies the rub. No one would present a giddy young girl with the works of a hoary philosopher, or bestow the last flimsy novel on her staid papa. In making a gift, too, the covers should be studied as well as the contents, especially at this season. The publishers, however, have taken care to cater to this want, and have issued whole libraries of dainty volumes, brave with costly binding, exquisite engravings, and dainty typography.

The full catalogue of Harper & Brothers comprises a royal collection of holiday gift-books alike adapted to all tastes, all purses, and all ages Foremost among the new publications is the sumptuous volume, The Heart of the White Mountain by SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, exquisitely illustrated by the magic pencil of W. Hamilton Gibson whose companion book, Pastoral Days, won such warm commendation last autumn both from English and American critics. This work is the apotheosis of the American Alps, which have never before been limned with such delicacy, grace, and spirit. The prominent peaks and principal points of interest are shown, and excellent sectional maps of the mountains are given. The entire mount-ain district is compassed by three routes, with Mount Washington as the objective point. The first, by the way of Lake Winnipiseogee and North Conway, takes in Chocorua, Kearsarge, and the valley of the Saco, past the historic Willey House, through the Great Notch of the mountains, to Crawford's, and thence up the bridle-path to the summit. The second, wild and picturesque route, branching to the right from North Conway, strikes through the very heart of the mountains, skirting Mount Washington by a circuitous path, by the way of Jackson and the Ellis Valley and the Pinkham and Carter notches, until the Glen House is reached, on the north side of the great mountain, from which the ascent is made by carriage. Here are clustered the huge peaks Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, and Monroe. At the north lies Gorham, with its group of mountains, Carter, Moriah, the Imp, Surprise, and others, and lofty peaks rise one above another on every side. The third route leads through the beautiful Pemigewasset Valley to the Franconia Pass, with its marvellous Flume, and thence to Profile Mountain, with its neighboring summits, lakes, and glens. Proceeding thence to Bethlehem, the tourist turns eastward, and traversing the Wild Cherry Mountain Road, past the Twin Mountain House and Fabyan's, finds himself again amidst the great range, and ere long at the Tiptop House itself, this time by rail. From this brief outline it will be seen how comprehensive is the itinerary, and how fully the grandest scenery of New England is surveyed. The thrilling grandeur of the landscape, the haze of the atmosphere, the shimmer of the trees, and the fleecy clouds that overhang the steep precipices and rocky chasms, are marvellously reproduced. Mr. Drake, whose talents as a story-teller are well exemplified in his Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast, proves a delightful cicerone through this enchanted region, whose most nota-ble legends he narrates with charming effect. Farm Festivals, by WILL CARLETON, which is

published in uniform style with the Farm Ballads and Farm Legends of this popular writer, is a richly bound and finely illustrated gift-book, and, withal, of a moderate price. Another desirable souvenir for a lady is *Harper's Cyclopædia of Poetry*, edited by EPES SARGENT, who died just as it was completed. This quaintly bound volume, which is especially designed as a collection of household poetry, is particularly rich in gems by anonymous and minor poets, such as are seldom found-in similar compilations, much as they may be read and quoted. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by the brief biographical notices that accompany the specimens of each author. Collections of this kind are very useful; one gets much wheat with very little chaff, and by possessing a few of them, such as The Poets of the Nineteenth Century, The Poets and Poetry of Scotland, and kindred works, is pretty sure of having most of his favorite poems in convenient form for ref-

While we are on the subject of cyclopædias, let us strongly recommend, as one of the most valuable and useful gifts that can be made, Harper's Popular Cyclopædia of United States History, by the veteran historian Benson J. Lossing, whose diligence, fidelity, and perspicuity place him in the front rank of American historical writers. These two substantially bound and profusely illustrated volumes form a compendium of the m important events and conspicuous actors in the history of the United States, from the earliest period to the present time, which is indispensable to every household, and which will be found alike useful to young and old. It is almost impossible to estimate the convenience of this handy book of reference to professional men, students, teachers, and readers at large.

Another new publication, which paterfamilias is sure to like, and which is an excellent addition to the family library, is the fine edition of Goldsmith's Works, in four volumes, which Harper & Brothers have just issued, uniform with their

editions of Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, Motley, and Hildreth. This edition, which has been carefully collated with all others extant by its accomplished English editor, Peter Cunningham, F.S.A., not only contains more of Goldsmith's pieces than any other, but is the first in which his works appear together precisely as finally corrected by the author. Its critical value is therefore obvious. No education is complete without a knowledge of Goldsmith, any more than any library is well equipped where his works are not found. It is pleasant to read in this splendid edition that incomparable village idyl "The Vicar of Wakefield," the long familiar poems "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller," and the fine old English comedy "She Stoops to Conquer."

Space is lacking for more than brief mention of other valuable books, such as Du Challlu's fascinating Land of the Midnight Sun, of which we have lately spoken; the wonderful records of buried cities—Schllemann's Ilios and Du Cesno-LA'S Cyprus; the charming series of art books— Nichols's Art Education Applied to Industry; Mrs. SPOFFORD'S Art Decoration Applied to Furniture; Mrs. SPOFFORD'S Art Decoration Applied to Furniture; BENIAMIN'S Contemporary Art in Europe, and Art in America; Waring's Tyrol, and the Skirt of the Alps; and Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner, illustrated by Doré.

We must, however, say a word of the new volume of Colonel Thomas W. Knox's Boy Travellers in the Far East, the gorgeousness of whose cover seems to surpass anything that human ingenuity is likely soon again to devise in that direction, although it is fully equalled by the entertaining contents. This volume is the third of a series, in the first of which the author conducted two adventurous lads across the continent, and thence through China and Japan. The second narrated their travels in Siam and Java in such a sprightly and attractive fashion as to win for Colonel Knox the Order of the White Elephant from the Emperor of Siam. The last volume takes the youths through Ceylon and India, with glimpses by the way of Borneo, the Philippine Islands, and Burmah, and tells such marvellous tales of the wonders of the East that we may expect to hear of some Koh-i-noor bestowed on the fortunate author by grateful rajahs. As the lads are left on the eve of departure from Bombay with sealed orders, uncertain of their destination, we shall probably hear more of their adventures.

Another bright little story of adventures at home is *The Cruise of the Ghost*, by WILLIAM L. ALDEN, author of *The Moral Pirates*, of which this is the sequel, and which also looks forward to a succeeding volume. The popular Toby Tyler, by JAMES OTIS, and Who was Paul Grayson? by John Habberton, make a charming group of readable juvenile books, which the most fastidious parent can put into his children's hands with im-

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. N.—Chamois gloves should be washed on the hands with white soap and cold water.

JANE.—Young ladies in society wear their hair very simply dressed, and without any ornament, unless a comb is used, which may be of jewels, but this has an elderly appearance. The back hair is in a small low coil or in twists like the figure 8, and the front is banged either quite straight or else in waves, as is most becoming. becoming.

Mrs. R.-Do not use Nottingham lace curtains on the score of economy, as those of scrim are less ex-pensive, and are also in good taste as well as fashionable. If you prefer draped scrim curtains next the window-panes of your bay-window, have them, and then put white holland shades inside; this is now the custom in many fashionable houses. The ready-made scrim curtains with antique lace trimming cost from \$5 upward for each window; you would pay that much for very coarse lace.

J. P. E.—Have one handsome costume of plush with satin for your best suit. Then have a large cloak to wear with other dresses as well as with this. It should wear with other dresses as well as with this. It should be black, long, and warmly lined. For travelling, a warm wool dress and travelling cloak are suitable, and both these will be useful in the city. Green of very dark shade is one of the favorite colors for velvet, plush, or brocaded velvet costumes. Have a large bonnet for general wear, and a small one to match your suit. Dress your hair low in the back, in small compact fashion, and wear the front in the way most coming to you

HABRUTE.—For information about clothing for your husband, consult the New York Fashions of a late number of the Bazar. Fobs and seals are more fashionable than watch chains. Silver-headed cames are not elderly-looking, but are used by the most fash-ionable young men. The fob with chain is especially meant for dress occasions

Marion.—For your travelling dress that is handsome enough to be married in you might have the new moiré plush combined with cloth, either in dark green or gar-The basque and skirt are of the watered plush, and the drapery of cloth of the same shade. Worth also adds short small mantles of the plush warmly wadded, and the bonnet of plush should be of medium size, with breast feathers for trimming. This costume will then answer for a nice suit all winter, as you will not injure it in travelling in the cleanly drawing-room cars for a few hours. Wear pleated lace at your neck and wrists, and golden brown undressed kid gloves. The groom should wear a black diagonal cloth frockcoat, vest of the same, and very dark gray pantaloons

with narrow black stripes.

H. R. McCabe.—In New York the fashion of sending cards to gentlemen who are expected to call on New-Year's is gradually dying out. The fashion of New-Year's is gradually dying out. New-Year's calls is passing away, with the immensize of the city. But if you do send out cards, set engraved ones, and to all your friends, married and as boned turkey and jellied tongue, plekled oysters and sandwiches—in the dining-room, are offered, with punch or hot coffee, as one pleases; but that hospitable fashion no longer prevails generally.

Chicago.—If a young lady does not invite you to

Chicago.—If a young lady does not invite you to call, or does not invite you to her house after accepting your invitations, it is hardly dignified for you to continue calling. A young man under ordinary circumstances is expected to call on his lady friends without any particular invitation, but he must be careful to observe whether he is welcome or not.



VELVET AND SATIN MERVEILLEUX ANTIQUE CORSAGE.

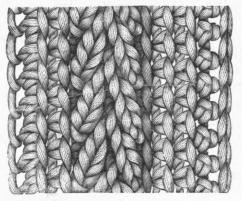


Fig. 4.—Detail of Crochet Afghan, Fig. 3.



Fig. 1.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 6 to 8 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 10-20.

Fig. 2.—Princesse Dress for GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.] For description see Supplement.



canvas stripes are edged along the points on the sides with dark olive silk cord. The rug is lined, and finished on the ends with fringe. Fig. 2 is a rug for a window-seat, in alter-

nate stripes of blue rep and black bro-caded wool, in which the ground figures



are covered with embroidery. An ordinary cloth or blanket rug can be ornamented in this manner by applying on it strips of wool brocade in a large bold pattern, the ground figures of which are defined and brought into relief by fancy stitches in bright-colored wool and silk. The lower end of the rug is trimmed with netted fringe as seen in the illustration.

The afghan Fig. 3 is worked in accelert with double colored wool and silk.

The afghan Fig. 3 is worked in crochet with double zephyr wool in broad stripes of myrtle green separated by narrower shaded stripes in tan-color. The afghan closes on each side with a shaded stripe edged with scallops, and is finished on the ends with wool fringe, which is knotted into the edge. The broad stripes are worked crosswise on a founda-



FIGURED GAUZE AND LACE FICHU.



Fig. 1.—CLOTH AND MOIRÉ COAT.—BACK. [For Front, see Page 836.]

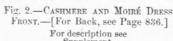




Fig. 1.—Lounge Rug.—Plush and Embroidered Fig. 2.—Embroidered Rug STRIPES.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY. For design see Embroidery Side of last Suppl., No. 9.

Fig. 3.—Crochet Carriage or Cradle Afghan.—[See Figs. 4 and 5.]



Fig. 1.—Plush and Satin de Lyon Dress. For description see Supplement.



For description see Supplement.

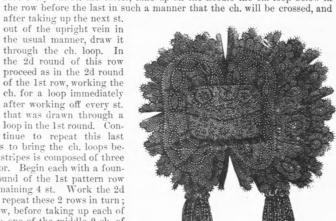
tion of 20 st. (stitch) in the pattern shown in Fig. 5, which is in Afghan stitch, with a raised chain stitch pattern on the surface. Take up the st. for the forward round of the first pattern row in the usual manner, and when working off in the 2d round, after the 2d st. and every 4th st. thereafter, work 7 ch. (chain stitch). Work the 2d pattern row in the same manner, bringing the 7 ch. between those in the preceding row. In the forward round of the 3d pattern row, before taking up the 3d st. and before every 4th st. thereafter, take up on the needle the ch. loop below in

the usual manner, draw it through the ch. loop. In the 2d round of this row proceed as in the 2d round of the 1st row, working the ch. for a loop immediately after working off every st. that was drawn through a loop in the 1st round. Conpattern row, but transpose in each repetition so as to bring the ch. loops be-

tween those in the row below. Each of the shaded stripes is composed of three narrow stripes (Fig. 4) in as many shades of tan-color. Begin each with a foundation of 8 st., and work as follows: In the 2d round of the 1st pattern row work off 4 st., crochet 10 ch., then work off the remaining 4 st. Work the 2d

GAUZE AND LACE COLLAR,

pattern row as usual in Afghan st., and continue to repeat these 2 rows in turn; in the forward round of every even row, before taking up each of the middle 2 st., put the hook through one of the middle 2 ch. of a ch. loop in the third row below, after pulling this loop under the loop above it in the first row below; the latter loop is fastened in



SATIN AND LACE MUFF.



Fig. 1.—Miss's Party Dress. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Plain and Plaid Cloth Dress. For description see Supplement.

the following third row. Join all the stripes by means of a round in single crochet. For the scallops along the sides of the afghan work * 1 single crochet on the next st. on the edge, 4 ch., 1 double crochet on the first of the 4 ch., pass 1 st.; repeat from *. For the fringe, which must be in the same color as the stripe that it edges, cut strands ten inches long of three threads each, fold them through the middle, and knot them into the



EMBROIDERED FOOT-MUFF.--[For design see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 21.]



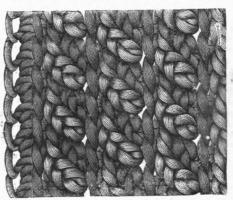


Fig. 5.—Detail of Crochet Afghan, Fig. 3.



Fig. 3.—Princesse Dress for Fig. GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. BACK.—[See Fig. 2.] For description see Suppl

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SHEEP FARMING IN AUSTRALIA. See illustrations on page 845.

THESE interesting illustrations give a graphic idea of one of the principal industries of Australia. No. 1 represents a view of Pretty Bend Station, a small cattle station in the northeast of Queensland, and situated on the Don River, thirty-five miles from Bowen. In the left of the pic-ture are some Angora goats, which breed well here. In the foreground of the picture are some aborigines who are semi-civilized, and hang about the place for what few things they receive from the whites. In the background will be seen the Monte Christo range, which runs toward Normanby and has an average elevation of 1500 feet. The trees seen in the picture are the inevitable gum-trees.

No. 2.—This is a general view of Bowen, a town on the northeast coast of Queensland, about eighty miles north of Brisbane. It is prettily situated on the shores of Port Denison, which is acknow-ledged to be the finest harbor north of Sydney. It is almost completely landlocked, and the entrance to the bay is sheltered by Gloucester Island, a large island several miles in length.

No. 3 is the residence of the harbor-master, pleasantly situated building close to the shores of the bay. It has a very pretty garden, as can be seen by the illustration, in which flourish palms,

ferns, Norfolk Island pines, etc.
No. 4 shows a milking-yard at sunrise, belonging to Glencoe, a small cattle station and dairy, situated on the main coast road fifteen miles south of Bowen. Readers must bear in mind that cows in Queensland are not so quiet and docile as their sisters in this country, and hence they have to be securely fastened whilst being milked. the reader will glance at the picture, he will see the cow has her head securely held by a wooden bail, whilst her milking-leg—that is, the leg near-est the person who milks—is fastened by means of a green-hide rope to the fence, which thus prevents her from kicking the person milking.

No. 5 represents Cook's Hotel, the leading ho-

tel in Bowen, which is frequented by squatters and the upper ten thousand.

No. 6 is a nearer view of Bowen jetty, which is built entirely of wood, and extends out into the bay for more than half a mile.

No. 7 is a nearer view of Pretty Bend Station, showing the dwelling-house in front, which was the old public-house, with the kitchen behind. On the left of the picture will be seen a team of working bullocks yoked on to a dray, ready to start off to Bowen to bring back provisions and other needful things. On the extreme left are the huts in which the Angora goats are put at night to protect them from the wild-dogs or dingoes, which, favored by the darkness, prowl about

in search of prey.

No. 8 shows the bed of Toll's Creek, a creek which joins the Don River near Bowen, where it empties itself into the sea. The trees seen growing in the middle of the creek are tea or paper trees, the bark of which much resembles paper. It is very useful to bushmen for kindling fires, it will burn fiercely in spite of wind, provided it is dry. The blacks strip large sheets of it, and use it to cover their gimyahs, or dwellings, with; it keeps out much wind and rain.

No. 9 is the bed of Mare's-nest Creek, which crosses the road from Bowen to Pretty Bend. Like most Queensland streams, it is almost dry for nine months in the year, having merely a small brook trickling along the middle of the creek about a foot deep. But when the heavy rains of the rainy season come on, creeks and rivers are soon changed (sometimes in one night) into raging torrents, rushing along with incredi ble rapidity, carrying massive logs and gigantic

trunks of trees along with irresistible force.
On the left-hand side of this picture, in the foreground, is a quondong-tree. The quondong is a kind of plum, the stone of which is very peculiar, resembling a round ball of coral, but of a darker color. These stones are much valued, and made into lockets, necklets, etc.

GREBES AND THEIR NESTS.

See illustration on page 844.

A FIERCE warfare is continually waged against these beautiful birds, which threatens them with extermination, not for their flesh, which is generally coarse and fishy, but for their brilliant plumage, which is a favorite ornament for ladies bonnets and dresses. There are more than twen ty species of the grebe, in all parts of the world. They are aquatic birds, walking with difficulty on the land, and are usually found in small flocks on They migrate in summer to the arctic regions to breed and rear their young. Their nests are made of grasses lined with down, which are placed among the reeds, and rise and fall with the water. The eggs are three or four in number. They are excellent swimmers and divers, swimming under the water for a considerable distance in pursuit of game, and sinking beneath the sur face, leaving only their bills out, at the approach of danger. They feed on aquatic animals and

Embroidered Foot-Mun.

See illustration on double page.

This foot-muff is lined throughout and bordered the fur. The top is ornamented with embroidery on the cloth, for which the design is given in Fig.

The numerals on various parts of the colors to be used in working them, on the Supplement. The greatited in tapestry or double the centre are in diaindicated by the and veined tween

caught down with silk. The double lines on each side of the border are defined with double threads of tea green wool caught down at regular intervals with claret silk. The French knots that stud the space between them are in yellow, and the blanket stitch around the outer edge, which is partly indicated on the pattern, in beige-colored wool. The points in the border are worked in a similar manner. Double lines in claret wool caught down with yellow silk, divide it into spaces, which are crossed with blue wool caught down at intersecting points with yellow silk.

Border for Towels, etc.

See illustration on page 836. Tms border, which is suitable for towels, linen can-vas tidies, buffet covers, etc., is worked in cross stitch with ingrain colored embroidery cotton.

Figured Gauze and Lace Fichu.

See illustration on double page This fichu, which is made of ivory white figured silk gauze, is rounded in the back, and forms long pointed tabs in front. It is surrounded with gathered Oriental lace, and trimmed with full bows of ivory white satin ribbon an inch wide.

Mother Hubbard Cape

See illustration on double page.

This Mother Hubbard cape is made of a strip of white mull a yard and an eighth long and seven inches wide. The mull is bordered with insertion, and edged with Breton lace three inches wide along one side and both ends, and shirred in two clusters of three rows each on the opposite side, which is joined to a foundation band. The band is covered with blue satin ribbon, over which box-pleated white lace is laid. The cape is tied with blue satin ribbon strings.

Gauze and Lace Collar.

See illustration on double page.

This round collar, which is cut of double cream-colored gauze, is seven inches deep. It is bordered with a row of lace insertion, which is applied on the gauze at two inches from the edge, and edged with Breton lace three inches wide at the bottom. At the top it is finished with a row of side-pleated lace which is folded down over it. The gauze is cut away from under the lace insertion, and the collar is fastened under a bow of cream satin ribbon.

[Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 51, Vol. XIV.] MARION FAY.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Doctor Thorne," "Is He Popenjoy?"
"The Duke's Children," "John Caldigate,"
"Orley Farm," "The Warden," etg.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. RODEN. GEORGE RODEN, the Post-office clerk, lived with

his mother at Holloway, about three miles from his office. There they occupied a small house which had been taken when their means were smaller even than at present; for this had been done before the young man had made his way into the official elysium of St. Martin's-le-Grand. This had been effected about five years since, during which time he had risen to an income of £170. As his mother had means of her own amounting to about double as much, and as her personal expenses were small, they were enabled to live in comfort. She was a lady of whom none around knew anything, but there had gone abroad a rumor among her neighbors that there was something of a mystery attached to her, and there existed a prevailing feeling that she was at any rate a well-born lady. Few people at Holloway knew either her or her son. But there were some who condescended to watch them and to talk about them. It was ascertained that Mrs. Roden usually went to church on Sunday morning, but that her son never did so. It was known. too, that a female friend called upon her regularly once a week; and it was noted in the an-nals of Holloway that this female friend came always at three o'clock on a Monday. Intelligent observers had become aware that the return visit was made in the course of the week, but not always made on one certain day, from which circumstances various surmises arose as to the means, whereabouts, and character of the visitor. Mrs. Roden always went in a cab. The lady, whose name was soon known to be Mrs. Vincent, came in a brougham, which for a time was supposed to be her own peculiar property. The man who drove it was so well arrayed as to hat, cravat, and coat as to leave an impression that he must be a private servant: but one feminine observer, keener than others, saw the man on an unfortunate day descend from his box at a public-house, and knew at once that the trousers were the trousers of a hired driver from a liverystable. Nevertheless, it was manifest that Mrs. Vincent was better to do in the world than Mrs. Roden, because she could afford to hire a wouldbe private carriage; and it was imagined also that she was a lady accustomed to remain at home of an afternoon, probably with the object of revisits indifferently on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday. It was suggested also that Mrs. Vincent was no friend to the young clerk, because it was well known that he was never there when the lady came, and it was supposed that he never accompanied his mother on the return visits. He had, indeed, on one occasion been seen to get out of the cab with his mother at their own door, but it was strongly surmised that she had then picked him up at the Post-office. His official engagements might, indeed, have accounted for all this naturally; but the ladies of Holloway were well aware that the humanity of the Postmaster-General allowed a Saturday half-holiday to his otherwise overworked officials, and they were sure that so good a son as George Roden would occasionally have accompanied his mother, had there been no especial reason against it. From this further surmises arose. Some glance had fallen from the eye of the visitor lady, or perhaps some chance word had been heard from her lips, which created an opinion that she was religious. She probably objected to George Roden because he was antireligious, or at any rate anti-church, meeting, or chapel going. It had become quite decided at that Mrs. Vincent would not put up with the young clerk's infidelity. And it was believed that there had been "words" between the two ladies themselves on the subject of religion—as to which probably there was no valid foundation, it being an ascertained fact that the two maids who were employed by Mrs. Roden were never known to tell anything of their mistress.

It was decided at Holloway that Mrs. Roden and Mrs. Vincent were cousins. They were like enough in face and near enough in age to have been sisters, but old Mrs. Demijohn, of No. 10 Paradise Row, had declared that had George been a nephew, his aunt would not have wearied in her endeavor to convert him. In such a case there would have been intimacy in spite of disapproval. But a first cousin once removed might be allowed to go to the Mischief in his own way. Mrs. Vincent was supposed to be the elder cousin—per-haps three or four years the elder—and to have therefore something of an authority, but not much. She was stouter, too, less careful to hide what gray hairs years might have produced, and showing manifestly by the nature of her bonnets and shawls that she despised the vanities of the world. Not but that she was always handsomely dressed, as Mrs. Demijohn was very well aware. Less than a hundred a year could not have clothed Mrs. Vincent, whereas Mrs. Roden, as all the world perceived, did not spend half the money. But who does not know that a lady may repudiate vanity in rich silks, and cultivate the world in woollen stuffs, or even in calico? Nothing was more certain to Mrs. Demijohn than that Mrs. Vincent was severe, and that Mrs. Roden was soft and gentle. It was assumed also that the two ladies were widows, as no husband or sign of a husband had appeared on the scene. Mrs. Vincent showed manifestly from her deportment, as well as from her title, that she had been a married woman. As to Mrs. Roden, of course there was no doubt.

In regard to all this the reader may take the settled opinions of Mrs. Demijohn and of Holloway as being nearly true. Riddles may be read very accurately by those who will give sufficient attention and ample time to the reading of them. They who will devote twelve hours a day to the unravelling of acrostics may discover nearly all the enigma difficulties of a weekly newspaper with a separate editor for such difficulties. Mrs. Demijohn had almost arrived at the facts. two ladies were second cousins. Mrs. Vincent was a widow, was religious, was austere, was fairly well off, and had quarrelled altogether with her distant relative, George of the Post-office. Mrs. Roden, though she went to church, was not so well given to religious observances as her cousin would have her. Hence words had come which Mrs. Roden had borne with equanimity, but had received without effect. Nevertheless the two women loved each other dearly, and it was a great part of the life of each of them that these weekly visits should be made. There was one great fact as to which Mrs. Demijohn and Holloway were in

the wrong. Mrs. Roden was not a widow.

It was not till the Kingsburys had left London that George told his mother of his engage ment. She was well acquainted with his intimacy with Lord Hampstead, and knew that he had been staying at Hendon Hall with the Kings-bury family. There had been no reticence be-tween the mother and son as to these people, in regard to whom she had frequently cautioned him that there was danger in such associations with people moving altogether in a different sphere. In answer to this the son had always declared that he did not see the danger. He had not run after Lord Hampstead. Circumstances had thrown them together. They had originally met each other in a small political debating society, and gradually friendship had grown. The lord had sought him, and not he the lord. That, according to his own idea, had been right. Difference in rank, difference in wealth, difference in social regard, required as much as that. He, when he had discovered who was the young man whom he had met, stood off somewhat, and allowed the friendship to spring from the other side. He had been slow to accept favor—even, at first, to accept hospitality. But when the ice had, as he said, been thoroughly broken, then he thought that there was no reason why they should not pull each other out of the cold water together. As for danger, what was there to fear? marchioness would not like it? Very probably. The marchioness was not very much to Hampstead, and was nothing at all to him. The marquis would not really like it? Perhaps not; but in choosing a friend a young man is not supposed to follow altogether his father's likings, much less need the chosen friend follow them. But the marquis, as George pointed out to his mother, son was like other marquises' sons. There was a Radical strain in the family, as was made clear by that tailor who was still sitting for the borough of Edgware. Mrs. Roden, however, though she lived so much alone, seeing hardly anything of the world except as Mrs. Vincent might be posed to represent the world, had learned that the feelings and political convictions of the marquis were hardly what they had been before he had married his present wife. "You may be sure, George," she had said, "that like to like is as safe a motto for friendship as it is for love."

"Not a doubt, mother," he replied: "but before you act upon it, you must define 'like.' What makes two men like, or a man and a woman?"

'Outside circumstances of the world more than anything else," she answered, boldly.

'I would fancy that the inside circumstances of the mind would have more to do with it." She shook her head at him, pleasantly, softly, and lovingly, but still with a settled purpose of contradiction. "I have admitted all along," he continued, "that low birth-"

"I have said nothing of low birth." Here was a point on which there did not exist full confidence between the mother and son, but in regard to which the mother was always attempting to re-assure the son, while he would assume something against himself which she would not allow

to pass without an attempt of faint denial.
"That birth low by comparison," he continued, going on with his sentence, "should not take upon itself as much as may be allowed to nobility by descent, is certain. Though the young prince may be superior in his gifts to the young shoeblack, and would best show his princeliness by cultivating the shoe-black, still the shoe-black should wait to be cultivated. The world has created a state of things in which the shoe-black can not do otherwise without showing an arrogance and impudence by which he could achieve nothing.

"Which, too, would make him black his shoes

very badly."
"No doubt. That will have to come to pass anyway, because the nobler employments to which he will be raised by the appreciating prince will cause him to drop his shoes."

"Is Lord Hampstead to cause you to drop the Post-office?"

"Not at all. He is not a prince, nor am I a shoe-black. Though we are far apart, we are not so far apart as to make such a change essential to our acquaintance. But I was saying- I

our acquamtance. But I was saying— I don't know what I was saying."

"You were defining what 'like' means. But people always get muddled when they attempt definitions," said the mother.

"Though it depends somewhat on externals, it has more to do with internals. That is what I mean. A man and woman might live together with most enduring love, though one had been noble and wealthy and the other poor and a nobody. But a thorough brute and a human being of fine conditions can hardly live together and love each other."

"That is true," she said. "That, I fear, is

"I hope it is true."

"It has often to be tried, generally to the great detriment of the better nature."

All this, however, had been said before George Roden had spoken a word to Lady Frances, and had referred only to the friendship as it was growing between her son and the young lord. The young lord had come on various occasions

to the house at Holloway, and had there made himself thoroughly pleasant to his friend's mother. Lord Hampstead had a way of making himself pleasant, in which he never failed when he chose to exercise it. And he did exercise it almost always-always, indeed, unless he was driven to be courteously disagreeable by opposition to his own peculiar opinion. In shooting, fishing, and other occupations not approved of, he would fall into a line or argument, and indeed truly good-humored, which was apt, and indeed truly good-humored, which was apt, he would fall into a line of argument, seemingly however, to be aggravating to his opponent. In this way he would make himself thoroughly odious to his step-mother, with whom he had not one sentiment in common. In other respects his manners were invariably sweet, with an assumption of intimacy which was not unbecoming; and thus he had greatly recommended himself to Mrs. Roden. Who does not know the fashion in which the normal young man conducts himself when he is making a morning call? He has come there because he means to be civil. He would not be there unless he wished to make himself popular. He is carrying out some recognized purpose of society. He would fain be agreeable if it were possible. He would enjoy the moment if he could. But it is clearly his conviction that he is bound to get through a certain amount of altogether uninteresting conversation, and then to get himself out of the room with as little awkwardness as may be. Unless there be a pretty girl, and chance favor him with her special companionship, he does not for a moment suppose that any social pleasure is to be enjoyed. rational amusement can be got out of talking to Mrs. Jones does not enter into his mind. And yet Mrs. Jones is probably a fair specimen of that general society in which every one wishes to min-gle. Society is to him generally made up of sev-eral parts, each of which is a pain, though the to-tal is deemed to be desirable. The pretty girl episode is no doubt an exception—though that also has its pains when matter for conversation does not come readily, or when conversation, coming too readily, is rebuked. The morning call may be regarded as a period of unmitigated ago-Now it has to be asserted on Lord Hampstead's behalf that he could talk with almost any Mrs. Jones freely and pleasantly while he remained, and take his departure without that dis-locating struggle which is too common. He would make himself at ease, and discourse as though he had known the lady all his life. There is nothing which a woman likes so much as this, and by doing this Lord Hampstead had done much, if not to overcome, at any rate to quiet, the sense of danger of which Mrs. Roden had spoken. But this refers to a time in which nothing was

known at Holloway as to Lady Frances. Very little had been said of the family between the mother and son. Of the marquis, George Roden had wished to think well, but had hardly succeeded. Of the step-mother he had never even wished to do so. She had from the first been known to him as a woman thoroughly wedded to aristocratic prejudices — who regarded herself as endowed with certain privileges which made her altogether superior to other human beings. Hampstead himself could not even pretend to respect her. Of her Roden had said very little to his mother, simply speaking of her as the marchioness, who was in no way related to Hampstead. Of Lady Frances he had merely said that there was a girl there endowed with such a spirit that of all girls of her class she must surely be the best and no-Then his mother had shuddered inwardly, thinking that here too there might be possible danger; but she had shrunk from speaking of the special danger even to her son.

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"How has the visit gone?" Mrs. Roden asked. when her son had already been some hours in the This was after that last visit to Hendon Hall, in which Lady Frances had promised to become his wife.

"Pretty well, taking it altogether."

"Tknow that something has disappointed you."
"No, indeed, nothing. I have been somewhat

"What have they said to you?" she asked. "Very little but what was kind-just one word

Semething, I know, has hurt you," said the

"Lady Kingsbury has made me aware that she dislikes me thoroughly. It is very odd how one person can do that to another almost without a word spoken."

"I told you, George, that there would be danger in going there.

"There would be no danger in that if there were nothing more.'

"What more is there, then?"

"There would be no danger in that if Lady Kingsbury was only Hampstead's step-mother." "What more is she?"

"She is step-mother also to Lady Frances. Oh, mother!"

"George, what has happened?" she asked.

"I have asked Lady Frances to be my wife." "Your wife?"

"And she has acceded."

"Oh, George!"

"Yes, indeed, mother. Now you can perceive that she indeed may be a danger. When I think of the power of tormenting her step-daughter which may rest in her hands, I can hardly for-give myself for doing as I have done." And the marquis?" asked the mother.

"I know nothing as yet as to what his feelings may be. I have had no opportunity of speaking to him since the little occurrence took place. word escaped me, an unthought-of word, which her ladyship overheard, and for which she re-buked me. Then I left the house."

"What word ?" "Just a common word of greeting-a word that would be common among dear friends, but which, coming from me to her, told all the story. I forgot the prefix which was due from such a one as I am to such as she is. I can understand with what horror I must henceforward be regarded by Lady Kingsbury."

"What will the marquis say?"

"I shall be a horror to him also—an unutterable horror. The idea of contact so vile will cure him at once of all his little Radical longings." "And Hampstead?"

"Nothing, I think, can cure Hampstead of his convictions; but even he is not well pleased."
"Has he quarrelled with you?"

"No, not that. He is too noble to quarrel on such offense. He is too noble even to take offense on such a cause. But he refuses to believe that good will come of it. And you, mother?"

"Oh, George, I doubt, I doubt.

"You will not congratulate me?"
"What am I to say? I fear more than I can

in nothing."

"When I tell you that she is noble at all points, noble in heart, noble in beauty, noble in that dignity which a woman should always carry with her, that she is as sweet a creature as God ever created to bless a man with, will you not then congratulate me?"

"I would her birth were other than it is," said

"I would have her altered in nothing," said the son. "Her birth is the smallest thing about her; but such as she is, I would have her altered

CHAPTER VI.

PARADISE ROW.

ABOUT a fortnight after George Roden's return to Holloway—a fortnight passed by the mother in meditation as to her son's glorious but danger-ous love—Lord Hampstead called at No. 11 Paradise Row. Mrs. Roden lived at No. 11, and Mrs. Demijohn lived at No. 10, the house opposite. There had already been some discussion in Holloway about Lord Hampstead, but nothing had as yet been discovered. He might have been at the house on various previous occasions, but had come in so unpretending a manner as hardly to have done more than to cause himself to be re-garded as a stranger in Holloway. He was known to be George's friend, because he had been first seen coming with George on a Saturday afternoon. He had also called on a Sunday, and walked away, down the Row, with George. Mrs. Demijohn concluded that he was a brother clerk in the Postoffice, and had expressed an opinion that "it did not signify," meaning thereby to imply that Holloway need not interest itself about the stranger. A young government clerk would naturally have another young government clerk for his friend. Twice Lord Hampstead had come down in an om-nibus from Islington, on which occasion it was remarked that as he did not come on Saturday, there must be something wrong. A clerk with Saturday half-holidays ought not to be away from his work on Mondays and Tuesdays. Mrs. Duffer, who was regarded in Paradise Row as being very inferior to Mrs. Demijohn, suggested that the young man might perhaps not be a Post-office clerk. This, however, was ridiculed. Where should a Post-office clerk find his friends except among Post-office clerks? "Perhaps he is coming after the widow," suggested Mrs. Duffer. But this also was received with dissent. Mrs. Demijohn declared that Post-office clerks knew better than to marry widows with no more than two or three hundred a year, and old enough to be their mothers. "But why does he come on a Tuesday?" asked Mrs. Duffer; "and why does he come alone?" "Oh, you dear old Mrs. Duffer!" said Clay Demijohn, the old lady's niece, natu-

rally thinking that it might not be unnatural that handsome young men should come to Paradise

All this, however, had been as nothing to what occurred in the row on the occasion which is now about to be described.

"Aunt Jemima," exclaimed Clara Demijohn, looking out of the window, "there's that young man come again to No. 11, riding on horseback, with a groom behind to hold him!"

"Groom to hold him!" exclaimed Mrs. Demijohn, jumping, with all her rheumatism, quickly from her seat, and trotting to the window.
"You look if there ain't—with boots and

"It must be another," said Mrs. Demijohn, after a pause, during which she had been looking intently at the empty saddle of the horse which the groom was leading slowly up and down the Row.

"It's the same that came with young Roden that Saturday," said Clara, "only he hadn't been walking, and he looked nicer than ever."

"You can hire them all, horses and groom, said Mrs. Demijohn; "but he'd never make his money last till the end of the month if he went on in that way.'

'They ain't hired. They're his own," said

"How do you know, miss?"

"By the color of his boots, and the way he touched his hat, and because his gloves are clean. He ain't a Post-office clerk at all, Aunt Jemima."

"I wonder whether he can be coming after the widow?" said Mrs. Demijohn. After this Clara escaped out of the room, leaving her aunt fixed at the window. Such a sight as that groom and those two horses moving up and down together had never been seen in the Row before. put on her hat, and ran across hurriedly to Mrs. Duffer, who lived at No. 15, next door but one to Mrs. Roden. But she was altogether too late to communicate the news as news.

"I knew he wasn't a Post-office clerk," said Mrs. Duffer, who had seen Lord Hampstead ride up the street; "but who he is, or why, or where-fore, it is beyond me to conjecture. But I never will give up my opinion again talking to your aunt. I suppose she holds out still that he's a Post-office clerk?"

"She thinks he might have hired them."

"Oh, my! Hired them !"

"But did you ever see anything so noble as the way he got off his horse? As for hire, that's nonsense. He's been getting off that horse every day of his life." Thus it was that Paradise Row was awe-stricken by this last coming of George Roden's friend.

It was an odd thing to do, this riding down to Holloway. No one else would have done it, either lord or Post-office clerk, with a hired horse or with private property. There was a hot July sunshine, and the roads across from Hendon Hall consisted chiefly of paved streets. But Lord Hampstead always did things as others would not do them. It was too far to walk in the mid-day sun, and therefore he rode; there would be no servant at Mrs. Roden's house to hold his horse, and therefore he brought one of his own. He did not see why a man on horseback should attract more attention at Holloway than at Hyde Park Corner. Had he guessed the effect which he and his horse would have had in Paradise Row. he would have come by some other means.

Mrs. Roden at first received him with considerable embarrassment, which he probably observed, but in speaking to her seemed not to observe. "Very hot indeed," he said; "too hot for riding, as I found soon after I started. I suppose George has given up walking for the present?

"He still walks home, I think." "If he had declared his purpose of doing so, he'd go on though he had sunstroke every after-

"I hope he is not so obstinate as that, my lord.

"The most obstinate fellow I ever knew in my life. Though the world were to come to an end, he'd let it come rather than change his purpose. life. It's all very well for a man to keep his purpose, but he may overdo it."

"Has he been very determined lately in any-

thing?"
"No, nothing particular. I haven't seen him for the last week. I want him to come over and dine with me at Hendon one of these days. I'm all alone there." From this Mrs. Roden learned that Lord Hampstead, at any rate, did not intend to quarrel with her son, and she learned also that Lady Frances was no longer staying at the Hall. "I can send him home," continued the lord, "if he can manage to come down by the railway or the omnibus.

"I will give him your message, my lord."
"Tell him I start on the 21st. My yacht is at Cowes, and I shall go down there on that morning. I shall be away Heaven knows how long probably for a month. Vivian will be with me, and we mean to bask away our time in the Norway and Iceland seas, till he goes, like an idiot that he is, to his grouse-shooting. I should like to see George before I start. I said that I was all alone, but Vivian will be with me. George has met him before, and as they didn't cut each

other's throat then, I suppose they won't now."
"I will tell him all that," said Mrs. Roden. Then there was a pause for a moment, after which Lord Hampstead went on, in an altered voice. "Has he said anything to you since he was at Hendon—as to my family, I mean?"

"He has told me something."
"I was sure he had. I should not have asked unless I had been quite sure. I know that he would tell you anything of that kind. Well?"
"What am I to say, Lord Hampstead?"
"What has he told you, Mrs. Roden?"

"He has spoken to me of your sister."
"But what has he said?"

"And that she loves him?"

"That he hopes so." "He has said more than that, I take it. They have engaged themselves to each other.'

"So I understand."

"What do you think of it, Mrs. Roden?" "What can I think of it, Lord Hampstead? I hardly dare to think of it at all." "Was it wise?"

"I suppose where love is concerned, wisdom is

not much considered." "But people have to consider it. I hardly know how to think of it. To my idea it was not wise. And yet there is no one living whom I

esteem so much as your son." You are very good, my lord."

"There is no goodness in it, any more than in his liking for me. But I can indulge my fancy without doing harm to others. Lady Kingsbury thinks that I am an idiot because I do not live exclusively with counts and countesses, but in declining to take her advice I do not injure her much. She can talk about me and my infatuations among her friends with a smile. She will not be tortured by any feeling of disgrace. So with my father. He has an idea that I am out-Heroding Herod - he having been Herod - but there is nothing bitter in it to him. Those fine young gentlemen my brothers, who are the dearest little chicks in the world, five and six and seven years old, will be able to laugh pleasantly at their elder brother when they grow up, as they will do, among the other idle young swells of the nation. That their brother and George Roden should be always together will not even vex them. They may probably receive some benefit themselve may achieve some diminution of the folly natural to their position, by their advantage in knowing him. In looking at it all round, as far as that goes, there is not only satisfaction to me, but a certain pride. I am doing no more than I have a right to do. Whatever counter-influence I may introduce among my own people will be good and wholesome. Do you understand me, Mrs. Roden?" "I think so-very clearly; I should be dull if I

did not." "But it becomes different when one's sister is concerned. I am thinking of the happiness of other people."

"She, I suppose, will think of her own."

"Not exclusively, I hope."
"No; not that, I am sure. But a girl, when she loves-

"Yes, that is all true. But a girl situated like Frances is bound not to-not to sacrifice those with whom fame and fortune have connected her. I can speak plainly to you, Mrs. Roden, because you know what are my own opinions about many things."

George has no sister, no girl belonging to him; but if he had, and you loved her, would you abstain from marrying her lest you should sacri-

fice your—connections The word has offended you."

"Not in the least. It is a word true to the purpose in hand. I understand the sacrifice you mean. Lady Kingsbury's feelings would be—sac-rificed were her daughter—even her step-daughter-to become my boy's wife. She supposes that her girl's birth is superior to my boy's."

"There are so many meanings to that word

birth."

"I will take it all as you mean, Lord Hampstead, and will not be offended. My boy, as he is, is no match for your sister. Both Lord and Lady Kingsbury would think that there had been —a sacrifice. It might be that those little lords would not in future years be wont to talk at their club of their brother-in-law the Post-office clerk, as they would of some earl or some duke with whom they might have become connected. Let us pass it by, and acknowledge that there would be—a sacrifice. So there will be should you marry below your degree. The sacrifice would be greater, because it would be carried on to some future Marquis of Kingsbury. Would you practice such self-denial as that you demand from your sister ?"

Lord Hampstead considered the matter awhile, and then answered the question: "I do not think that the two cases would be quite analogous."

"Where is the difference?"

"There is something more delicate, more nice, requiring greater caution, in the conduct of a girl than of a man."

Quite so, Lord Hampstead. Where conduct is in question, the girl is bound to submit to stricter laws. I may explain that by saying that the girl is lost forever who gives herself up to un-lawful love, whereas for the man the way back to the world's respect is only too easy, even should he, on that score, have lost aught of the world's respect. The same law runs through every act of a girl's life, as contrasted with the acts of men. But in this act—the act now supposed of marry ing a gentleman whom she loves—your sister would do nothing which should exclude her from the respect of good men or the society of wellordered ladies. I do not say that the marriage would be well-assorted. I do not recommend it. Though my boy's heart is dearer to me than anything else can be in the world, I can see that it may be fit that his heart should be made to suf-But when you talk of the sacrifice which he and your sister are called on to make so that others should be delivered from lesser sacrifices, I think you should ask what duty would require from yourself. I do not think she would sacrifice the noble blood of the Traffords more effectually than you would by a similar marriage."

leaned forward from her As she thus er chair on And he ly b

ked him full in the face. that she was singulard, a woman noble to was pleading for her she had condescend-

you would submit vourself. I will not repudiate it. But you shall not induce me to consent to it by even a false idea as to the softer delicacy of the sex. That softer delicacy, with its privileges and duties, shall be made to stand for what it is worth, and to occupy its real ground. If you use it for other mock purposes, then I will quarrel with you." It was thus that she had spoken, and he understood it all.

"I am not brought in question," he said, slowly.
"Can not you put it to yourself as though you were brought in question? You will at any rate were brought in question? You will at any rate admit that my argument is just."
"I hardly know. I must think of it. Such a

marriage on my part would not outrage my stepmother as would that of my sister."
"Outrage! You speak, Lord Hampstead, as

though your mother would think that your sister would have disgraced herself as a woman!"
"I am speaking of her feelings—not of mine.

It would be different were I to marry in the same degree."
"Would it? Then I think that perhaps I had

better counsel George not to go to Hendon Hall."
"My sister is not there. They are all in Ger-

many. "He had better not go where your sister will be thought of."

"I would not quarrel with your son for all the world."

"It will be better that you should. Do not suppose that I am pleading for him." however, was what he did suppose, and that was what she was doing. "I have told him already that I think that the prejudices will be too hard for him, and that he had better give it up before he adds to his own misery, and perhaps to hers. What I have said has not been in the way of pleading, but only as showing the ground which I think that such a marriage would be in-expedient. It is not that we, or your sister, are too bad or too low for such contact, but that on your side, are not as yet good enough or high enough.

"I will not dispute that with you, Mrs. Roden.

But you will give him my message?"
"Yes; I will give him your message."
Then Lord Hampstead, having spent a full hour in the house, took his departure, and rode

"Just an hour," said Clara Demijohn, who was still looking out of Mrs. Duffer's window. "What can they have been talking about?"

"I think he must be making up to the widow," said Mrs. Duffer, who was so lost in surprise as to be unable to suggest any new idea.

"He'd never have come with saddle-horses to do that. She wouldn't be taken by a young man spending his money in that fashion. She'd like saving ways better. But they're his own horses, and his own man, and he's no more after the widow than he is after me," said Clara, laughing. "I wish he were, my dear."

"There may be as good as him come yet, Mrs.
Duffer. I don't think so much of their having horses and grooms. When they have these things, they can't afford to have wives too—and sometimes they can't afford to pay for either." Then, having seen the last of Lord Hampstead as he rode out of the Row, she went back to her aunt's house.

But Mrs. Demijohn had been making use of her time, while Clara and Mrs. Duffer had been wasting theirs in mere gazing and making vain surmises. As soon as she found herself alone, the old woman got her bonnet and shawl, and going out slyly into the Row, made her way down to the end of the street in the direction opposite to that in which the groom was at that moment walking the horses. There she escaped the eyes of her niece and of the neighbors, and was enabled to wait unseen till the man, on his walking, came down to the spot at which she was standing.

"My young man," she said, in her most winning voice, when the groom came near her.
"What is it, mum?"

"You'd like a glass of beer, wouldn't you, aft-

er walking up and down so long?"
"No, I wouldn't—not just at present." He knew whom he served, and from whom it would

become him to take beer.

"I'd be happy to pay for a pint," said Mrs.
Demijohn, fingering a fourpenny bit so that he might see it.

"Thank ye, mum; no, I takes it reg'lar when I takes it. I'm on dooty just at present." "Your master's horses, I suppose?" "Whose else, mum? His lordship don't ride

generally aobody's 'orses but his own.' Here was a success! And the fourpenny bit saved. His lordship! "Of course not," said Mrs. Demijohn. "Why should he?"

"Why, indeed, mum?"
"Lord—Lord—Lord who, is he?" The groom poked up his hat, and scratched his head, and bethought himself. A servant generally wishes to do what honor he can to his This man had no desire to gratify an inquisitive old woman, but he thought it deroga-tory to his master and to himself to seem to deny their joint name. "'Ampstead," he said, looking down very serenely on the lady, and then moved on, not wasting another word.

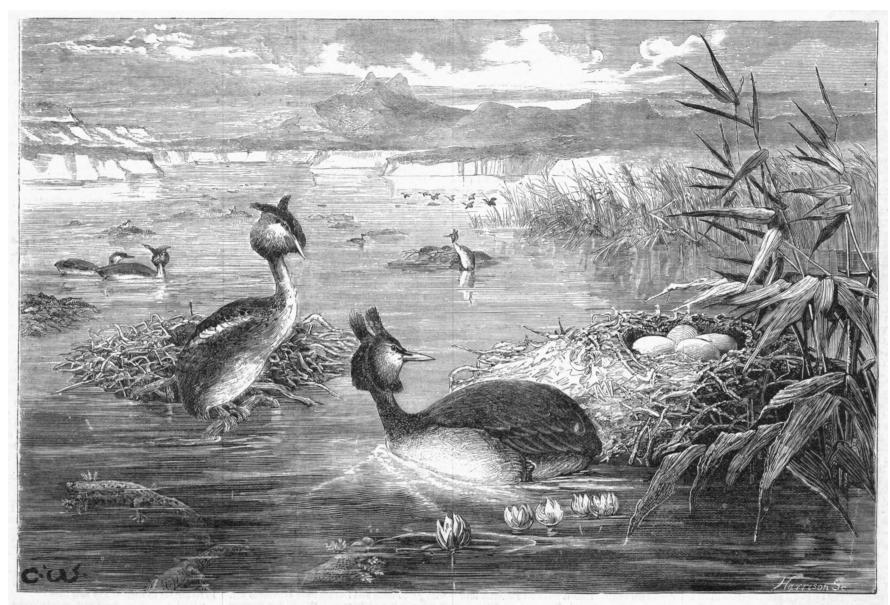
"I knew all along they were something out of the common way," said Mrs. Demijohn, as soon as her niece came in.

You haven't found out who it is, aunt?" "You've been with Mrs. Duffer, I suppose. You two'd put your heads together for a wee' and then would know nothing." It was n quite the last thing at night that she told a secret. "He was a peer. He was Lord's stead."

"A peer !"

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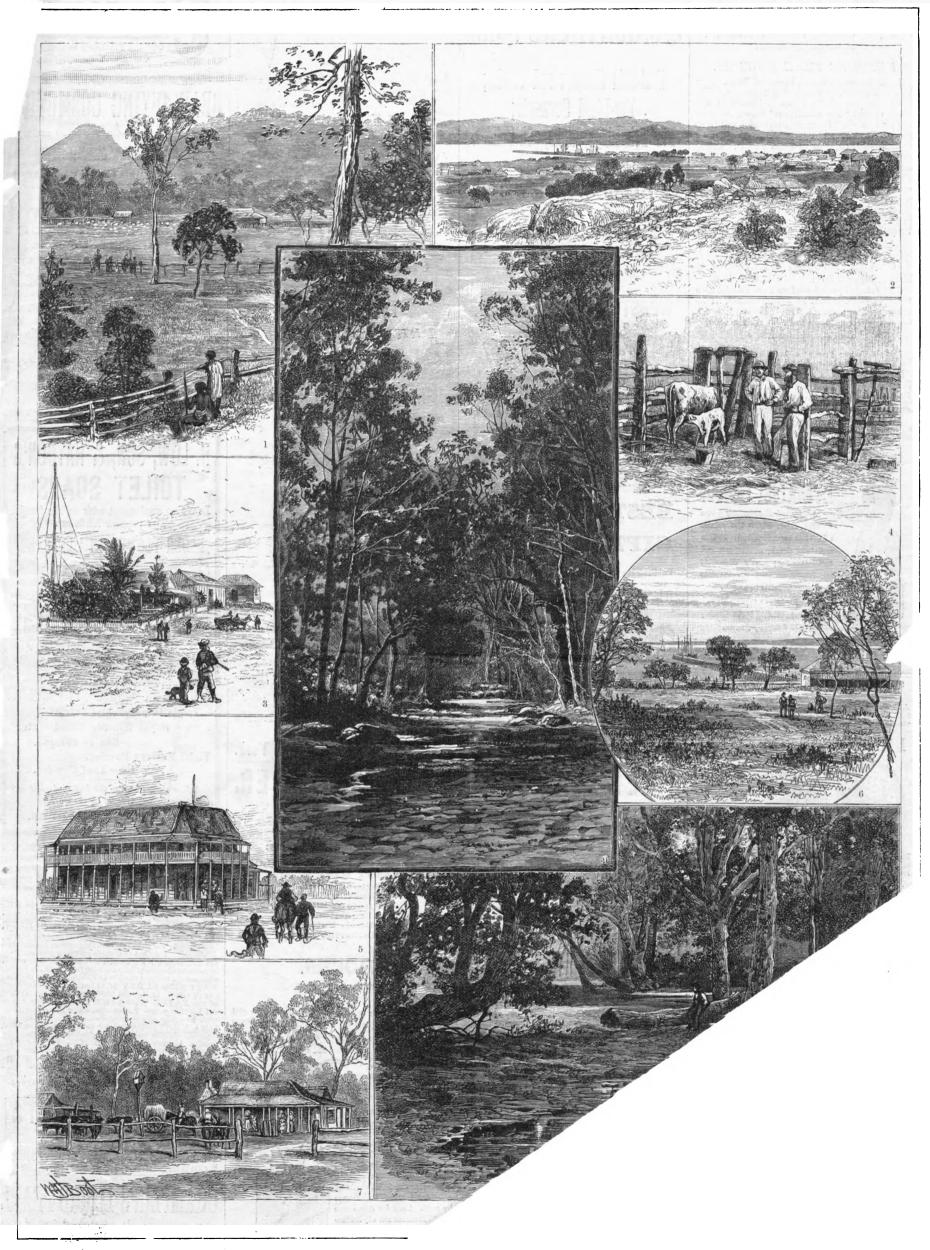


GREBES AND THEIR NESTS.—[SEE PAGE 842.]



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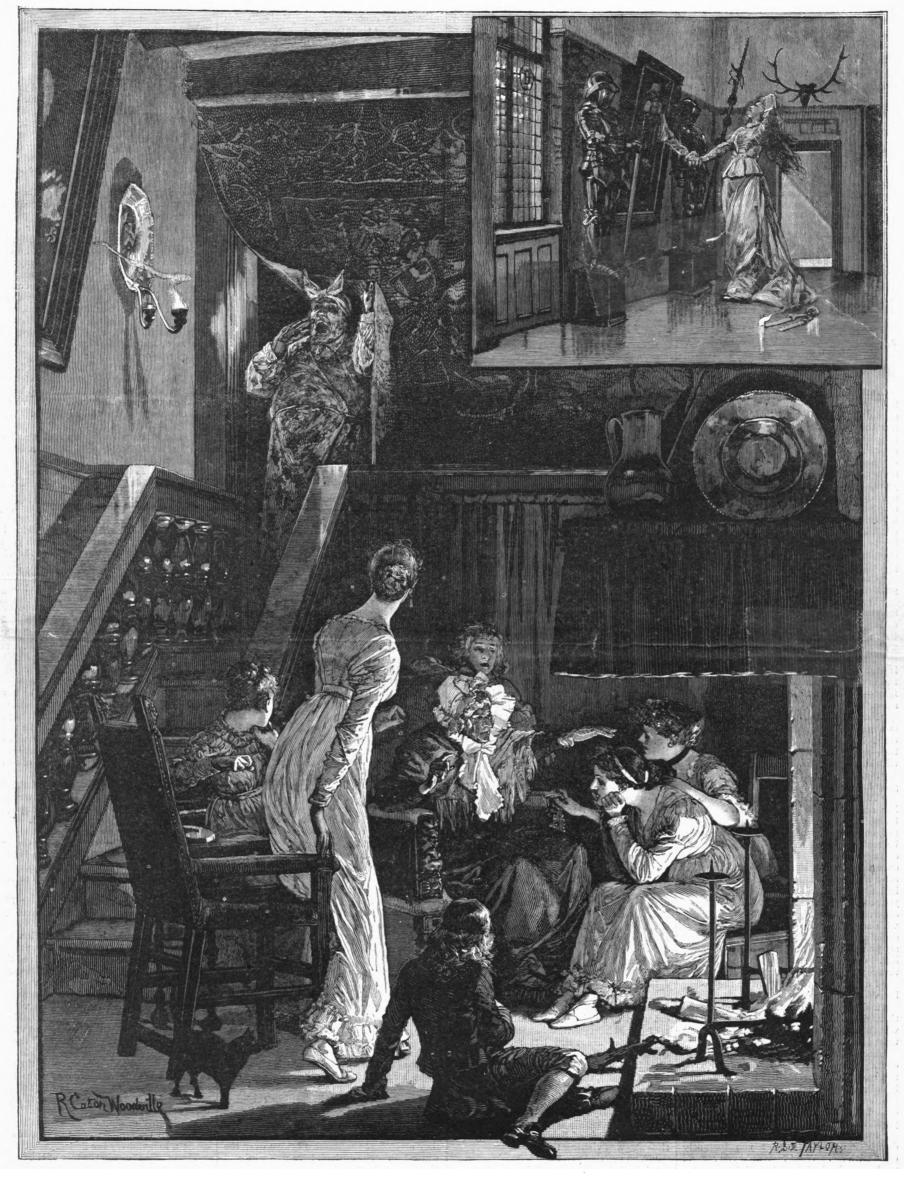
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A GHOST STORY.

"You're better far in bed," she said,
The dame so ancient and so gray,
She who for fifty years had served
The house, where now she rules, they say.
"You'll not to bed? Then sit you here,
My Ladies Mande and Clare, and all;
I'll tell you of that lady sad
Whose portrait hangs on yonder wall.

"Three hundred years are past and gone Since she, that lady sweet though proud, Came in the May-time o'er the moors, And on a milk-white palfrey rode. Beside her wild Sir Geoffrey passed; They came here in their honey-moon, Which scarce a moon endured, alas! Its sweetness turned to bitter soon.

"For wild Sir Geoffrey grew more wild;
The husband—who had lately sworn
To love and cherish—now repaid
Her tenderness with strife and scorn.
The gentle wife could only weep;
All night alone she sat in tears,
Till, as the wintry morning dawned,
A whisper seemed to reach her ears.

"Who trusted Groffrey shall have woe,
But still must after Groffrey go.
She, starting, woke; the dream had flown;
She found, that day, her lord was gone.
Till came the chilly winter-time,
When all the land was wrapt in snow,
The lady waited his return;

But oft would through the eastle go.

"But chiefly did her footsteps stay
In that great Hall of Portraits, where
From floor to ceiling, closely ranged,
Were pictured lords and ladies fair.

Among those sombre painted folk
So many Geoffreys met her gaze,
The lady called on them by name,
And told her grief; it was her craze.

"On Christmas-eve, when happy chimes
Of village church bells filled the air,
The lady's frantic sorrow drove
Her lonely heart to wild despair.
And in that hall, where faces grave
Of earls and barons, knights and dames,
Sir Geoffrey's ancestors of yore,
Guarded their titles and their names,

"She singled out the portrait stern Of him, the Old Sir Geoffrey, Knight Crusader, foremost of their line, Renowned in council and in fight. And calling him to help her case,
'Sir Geoffrey, thee I trust,' she said,
And on her knees, with covered eyes,
Felt half in hope, and half in dread.

"Then, glimmering in the moonlight ray That showed the knight in armor cold, He seemed to stretch an iron hand, Which of the lady's arm took hold. Ay, that it did, and caught her so!

Out spoke the dame, with sudden gasp, "Ay, just like this"—she clutched the arm Of Maude, to show the spectre's grasp.

Then midnight twelve o'clock did sound With awful strokes to break the tale, Stopped that old housekeeper's discourse, And then each youthful face grew pale, As, on the stair above, they heard— They saw—the muffled form descend Of—James, the butler, come in time To lock the doors, and make an end.

[Continued from No. 1383, page 827.] BENIGHTED TRAVELLERS.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "A LAODICEAN," ETO.

On the door being opened, a room too large to be comfortable, and lit by the best branchcandlesticks of the hotel, was disclosed, before the fire of which apartment the truant couple were sitting, very innocently looking over the hotel scrap-book and album, that contained views of the neighborhood. No sooner had the old man entered than the young lady-who now showed herself to be quite as young as described, and remarkably prepossessing as to features—percepti-bly turned pale. When the nephew enter-ed, she turned still paler, as if she were going to faint. The young man described as an opera-singer rose with grim civility, and placed chairs for his visitors.

"Caught you, thank God!" said the old gentleman, breathlessly.

"Yes, worse luck," murmured Signor

Smittozzi, in native London-English, that distinguished alien having, in fact, first seen the light in the vicinity of City Road. "She would have been mine to-morrow. And I think that under the peculiar circumstances it would be wiser—considering how soon the breath of scandal will tarnish a lady's fame—to let her be mine to-morrow, just the same."

"Never!" said the old gentleman. "Here is a girl under age, without experiencechild-like in her maiden innocence and vir--whom you have plied by your vile arts,

"Sir, were I not bound to respect your gray hairs—"

Till this morning at dawn you tempted her away from her father's roof. What blame can attach to her conduct that will not, on a full explanation of the matter, be readily passed over in her and thrown entirely on you? Lucetta, you return at once with me. I should not have arrived, after all, early enough to deliver you, if it had not been for the disinterestedness of your cousin, Captain Northbrook, who, on my discovering your flight this morning, offered with a promptitude for which I can never sufficiently thank him, to accompany me on my journey, as the only male relative I have left. Come, do you hear? Put on your things; we are off at once."

"I don't want to go," pouted the young

"I dare say you don't," replied her fa-er, dryly. "But children never know ther, dryly. "But children never know what's best for them. So come along, and trust to my opinion."

Lucetta was silent, and did not move, the opera gentleman looking helplessly into the fire, and the lady's cousin sitting meditatively calm, as the single one of the four whose position enabled him to survey the whole escapade with the cool criticism of a comparative outsider.

"I say to you, Lucetta, as the father of a daughter under age, that you instantly come with me. What? Would you compel me to use physical force to reclaim you?

"I don't want to return," again declared Lucetta.

"It is your duty to return nevertheless.

and at once, I inform you." "I don't want to."

"Now, dear Lucetta, this is what I say: return with me and your cousin James quietly, like a good and repentant girl, and nothing will be said. Nobody knows what has happened as yet, and if we start at once, we shall be home before it is light to-morrow morning. Come."

"I am not obliged to come at your bidding, papa, and I would rather not.'

Now James, the cousin, during this dialogue might have been observed to grow

somewhat restless, and even impatient. More than once he had parted his lips to speak, but second thoughts each time held him back. The moment had come, however, when he could keep silence no longer.
"Come, madam," he spoke out, "this farce

with your father has, in my opinion, gone on long enough. Just make no more ado, and step down stairs with us."

She gave herself an intractable little twist, and did not reply.

"By the Lord Harry, Lucetta, I won't

stand this!" he said, angrily. "Come, get on your things before I come and compel you. There is a kind of compulsion to which this talk is child's play. Come, mad-

am—instantly, I say."

The old gentleman turned to his nephew and said, mildly: "Leave me to insist, James. It doesn't become you. I can speak to her

sharply enough, if I choose."

James, however, did not heed his uncle, and went on to the troublesome maiden: "You say you don't want to come, indeed! A pretty story to tell me, that! Come, march out of the room at once, and leave that hulking fellow for me to deal with afterward. Get on quickly-come!" and he advanced toward her as if to pull her by the hand.

"Nay, nay," expostulated the old gentleman, much surprised at his nephew's sudden demeanor. "You take too much upon your-Leave her to me."

"You have no right, James, to address either me or her in this way; so just hold your tongue. Come, my dear.' "I have every right," insisted James.

"I won't leave her to you any longer."

"How do you make that out?"

"I have the right of a husband."
"Whose husband?"

"Hers." "What?"

"She's my wife."

"James!"

"Well, to cut a long story short, I may say that she secretly married me, in spite of your prohibition, about three months ago. And I must add that, though she cooled down rather quickly, everything went on smoothly enough between us for some time, in spite of the awkwardness of meeting only by stealth. We were only waiting for a convenient moment to break the news to you when this idle Adonis turned up, and after poisoning her mind against me, brought her into this disgrace."

Here the operatic luminary, who had sat in rather an abstracted and nerveless attitude till the cousin made his declaration, fired up and cried: "I declare before Heaven that till this moment I never knew she was a wife! I found her in her father's house an unhappy girl-unhappy, as I believe, because of the loneliness and dreariness of that establishment, and the want of society, and for nothing else whatever. What this statement about her being your wife means I am quite at a loss to understand. Are you indeed married to him, Lucetta?"

Lucetta nodded from within her tearful handkerchief. "It was because of my anomalous position in being privately married to him," she sobbed, "that I was unhappy at home—and—and I didn't like him so well as I did at first—and I wished I could get out of the mess I was in; and then I saw you a few times, and when you said, 'We'll run off,' I thought I saw a way out of it all, and

then I agreed to come with you."
"Well! well! well! And is this true?"
murmured the bewildered old man, staring from James to Lucetta, and from Lucetta to James, as if he fancied they might be figments of the imagination. "Is this, then. James, the secret of your kindness to your old uncle in helping him to find his daughter? Good heavens! What further depths of duplicity are there left for a man to learn !"

"I have married her, uncle, as I said," answered James, coolly. "The deed is done and can't be undone by talking here."

"Where were you married?"

"At St. Mary's, Portpool."

"When ?"

"On the 29th of September, during the time she was visiting there."

"Who married you?"

"I don't know. One of the curates—we were quite strangers to the place. So, instead of my assisting you to recover her, you may as well assist me."

Never! never! Madam and sir, I beg to tell you that I wash my hands of the whole affair. If you are man and wife, as it seems you are, get reconciled as best you may. I have no more to say or do with either of you. I leave you, Lucetta, in the hands of your husband, and much joy may you bring him, though the situation, I own, is not encouraging.

Saying this, the indignant speaker pushed back his chair against the table with such force that the candlesticks rocked on their bases, and left the room.

Lucetta's wet eyes roved from one of the young men to the other, who now stood glaring at each other, and, being much frightened at their aspect, slipped out of the room after her father. Him, however, she could hear going out of the front door, and not knowing where to take shelter, she crept into the darkness of an adjoining bedroom, and there awaited events with a palpitating heart.

Meanwhile the two men remaining in the sitting-room drew nearer to each other, and the opera-singer broke the silence by saying, "How could you insult me in the way you did, calling me a fellow, and accusing me of poisoning her mind toward you, when you knew very well I was as ignorant of your relation to her as an unborn babe ?"

"Oh yes, you were quite ignorant; I can believe that readily," sneered Lucetta's husband.

"I here call Heaven to witness that I never knew!"

"Recitative-the rhythm excellent, and the tone well sustained. Is it likely that any man could win the confidence of a young fool her age, and not get that out of her? Preposterous. Tell it to the most improved new pit stalls."

"Captain Northbrook, your insinuations are as despicable as your wretched person, cried the barytone, losing all patience. And springing forward he slapped the captain in the face with the palm of his hand.

Northbrook flinched but slightly, and calmly using his handkerchief to learn if his nose was bleeding, said, "I quite expected this insult, so I came prepared." And he drew forth from a black valise which he carried in his hand a small case of pistols.

The barytone started at the unexpected sight, but recovering from his surprise, said, "Very well, as you will," though perhaps his tone showed a slight want of confidence.

"Now," continued the husband, quite confidently, "we want no parade, no nonsense, you know. Therefore we'll dispense with conds ?"

The signor slightly nodded.

"Do you know this part of the country well?" Cousin James went on, in the same cool and still manner. "If you don't, I do. Quite at the bottom of the vale over there, just beside the stream which flows through it, is a smooth grassy space, not so much shut in as to be out of the moonlight; and the way down to it from this side is over the little bridge at the top of the cataract, just by the cell of the Two Sisters. A path of steps is cut in the slope, and we can find our way down without trouble. We—we two—will find our way down; but only one of us will find his way up, you understand?"

"Then suppose we start: the sooner it is over, the better. We can order supper before we go out—supper for two; for though we are three at present-"

"Three ?"

"Yes; you and I and she -"

"Oh yes."

"-We shall be only two by-and-by; so that, as I say, we will order supper for two; for the lady and a gentleman. comes back alive will tap at her door, and call her in to share the repast with himshe's not off the premises. But we must not alarm her now; and above all things we must not let the inn people see us go out; it would look so odd for two to go out, and only one come in. Are you ready?"
"Oh—quite."

"Then I'll lead the way."

He went softly to the door and down stairs, ordering supper to be ready in an hour, as he had said; then making a feint of returning to the room again, he beckoned to the singer, and together they slipped out of the house by a side door.

III.

The sky was now quite clear, and the wheel-marks of the brougham which had borne away Lucetta's father remained distinctly visible. Soon the verge of the glen was reached, the captain leading the way, and the barytone following silently, casting furtive glances at his companion, and beyond him at the scene ahead. In due course they arrived at the wooden bridge over the water-fall. The outlook here was wild and picturesque in the extreme, and fully justified the many praises, paintings, and photographic views to which the spot had given birth. What in summer was charmingly green and gray, was now rendered weird and fantastic by the snow.

From under the centre of the bridge the cascade plunged downward almost vertically to a depth of eighty or a hundred feet, and though the stream was but small, its impact upon jutting rocks in its descent divided it into a hundred spirts and splashes that sent up a mist into the upper air. A few marginal drippings had been frozen into icicles, but the centre flowed on unimpeded.

of the beauty of the scene. His companion with the pistols was immediately in front of him, and there was no hand-rail on the side of the bridge toward the rapids. Obeying a quick impulse, he stretched out his arm, and with a superhuman thrust sent Lucetta's husband reeling over the bridge. A whirling human shape, diminishing downward in the moon's rays farther and farther toward invisibility, a smack-smack upon the projecting ledges of rock—at first louder and heavier than that of the stream, and then scarcely to be distinguished from itthen a cessation, then the splashing of the water as before, were all the incidents that disturbed the customary flow of the waterfall.

The singer waited in a fixed attitude for a few minutes, then turning, he rapidly re-traced his steps down the declivity toward the road, and in less than a quarter of an hour was at the door of the hotel. Slipping quietly in as the clock struck ten, he said to the landlord, over the bar hatchway:

"The bill as soon as you can let me have it, including charges for the supper that was ordered, though we can not stay to eat it, I am sorry to say." He added, with forced gayety, "The lady's father and cousin have thought better of intercepting the marriage, and after quarrelling with each other have gone home independently."

"Well done, sir!" said the landlord, who still sided with this customer in preference to those who had given trouble and barely paid for baiting the horses. "'Love will find out the way,' as the saying is. Wish

you joy, sir." Signor Smittozzi went up stairs, and on entering the sitting-room found that Lucetta had crept out from the dark adjoining chamber in his absence. She looked up at

him with eyes red from weeping, and with symptoms of alarm.

"What is it ?-where is he ?" she said, ap-

prehensively.
"Captain Northbrook has gone back. He says he will have no more to do with you."

"And I am quite abandoned by them!and they'll forget me, and nobody care about me any more!" She began to cry afresh.

"But it is the luckiest thing that could have happened. All is just as it was before they came disturbing us. But, Lucet-ta, you ought to have told me about that private marriage, though it is all the same now; it will be dissolved, of course. You are a wid-virtually a widow."

"It is no use to reproach me for what is

past. What am I to do now ?"

"We go at once to Portpool. The horse has rested thoroughly these last three hours, and he will have no difficulty in doing an additional seven miles. We shall be there before twelve, and there are late hotels by the railway. There we'll sell both horse and carriage to-morrow morning; and once on board, are safe."

"I agree to anything," she said, listlessly. In about ten minutes the horse was put in, the bill paid, the lady's dried wraps put round her, and the journey resumed.

When about a mile on their way, they saw a glimmering light in advance of them. wonder what that is," said the barytone, whose manner had latterly become nervous, every sound and sight causing him to turn

"It is only a turnpike," said she. "That light is the lamp kept burning over the door."

"Of course, of course, dearest. How stupid I am!"

On reaching the gate they perceived that a man on foot had approached it diagonally by a path from the interior of the vale, and was, at the moment they drew up, standing in conversation with the gate-keeper.

"It is quite impossible that he could fall over the cataract by accident or the will of God on such a light night as this," the pedestrian was saying. "These two children I tell you of saw two men go along the path toward the bridge, and ten minutes later only one of 'em came back, walking fast like a man who wanted to get out of the way because he had done something queer. There is no manner of doubt that he pushed the other man over, and, mark me, it will soon cause a hue-and-cry for that man."

The candle shone in the face of the Signor and showed that there had arisen upon it an expression of ghastliness. Lucetta, glancing toward him for a few moments, observed it, till the gate-keeper having mechanically swung open the gate, her companion drove through, and they were soon again enveloped in the shadows of the trees.

Her conductor had said to Lucetta, just before, that he meant to inquire the way at this turnpike; but he had certainly not done so.

As soon as they had gone a little further the omission, intentional or not, began to cause them some trouble. Beyond the secluded mountainous district which they The operatic artist looked down as he now traversed ran the main road, on which crossed, but his thoughts were plainly not progress would be easy, the snow being probably already beaten there to some extent; but they had not yet reached it, and having no one to guide them, their journey began to appear less feasible than it had done before starting. When the little lane which they still followed ascended another hill, and seemed to wind round in a direction contrary to the expected route to Portpool, the question grew serious. Ever since overhearing the conversation at the turnpike, Lucetta had maintained a perfect silence, and had even shrunk somewhat away from

the side of her lover.
"Why don't you talk, Lucetta," he said, with forced buoyancy, "and suggest the

way we should go?"
"Oh yes, I will," she said, a curious fearfulness being audible in her voice.

After this she uttered a few occasional sentences which seemed to persuade him that she suspected nothing. At last he drew rein, and the weary horse stood still.

"We are in a fix," he said.

She answered, eagerly: "I'll hold the reins while you run forward to the top of the ridge, and see if the road takes a favorable turn beyond. It would give the horse a few minutes' rest, and if you find out no change in the direction, we will retrace this road, and take the other turning.

The expedient seemed a good one in the circumstances, especially when recommended by the singular eagerness of her voice, and placing the reins in her hands-a quite unnecessary precaution, considering the state of their hack-he stepped out and went forward through the snow till she could see no more of him.

No sooner was he gone than Lucetta, with a rapidity which contrasted strangely with her previous stillness, made fast the reins to the corner of the phaeton, and slipping out on the opposite side, ran back with all her might down the hill, till, coming to an opening in the hedge, she scrambled through it, and plunged under the trees which bordered this portion of the lane. Here she stood in hiding under one of the large trunks, clinging so closely to its rugged surface as to seem but a portion of its mass, and listening intently for the faintest sound of pur-But nothing disturbed the stillness save the occasional slipping of gathered snow from the bows, or the rustle of some wild animal over the crisp flake-bespattered herbage. At length, apparently convinced that her former companion was either unable to find her, or not anxious to do so in the present strange state of affairs, she crept out from the trees, and in less than an hour found herself again approaching the door of the Prospect Hotel.

As she drew near, Lucetta could see that, far from being wrapped in darkness, as she might have expected, there were ample signs that all the tenants were on the alert, lights moving about the open space in front. Satisfaction was expressed in her face when she discerned that no re-appearance of her barytone and his pony-carriage was causing this sensation; but it speedily gave way to grief and dismay when she saw by the lights the form of a man borne on a stretch-

er by two others into the porch of the hotel.
"I have caused all this," she murmured
between her quivering lips. "He has murdered him." Running forward to the door, she hastily asked of the first person she met if the man on the stretcher was dead.

"No, miss," said the laborer addressed eying her up and down as an unexpected apparition. "He is still alive, they say, but unconscious. He either fell or was pushed over the water-fall; 'tis thoughted he was pushed. He is the gentleman who came here just now with the old squire, and went out afterward (as is thoughted) with a stranger who had come a little earlier. Anyhow, that's as I had it."

Lucetta entered the house, and acknowledging without the least reserve that she was the injured man's wife, had soon installed herself as head nurse by the bed on which he lay. When the two surgeons who had been sent for arrived, she learned from them that his wounds were so severe as to leave but a slender hope of recovery, it being little short of miraculous that he was not killed on the spot, which his enemy had evidently reckoned to be the case. She knew who that enemy was, and shuddered.

Lucetta watched all night, but her husband knew nothing of her presence. During the next day he slightly recognized her, and in the evening was able to speak. He informed the surgeons that, as was surmised, he had been pushed over the cataract by Signor Smittozzi; but he communicated nothing to her who nursed him, not even replying to her remarks; he nodded courteously at any act of attention she rendered, and that was all.

In a day or two it was declared that everything favored his recovery, notwithstanding the severity of his injuries. Full search was made for Smittozzi, but as yet there was no intelligence of his whereabouts, though the repentant Lucetta com-

municated all she knew. As far as could be judged, he had come back to the carriage after searching out the way, and finding the young lady missing, had looked about for her till he was tired; then had driven on to Portpool, sold the horse and carriage next morning, and disappeared, probably by one of the departing steamers, the only difference from his original programme being that he had gone alone.

During the days and weeks of that long and tedious recovery Lucetta watched by her husband's bedside with a zeal and assiduity which would have considerably extenuated any other fault save one of such magnitude as hers had been. That her husband did not forgive her was soon obvious. Nothing that she could do in the way of smoothing pillows, easing his position, shifting bandages, or administering draughts could win from him more than a few measured words of thankfulness, such as he would probably have uttered to any other woman on earth who had performed these particular services for him.

"Dear, dear James," she said one day, bending her face upon the bed in an excess of emotion. "How you have suffered! It has been too cruel. I am more glad you are getting better than I can say. I have prayed for it-and I am sorry for what I have done, and-I hope you will not think me so very bad, James.

"Oh no. On the contrary, I shall think you very good—as a nurse," he answered, the caustic severity of his tone being apparent through its weakness.

Lucetta let fall two or three silent tears, and said no more that day.

Somehow or other Signor Smittozzi seemed to be making good his escape. It transpired that he had not taken a passage on board either of the suspected steamers, though he had certainly got out of the country; altogether, the chance of finding him was problematical.

Not only did Captain Northbrook survive his injuries, but it soon appeared that in the course of a few weeks he would find himself little if any the worse for the catastrophe. It could also be seen that Lucetta, while secretly hoping for her husband's forgiveness for a piece of folly of which she saw the enormity more clearly every day, was in great doubt as to what her future relations with him would be. Moreover, to add to the complication, whilst she, as a runaway wife, was unforgiven by her husband, she and her husband, as a runaway couple, were unforgiven by her father, who had never once communicated with either of them since his departure from the inn. But her immediate anxiety was to win the pardon of her husband, who possibly might be bearing in mind, as he lay upon his couch, the familiar words of Brabantio, "She has deceived her father, and may thee."

Matters went on thus till Captain Northbrook was able to walk about. He then removed with his wife to quiet apartments at the sea-side, and here his recovery was rap-Walking up the cliffs one day, supporting him by her arm as usual, she said to him, simply, "James, if I go on as I am going now, and always attend to your smallest want, and never think of anything but devotion to you, will you-try to like me a

"It is a thing I must carefully consider," he said, with the same gloomy dryness which characterized all his words to her "When I have considered, I will tell

He did not tell her that evening, though she lingered long at her routine work of making his bedroom comfortable, putting the light so that it would not shine into his eyes, seeing him fall asleep, and then retir-ing noiselessly to her own chamber. When they met in the morning at breakfast, and she had asked him as usual how he had passed the night, she added, timidly, in the silence which followed his answer, "Have you considered ?"

"No, I have not considered sufficiently to give you an answer."

Lucetta sighed, but to no purpose; and the day wore on with intense heaviness to her, and the customary modicum of strength gained to him.

The next morning she put the same question, and looked up despairingly in his face, as though her whole life hung upon his re-

- "Yes, I have considered," he said.
- " Ah !"
- "We must part." "Oh, James!"
- "I can not forgive you: no man would. Enough is settled upon you to keep you in comfort, whatever your father may do. I shall sell out, and disappear from this hemi-

"You have absolutely decided?" she asked, miserably. "I have nobody now to c-c-care for—"

"I have absolutely decided," he shortly returned. "We had better part here. You will go back to your father. There is no reason why I should accompany you, since my presence would only stand in the way of the forgiveness he will probably grant you if you appear before him alone. We will say farewell to each other in three days from this time. I have calculated on being ready to go on that day."

Bowed down with trouble, she withdrew to her room, and the three days were passed by her husband in writing letters and attending to other business matters, saying hardly a word to her the while. The morning of departure came; but before the horses had been put in to take the severed twain in different directions, out of sight of each other possibly forever, the postman arrived with the morning letters.

There was one for the captain; none for her-there were never any for her. However, on this occasion something was inclosed for her in his, which he handed her. She read it, and looked up helpless.

"My dear father—is dead!" she said. In a few moments she added, in a whisper, "I must go to the house to bury him Will you go with me, James ?"

He musingly looked out of the window. I suppose it is an awkward and melancholy undertaking for a woman alone," he said, coldly. "Well, well-my poor uncle! -Yes, I'll go with you, and see you through

So they went off together instead of asunder, as planned. It is unnecessary to record the details of the journey, or of the sad week which followed it at her father's house. His seat was a fine old mansion standing in its own park, and there were plenty of opportunities for husband and wife either to avoid each other or to get reconciled, if they were so minded, which one of them was respectively. Captain Northbrook was not present at the reading of the will. She came to him afterward, and found him packing up his papers, intending to start next morning, now that he had seen her through the turmoil occasioned by her father's death.

"He has left me everything," she said to her husband. "James, will you forgive me now, and stay ?"

"I can not stay."

"Why not ?"

"I can not stay," he repeated.

"But why?"

"I don't like you."

He was true to his word. When she came down stairs the next morning she was told that he had gone.

Lucetta bore her double bereavement as best she could. There was the vast mansion, with all its historic contents; hard by lay the undulating park, studded with trees a dozen times her own age; beyond it, the wood; beyond the wood, the farms. All this fair and quiet scene was hers. She nevertheless remained a lonely, repentant, depressed being, who would have given the greater part of everything she po insure the presence and affection of that husband whose very austerity and phlegmqualities that had formerly led to the alienation between them-seemed now to be adorable features in his character.

She hoped and hoped again, but all to no Captain Northbrook did not alter his mind and return. He was quite a different sort of man from one who altered his mind; that she was at last despairingly forced to admit. And then she left off hoping, and settled down to a mechanical routine of existence which in some measure dulled her grief, but at the expense of all her natural animation and the sprightly willfulness which had once charmed those who knew her, though it was perhaps all the while a factor in the production of her unhappiness.

To say that her beauty quite departed as the years rolled on would be to overstate the truth. Time is not a merciful master, as we all know, and he was not likely to act exceptionally in the case of a woman who had mental troubles to bear in addition to the ordinary weight of years. Be this as it may, eleven other winters came and went. and Lucetta Northbrook remained the lonely mistress of the house and lands without once hearing of her husband. Every probability seemed to favor the assumption that he had died in some foreign land; and offers for her hand were not few as the probability verged on certainty with the long lapse of time. But the idea of remarriage seemed never to have entered her head for a moment. Whether she continued to hope even now for his return could not be distinctly ascertained; at all events she lived a life unmodified in the slightest degree from that of the first six months of his ab-

This twelfth year of Lucetta's loneliness, and the thirtieth of her life, drew on apace, and the season approached that had seen the unhappy adventure for which she so long had suffered. Christmas promised to be rather wet than cold, and the trees on the outskirts of Lucetta's estate dripped monotonously from day to day upon the turnpike-road which bordered them. On an afternoon, between three and four o'clock, in this week, a hired fly might have been seen driving along the highway at this point, and on reaching the top of the hill it stopped. A gentleman of middle age alighted from the vehicle.

"You need drive no further," he said to the coachman. "The rain seems to have nearly ceased. I'll stroll a little way, and return on foot to the inn by dinner-time."

The flyman touched his hat, turned the

horse, and drove back as directed. When he was out of sight, the gentleman walked on, but he had not gone far before the rain again came down pitilessly, though of this the pedestrian took little heed, going leisurely onward till he reached Lucetta's park gate, which he passed through. The clouds were thick and the days were short, so that by the time he stood in front of the mansion it was dark. In addition to this his appearance, which on alighting from the carriage had been untarnished, partook now of the character of a drenched wayfarer not too well blessed with this world's goods. He halted for no more than a moment at the front entrance, and going round to the servants' quarter, as if he had a preconceived purpose in so doing, there rang the bell. When a footboy came to him he inquired if they would kindly allow him to dry himself by the kitchen fire.

The page retired, and after a murmured colloquy returned with the cook, who informed the wet and muddy man that though it was not her custom to admit strangers, she should have no particular objection to his drying himself, the night being so damp and gloomy. Therefore the wayfarer entered and sat down by the fire.

"The owner of this house is a very rich gentleman, no doubt?" he asked, as he watched the meat turning on the spit.

"'Tis not a gentleman, but a lady," said the cook.

"A widow, I presume?"

"A sort of widow. Poor soul, her husband is gone abroad, and has never been heard of for many years."

"She sees plenty of company, no doubt, to make up for his absence ?

"No, indeed—hardly a soul. Living here is as bad as being in a nunnery.

In short, the wayfarer, who had at first been so coldly received, contrived by his frank and engaging manner to draw the ladies of the kitchen into a most confidential conversation, in which Lucetta's history was minutely detailed, from the day of her husband's departure to the present. The salient feature in all their discourse was her unflagging devotion to his memory.

Having apparently learned all that he wanted to know-among other things that she was at this moment, as always, alonethe traveller said he was quite dry; and thanking the servants for their kindness, departed as he had come. On emerging into the darkness he did not, however, go down the avenue by which he had arrived. He simply walked round to the front door. There he rang, and the door was opened to him by a man-servant whom he had not seen during his sojourn at the other end of the house.

In answer to the servant's inquiry for his name, he said, "Will you tell Mrs. Northbrook that the man she nursed many years ago, after a frightful accident, has called to thank her?"

The footman retreated, and it was rather a long time before any further signs of attention were apparent. Then he was shown into the drawing-room, and the door closed behind him.

On the couch was Lucetta, trembling and pale. She parted her lips and held out her hands to him, but could not speak. But he did not require speech, and in a moment they were in each other's arms.

Strange news circulated through . that mansion and the neighboring town on the next and following days. But the world has a way of getting used to things, and the intelligence of the return of Mrs. Northbrook's long-absent husband was soon received with comparative calm.

A few days more brought Christmas, and the forlorn home of Lucetta Northbrook blazed from basement to attic with light and cheerfulness. Not that the house was overcrowded with visitors, but many were present, and the apathy of a dozen years came at length to an end. The animation which set in thus at the close of the old year did not diminish on the arrival of the new; and by the time its twelve months had likewise run the course of its predecessors, a son had been added to the dwindled line of the Northbrook family.

THE END.





HOPES AND FEARS.

"As firm as oak, and free from care,
The sailor holds his heart at sea:'
This was the song he used to sing
When Johnny first came courting me.
The night is dark, the wind is high,
I hear the breakers on the shore:

I wish I had him safe at home,
And he would leave me never more.
'Come night's deep noon, and ne'er a moon
Or star aloft a watch to keep':
These were the words he used to sing
When little Jack was rocked to sleep.

I fancy I can hear his voice—
"Tis but the wailing of the storm!
My heart is glad to be deceived
By shadows if they take his form."
The children playing on the hearth
Wondered to see their mother sai,
Hosted by



NEARING HOME.

For they were full of childish glee,
And wished her also to be glad.
She brushed the starting tear away,
As silently she knelt and prayed;
She tried to calm her aching heart,
And humbly asked for Heaven's aid.

"O Ruler of the earth and sky,
Thou holdest ocean in Thy hand;
Have mercy on my children dear,
And send their father safe to land!"
With hope renewed she kissed her babes,
While he for whom she breathed the prayer

Stood steadfast on the briny deck,
"As firm as oak, and free from care."
The wind went down, the gale was spent,
The good ship made her port at noon:
The sailor kissed his wife and bairns
Before the rising of the moon.

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An elegant gift-book, and a useful and interesting volume for household use, is Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry, edited by EPES SAR-GENT. It is a large octavo of nearly one thousand pages, and is arranged with a view to make it a valuable reference-book of English poetical literature from the time of Chaucer to the present day. No one could have been more eminently fitted for this work than was Mr. Sargent. His knowledge of English and American literature was thorough and profound, and his judgment that of a discriminating poet. This volume is the crowning labor of a long life devoted to literature. Its author lived to see it in type and to give it the finishing touches, but before its pages could be given to the public he who had labored over its preparation with so much enthusiastic ardor had pass-The poets, specimens of whose works are comprised in this book, are arranged chronologically, and to the selections from each is appended a brief biographical notice, which, in reference to the most distinguished, sums up as concisely as possible the chief incidents of their lives and the characteristics of their writings. Other notices, concerning names of less note, are condensed to a few lines. These biographical notes have been prepared by Mr. Sargent especially to meet the requirements of those readers who have neither time nor opportunity to search through large volumes of biography, and they give all the information the ordinary reader will desire to obtain. This work is rightly named a cyclopædia, for it contains not only the most notable poems in the English language, and all of the old familiar favorites, but judicious selections from the writings of poets of every period. A more comprehensive collection of English poetry has never been published.

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⊸Y.

Children seek entertainment and recreation, and are liable to fall into the habit of feasting their vivid imagination on sensational and harmful books, in which boys especially are excited to undertake all kinds of wild and dangerous adventures, if a more healthful class of reading is not placed in their hands. It is easy to lead children through pleasant and pure ways, but it is almost an impossibility to bring them back from bad influences, and root out from their minds the seeds of corruption if they are once allowed to settle there. Children of this generation must have books. Toys are acceptable to the very little ones, but the moment the childish intellect begins to develop, books are a necessity. There never was such a large number of children's books published as at the present time, and the only difficulty is how to select those which combine instruction and elevating influences with interest and amusement. Children are the sharpest critics in the world. A person of mature mind will overlook the faults of a dull and ponderous style if the information he seeks be conveyed therein. He may condemn, but he will not reject. But a child will have nothing to do with a dull book, nor with one that simplifies instruction to the extent of silliness—a thing too often done by many writers for children. Little folks are not fond of being patted on the head and taught in a patronizing fashion by their elders, but they wish to be treated like good, sensible little men and women, and receive pure and healthy material for their little brains

In their selection of publications for youthful readers Harper & Brothers have always endeavored to keep these facts in view, and the immense success of their books for boys and girls proves their estimate of youth-

ful requirements to be correct.

Harper's Young People, a beautiful illustrated weekly for children, although only at the beginning of its third year, has a circulation which extends wherever English is spoken. It is eagerly watched for in every part of the United States. It goes to England, to South America and Mexico, and to many distant islands; and to the children of many American families residing in foreign countries it is a cherished weekly visitor from their far-away home. The contents of Harper's Young People are of the very highest order. It contains sparkling and healthful stories; poems, many of which have already become standard and favorite pieces for declamation in schools; instructive and entertaining articles on art, history, literature, science, and natural history; and many suggestions for sports, games, and employment for summer days and winter evenings. Good puzzles are given in every number, which, judging from the many answers received, are a source of great amusement. The Postoffice Box is a department both unique and entertaining, and is the largest and most perfect thing of its kind. Its special object is to place all the little readers of Young People in communication with each other, thus creating a bond of sympathy between children of all lands and climes. The popularity of this department is shown by the immense number of children's letters which are received daily. These little people write of their studies, their sports, their pets-of everything, in short, which goes to make up the sum of childish life. As many as possible of their letters are printed, and eagerly read by other little folks, who live perhaps in an entirely different section of the country, and in this way learn new sports and new pleasures. A vast number of questions asked by the youthful correspondents have been answered in the Post-office Box, and in that way much varied and useful information has been given. The Exchange department, which forms a part of the Post-office Box, by means of which the children exchange minerals, pressed flowers, and other articles of interest, is very extensive, and has been the means of developing in many boys and girls the desire to collect rare and beautiful things, especially natural curiosities, and not only to collect them, but to learn as much about them as possible. Many a botanical or mineralogical student will in years to come look back to the time when he began his collection of curiosities through the medium of Harper's Young People.

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"Harper's Young People Series" is composed of fascinating stories which have appeared as serials in Harper's Young People. Four volumes are already published. They are The Moral Pirates, by W. L. AL-DEN; The Cruise of the Ghost, by the same popular author; Who was Paul Grayson? by JOHN HABBER-TON, author of Helen's Babies; and Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus, by JAMES OTIS. These beautiful stories are all familiar to the readers of Young People, and have been received with universal expressions of interest and delight. They now appear in small neat volumes, printed in large clear type, and illustrated with spirited engravings. The bindings are very attractive, and embellished with designs appropriate to the story.

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hardships, sacrifices, and final triumph of the heroes of one hundred years ago are vividly pictured, and the most thrilling interest characterizes the entire narrative.

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Old Times in the Colonies contains a graphic description of the discovery of America, of the Pilgrims, and the first years of the Plymouth settlement, of the terrible struggles of our forefathers with the Indians, and of many events of our national history previous

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Another interesting volume of history for youthful readers is The Story of the United States Navy, by BENSON J. LOSSING. This book contains the story of the life of famous naval heroes and their noble work. accounts of celebrated war vessels, and the engagements in which they were conspicuous, and many other facts concerning the navy of the United States. It is written in easy, familiar style, and profusely illustrated with portraits, pictures of vessels, and views of places where remarkable naval battles have taken place, and other engravings of interest.

A small and prettily illustrated volume of natural history for children is Friends Worth Knowing, by ERNEST INGERSOLL. Many of the inhabitants of woods and fields described by the author are familiar to all boys and girls. Bluebirds, song-sparrows, wild mice. orioles, and other little creatures are seen every day. Their names are well known, and also their appearance as they perch among the leaves or on the old stone wall, or scamper about the fields. Mr. Ingersoll introduces his readers to the little homes of these "friends," and gives many interesting facts about their habits which are only revealed to a careful observer. Natural history is always an interesting sabject to children, and one in which they should be early

Another attractive volume for children, containing many facts of natural history, and also much information concerning physical and political geography, is What Mr. Darwin Saw in his Voyage Round the World in the Ship Beagle. This volume is compiled from Mr. Darwin's large work. There are chapters describing animals and birds of many kinds. The section entitled "Man" contains accounts of strange peoples, particularly those inhabiting distant and wild localities. Foreign countries are graphically pictured, their cities, their rivers, mountains, valleys, and plains; and earthquakes, fossils, and other things in nature are explained in such language as any intelligent child can understand. This book is very instructive and very entertaining. It is published with numerous maps and illustrations, and with an elegantly illuminated cover.

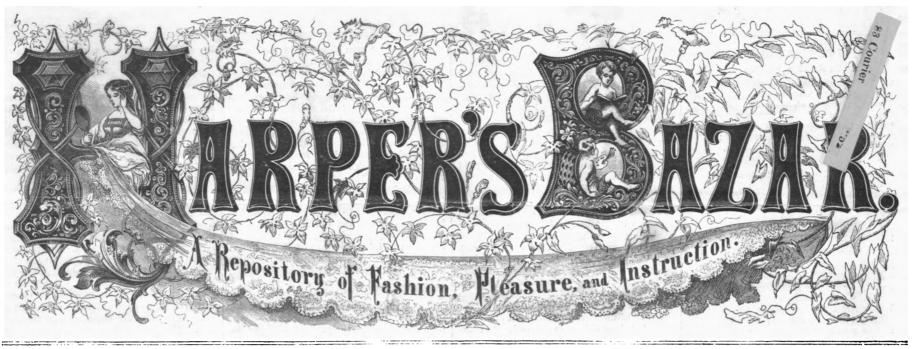
An elegant gift-book for boys is The Life and Habits of Wild Animals, illustrated from designs by Jo-SEPH WOLF, an artist who from his youth up devoted himself to observing and drawing animals. Many important scientific works of natural history have been illustrated by his truthful pencil. The engravings in this book are full-page, and represent the animals in their native haunts. The descriptive letter-press is by Mr. Daniel G. Elliot, a naturalist of wide experience, and will be found of the highest interest by boys, and even by more mature readers. This volume is a large

quarto, gilt-edged, and beautifully bound.

Fairy stories are a continual source of delight to little readers, and when they are pure and healthful in tone they should always be combined with more serious reading. One of the most charming books ever written is The Catskill Fairies, by Miss VIR-GINIA W. JOHNSON, beautifully illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS, who has evidently visited fairy-land for the special purpose of making these fantastic and graceful drawings. These Catskill fairies spin wonderful stories of adventure for the amusement of little Job, who is snowed in alone on the mountain during his grandfather's absence; even his pet Angora cat becomes a fairy under the influence of the midnight snow-storm, and chatters merrily with her little master. Miss Johnson's style is pure and simple, and this delightful book shows that she knows how to interest children as well as older people.

Among other fairy-books published by Harper & Brothers are the fascinating tales by MACE and by LABOULAYE; The Little Lame Prince, and other stories, by Miss Mulock, the author of John Halifax, Gentleman; and The Princess Idleways, by Mrs. W. J. HAYS, a story for girls, of intense interest, and containing a beautiful moral.





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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COFY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



HARRY'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. By MARY A. BARR.

CUDDLING down on the sheep-skin rug, Fleecy and warm and white, Three little happy children talk, Talk low in the warm fire-light. "It is Christmas-eve!" says Harry; "It is Christmas-eve!" says Grace; "'Tis Kismas-eve!" lisps little Kate, Lifting her dimpled face.

'And Santa Claus is coming to-night, Coming when we are asleep; And mother says he is sure to bring Just what we want, to keep "Then he will bring me a golden ring."
"He'll bring me a doll, I know."
Said Harry, "He'll bring me a ship,
With sails as white as the snow."

So they spoke of their coming joys In the ruddy fire-light's glow. And Harry said, in a whisper, Oh, wouldn't I like to know Where father is sailing to-night-Father, away on the sea! Mother says it is Christmas-eve Wherever his ship may be.

Then three little white-robed figures Went hand in hand upstairs And three little tender faces Bent low for their Christmas prayers. The doll and the golden ring In slumber were soon forgot; But Harry, with open eyes, lay still, Heart full of a tender plot.

When the house was very quiet He crept to the chimney-place, Tucked a tiny note in his stocking, And fled with a happy face. 'Twas only a little boy's message, By some passing angel taught, Only a sweet unselfish wish, Only an exquisite thought.

A message to Santa Claus; it read: 'My father is off on the sea Please fill my stocking with kisses, And take them to him from me. Ah, surely the good God read it, For the ship came home that night, And Harry was clasped in his father's arms At the dawn of the Christmas light.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883. WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

issued December 19, is complete in itself, the Serial Story and Post-office Box having been omitted for one week, in order to make room for a rich collection of stories, poems, and illustrations, each with a Christmas motive. It contains:
"THE GIRL WHO SAVED UP CHRISTMAS,"

a story by Sophik Swett.
"OUR SNOW MAN." By Jimmy Brown.

"A CHRISTMAS PRAYER," a poem by WILL

CARLETON. A CHRISTMAS KNIGHT," a story by MAT-

THEW WHITE, JUN.
"THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE," a Christmas Play by OLIVE WILSON.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Among the artists represented in this Number are FREDERIC DIELMAN, THOMAS NAST, W. A. ROGERS, and JESSIE SHEPHERD.

5 00

specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

NEW STORY BY OUIDA.

A new story by this popular novelist, entitled "FRESCOES,"

will be begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December It is told in telegrams and letters, and is written in the author's most brilliant manner.

A SUPPLEMENT, containing an illustrated Christmas Story, and a double-page picture by THOMAS NAST, was issued gratuitously with HAR-PER'S WEEKLY for December 23.

CHRISTMAS KEEPING.

THERE is something very pleasant in the thought that when we are celebrating our Christmas festivals the wave of reverence and joy that has reached us, sweeping round the world from east to west, comes bringing with it the chant of Roman masses, the carol of English villagers, the less worshipful songs of the students in the Quartier Latin, the chimes from the steeples of ten thousand churches, and the happy laughter of children from the beginning of the boundaries of Christendom.

How charming is that ancient and tender custom of the Calabrian peasants, who in the days just before Christmas go down from their mountains to visit the shrines of the mother of Christ, and cheer her with their wild strains of song till such time as

the holy Babe is born! Surely the winds of Christmas morning might bring us, if not the echo of that music itself, yet some whisper of its spirit-a something sweeter spirit it may be than that of all the revelry which goes on under mistletoe boughs and before the blaze of Yule-logs.

Many of our ancestors were frightened by the influences that ruled the revelries of their and their fathers' days, when the Lord of Misrule and the Abbot of Unreason held sway with their followers till Little Christmas, or Twelfth-Night, came-such sway, indeed, that they grew to descree and wear the name of the Captains of Mischief; those revelries where the great Yule-log was kindled, a log so huge that its slow core of heat might burn and smoulder for all of six-weeks. or till Candlemas-day cleared away the last remnant of the Christmas merry-making, and where the boar's head, and capon, and roast swan, and wassail-bowl, were the least of the dainties, and "lashings of good drink there was," moreover. Our timid ancestors regarded these things, in spite of sacred carols sung by clergy and people, fathers, mothers, and little children carrying the blessed tapers burning in their hands, as but signs of a time when reverence lived only in the crust of things, and the heart was hollow rottenness, and so discountenanced the keeping of the festival at all that their children grew up to a strange unfamiliarity with its long-descended customs, and where they heard of them in any report, heard of them only as things to be avoided. They showed, it would seem, less reverence for the day, however great might be their reverence for the facts and tenets of their stern religion, than have the cattle who fall on their knees in stall on the night of the Nativity, if popular superstition is to be listened to, inheriting the instinctive motion from the old ox and ass which, according to ancient paintings, fell on their knees in the stable where the ancient manger was a cradle. Thus in many portions of our country the last two generations were the first, with the general decline of a too severe asceticism, to bring about an almost universal observance of a holiday which certainly deserves honor so long as we pretend to call ourselves a Christian people.

Yet it is odd to notice how, even in our abbreviated observances, we have not been able to escape some of the former heathen practices that have crept upon us, so that even in the hanging of our festoons and wreaths of evergreen we are following an old British custom of the Druids, who hung the green up within-doors when the frost came, in order that the sylvan sprites might still find a home in the wintry weather under the forest bough, and bring a blessing to the house that gave it to them.

Although in Latin countries the day and its preceding night are celebrated with countless bells and masses and candles, and with midnight banquets to sustain the fatigues of the celebration, yet the children there have no such luck in school holidays proper to the season as children do with us. their longest holiday ending the day but one after the festival, while our little lads and lassies look forward to Twelfth-Night as the winding up of their joys.

Nor are our children confined to any one form of the Christmas genius. As every nationality is represented with us, so every form of Christmas sprite and guardian is happily welcomed, from the Santa Claus who came over with the Knickerbockers, his pack full of toys and sweetmeats, to the Petit Noël of French settlements, who goes about dropping silver pieces into the children's two shoes at the foot of their little beds; and all up and down the land the flowers of summer are replaced by the flowers that bloom in the tiny flames upon the boughs of the Christmas tree, which, if it was originally exotic, has now established its growth, and if it has not become almost he soil, has certainly tal naturalization papers, and become a citizen of our homes if not our forests.

We may console ourselves for the neglect that the great festival has met with in these regions of ours by remembering that Christmas was not celebrated at all till nearly half-way into the second century of the Christian era, and even then it was an exceedingly movable feast, often confounded with another, that of the Epiphany, and sometimes only honored so late as the month of May. Nor did it become firmly fixed till two or three hundred years after that, when, by the best authorities of the old Roman archives of that early time remaining, the date was decided, whether correctly or not making really little matter, so long as the fact for which the date is desired is thus haloed with remembrance. Nor do we now actually keep that identical date, since the change from Old Style to New Style brings the time round to quite another day still.

With all the celebration that Christmas receives the world over, we doubt if it anywhere has such various and general celebration as on our own shores. In the North, amidst snows and hemlock boughs, the day has a delightful domesticity, a sense of shutin comfort and well-being; farther south fire-crackers and pistol-shooting give it a strange atmosphere; and still further south its songs are given to balmy breezes laden already with the scents of roses, of orange flowers, and of oleanders, that make the day as genial as it must have been nearly two thousand years ago on the plains of Pales-

In whatever manner it is kept, Christmas is a day peculiarly belonging to home and all that pertains to the sacredness of the hearth. One can not but feel that women should hold in especial regard the day that did more to take them out of dishonor and establish them in honor than any other single day that ever dayned over the earth. When one sees the difference between the savage woman and her captor, between the Greek woman, even, and her cultured lord, between any slave and her master, and sees, on the other hand, the pretty nearly perfect equality now given by man to woman, if not politically, yet at any rate materially and in personal consideration, one realizes that the forces which came into play on the first Christmas-day of all were forces which lifted her from a low estate to a throne.

It becomes her, then, to burn the fire upon her hearth in its honor, as if it were an altar flame fed with spices and fanned by the breath of prayer, to hang the ground-pine upon her door, that all who enter it may enter in the name of the day, and the holly stems and laurel in her window, that all who pass shall know the spirit that reigns within, and to cast her wreaths upon the mounds in the church-yards in the name of Him who has risen from the dead, and that none of all the household who may have gone into the shadows beyond shall fail to have their share in its remembrances. It becomes them to spend thought and care and money on their gifts and on their tables, and to see that their poor also are not forgotten, and to teach their children to sing carols not altogether as mere music, or as part of the merry-making, but as expressive of their recognition of all that Christmas-day means, which, having raised one mother into the reverence of half the worshipping world, raises also all other mothers. For only in Christendom and among those people who have heard and understood the message sung by night on the plains of Bethlehem have women been accorded any portion of that place and power which is their due as the mothers and co-educators of the human race.

FURNACES.

E seldom fully appreciate our familiar blessings. There is the furnace, for example. It is found in countless houses, and it has been improved year by year by ingenious inventors; but there are very few of us who can say from our hearts that we really love and admire the furnace. Whereas, were a furnace to be carried to Greenland, and set up in an Esquimau snow house, every Esquimau in the neighborhood would hail it as the grandest invention of the age, and would scorn to complain of it on the score that it tarnished the silver-ware with coal gas, and brought up with its currents of hot air the unwholesome exhalations of the potato barrel, the meat safe, and other fatal furniture of the cellar.

In the course of its slow development the furnace has totally changed its character. Originally it was a very simple affair, designed to bring the atmosphere and odors of the cellar into the house. By standing over the furnace flue one could awaken all sorts of interesting and pathetic memories. The current of mouldering apples recalled the apple bins with which the country barns of New England were formerly furnished, and in which innocent and re was accustomed to forage, heedless of stern fathers and careless of castor-oil. The whiff of old shoes suggested thoughts of the childish feet that had outgrown those very shoes, or of the disdainful tramp who had refused to take them as a gift. A trace of rat was seldom missing, and in many instances the acute and experienced nose could detect the perfume of decaying cabbage, and plainly distinguish it from that of robust onions.

The first great improvement in the construction of furnaces was that which made them disseminators of coal gas as well as of subterranean odors. There had grown up a feeling that the ordinary atmosphere of the cellar was not wholesome so long as its peculiar odors could be detected. In those days sanitary science sat at the feet of the ostrich, and as that sagacious bird considers itself securely hidden when it has concealed its head, so early sanitary science imagined that the air could be made wholesome by smothering and concealing objectionable odors. Now coal gas had this great virtue, that it utterly overpowered decaying cabbage and suppressed mouldering apples. The improved furnace not only filled our houses with a gas so vehement in its appeals to the sense of smell that it gave no other odors a chance to make themselves manifest, but it dulled all the senses of its inhalers. They found little fault with their furnaces, not merely because they really admired and trusted them, but because they were so stupefied by gas that they were incapable of perceiving their undesirable character.

There came a time, however, when sanitary science made the discovery that coal gas was unwholesome. The suffocation of a number of families by coal gas had already led to the suspicion that it was not strictly a hygienic agent, and physicians, after their attention was called to the matter, decided that coal gas should not be habitually substituted for atmospheric air by young children or adults of weak constitutions. Then came the last and greatest improvement of the furnace—the fresh-air box. This improvement is of incalculable value, and has made the furnace the best cold-air disseminating machine ever in-

The fresh-air box is a wooden pipe or conduit, leading from the outer air to the reservoir connected with the furnace from which the furnace flues take their departure. The cold air coming from out-of-doors rushes through this air box and up the flues, from which it pours into every room that is provided with a register. None of the odors of the cellar can find its way up the flues, and it is only when the cellar door is open that the cellar air reaches the rest of the house. Cool, pure air is furnished by the modern furnace, and the registers are admirable places on which to place waterpitchers, milk-pans, or other domestic apparatus which it is desired to keep cool.

It need not be supposed, however, that the air box entirely fails to recognize the existence of nose in the household. It is a favorite lurking-place of public as well as private cats. In fact, it may almost be said to secrete cats, and invariably are cats present in its recesses. As every air box has a valve in the shape of a sort of wooden door which can be closed when the temperature of the house becomes too arctic, it frequently happens that by the closing of this valve cats are made prisoners. If, when this has happened, the person in charge of the furnace forgets to open the valve for a period of several weeks, the results of the imprisoned cats become evident, and an opportunity is afforded to the plumber to tear up and relay all the water pipes before it occurs to him to examine the air box. In a neighborhood where cats do not prevail, the air box gives shelter to other wandering animals, and it is said that in many Western towns the air boxes of furnaces are made use of by trappers who furnish the market with the skins of that pretty little animal that, according to the zoological proverb, should be seen but never recognized by any other of our senses.

In addition to supplying our houses with fresh air, the modern furnace imparts a good deal of heat to the chimney. Indeed, so well does it heat the chimney that it has often been suggested that it would be a good idea to modify the furnace so that it would heat the interior of houses. Were this to be done the furnace would become an inestimable invention. Of course people can now warm themselves by going on the roof and sitting on the top of the chimney, but it would be much more convenient were the heat which the furnace now pours into the chimney to be conducted into our rooms, so that we could warm ourselves without having recourse either to the roof or to grate

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

STRAIGHT slender lace pins remain in favor, but there is a tendency toward reviving larger brooches, representing flowers, and this is true not only of gold pins, but of those with enamel and precious stones. The novelty this season is a brooch of flowers made of thin gold mounted on quivering spiral stems, that may be worn at the throat, on the corsage instead of a bouquet, or in the hair. A cluster of wild roses made entirely of thin gold is a beautiful brooch for the corsage. All the designs for brooches are repeated for pendants. Lockets and crosses are passé, and the preference is given to clusters of precious stones, or else to the flower, animal, reptile, and bird devices, with also the butterfly and dragon-fly pendants so long in favor. The ruby and the pearl are the fashionable stones, and are dearer than they have ever been. Emeralds, that have been so long out of fashion, are now much phires with rubies and diamonds are a great deal used. The rich Oriental colonians ating rubies, topazes, sapplires, and diamonds in one pendant or brooch is now preferred to the colder pure white of diamonds alone. Canary diamonds of the deepest hue are in great favor. Colored pearls—pink, gray, or black—are combined



with white pearls and with diamonds. Solitaire diamonds remain popular for ear-rings, and are plainly set, but there are also many fashionable combinations for ear-rings showing a large colored stone in the centre, with a row of diamonds around it, and scarcely any gold visible. Tourmalines, Alexandrites, cat's-eyes, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, or pearls are used in this way. A ball incrusted with diamonds is a new design for ear-rings. Ruby and sapphire solitaire ear-rings are also very fashionable

INDIA JEWELRY.

Collections of genuine India jewelry show necklaces of beads of the rosy Burmah gold; bangles of refined yellow gold so soft that it is pressed on the arm, and remains there without needing a clasp; polished gold of many alloys, showing red and purple tints as brilliant as enamel; jewels used in their natural shape, without being dis-torted by cutting; cunningly fashioned chains of gold wires, bent and twisted, without solder; and many characteristic designs of scrolls, circles, heads and horns, etc. There are bangle bracelets of gold wire as fine as a thread, on which a single large pearl is strung for its ornament; this wire is too fine to hold a clasp, and fastens with a snap, like an ear-ring; on another is a nut-shaped ornament with three sides, showing a ruby, a diamond, and a sapphire; on a third is a drooping acorn made of a large pearl, with a diamond at the top. These wire bangles are so small that several may be worn at once. A serpentine brace-let has diamonds of all the different tints, while another is a chain of diamonds, with a pearl in each link. Necklaces of beads, hoop ear-rings. pendants of red enamels that look like rubies. châtelaines of India designs, and silver wire-work for various articles, all belong to this new revival

SETS OF JEWELRY.

Sets of jewelry with a brooch and ear-rings to match are again displayed in gold, pure and simple, or else with diamonds, pearls, or enamels added. Flower, spray, and leaf designs are liked for the brooch, with a smaller design for the earrings. Ivy leaves, geraniums tinted naturally, clover and fern leaves, are in simple gold sets for very young ladies, and are sold for about \$25; there are buttercup or daisy sets of gold for the same price, while those that have diamond drops of dew are \$40. Pretty pearl sets with the jewels incrusting flowers of gold are \$75. Separate lace pins or brooches take on all these flower and foliage patterns in yellow gold, or else they are enamelled the color of the flower, such as a bunch of white daisies or of English violets in purple enamel, with dew-drops of diamonds.

RRACELETS.

Bracelets remain the fashionable piece of jew-Quain bracelets of India designs are the elry. Onain bracelets of India designs are the fashion of the season in Paris, and are coming into favor here; made of yellow gold, these cost from \$35 to \$150 each. Other bracelets are fitted with a clasp that makes them cling to the arm, while still others are formed of a number of chains not larger than a cord, each of which terminates with a pendent ball, and these cords appear to be carelessly tied around the arm. There are also chain bracelets with each link set with jewels, especially with rubies and sapphires. The most popular bracelet is a coil of two, three, or four twists of gold. Serpentine bracelets with corrugated folds are very different from the chain serpents lately worn. The thread-like India bangles already described are the first choice with lovers of novelty. Band bracelets are worn very narrow. Three separate bands of the same de sign, but each studded with different jewels, make a beautiful bracelet cluster. A very slender rivière of diamonds forms a tasteful bracelet, and two such bracelets may be linked together to form a collar or necklace on a band of black velvet. Colored pearls, large square emeralds, and canary-tinted diamonds are favorite jewels, but even these retain the simple slender forms of less costly bracelets.

NECKLACES.

The gold necklaces and lockets formerly worn in the daytime and even in the street outside of a cloak are entirely out of fashion, and detract from the style of those otherwise well dressed. The only necklace used except on full-dress occasions is the silver collarette, high and close like a dog-collar, around the cadet collar of the dress; this costs from \$8 to \$20. For full dress there is the merest thread of a gold chain, or a rivière of diamonds with a fanciful pendant, such as a wild rose of diamonds, a jewelled star, a Maltese cross of colored jewels, a pearl butterfly, or an artistic cameo. Slender strings of well-matched pearls with a diamond clasp are chosen by wealthy women. A black velvet band close around the throat with a single row of pearls or of diamonds upon it is becoming alike to the dark and fair, to the short and the long neck.

FINGER RINGS.

Fanciful stones fancifully set, with the slightest rim of gold passing around the finger, are the fashionable rings for ladies. Pearl rings, especially the pink, bronze, gray, and black pearls, are in great favor, and solitaire white pearls emblems of purity—are being chosen for engagement rings. Tourmalines of various colors, the deep red hyacinths, emeralds, spinelles, cat's-eyes, aquamarines, sapphires, and rubies are associated with diamonds in a diagonal row, or a cluster, or in long marquise designs, or are straight around the finger. A combination of stones is the fancy in preference to solitaires, though the favorite engagement ring remains a solitaire diamond mounted to show as little gold as possible in the setting, with only a wire of gold around the finger. Gypsy rings, with the stones imbedded in the gold, are pleasant for wearing under gloves, and were originally meant for gentlemen out have been captured by ladies. Cameo and painted rings are out of fashion.

WATCH CHAINS AND CHÂTELAINES.

Ladies' watch chains, worn for use and safety, not for ornament, are the merest cord of gold seven or eight inches long, with a bar to be passed through a button-hole; these cost \$15 to \$25. Still shorter chains, only three inches long, are a new fancy for passing through the button-hole, holding the watch at one end inside the corsage, while the other end hangs outside, with a talis man or charm to ornament it. The most brill iant India enamels are also used on these chains, and the watch is correspondingly enamelled. The châtelaine is, however, the most elegant support for a watch, and may be of plain gold in elaborate India designs, or paved with pearls, diamonds, or other stones, or else made of fine The watch is of corresponding design, even the cameos being repeated on the outside of the cover, or else it is of the exquisite small crystals that are now so much in favor for openfaced watches.

JEWELRY FOR GENTLEMEN.

For full dress, gentlemen wear watch chains of a thread of gold so fine as to be inobtrusive: these are the short vest chains with a bar, or they may be double to pass across the vest from pocket to pocket. More substantial chains for the daytime are still very small cords of yellow gold, or else they are enamelled, and have an enamelled seal pendant at one end. The linked sleeve-buttons for gentlemen, and for ladies as well, are squares of yellow gold wrought in India styles of goldsmithing, with or without colored stones, or else they are of hammered gold, or they bear some dark stone, a cat's-eye or a tour-maline, very plainly set. Tiny pins to stick in the loops of a neck-tie show a diamond leaf, a crescent, a gold fly, an enamelled star, or else they have a head of pearl, ruby, or emerald. Larger scarf pins for the centre of the cravat have animals' heads of enamel or of jewels, or a spider of colored pearl or of gold, a speckled trout of fine enamel, a carp with a face of gold, a monkey with diamond eyes, a meerschaum of colored pearl, or some other device partaking of the quaint or grotesque.

TOYS.

The return of the holidays brings novelties in toys for gifts for children, and this season instead of a few elaborate mechanical toys that only the rich can buy, there are many improvements in the less expensive things. For little girls are new doll heads of bisque that open and close the cyes, and have light hair, with a short bang on the forehead and long flowing locks behind. Excellent kid bodies are now made without the wires that push through and break the kid. If wax heads are preferred the expense is greater, and the fancy this season is for the dark-eyed dolls, though the pure Saxon blondes with blue eyes are very largely imported. Perhaps the most popular choice is the French bisque doll with wooden body, jointed in every limb, so that any position can be assumed; these have flaxen hair that is easily dressed, and altogether this doll is more durable than those of wax, and can be refitted if the face and head are injured. Tiny jointed dolls entirely of bisque are exquisite little toys, and come in a box provided with an outof the season; on being pressed at the waist it sings "I want to be an Angel," or "Buy a Broom," or perhaps the "Marseillaise," one aria being all that each doll attempts. There are also flirting dolls, with eyes that move coquettishly in their waxen heads. Boy dolls are great favorites, dress ed in sailor suits or in a Scotch kilt with a Tam 'Shanter cap. The indestructible doll heads, with glass eyes, and hair that may be combed, are not very pretty, but will endure much knocking about. Comical rag dolls called Samanthy are dressed in a calico sun-bonnet and wrapper. There are many dolls dressed as infants in long clothes with caps, in short clothes of white muslin that may be washed separately, and also rag babies with caps, a bang made of a wisp of real hair, and faces very expressively painted. Every separate article of clothing can be bought for dolls, such as a gossamer water-proof cloak, or a set of white fur, a red Turkish fez, a plush poke bonnet, a Mother Hubbard cloak of satin, a shawl in a strap, a set of jewelry, fans, parasols, etc. To further add to the happiness of little girls are tea sets, dinner sets, and toilette sets of china of diminutive size, but as prettily decorated as those used by their mothers. Doll houses consist of one room, or of two or three stories, and those of domestic manufacture are more durable and far less costly than the imported houses.

Among the new block toys the obelisk is most imposing, but may be compactly folded, and has letters, figures, and pictures upon it. also new Kindergarten blocks in better colors, more nicely painted; and a single square block for a money bank, with letters on the outside and figures in good colors. There is the Bliss telephone with 200 feet of wire and walnut earpieces, and an electric battery strong enough to give a beneficial shock. There are cube puzzles of various kinds for the ingenious, and the new Rinaldo game of nine-pins played on a board with a spinning-top for knocking down the pins. Then there are rubber quoits that will not injure the carpet, soft wool parlor balls that can not knock down a vase, and white leather balls light enough to use in the house. Elephants, all labelled Jumbo, are in favor everywhere, and do service as a design for a metal savings-bank, and are the most popular of the natural skin covered animals, not excepting a spotted horse, a donkey, or a shaggy dog. There are miniature bagpipes that make dog. There are miniature bagpipes that make shrill sounds, and comical kissing figures. The best rubber toys are a pug-dog that barks when

pressed, and a new jointed rubber doll. A good managerie sold has three or four stories of c with an animal in each, and this can be taken apart to be packed. Excellent small rocking-horses are from \$3 50 to \$12, but higher horses on springs are from \$10 50 upward. The little jockey is a pair of horses with reins by which the child can guide the movement of the horses just as he would real horses. Beautiful new sleighs are very light, with solid steel runners. New bicycles and tricycles made especially for children have iron wheels and rubber tires.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The custom of sending Christmas cards has become as general in this country as it has long been in Europe, and there is a constant improvement going on in the style and design of these cards, from the small ones that are sold for a few cents, and used to accompany a gift or to inclose in a letter, up to the large prize cards that are beautiful enough to be framed and hung on the wall. Some of these when bought are provided with a fringe on the edge and a cord for hanging, but to keep them permanently they are placed in a frame of light wood, or of ebonized wood, or perhaps the frame is lightly gilded, and showing the grain of the wood. Cherry and other red wood frames of two or three grooves are effective on the cards that have light backgrounds. It is gratifying to our national pride to see the English journals acknowledge that for artistic conception, imaginative rendering, and beauty of execution the American cards distance all others. Miss Wheeler's design, to which both artists and the public awarded the prize in the Prang Competition, is the favorite of the season. Two beautiful cards designed by Miss Humphrey one showing a child invoking Santa Claus, the other representing the Christmas angel poised on the crescent moon—are accompanied by descriptive verses written by Miss Celia Thaxter. The prize cards designed by Alfred Fredericks, Walter Satterlee, Frederic Dielman, and others, are beautiful compositions that embody the true Christmas spirit, and serve as pretty gifts and souvenirs of the season. Among the smaller cards there are also many attractive little pictures. One of these represents a group of cherubs, with exquisite faces, bearing tidings of goodwill; another, with an effective dark background, has singers of carols standing in the snow beside a lighted window; in a third, a mother and child in quaint old-time wintry attire carry holly boughs through the snow; the old-fashioned sampler forms corner pieces for the border of another; and the bird and animal cards show all the children's favorites-Jumbo, pugs, cats, owls, and whole flocks of swallows bringing the Christmas

For information received thanks are due Messrs. TIFFANY & Co.; THEODORE B. STARR; L. P. TIB-BALS; EHRICH BROTHERS; and L. PRANG & Co.

PERSONAL.

A LEARNED gentleman, it is related, who called to see Mrs. RIPLEY, of Concord—a lady well known to naturalists through her collection of known to naturalists through her collection of lichens, and a part of whose occupation it was to fit young men for college in Latin and Greek—found her hearing the lesson of one student in the differential calculus and that of another in Sophocles, while rocking the cradle with one foot, and shelling pease in her lap.

—Mr. Joseph Morgan sold a herd of four thousand cattle for one hundred thousand dollars recently, although he started on a rangh in

lars recently, although he started on a ranch in Kansas twelve years ago on borrowed capital.

—The two horns of a dilemma are nothing to

those of a chair manufactured of twenty-four polished steers' horns, which has been sent to Governor-elect Bates, of Tennessee, by Captain BRITTON, of Texas.

New York and Boston will hear the "Scan-—New York and Boston will hear the "Scandinavian" Symphony of Mr. Cowen this winter, which will also be performed at Edinburgh, Aixla-Chapelle, Liverpool, Crystal Palace, Paris, Brighton, Birmingham, and Glasgow.
—It is stated that John Russell Young wants to come home, having grown tired of Ching.

The Longfellow fund has "scooped in"

more than eighteen thousand children's dollars. —Some Boston critics think that Mr. Vedders's "Samson," engraved by Cole for Harber's Christmas, can not fail to be regarded as a tour de force which has no match on either side of the Atlantic.

—Thurlow Weed, who at first could not resume the result what he had had for breakfast.

—THURLOW WEED, who at first could not remember at night what he had had for breakfast, trained his memory by repeating to his wife every evening all that had happened to him during the day. Husbands anxious to improve their memories, take notice.

—The President's sister, Mrs. McElroy, will receive with him on New-Year's Day.

—The next Governor of Texas, Mr. IRELAND, started out in life as a hostler at eight dollars a

started out in life as a hostler, at eight dollars a

-Dr. CARPENTER says that in periods of depression he has found relief in reading Scott's

-While playing Lucia, on a Southern tour, —While playing Lucia, on a Southern tout, Miss Emma Abbott is reported to have interpolated the "Suwanee River," and on another occasion to have sung "Nearer, my God, to

-Bombay is to be visited by the Rev. PHIL-LIPS BROOKS.

-THOREAU used to boast that he had a library of nine hundred volumes, seven hundred of which he wrote himself. His Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers not selling, the pubishers returned him seven hundred and six copies of the edition of a thousand, which he laid away in his garret.

—Miss Lucretia Hale and her niece, the

daughter of Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who have been studying the works of Velasquez in Spain this year, have returned to America.

—Mrs. Neal Dow is seriously ill with heart-

-At the recent reception to GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, at the parlors of the Co-operative Dress Association, Mr. PARKE GODWIN said, in reference to the Brook Farm experiment of for-ty years ago, "that he reverenced the dream of his youth, and though it had proved but a dream, experiences of his life had made it clearer, sweeter, truer, and grander to him.

—Generosity might emulate the example of the firm of John H. Pray & Sons, of Boston, who, when a clerk who had been in their service but a year was taken sick, continued his salary, procured him a nurse and doctor, and sent his remains home to Vermont at their own expense.

—Mr. Alcort has been announced for four conversations next summer at the School of Philosophy, in spite of the present state of his

Miss KATE PATTISON, who supports Mrs. LANGTRY on the stage, is said to have a rich voice, smooth and faultless delivery, many gifts of nature, and a trained intelligence of high

-The granddaughter of Count Sobieski was lately married to a mechanic in Switzerland. The mother of Prince Charles Edward Stu-ART, the Pretender, was a Sobieski.

—At the marriage in New York of Mr. George

DE FOREST and the Mexican beauty, Miss Anita Hargous, six thousand rose buds were used in The wife of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, a mem-

ber of the Queen's Privy Council, is the daughter of the historian Motley.

-Miss Emily Faithfull says that a woman's

—Miss EMILY FAITHFULL says that a woman's ability to earn is equivalent to a dower, if we look at marriage from a prosaic point of view.

—The mother of African Methodism in the West, Priscilla Baltimore, called "Mother" Baltimore, owing to her kindly interest in everybody, died lately in St. Louis, and was buried from the church she had organized in that city.

—The Chinese Minister at Washington dresses

in the richest silks and satins, and never appears twice, it is said, in the same suit, his wardrobe being worth the incredible sum of a hundred

and fifty thousand dollars.

—HENRY SEWELL, Esq., who was several times
Mayor of Coventry in the time of Queen ELIZABETH, was an ancestor of Governor-elect CLEVE-

The stilettoes and medals given to GARI-BALDI by the South American governments in whose service he fought, besides pipes and cancs of his own handiwork in the old GARIBALDI house at Clifton, Staten Island, have been given

nouse at Cinton, Sactor Island, have been given to the National Museum at Rome.

—Mrs. Craig Wadsworth will winter in Europe, and rent her Washington house.

—The Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Conger, reports that the vanishing the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Conger, reports that the vanishing the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Conger, reports that the vanishing the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Conger, reports that the vanishing the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Conger, reports that the vanishing the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Conger, reports that the Yellowstone National Park, Mr. Conger, reports the Yellowstone Nationa dalism of tourists is ruining the cones of the great geysers, and their carelessness as to fires is devastating the forests in the reservation.

—Madame Blanc, of the great Monaco gambling establishment, kept two hundred and four-teen gardeners, and never dismissed the old and They have been reduced to fifty since she closed her account.

—The Queen of Spain hangs her first commun-

ion and her bridal wreaths on either side of the crucifix over her prie-dieu.

—Lord ROWTON, DISRAELI'S private secretary, has been visiting Prince LEOPOLD and his wife at Chremont.

at Charemont.

—Mr. STANLEY spends the winter in Nice be-

—Mr. STANLEY spends the winter in Nice before proceeding on his African business.

—Mr. Fondacaro was enabled, in a little three-ton boat, with a crew of two men, on a voyage from Montevideo to Naples, to ride out the roughest gale safely by pouring olive-oil on the troubled waters. The oil circled round the boat, preventing the waves from breaking. Mr. Fondacaro has written a book on the subject, and the Italian and English governments and the Inman Company are said to be interested in the matter.

the matter.

—A gold snuff-box, bearing Count Von Molt-—A gold shull-look, bearing Count von Molt-ke's coat of arms, with the motto "First weigh, then venture," on the lid, with a portrait of the Emperor and two of his predecessors, and the German eagle, while oak and laurel leaves and emblematic groups ornament the rest of the box, was given to him by the officers of the Ger-man army at his late jubilee, he having hitherto

used only a wooden one, like a peasant's.

The "Three Pigeons," where the road from Thame to Abingdon crosses that from London to Oxford, is thought by antiquarians to be the spot where Goldsmith laid the scene of She

Stoops to Conquer.

The furniture of King Kalakaua's palace was made in Boston. The library is in green, the music-room in old gold, and the throne-

room in crimson.

—The comet made its appearance in Egypt on the morning of the attack at Tel-el-Kebir, it was necessary to effect before daybreak, and so deceived Sir Garner Wolseley that he turned to Hajor Butler and said, "We are done this time; there's the dawn."

this time; there's the dawn."

"I am te content to seek my ancestors in the garden of Eden," says Dean BERGON, of England, la criticising the labor of the New Testament revisers; "let others, if they choose, look for theirs in the garden called zoological."

—There is a rumor that NILSSON is to marry again, a Señor ANGEL DE MIRANDA, whose mother was governed to MIRANDA, whose mother was governed to MIRANDA, whose mother was governed to MIRANDA.

ther was governess to MERCEDES, and made a marchioness. He is a naturalized Frenchman. Possibly the rumor arises from the fact that the lady is a favorite of Queen Isabella.

—The Duke of Teck became last month a natu-

ralized Englishman.

—The first Victoria colonist to receive a bar-onetcy is Mr. WILLIAM JOHN CLARKE, of Melbourne, who is wealthy, and gave away forty thousand dollars during the Indian famine, and fifty thousand toward building the Anglican Cathedral in Melbourne

-In the museum of the King of Roumania —In the museum of the King of Roumania there has been discovered the remains of the Cid and his wife XIMENA, in a small but elaborately carved receptacle, which, at the request of King ALFONSO, are to be sent to Spain.

—The crowns and regalia which Colonel JUDD has bought for the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands will be used in February. The crowns are of imperial form, of gold, and set with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, opals,

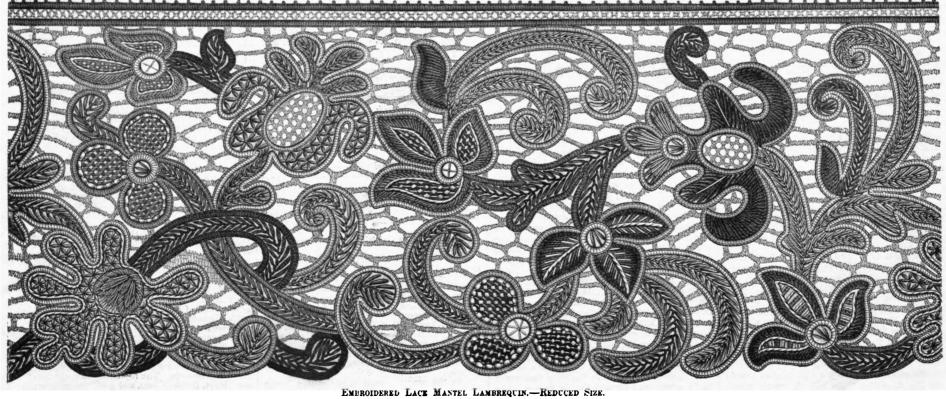
with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, opals, and carbuncles, the pearls imbedded in the gold circle, surrounded with gold tara leaves studded with diamond dew-drops. The crowns are sur-mounted with globular gold ornaments, and the tops are globes set with pearls, with the Maltese cross in diamonds. The royal robes are of crim-son velvet, Brussels lace, and gold embroidery, the Queen's inner robe being of ivory moiré,

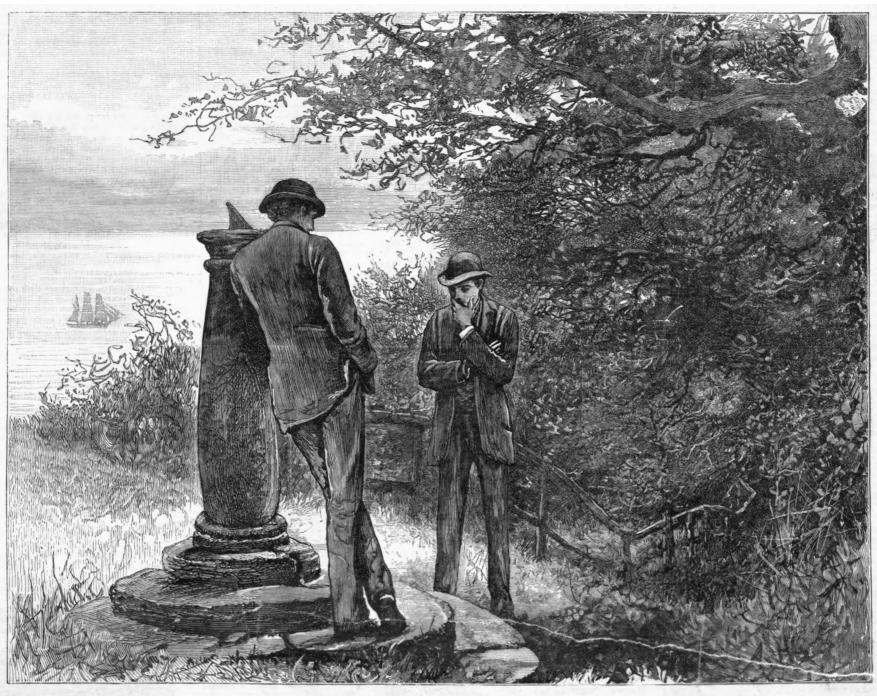


tration shows reduced in size, is made of heavy cream-colored Russian lace, in which the pattern is embroidered over with colored silks and gold cord. The thick edge of the design figures is worked over in button-hole stitch in old gold and several shades hole stitch in old gold and several shades of copper-colored silk. Some of the fig
Doll's Cradle.

Petticoat for Girl from 4 to 6
Years old.—Knitting and Crochet.

Petticoat for Girl from 4 to 6
Years old.—Knitting and Crochet.





"His silence was fatal, and dissolved the friendship of a lifetime."

KIT: A MEMORY.*

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON-NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

A PECULIARITY of the law of England, which no doubt adds to its terrors to persons of imagination, is the quietness with which it goes about its work. Until the judge in his wig and gown is actually beheld upon the bench there is nothing ostentatious about it. Its eye may be upon the individual, for example, whose evidence is necessary to its operations, but it is as invisible as that of Providence itself. To all appearance and, indeed, in fact—on that long-looked-for morning which was to decide the fate of his friend, Mark Medway was a free man; it lay with himself to go to "the Justice Hall at the Old Bailey" to bear witness in the case, or not to go. The prosecution, beyond serving him with the subpœna, had not communicated with him. The defense had not communicated with him. He had re-ceived no word of menace from the one or advice from the other. It is possible that both sides had their own reasons for leaving him so entirely to himself, but the effect upon his mind ed this way and that, like a ship without a rud-der, with every eddy of thought. He was even in doubt at this last moment as to whether he should appear in court or not. The idea of the fine did not weigh one feather with him, nor would it have done so had it been ten times the amount. But might not Kit's appeal, so vague and yet so instant, point to absence as the course he wished him to adopt? Yet if that had been so, why had he not written so outright? There might have been danger in so saying, of course; but the fact that he had written "Burn this at once" upon the slip of paper showed that danger had been already incurred. Upon the whole, Mark resolved to attend.

In utter ignorance of the usual course of proceeding, he had arranged to go with Dr. Meade (who had procured an order of admission for two to the body of the court) as though he had been a mere spectator. Neither Mrs. Medway nor Maud had the courage to put in an appear ance, but held themselves in readiness to drive to Ludgate Hill immediately on the conclusion of

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the trial. They understood, of course, that Trenna's veto only held good while matters were in dubio. If things went well, she would have their heart-felt congratulations; they would welcome Kit as one snatched from the burning, but with-out a doubt of the verdict that should proclaim his innocence. If things went ill-a contingency that made them sick to think of—there were lov-ing hearts and helpful hands and a home for her at The Knoll through the dark years to come, or,

if need be, for life.

A crowded court, the shuffling of feet, the opening of doors, a buzz of many tongues, the entrance of the judge—and silence. All these things fell on Mark's ear and eye unheeded; he saw and heard them, but they were like the actions of a dream. The charge to the Grand Jury was to him the merest tissue of words, for Christopher Garston's name had no place in it; there were persons more important to be spoken of—murderers. Kit was alluded to, though Mark knew it not, under "certain cases of felony of the usual kind," which would "also demand their atten-Mark's gaze was riveted on the dock, in able horror, to see his friend appear. Presently, among the cases in which the Grand Jury were announced to have found "true bills," was that of Christopher Garston. Mark started and trembled as the name was pronounced. "That is nothing," whispered the Doctor, comfortingly; "no one could have expected otherwise. It is the other jury, yonder, with whom his fate lies."

Mark cast one glance in the direction indicated; the men in the box, except that there were twelve of them, were no more to him than so many ninepins; the mere mechanism of Fate had no attraction for him; his mind was keeping room for a single image; his eyes, with the constancy of the needle to the pole, reverted once more to the dock.

A pickpocket, suave and genteel (until conviction, when he broke out); a burglar, scowling and truculent; a woman, shrill and confident, accused of the manufacture of base coin; and then Kit himself. The contrast between his appearance and that of his predecessors drew every eye on him; handsome as ever, though a trifle pale, with the same bright look on his face as Mark had seen there a thousand times. Quiet, but alert, he looked, if not an innocent man, very unlike one's ideas of a guilty one. His gaze flashed round the court like a sunbeam till it rested on Mark, who mechanically stretched out his hands. "Be calm—don't speak," whispered the Doctor, warningly. "It may do him harm."

The next moment was heard the strident official value calling upon the prisoner to plead "Guilty"

voice calling upon the prisoner to plead "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," in the name of our Sovereign Lady the Queen. The words had the same strange effect on Mark as the jargon of the sub-poena had had. They sounded weird to him, as well as menacing, like the rattling of unseen chains. But on Kit himself they had no such impression; they even seemed to arouse in him the same feeling of ridicule which they would, without doubt, have evoked under ordinary circumstances. But his face became grave and earnest enough ere they had died away, and in a quiet, musical voice, which was nevertheless heard all over the court, he entered his plea of "Not Guilty."

To Mark he had given but one look, and it was not repeated; nor did it need to be. Never was glance of mortal more significant of confidence and affection; nay, it had a certain tender assuraware of the anguish of his soul, it would have bidden him be of good com-The prisoner's face was now turned on the counsel for the prosecution, to whose address he seemed to listen with rapt attention, interrupted occasionally by a fleeting smile. Mark heard it likewise, of course, but the tumult of his feelings prevented him from pursuing it in proper so quence, far more from comprehending the gist of it. His eyes were fixed on Kit; his mind wandered to Trenarvon Castle and the river; then back to his school-time, when Kit and he were boys together-Kit, his own familiar friend, between whom and the man the counsel was painting so blackly there was the same sort of connection that things have in a nightmare, no more.

Presently the witnesses began to be called. First came comparatively unimportant ones, and then Mr. Flesker, the jeweller, an earnest, excitable gentleman, who had certainly lost something very valuable, whoever had taken it. Mark saw the man reflected, as it were, in Kit's face, and felt that he was speaking the truth. His facts were correct enough; where he failed was in his deduction. The idea of Kit, Mark's Kit, the man whom he had known from childhood, who had pre-

served his life and his honor, the sunshine of The Knoll, the— Suddenly his dream was broken in upon by a shouting of his own name. Every tongue in the court (so it seemed) was calling to him, the Doctor's kind, earnest voice among them at his elbow,
"My dear lad, they are calling you. You must

go up into the witness-box.'

"Great heavens! What shall I say?"

Not that Mark had any intention, nor would even have been persuaded, to say anything save the truth, but that he felt bewildered. He went up into the box with no less shame and pain than if it had been the pillory, only in his case the spectators were of no account. There was but one man in all that concourse on whom his thoughts were fixed, and on him he gazed with piteous dep-

recation.
"Be so kind as to give me your attention, Mr. Medway," said the counsel, in dulcet tones. Mark was his own witness, to be treated tenderly, and encouraged. When this learned gentleman was not engaged in browbeating he devoted his at-tention to lubrication, and in both accomplish-ments was highly distinguished.

'You know the prisoner at the bar, I believe?"

"Yes, indeed "For long ?"

"For years--indeed, for almost his life."

'You are old friends, in short?"

"Oh yes. We have never been otherwise." I do not for a moment impute any interested motive, but the prisoner is under considerable obligations to you-social obligations-

'None that I know of; none, I hope, that he

"Well, well; so be it" (smiling); "at all events,

the obligation was not the other way?' "You are mistaken; I am under the greatest obligations to him - obligations I can never

forget."
"Indeed! Would you mind mentioning one

of them?"

"He saved my life." Here Mark looked toward the dock, and Kit's eye met his own. Their places seemed to have been transposed—it was the prisoner who gave hope and comfort to the witness; nay, his smile, tender as a woman's, seemed to apologize for his



having been the unwilling cause of the other's painful position.

"It will soon be over, my dear Mark," it seemed to say, "but in the mean time how I grieve for your distress of mind!"

"And, besides saving your life," continued the counsel, blandly, "what other obligations did the prisoner confer upon you?"

Mark turned crimson. "Many others." he answered.

"Just so." Under that "Just so" lay an armory of insults, had it been his cue to use them; but for his present purpose things were going "Just so; there were other obligations which it is unnecessary to particularize. None of them had the least connection with the matter on hand?"

Mark shook his head.

"You were fast friends, then, and had no secrets from one another?"

"I have no secrets from Christopher Garston —none," replied Mark, gravely, with a look at his friend that seemed to say, "Would you could

see my heart!"
"I must once more request—nay, insist—Mr. Medway, upon your giving your undivided attention to me," observed the counsel for the prosecution. Up to this time he had been willing enough that Mark's attachment for the prisoner should be made manifest to the jury; but it now became of great importance that no communication-even so much as could be conveyed by a glance of the eye-should pass between the dock and the witness-box

Being so confidential with one another, the prisoner no doubt informed you of his relations with the Cook's Creek Company?'

He spoke of them generally-not in detail."

"Well, come. What did he say of them ?" "On the whole, he expressed himself hopefully

about the prospects of the mine."

"And as to his own prospects?"

"They, of course, depended on the success of the mine."

"No doubt; but what did he say of his own position as the salaried manager? He boasted, I believe, of having the confidence of the directors. Was it not so?

"He did not boast of it. He stated what was the fact—that his exertions on their behalf had been appreciated."

also, I understand, spoke of a certain ac knowledgment which they had made him?'

"Now, Mr. Medway, be so good as to turn toward the jury while I ask you this question: Of what did that acknowledgment consist?"

"It was a diamond ring." "Are you quite certain it was not a scarf pin?"
"I am positively certain."

Would you be able to recognize the diamond ring?"

f think so."

"And the diamond?"

"If I recognized the ring, it would be by the diamond.'

"Can you describe it?" "Not scientifically; but it was what I believe is called a rose, a hemisphere covered with small

"Is this the diamond" (one was here produced and handed to the witness) "which was shown to you by the prisoner as having been presented to him by the Board of Directors?"

It was a crucial moment, and almost every one in court was aware of it, except Mark Medway himself. He had the utmost confidence in his friend's innocence, and could not understand how speaking the truth could harm him; it never entered into his mind that Kit could have told him a lie, far less that out of his natural vanity and boastfulness he had invented the whole story of the Directors' gratitude to him, and their acknowledgment of his services. Indeed, it was not till long, very long afterward, that certain circumstances came to his recollection which suggested this; in particular, how reticent after that first mention of it Kit had become about the ring, and how, he had disliked its being made a topic of conversation. Moreover, the gem being out of its setting, did not connect itself to Mark's mind with a scarf pin at all; it was only associated with a ring. Again, thanks to the emotions that con-tended within him, and blunted his sense of what was going on around him, he had not followed, as the more dispassionate jury had done, the course of the case as stated by the prosecution. It was as strong as a cable, save in one place, where it was pack-thread. The actual possession of the stolen property had never been brought home to the and this was the ver point to v the counsel for the prosecution was now leading the raconscious Mark. There were two ways, it was afterward said, by which it was possible, if he had been alive to the situation, that Mark Medway might have saved his friend—one by perjury, and the other by evasion. He might have sworn point-blank that the diamond was not the diamond that Christopher Garston had shown him at The Crown in Mogadion; or he might have declared himself, as a person unacquainted with such matters, quite unable to identify the stone It was to this latter course that Kit's written an peal without doubt had pointed; for as to the former, he must have known that he could never have induced Mark to do even for him what he would certainly not have hesitated to do for Mark had their places been reversed; but probably he did think that Mark would have stretched a point, and confessed his inability to offer any opinion upon the matter. What Mark would have replied had he understood the importance of the question and Kit's danger it is difficult to What Mark did reply on having the jewel placed in his hands, was this: "To the best of my knowledge and belief, this is the diamond that was shown me at the inn in Mogadion."

"And that diamond, gentlemen of the jury,"

observed the counsel for the prosecution, in clear, sonorous, and slightly triumphant tones, "is, as I shall prove to you, the very diamond stolen from Mr. Flesker's shop."

Mark glanced with horror and affright at the dock; Kit did not return his look, but, with his hands clinching the rail beneath, was gazing straight before him, with a face that might have been marble, save for the eyes, which were the homes of shattered hopes and mute despair. If his pale lips had cried, "No more of this; I am guilty!" he could not have more convinced those who beheld him of his guilt and of his doom.

At that moment, however, public attention was diverted from him by "an incident": there were outcries for "water" and "a doctor." Mark Medway had fallen down in the witness-box, and was carried out in a dead faint.

CHAPTER L. DARK DAYS.

Days and even weeks elapsed before Mark Medway recovered consciousness after that mental shock. He lay at his London hotel, at first in a high fever, during which he raved perpetually of Kit, and afterward in a state of utter prostration. The first word he spoke on coming to himself was the name of his unhappy friend.

Kit—what happened—the verdict? They were obliged to tell him, for evasion only aggravated his anxiety. The word "Guilty" ex-

cited him alarmingly.
"Not guilty!" he exclaimed, in an agitated "No, no; Kit was never guilty

He had been convicted, however, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

"Ten years!" muttered Mark, with the dew on his brow. "A living tomb; and it was I who sent him there."

It was in vain to reason with him; indeed, to point out the plain fact that no telling of the truth could have consigned an innocent man to prison would have been dangerous to the patient's very life. It was better to leave him to self-reproach than to excite his indignation.

His next inquiry was for Trenna; and here, again, they had bad news for him. Notwithstanding her son's illness, Mrs. Medway had left his bedside and driven to Ludgate Hill within a few minutes of the issue of the trial being known, but Trenna had already left her lodgings, and was gone no one knew whither. They would have obtained the information from Kit's own lips, but the convict denied himself to all. He was resolved to meet no familiar face. An application to his attorney, indeed, gave them the assurance that Trenna was in health, and in no want of funds; but it was plain that she had taken the same resolve as her brother, and Mrs. Medway and Maud could do no more than address the most loving of letters, with a renewed offer of every

The two persons who had made so large a portion of their home life had cut themselves off from it-one of necessity, the other by her own act-and The Knoll was to know them no more.

To Mrs. Medway herself this was a serious blow, and to Maud a most distressing one; but to Mark it was well-nigh destruction. His affections, diffused among very few persons, had been mainly concentrated upon Kit, and they were not only crushed, but, as it were, mutilated. To have lost his friend by death would have been a wound which time would have healed. What had happened to him was infinitely worse than death, and it had occurred-nothing could get this out of his mind-through Mark's own act. "Remember: I once saved you from a living tomb," were words that never ceased to ring in his ears; yet when the moment arrived to remember them, he had not done so. The question, "How could he have acted otherwise?" was put to him again and again. Of course he had no answer to it; but he was beyond the reach of logic. To his morbid mind it was his own voice which had pronounced Kit's sentence.

After some time the whole party, including the Doctor and his son, returned home. Frank had pleaded with his father to remain in town with the Medways; and, indeed, Maud's society seemed to have as beneficial an effect upon his health as his native air could have had. The Doctor's as his native air could have had. The Doctor's professional eye soon perceived this, and it en abled him to guess the cause, of which he had hitherto had no suspicion. The talk of the young people, indeed, was not of love; the circumstances

—Mark so weak and shattered, and his nearest friend in jail-were too distressing for that. But Frank lived in its atmosphere, and drew life and vigor from every breath of it. His Herculean strength was gone, never to return, but he was convalescent, and would in time, it was confidently predicted, be able to pursue his profession at Mogadion, though not among the murk and smoke of London. His dream of ambition was over; but as bright a reality-or so he flattered himself

-remained for him. There are few things more satisfactory to the human mind than the sense of recovery from physical illness; and since in addition it was that period of the year when the whole earth seems growing convalescent in sympathy with us, and when a young man's fancy is said most naturally "to turn to thoughts of love," it is no wonder that Frank Meade was in a frame of mind to be envied. He deeply regretted, and was still more deeply shocked at, what had happened to Kit: but there was a reason which forbade him to pity him as others did, far less to entertain, as was the case with Mark, an unaltered opinion of his merits. It was now abundantly clear to him that the crime for which Christopher Garston was paying so terrible a penalty was not his first; and what Frank could not forgive him was that of that first crime he had permitted his sister to bear the burden. That Trenna should have stolen those bank-notes from her father had always been

an inexplicable mystery to Frank; but he had believed her own statement that she had done so. He was now certain, and had told her so, as we know by his father's mouth, that she was innocent of that offense, and he was filled with anger against the man who had caused him to impute it to her.

It was Frank alone who thoroughly understood why Trenna had refused all offers of assistance from her old friends, and declined to come near them. Her devotion to her brother was as great as ever; indeed, since it had existed when she was conscious of his former criminality, there was no reason why it should have suffered change, and he could easily believe that to dwell among those who had loved him, and who now, with one exception, must needs be convinced of his guilt, was an impossibility for her. Thus it happened that while Frank's kind heart bled for Trenna. it did not so keenly concern itself for Kit. He was a man too, who, though he had great command over himself, was ill fitted to simulate feelings which he did not entertain; and not to praise, far more not to pity, Kit was in Mark's eyes an offense of the gravest kind. The friendship of the two young men was not, indeed, sundered on account of this, for it takes two to make a quarrel, but it became one-sided, and more and more difficult to sustain-it flew, as it were, on one wing. Frank, who had little to do for the present but to get well, was now a constant visitor at The Knoll, and instead of passing his time where it would naturally have been most pleasant to pass it, in Maud's company, he devoted himself to the task of raising her brother from his settled melancholy, but with what small success under such circumstances it may be guessed. At last the thin ice broke under them both.

In the months of spring the charming little place looked at its best; and one day, as the two young men were walking together in the garden, Frank made some remark upon its excessive

"You enjoy it, do you?" was Mark's abrupt, almost savage, reply. "I hate it." Then suddenly he began to repeat, in a pathetic voice, the exquisite lines:

"'I wake, I rise; from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.'

There are the trees and the flowers as of old, but they have no longer any charms for me; there are the river and the wilderness, but their glory is gone. 'O for the touch of a vanished hand,' I keep saying to myself, 'and the sound of a voice that is still!"

"You miss him, of course, dear Mark, but is it reasonable to permit his loss to imbitter your whole life?"

"His loss?" was the grave reply. "Do you think, then, I am indulging a mere selfish melancholy? Would that I had lost him! Do you know what he is doing now, while we are walking in the sunshine, through the grass, and under the trees? He is in the prison yard, taking his exercise between two felons, always at the same distance from him, and watched by warders. He's in prison garb; his home is a cell, bare of all comfort; he is put to menial tasks. He will never smile again. He speaks to me sometimes, but not in the voice I know."

"Speaks to you, my dear fellow? How can Kit speak to you?" "He does," answered Mark, in a hoarse whis-

per. "His spirit speaks, and always to reproach me."

"Then it is a lying spirit," observed Frank, boldly. He was indignant at the hold which this unworthy object of Mark's friendship had obtained over his mind, and apprehensive of the con-sequences of it. "What have you to reproach yourself with? You only did your duty." "My duty!" echoed the other, bitterly. "You

might say as much of the jury that condemned

him."

Then Frank made a mistake. His father had the tonic of Christoparticularly enjoined that the topic of Christopher Garston was to be avoided in Mark's presence, and, above all, that no argument should be entered into with him upon the subject of the trial, and now there ensued an argument. Frank defended the jury and their verdict. Mark was

"You will say next," he exclaimed, "that Kit was guilty !"

To this Frank made no reply. His silence was fatal, and dissolved the friendship of a lifetime. The young man still continued his visits to the family, but from henceforth, so far as Mark was

concerned, they were paid on sufferance. By this time Frank and Maud were please. one another, and, of course, with Mrs. Medway's consent; but it was very awkward, under such circumstances, to communicate the fact to Mark. As it was to be a twelvemonth's engagement, however, there was no need for precipitation. This was fortunate, for on one occasion, when Mark and his mother chanced to be talking of Maud, he gave her to understand that in his opinion his sister ought to consider herself as a sort of bride of heaven, Kit himself being the representative of that celestial region. "After what has happened." he said, "it is impossible. I admit, that she can ever become Kit's wife; but she will hardly forget that but for this calamity she would have been so."

"Indeed, indeed, you are mistaken, Mark," urged Mrs. Medway. "that she rejected him?" "You surely remember

Mark allowed that there had been a postponement of some kind, but insisted on his own view that "the remorseless iron hour" which had made cypress of her orange flower" was that in which Kit's unjust sentence had been pronounced.
"I can not understand," he said, "a girl of delicate feeling even thinking, under such circumstances, of marrying another man."

"Mark must be mad," thought poor Mrs. Med-

way; but, as Dr. Meade pointed out to her. it was not madness to be dominated by one idea. "Mark will be right enough," he said, "if only the actual state of the case and the true character of Mr. Christopher Garston can be brought

The Doctor was very bitter against Kit, for he greatly desired his son's union with Maud, to which these morbid feelings of her brother were the only hinderance.

"He will never be persuaded of Christopher Garston's guilt," sobbed Mrs. Medway, "nor be brought to listen to reason." She might have added, "nor to unreason either," for the poor parrot had to be kept in the attic lest he should express sentiments adverse to his former master.

Never is a long day," answered the Doctor, dryly; but in the mean time it was evidently quite useless to attempt to obtain Mark's consent to the young people's marriage.

He kept himself informed of every detail regarding his imprisoned friend; and presently news came that Kit had broken down in health, and had been removed in the early summer from Millbank to Dartmoor, under medical direction, nine months before the usual time.

This made Mark more restless than ever, not only from anxiety on account of Kit, but from the consciousness of his own comparative nearness to his unfortunate friend. He would gaze in the direction of the prison—but forty miles or so away-and murmur to himself, "Buried alive! buried alive!" till his poor mother thought him crazed. Instead of devoting himself to his books, as of old, he took long solitary walks, which were the source of great distress of mind to her until he returned from them, weary and haggard enough, but in safety.

It was characteristic of Frank Meade that, though he without doubt had it in his power to shatter Mark's belief in his friend by a revelation of the facts of the bank-note robbery, he kept them to himself, because he had passed his word to Trenna so to do.

It was understood that she had migrated from London to some village in Dartmoor, in the neighborhood of the prison—a piece of information obtained from the jail chaplain, who happened to be a college friend of Mr. Penrhyn's. gentleman's request, he wrote of Kit with great particularity. He described his conduct as excellent; he had obtained as many good "marks" as possible during his term of servitude, and would undoubtedly leave the prison considerably before the expiration of his sentence—if he should live to do so. But he was suffering from a kind of atrophy. His food, such as it was, did not nourish him, and he had been placed in the infirmary. The chaplain had expressed to him Mark's intense desire for an interview, which could have been accomplished had the prisoner wished for it, but

Kit, as before, had steadily refused to see him.
"It is no wonder," sighed the unhappy Mark. "It is I who have imprisoned him, and when he dies his death will be at my door."

But the chaplain's view was that it was no an-

imosity against his old friend which actuated Kit, but a certain stubborn pride. This was also the opinion entertained by Frank and Maud.

Poor Kit, in his halcyon days, had nicknamed Mark the Dreamer, Frank the Worker, and himself (as one who meant to take life lightly and in the humorous vein) the Player. He had even sketched out their various parts in the Drama of the Future; but the reality, alas! especially in his own case, had fallen sadly short of his ideal. His natural vanity (which had been as much the cause of his ruin as his graver faults) had led him to anticipate great things for himself, to be achieved in an easy way. And to what an impotent and shameful conclusion had it all come! When we consider, too, that he probably believed (whatever Trenna might do) that the family at The Knoll had been by this time put in possession of the story of his abstraction of his father's notes, including his laying the blame (however temporarily) upon Abel Deeds, it is not surprising that Kit preferred to wear his chain unseer and let the iron eat into his soul without his old friends' condolences or forgiveness. That he suspected Frank of having exposed him was pretty certain from what the chaplain wrote of Kit's feelings toward the young doctor; though, on the other hand, it might have arisen from jealousy, since he had spoken of Frank's engagement with Maud-of which he had by some means obtained information-with exceeding bitterness.

This last part of the chaplain's communication was carefully withheld from Mark; nor, indeed, could the whole letter have been read to him in any case, since the guilt of the prisoner was throughout it taken for granted.

Thus at The Knoll, where peace and unanimity were wont to reign, matters were now far from being in a satisfactory state; and presently an incident took place so amazing and unlooked for as baffled calculation, and which caused even those who had taken the most sanguine view of affairs to despond, if not despair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS.

T is a curious fact that the forms and traditions of our ancestors, connected with our festivals, have been retained and handed down from one generation to another with very few changes; none, however, except where civilization has softened and beautified them, for the mistletoe and holly, the Yule-log and Christmas candles, are as full of meaning in the New York homes of to-day as they were in merry old England when Herrick wrote,

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then Till sunset let it burn."

One of the earliest customs is the decorating of our homes and churches with evergreens at Christmas-time, for our forefathers believed that





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A THIEF'S CHRISTMAS. By FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

Y name is Gerard Van Boosen. I am tall, M slender, not ill-looking, decently educated, and as yet out of jail; but in the eye of the law I am a thief. I've not been arrested, tried, and sentenced, simply because the only person who can prosecute me is- Well, never mind; I'm coming to that.

Christmas, a season of joy to all honest people, has been to me for years only the dreaded anniversary that reminds me of a shameful and longconcealed crime.

ANTECEDENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

I came to New York at the age of twenty, and was placed by Mr. Black, my guardian, in a commercial house on a salary of eight hundred dollars a year. Left without parents, and having no relations who cared to claim me except an old great-aunt, Mr. Black had kept me at an inexpensive college (so called) in a rural place to make ready for a profession. Suddenly he seemed to change his mind about the professional career, and ordered me into business, although there was still three thousand dollars of my small patrimony in his hands. This amount would be due, of

course, on my majority early in the next January.

I lived very modestly, but being a talkative sort of boy, able to tell a story, and generally of rather mannish pretensions, some older and richer fellows quite took me up. They showed me the city, and, what was more memorable, took me to Long Branch, where, having borrowed some money of Joe Cliff, one of our set, I made up my mind to spend a whole week. The temptation to this extravagance was a bright, black-eyed, high-spirited girl of eighteen—Bessie Clapp. I felt that Bessie was up to my standard, yet felt too that Bessie was lucky in satisfying such a fastidious taste as mine. Though marriage was something of a sacrifice for a fellow, I meant in a year or so (having, of course, meanwhile put that small for-tune into Wall Street and realized enormously) to take Bessie for my wife. It was Sunday, I remember, and before breakfast. I was to leave the next day, but there was the shady afternoon before me, and the beach, and an umbrella, and Bessie too-all favorable to a formal declaration of love. As we walked the piazza I said, "Take my arm." She blushed, but obeyed. She was a dear, frank girl, was Bessie. Then I said, with much emotion, though in bad taste rhetorically, "Bessie, I think you're just splendid."

"Nonsense!" she answered, but clung to me the closer. And then Bessie's mother called her to breakfast, and I went to eat my eggs in bachelor solitude in the big dining-room. was nearly over when, chancing to look up, I saw, floating down the length of polished floor, a vision. She (the visions of young men are always "she") was dressed in pale heliotrope; she had a mass of golden hair; she was not very tall, but slender and stately. The head waiter, an ebony statue of dignity, forgot his high position, and came down the room after her with the alacrity of a menial. There was an unused space at my table. Would he pounce upon it? He did. He first seated a stout old lady, with a flabby face, and very short of breath, who had come ambling in alongside the vision, and then, opposite to me, there looked up out of a pair of eyes, blue, like Alpine gentians there looked at me, I say, my fate

"Mamma," she said to the stout old person, "what shall we order?"

Her voice was delicious, and by the time she had put the last lump of sugar in her coffee I

was madly in love.

Before long a man—an old man I considered him (about forty, and getting bald)—came and spoke to her. I knew the fellow by sight—one Reynolds, a heavy importer, and very rich. I was jealous, and left the table in disgust; but slipping two dollars into the head waiter's hand, I asked, quite casually,

"Who is the lady that just came in?"

"That, sah? Oh, that's Miss Darcy—Miss

Constance Darcy and her ma. She come here a'most ebery season—yeth, sah."

Constance Darcy! The name was chivalry. Constance Darcy! I ran to look up some of my set of fellows on the chance that they might know her.

"Joe," said I, finding Joe and Ted and Smith and all the boys together, "do you know Miss Darcy?

"Miss Darcy? Constance Darcy?" was the grand chorus. "Of course. Where is she? Come along and be introduced."

We waited a good while on the piazza, but at last somebody pronounced, "Miss Darcy — Mr. Van Boosen."

She smiled on me divinely, and Joe punched me in the back and whispered, "Lucky dog!" I stood by for an hour, and then came my chance; and I talked with her, actually talked with her! When she rose to leave me, I cried out in a pitiful way that I'm afraid was boyish,

" Oh, don't go !"

"Never mind. I'll see you again," she said. "I'm to be here several weeks. Are you? "Yes, oh yes," I answered, eagerly, and at

once borrowed more money from Joe, and engaged my room for a fortnight.

would sum up my experience during that fortnight in the one word, Bliss, with a very large capital. There was Constance in morning sunshine and muslin, Constance in afternoon breezes and short coquettish costumes, Constance in moonlight and queenly draperies, Constance in air, earth, and water. No, not in the water, except metaphorically, for she didn't like the sea - bathing. It was Bessie who romped in the breakers and blistered her nice nose. Oh, speaking of Bessie, when we chanced to meet, I treated her in a pleasant old-friend fashion. She gave me some reproachful glances, some scornful ones, and when she went away I forgot the train

time, and was sitting on the beach with Constance under her rose-lined parasol.

Of course there were other men about Constance; or, to be more correct, every man was about her. She used to say, with a little grimace.

"Oh, I know everybody, for I've been coming to Long Branch every year for ages and ages." "If you've been here many years, you must have come as a very small child," said I.

"'A woman is just as old as she looks,' the wise French people have it," Constance answered. "Then you are about twenty-one?" I ventured, interrogatively.

"Oh, you bad boy!" cried Constance, laughing; "I never allow anybody to put me at more than

My hardest trial was to see my adored Constance driving out with Reynolds, or some other opulent rascal, in his own trap. To be sure, I had sent to Joe for more money, and I showered her with rose-buds and bonbons, but for driving I had to use a team of hired horses.

Once I told her, with the most delicate circumlocution, that I was quite poor, but she treated me with just the same confiding sweetness, and immediately after accepted a basket of flowers with the goodness and grace of an angel.

At last, of course, there came an end to Joe's money, and I had to go. But at parting Mrs. Darcy said, "Come and see us in the city," and Constance had given me a long, sorrowful, tender

When, in a savage humor, I reached my boarding-house, there was awaiting me a small parcel and a letter. It was one of those absurd letters I was quite used to receiving from my great-aunt, Annetie Van Boosen, who lived down on Long Island in an ancient tumble-down homestead. a boy, I had seen her, and remembered her as a hard-featured, snuffy, high-tempered old woman, given to long yarns about deceased Van Boosens of remote periods, of whom one Jan Van Boosen was the chief ornament and glory. From time to time Aunt Annetie would send me musty papers old Dutch books, decaying scraps of lace, once an old shoe, and other queer relics, all, as she declared, of immense value, and to be kept until she called for them. "I am afraid," she would write, "of being robbed in this lonely place; but some time I shall come up to the city and arrange for the proper bestowal of these valuables."
This last letter ran:

"I send you six military buttons and a ring for safe-keeping. See that they are locked away in vaults at once. They are relics of Jan Van Boosen. I shall come to the city soon and see

them properly put away."

I threw the buttons in a drawer, and thrust the clumsy old silver ring, set with what seemed a small diamond, into my pocket, to rattle about with my keys and penknife, and said to myself, "Bah! the old woman is crazy."

THE MOTIVE.

The rooms on Fifth Avenue occupied by Mrs. Darcy and her daughter were spacious and luxurious, and the parlor was besieged every evening by adorers and admirers. Of course I was in the very forefront of the forlorn-hope. Sometimes I was allowed to drop in out of calling hours, and by an especial grace to sit on the same sofa with Constance while she lazily embroidered, and the mother came in and out of the room. It was on such a happy occasion, one day in late December, when I spoke of an exquisite bracelet that Constance wore.

"It was a Christmas gift last year," she said, handing it to me to examine.

"From your mother?" I asked.

"Oh no! From Mr. Smith." Smith was one of our set of fellows.

"Why," I stammered, "I didn't know you

cared for Smith." Care for Smith! Why should I? Mr. Smith sent me a present at Christmas, that's all. So

good of him! Do you see the beautiful silver casket on the table? Mr. White sent me that."
"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Darcy, coming in at the moment, "all my daughter's friends are so kind to her at Christmas! Mr. Herrman sent her a great pile of gloves in such a pretty box, and Mr. Frost a necklace, and Mr. Carter a dressingcase; and there were a dozen fans, of course, and jewel-boxes and satchels and vases, and a perfect shower of fruit and flowers. Then the butterfly! Constance, did you never show Mr. Van Boosen the jewelled butterfly from Mr. Reynolds? It was very elegant, Mr. Van Boosen, very ele-

gant-diamonds and rubies." By this time Mrs. Darcy was puffing out of the

I had been feeling uneasy, for Reynolds was at the house a great deal, and I fancied he treated Mrs. Darcy with a resigned patience, as if he intended to get used to her. He was old, to be sure—forty seemed to me well on toward the -and he was plain, and he was bald. In fact, I had grown morbidly jealous and anxious. Love had mastered discretion, and I felt I must speak; so, with all my worshipping soul in my eyes, I began, passionately, "Dear Miss Darcy—darling Constance!"

"Oh, hush!" said she, laying her finger on her lip. "Mamma's coming." Then she gave me such a shy, sweet glance, as if she understood everything, and the mamma came, for good this time, and sat down with her knitting. The chance had disappeared for that day, and I rose to go. Constance took one step into the hall with me, familiarly yet discreetly. I felt so warmly to-ward her, and so happy—I was so young, and I had been so sleepless thinking of her, that I was near to crying like a woman. There were tears in my eyes when I pressed her hand. Mrs. Darcy was close by, yet I starved for still more as-

surance of favor; so I said,
"You don't admire bald heads, do you?" Constance laughed. "Why, what an absurd idea! I hate bald heads."

That was all. I was content. A last look from those gentian blue eyes, one more hand pressure, and I went home happy.

THE CRIME.

Two days before Christmas (fatal Christmas!) I went into Tiffany's to buy a suitable present for Constance. At school and at college in country places I had known nothing of the peculiar cus-toms that obtain in some circles of fashionable society, but I was learning them willingly and unquestioningly, and I felt the most expensive article I could find would be only a proper offering. Of course if such gifts did not represent the very highest propriety and delicacy, my Constance wouldn't receive them.

A dapper gentlemanly clerk came forward. "I want a present, a rich and handsome present, for

want a present, a rich and handsome product a lady," I said.
"Yes, sir. A fan, sir?"
"No, not a fan." I remembered Mrs. Darcy had said "a dozen fans."
"A toilette case, a satchel, an ivory comb, glove

box, napkin ring?"

"No; something better."

"Pardon; is it for a young lady?"

I felt my ears tingle, but answered, boldly,
Yes, for a young lady."

"I would recommend, say, a brooch."

"Let me see some brooche

"With jewels, or plain, sir?" "Jewels, of course."

"Here's a neat thing," said the clerk, "in sap-

It was a small pin, but the sapphires were the color of her eyes, and she might forgive the meanness of the present for the richness of my affection. "How much?" I asked.

"That, sir, is three fifty."

"Three fifty," I repeated, deciding on it at once

"three dollars and fifty—"
The gentlemanly clerk saved me from the blunder. "Three hundred and fifty dollars, sir."
"Oh," said I, with a sickly smile, "I thought so." But I hadn't thought so. The cost of the trifle was a great deal more than I had dreamed. There was just twenty dollars in my pocket, and to have that I bore my tailor's insolence and my landlady's duns. Then I owed Joe the money for the Long Branch visit, and more borrowed since. Besides, I was at an age when it seems so degrading to be poor-an age when one likes to say, "Keep the change."

I remarked, critically, to the clerk: "Humph! on the whole, I don't fancy sapphires. Show me

pearls."
"Certainly. Here's a pretty thing; only two hundred."

After going through the whole stock of pearls, asked for bracelets.

"Five hundred, eight, one thousand," said the man, looking impatient, as other customers were

"Could you show me rings?" I asked. thought of rings because, being small objects, it seemed likely they might come within my small

"Diamond?" inquired the clerk.

"Diamond, of course." He took out a case of rings, and ran over the prices—"Two hundred, one seventy-five, four hundred, one hundred," and so on. Lost in troubled thought, I stood rattling the keys in my pocket in an under-bred fashion I had, and doing so, felt my great-aunt's silver ring, which I

drew forth with a happy thought.
"I want," said I, " to keep the silver setting; reset the stone, and tell me at what price you can furnish me its exact counterpart, say two weeks from now

'Yes, sir;" and off he went to some upper region. In a little while, coming down and giving me the bare circlet from which the stone had been taken, he said, "I can't tell you at the moment for how much we can mate the diamond; but our expert has weighed and examined it, and

we will write to you."
"Very well."

"Address, please?" I gave my number.

"And address for the new ring?"

"Miss Constance Darcy, Fifth Avenue. out fail, to-morrow.'

I drew a long sigh as I stepped into the street. The gift seemed so insignificant for my beautiful Constance. As to the diamond, why, in two weeks I would be twenty-one, and have the three thousand dollars from my guardian. Before quadrupling that sum in Wall Street, I would take out enough to pay Joe, and, above all things, I'd put a stone in Jan Van Boosen's ring as good

or better than the old one. The next evening, Christmas-eve, I was made happy. Constance wrote to me:

"I have received your magnificent present. How good you are! I shall wear the ring always. Look in to-morrow about three. I've a particular reason for wishing to see you."

Oh, what was the "particular reason" for wishing to see me? I believed I could guess.

AGONY.

Of course, sharp on the hour, I was with Con-

"Oh!" she exclaimed: "Merry Christmas! The ring is lovely;" and she showed it on her finger, sparkling wonderfully.

Mrs. Darcy came puffing up like a respectable locomotive, and ejaculated, "Oh, the ring is su-

"Now," said Constance, "come and have lunch-eon quite en famille," and she drew me into the dining - room. "There's nobody here but Mr. Reynolds."

There was old Reynolds, sure enough, at the head of the table, smiling and beaming. But Constance gave me comfort by talking all lunch-

time about my present. And, in fact, I was astonished at the size and brilliancy of the diamond, and almost feared that Tiffany had deliv-

ered the wrong one. When we had pushed back from the table. Constance began, brightly, "I sent for you, dear Mr. Van Boosen, because you're such a good friend." I felt my heart standing still, as before a coming calamity, yet never guessed what that calamity might be. "I sent for you," she went on, "because from the first we have all liked you so much, and this beautiful ring shows how sincere is your regard for"—she hesitated, then made the pronoun "us." "So I'm going to tell She glanced at Reynolds inquiryou a secret." ingly. He nodded. "A great secret," she re-peated. I felt as if I were turning to stone. Then she said, deliberately, "I am engaged to Mr. Reynolds." I had turned to stone. I couldn't move, couldn't think. I hoped I was dying. But Mrs. Darcy quickly poured out some wine, and I lifted it to my lips. Then I saw Constance standing up behind Reynolds's chair. I thought she looked a little scared, for I could feel my face was white as marble; but in her own graceful, cordial way she said: "Yes, my dear Gerard for we shall call you Gerard, you're so very young —we are to be married at once. You see, I'm thirty years old, and I can be"—she laughed pleasantly at the notion—"quite a mother to you.

And Mr. Reynolds can be your father. How nice!" She clapped her hands playfully. "So you must come and see us often. Do, now, like a good boy."

"Come and see us," Reynolds added, grimly. I rose, and stammered out some words; I don't

know what they were.

Then Constance affectionately put her hand on Then Constance affectionately put her hand on Reynolds's shoulder, and exclaimed, with a pretty pout: "Yes, I'm going to marry this baldhead. And I hate baldness. Never mind, dear; you must get some horrid stuff that 'll make the hair grow." Reynolds clasped the hand on his shoulder, and laughing, kissed it.

I said something more, without any idea what I was talking about, smiled, bowed, and got out of the house as a man wounded to death may

of the house as a man wounded to death may drag himself out of a battle.

I was staggering in the street, when somebody slapped my shoulder, and bawled, "Hello! old fel.
Too much Christmas, eh?" It was Smith.
"Oh no," I replied, with a ghastly lightness.

"I'm only dizzy—subject to such attacks."
"Too bad," said Smith. "Hold on to me. So.
Feel better now? You've been to the Darcys; saw you coming out. What a stunning ring you

sent Constance!" "You sent her a nice present last year," I rat-

tled out of a dry throat.

"Oh yes; so I did this year. They're not well off, but they keep up appearances, the Darcys do, and they take full advantage of a very bad and indelicate fashion in accepting expensive presents. Bless you, Constance is a charming woman, and not of my family (thank Heaven!) and I don't begrudge the presents. If she can afford to take 'em, why, I can afford to give 'em."

"How old is Miss Darcy?" I asked. "She's—let's see—about thirty-three. But she's a beauty, and understands toilette. There's so much in toilette. By-the-way, Reynolds is going to marry her. Imagine a man marrying Constance Darcy!"

"Why not?" I stammered.
"Mercenary," answered Smith, shortly—"mercenary and heartless."

"Oh, indeed!" said I, in such an unnatural tone that Smith exclaimed, "I say, you're feeling ill again;" and he kindly took me home.

HORROR.

A few days later, while I was trying in vain to conquer an unreasoning love that wouldn't be subdued even by some very ugly facts, a shock that I received helped to cure me. This moral counter-irritant was in the shape of a note from Tiffany's:

"DEAR SIR,-We find it impossible to procure a diamond as fine as the one we reset, but we can furnish a stone nearly as good for about five thousand dollars. Yours was of extraordinary brilliancy, large (though the old setting nearly covered it), white, and without flaw.'

Five thousand dollars! Why, the utmost I exected from my guardian was only three thousand. thought the stone was a trifle that I could borrow, so to speak, and easily replace; but, good heavens! I was a thief! My first impulse was to confess to Aunt Annetie; then, I argued, why give the poor old woman needless pain? In two weeks I can put money into stocks, and soon have the finest diamond in America.

I tried, by sifting my feelings and motives, to ease the pangs of conscience, yet the bald facts were unpleasant. After having been told distinctly, and in writing, that the stone was of great value, I had nefariously disposed of it. The legal points were plain.

Well, the two weeks passed, and instead of the three thousand dollars from my guardian, there came a lawyer's letter with the information that Mr. Black was completely ruined, and the trust money had gone past hope in the general wreck This second shock completely stunned me. I was penniless, and in debt to Joe for five hundred dollars. Constance had cost me that, besides the family diamond and untold heart-ache. Perhaps it was well I was so overcome and helpless or when the boarding-house servant-girl came with another piece of fearful news, I might

have done some desperate deed.
"Sor," said Biddy, "there's an ould woman below, and it's your aunt she says she is."

While I greeted Aunt Annetie my knees smote together, yet I managed to jerk out remarks about Long Island crops, until she stopped me by say-



"Bring me at once all the Van Boosen relics, particularly the buttons and the ring."
"Well, auntie," said I, trying to be light and

"Well, auntie," said 1, trying to be light and airy, "and what are you going to do with those precious antiquities?"

"Going to lock 'em up at my house," she answered.

"Yve bought a safe at last."

"Now," and I facetiously tickled her under her massive chin..." now what would you do if any.

massive chin-"now what would you do if anything had been stolen?"

Stolen!" cried my aunt, starting up and glaring at me (she had a violent and vindictive temper)—"stolen! Why, I'd prosecute the thief to the utmost extent of the law; I'd imprison him, blast his name, torture him if I could! I'd be a very wolf on his track as long as he lived!"

"Come, now"—and I was most horribly spark-ling and jaunty—"come, now, not if the thief were a Van Boosen, not if he were in the direct line

from Jan—eh?"
"Yes," the old vixen answered, glaring at me and clinching her mittened fists—"yes, even if he were my own flesh and blood—even if he were you—I'd pursue him to the death! The Van

Bossen relics! Great goodness! why—"
"Don't excite yourself, auntie dear," I broke
in; "I was merely jesting. The things are here,
all except the ring, and I'll get that in a few min-

utes."
"Is it locked up in safety-vaults?" she asked. I made a gesture to avoid answering, and rushed out of the house with the ring in my pocket.

One hesitates to write down facts that are absolutely blasting to his own character, but I was in a dreadful complication. The ring would probably one day be mine, and— Well, I brought it back to Aunt Annetic set with a false gem-a piece of white glass.

The next time I heard from my dragon of a

relative she wrote from the rickety homestead:

"I keep the family treasures in a safe in my bedroom. I don't promise to leave them to you, although you represent the straight line of descent, because I don't think you appreciate the character and virtues of the great Jan.'

This, considering my only hope of settling mat-ters with my conscience, was very far from cheer-

A QUIET INTERVAL.

I found that a broken heart can be healed more easily than a guilty mind can be set at rest. In less than a year I had ceased to care for Constance. I used the sternest economies, earned a better salary, and was paying Joe by small installments, and still there was the awful secret of the ring. Of course a confession would bring me into the public courts. Sometimes I felt im pelled to make it, sometimes to wait until, in the course of events, I would be found out by my great-aunt's heirs, or worse, by herself. There were plenty of witnesses against me at Tiffany's, and the gentlemanly clerk could give excellent testimony

One day I met Bessie Clapp in the street. It would be effrontery to speak to her, I thought, but it would be a great comfort, and speak I did.

She seemed very lovely, girlish, and frank, though she did say, sarcastically, "So Miss Darcy is married?"

Of course," was my careless reply. "You know Reynolds was devoted to her at Long Branch.'

So were other people," said Bessie.

"I understand you," I answered, meekly; "but that affair was only the glamour of a moment."

We soon fell into our old ways, and her father coming to the rescue pecuniarily, we were mar-

Though Bessie's disposition was fond, it was also jealous. I was an approved moral coward and feared to open up that Darcy episode. Of course the grovelling meanness of my nature is plain by this time.

RETRIBUTION.

Yesterday it was Christmas again—the second since our wedding. Bessie came running to me with a letter and a great box in her hand

"Oh, Gerard," she cried, "see what your greataunt has sent me for a present—a lot of books and papers and lace and old buttons! She writes: The Van Boosen relics are not for your husband, who has, I suspect, no proper respect for his ancestors. They are for his child. The ring is of see Gerard, what a great silver ring! Why, what makes you look so strange?"

"Bessie," I answered, taking advantage of a

moment's strength and heroism, "I have a confession to make

It took half an hour to rehearse the whole sufferings, without extenuation or reserve. you forgive me, Bessie?" I said at last.

She moved away from me, and answering, "Let me go and think," left the room.

As I waited there with my head sunk in my hands, I groaned: "Perhaps she despises me; perhaps she will never love me again. This is retribution."

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

But presently Bessie came back, carrying our plump little crowing baby boy.

"Can you forgive me for stealing your diamond?" I ask, humbly.

"Oh," answers my wife, "you don't suppose I went away to think about the miserable diamond? You were young and rash. You meant to make it all right. That's nothing. I was trying to forgive you for loving that Constance

What strange creatures women are! "Well," I asked, anxiously.

Baby forgives you," said Bessie, putting the

youngster in my arms with the lovely pride of motherhood, and becoming herself curiously entangled in the embrace. Then, as I clasped my sweet, true-hearted, guileless wife, she whispered:
"Are you happy now, dear? Is it 'Merry

Christmas,' with no more wretched fears or fancies ?"
"Yes, my love," I answer, 'Merry Christmas'

We hear to-day the news of poor old Aunt Annetie's death. She was eternally writing, and after she sent off the box to Bessie she jotted on a scrap of paper, "I feel very near death, but I have placed the relics in the direct line of descent."

Bessie declares baby shall be taught to respect the euphonious name of Jan Van Boosen.

SUNSHINE.

Sunlight has been called "the smile of God." It fills the world with radiant bliss; Like the first kiss Of love for love when life is sweet, Earth and sky meet.

The stormy seas their raging cease In dimpling peace: The rugged hills transfigured blaze In golden haze.

And mourners bearing heavy cross, And bitter loss, Look up, like children late forgiven,

Straight into heaven. O'er new-closed graves, through pain, through sin, Light enters in

Our dark shut hearts like God's own smile, Saying, "Wait awhile. "I seem far off, but yet am near To eye and ear. In all things lovely joyful be,

For they are me.

"My love's sun-signet stamps thy brow; Thou knowest not now But, spite of moans, fears, mocking laughter, Thou'lt know Hereafter. AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WE are always glad when we are able to send W you information gained from a house like that of Worth. This we can do to-day, having just returned from a visit to his work-rooms, where we were allowed to see what he has made and is making for the winter. We will first speak of the small visites, as the most elegant garments there, and those on which the most prodigality is displayed. These are generally halflong, and never short, the usual length being a little below the waist. The back is narrow, swelling at the waist, and terminating at the bottom in triangular pleats or butterfly wings very much spread out. The sleeves are slightly bouffant at the shoulder, and the front is lengthened scarfwise. All this is evidently designed for toilettes with pours and draperies which must not be crushed beneath a heavy cloak. These visites are made of ottoman reps and heavy corded silk, either plain, or brocaded with Persian figures on a black ground, or else embroidered in plumetis mixed with black or colored beads. They require, too, a profusion of trimmings; close ruchings of ordinary or passementeric lace, with jet pendants, or heavy chenille, either plain or with balls; the latter is greatly in vogue, and is much used set on in several rows, side by side, especially around the neck, which gives it the appearance of a fur

trimming.

Despite the elegance of the small visite, many rich long cloaks are also made, in the pelisse shape, with trimmings of cords and tassels and lace, which look very comfortable with their plush linings.

Fur trimmings are much used for costumes, for skirts, over-skirts, and even waists—bands of skunk, blue fox, beaver, otter, and for plainer suits, curled Astrakhan. Small and medium-sized wraps are trimmed with gray swan, chinchilla, and ostrich feathers, with passementerie orna-ments set flatly on the fur. Sable and otter still remain the choice trimmings for large cloaks, which may be lined with squirrel or China sheep-skin to keep out the cold. Great use is made of seal heads and tails for agrafes, buttons, etc., and also for trimming the bonnets and tiny muffs that are now carried. Our large houses also make large and medium seal-skin jackets, and also seal-skin carriage cloaks with large sleeves, of which Worth has several styles

We also saw at Worth's a delicious toilette designed for a wealthy fiancée. This was of straw-colored satin and crêpe de Chine. The skirt was covered with pleatin veiled with tulle and ver fringe. The over-skirt of crêpe de Chine was looped over the train, forming knotted scarf ends, fringed with silver, and was bordered with a band of tulle, with silver embroidery. The bottom of the skirt was trimmed with a thick garland of lilies-of-the-valley, which was carried upward on the left side to the beginning of the train. The corsage, with slashed basques, was of crêpe de Chine, the neck and sleeves being edged with a fringe of lilies-of-the-valley, mixed with silver. In all the garlands, periwinkles were interspersed with the lilies-of-the-valley.

Another rich costume for a middle-aged lady was composed of a satin skirt of a medium garnet shade, puffed all over, and finished on the bottom by a cluster of narrow flounces, forming a ruche. Over this was worn a tunic of ciselé velvet, with huge roses, shading from medium garnet to faded pink, on a ground of dark brown-ish garnet; this tunic opened in front, forming two large straight tabs. The corsage had large basques, and was slightly open in front, in the Pompadour style. This toilette was extremely

What is called the matinée is still in vogue, and, like all articles of dress, may be made very costly, according to the stuffs and laces employed.

The petticoat, also, has acquired a high degree of elegance, the richest silks and finest laces being used thereon. We have seen an extremely handsome one, of iron gray French moiré, trimmed on the bottom with alternate pleats of iron gray and rose de Chine satin, surmounted by a flounce, some twelve inches wide, of black Spanish lace, which slightly veiled the pleatings.

For house wear there are pretty velvet jackets. trimmed with two rows of white lace four inches wide, and opening over a Surah chemise Russe seal brown velvet and salmon surah, for example, look well together. The military collar of the chemise Russe is of velvet. These are worn with elegant fancy skirts.

Bonnets continue to appear in the most eccentric styles; for instance, brown felt with a profusion of loops of jonquil yellow ribbon, cut in sharp points, and surmounted by huge yellow aigrettes. It is impossible to enumerate the birds that are seen entire on bonnets—gulls, turtledoves, paroquets, etc.: the size creates no dis-Then there are wings, panaches, broad and high aigrettes, and, lastly, feathers of all kinds and colors, which do not exclude flowers any more than ribbons, whether of satin or épinglé velvet all slashed in imitation of cockscombs. These bows and loops have extended from bonnets to dresses, and are seen in profusion on even ing toilettes; they are sometimes party-colored and the loops, cut in sharp points, are bunched together, forming tufted garlands that have a certain grace and effectiveness. But with these, as with all eccentric fancies, it is necessary to be guided by excellent taste and great moderation.

OUR SOCIABLE.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THERE was only one point on which we all agreed when its possibility was first talked over last year, and that was, it must be a success As some wished dancing and others did not, that was soon arranged to every one's satisfaction by having it every other week, the alternate evenings being reserved for amusements. varying them as much as possible. First we appointed two committees, a lady and gentleman on each; they were to hold office for one month, and were expected to arrange each evening's entertainment-not at all a difficult task, for each couple were on duty only every other week. By appointing new committees, all the members had opportunity of arranging the programme to their own liking. It was surprising to find how little dissatisfaction we had after this plan was adopted; for when all in turn have a voice in the management, there is less inclination to find fault with others.

From charming out-of-the-way summer resorts where artists and clever people love to congregate, from old-fashioned books and people, from a hint here and there—the only trouble seemed to be, not too little, but too much, for our programmes. Those who were willing to read and recite were called upon, generally at the commencement and middle of the evening.

Of Clumps we never grew weary, one's attention is kept so closely fixed, and there is such an incessant drain upon all the information one possesses. Each side is so eager to gain the victory that the questioning grows faster and more definite, until at the very last, when each side has almost guessed it, the answers can hardly be given fast enough. The company should be equally divided, a captain being chosen on each side; these leave the room, and select some object that will mystify the guessers as much as possible. On returning, the captains must not join their own side, but the opposite one, both, when the questioning is over, being added to the party that first guesses the subject taken.

Whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, is the first information desired; then size and quality; what used for; and if manufactured, in what country, and where; then locate more closely; and from being completely at sea comes the drifting into port, and when almost there, most likely a wrong question sends us out again. The last post in the fence around the hotel, the longest hair in the coil of some noted person, the asp of Cleopatra, the bucket that poor Jack carried when he had his terrible fall, are very good subjects to select. I remember a large company being puzzled for half an hour over nothing more than the eye of a needle. In the room was a piece of embroidery stretched on a frame; the needle had been left in the work, and at once suggested itself to one of the captains. It did not come under either of the three kingdoms, for it was nothing; the shape was all we could get, and then questioners had

When the subject has been taken from fairy tales or is mythological, it is hardly fair not to announce it. While it does not necessarily give a clew, the questions can be given in better shape. The game is decided by the greater number of players that are on one side at the end of a given

Twenty Questions is similar, but varies sufficiently to form another interesting game. The sides are arranged in the same manner, and the captains choose something that can come under one or two of the kingdoms. It requires very care ful questioning, for all the information must be obtained in the twenty questions each side is allowed to have. If a manufactured article, and to which kingdom, are generally the points to be first settled; then locate it. Think closely, so as to obtain as much as possible from one question, for every one counts; and with a little care, the one asking will often give more than three care less ones. A pile of ashes in a vacant lot, that had been the annoyance of the whole neighborhood, one of the few subjects that could be classed under the three kingdoms, kept us one evening until we almost despaired of ever guessing it within the prescribed number of questions.

There are always two or three clever ones who

have a talent for acting, and can render Dumb Rhymes full of the jolliest sort of fun. Divide the company so that each side shall have its own share of actors. One set leave the room, the one remaining choosing a word that shall rhyme with the greatest possible number of other words. The party that go out are to act, without speaking, before those who made the selection, until they have the right one, the only clew that is given them being a word that rhymes with the one chosen. Any odd arrangement of dress adds immensely to the effect and fun. For instance, take fay, a fairy, which is not very easy to guess. The actors can give a good imitation of country lads and lassies raking hay. As it is not correct, those who hold the word send them out by saying, "No, it is not hay." We improvised an infant's long dress from a sheet and a wide pink sash for the tallest young gentleman of the party, placed him in an easy-chair, and wheeled him into the parlor, for "weigh"; a tiny pair of scales was placed on the floor directly in front, and the work of weighing the baby began. Such floundering, twisting, and crying! Mrs. Winslow's and other soothing mixtures came from baskets and pockets, until both actors and audience were convulsed with laughter. Pay, play, say, slay and sleigh, spray, and may, followed in quick succession. For nay was a young girl refusing to listen to the vows of a middle-aged lover, although both parents and friends urged it in the most determined manner. The last one, fay, the overgrown infant acted. With the sheet draped as a short dress, and the sash tied under the arms, he was the sturdiest of fairies. On his shoulders were a pair of wings cut from newspapers. Ferns were bunched on here and there; a great wreath of them encircled his head and trailed down his back. With both hands stretching his scanty drapery as far as possible, he came dancing into the room, the most amusing fairy one could imagine.

A simple but entertaining little game is called Snuffing the Candle. Placing a lighted one on a table at the end of the room, blindfold in turn each one of the company, first standing him (or her) at the opposite end in a direct line with the candle. Of course the greater the distance the more difficult the feat. When ready he must turn around three times, then walk to the candle and blow it out. In turning he loses all idea of position, and it is very laughable to see him march in an entirely opposite direction, prepare for a vig-orous puff, and more likely than not give one of the company the benefit of it.

Quatre, so called, I imagine, on account of the number required to form a set, is very amusing. Commencing at one end of the greatest length of the room, or hall if it be a wide one, arrange the company so that they shall stand in pairs, a little distance apart, and forming a line down the room. Now turn every other couple around until there are four facing each other, and back to back with those in the set nearest them, above and below. It can be played just as well without music; but if you have it, strike some lively march, every couple raising their joined hands. When the signal is given the line commences moving, those at the head moving toward the foot, and vice versa. The first couple pass under the raised hands of those facing them, raising their own for the next couple coming, every other one passing under, then preparing for those coming. When arrived at either end, turn immediately and go back again. Lovers of history, and those at all familiar with

the lives of noted persons, ancient or modern, real or imaginary, will find Character delightful as well as instructive. If the number playing is very large, either divide into two or more sets, or several persons take the same letter. The former is generally the better plan, for the game does not become too long-a fault always to be avoided. Send two or three guessers out for each set of players, those remaining selecting a character the letters in whose name shall equal the number of players. Suppose Marie Antoinette is chosen: the first player takes M, the second A, the next one R, and so on. The one having the first letter takes a character whose last name, if possible, begins with that letter. In playing, when the guesser comes to you, state whether it is the letter of the first or last name. Mark Antony, Mendelssohn, Madison, Man in the Moon, Margaret, Mother Goose, Mother Carey, and Mab are all good subjects. For the second letter, Ancient Mariner, Angelica Kaufmann, Adam, André, Absalom, and Allston the artist. The latter is very confusing, so few remember he was an American, and give his native State, South Carolina, as the one in which the Huguenots settled. The questioners begin with the one having the first letter, and must always be informed whether the letters go around evenly, or if they have been given out twice; then they count to ascertain the number of letters in the name, and question until they have some idea of the character, or in despair proceed to the next person. If there is any local celebrity known either for oddity or any other cause, it often adds very much to the interest to take him as a subject. Those who are questioners should think of everything that will aid them—ask if living or when born, for what noted, appearance, and age.

Word-spelling only one is necessary to select for either a large or small company. Suppose "planet" is the word taken. Each person has a pencil and paper. When it is given out, as many words as can be thought of beginning with the first letter, and formed from one or more of the remaining ones, are to be written. A letter must not be duplicated, and only three minutes allowed on each. The one having the greatest number of correct words is the winner. the initial letter, we can form, ps, pat, pate, plate, plant, peat, pea, pean, pan, pane, etc. The second will give us let, late, lane, lea, lean, and so on. Carpet, pastime, special, educate, and certain are all excellent words for this game.

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Petticoat for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old. Knitting and Crochet.—[See illustration on page 4.]

This little girl's petticoat is worked with white zephyr wool, partly in knitting and partly in crochet. It is composed of twelve lengthwise stripes, six of them knitted and six crocheted, and is finished with a crochet edging at the bottom and a crochet band at the top. For each knitted stripe cast on 29 st. (stitch), and work as follows: 1st round.—K. (knit plain) 4 st. (always slip the first st.), p. (purl) 9 st., k. 3, p. 9, k. 4. 2d round.—P. all st. that appear purled on this side, and k. all st. that appear plain, so that both rounds will look alike. 3d round.—Work as in the 1st round. 4th round.—K. 7, p. 3, k. 9, p. 3, k. 7. 5th round.—Work as in the 2d. 6th round.—Work as in the 4th. Repeat the 1st-6th rounds 14 times; in the stripe for the middle of the front narrow by 1 st. at the



FELT ROUND HAT .- [For description see Supplement.]



Damask Silk Opera Hood.—[For description see Supplement.]



Jewel Basket.
For description see Supplement.

beginning and end of the 3d round in every repeti-tion from the 7th to the 14th inclusive, in order to gore the stripe at the top; in each of the four side stripes narrow in the same rounds at the back edge only, leaving the front edge straight. The stripe for the middle of the back is entirely straight on both sides, but from the beginning of the 11th repetition it is worked off in two parts to form the slit; for the first part take 16 st., and work off the last 4 repetitions on them; for the second part take up 10 st. out of the last 8 st. in the first round of the first part as a foun-dation for the underlapping part add, the rest, of the part, add the rest of the st. to these 10, and com-plete the 4 repetitions. The crochet stripes are worked lengthwise in Afghan stitch, and each consists of 8 double or full pattern rows; the st. for the first row of each stripe are taken up out of the st. on the straight edge of a knitted stripe, one st. out of each, and at the end of the 8th row the stripe is joined to the next knitted stripe with a round in slip stitch. Work 16 rounds in single crochet for the band, working each st. through the double chain of the one in the round below, and narrowing as much as may be necessary to make it fit. For the border around the bottom work as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) on every st. around the lower edge. 2d round.—Alternately 5 sc. on the next 5 st. and 3 sc. on the following st. 3d round.—2 sc. on the first 2 st., * pass 1 st., 3 sc. on the following 3, 3 sc. on the next st., 3 sc. on the following 3 st.; repeat from *, closing with 1 sc. on the last st. instead of 3 sc. 4th round.—1 sc. on the first st., * pass 2 st., 3 sc. on the following 3 st., 3 sc.

on the next st. (these 3 sc.

must always come on the middle one of 3 sc. worked on 1 st. in the preceding round), 3 sc. on the following 3 st.; repeat from *, closing with 2 sc. on the last 2 st. 5th-14th rounds.—Work as in the 4th round. 15th round.—Alternately catch together the 2 sc. at the centre of a hollow with 1 sc., and work 7 sc., separated from each other by a picot composed of 4 chain stitches and 1 sc. on the first of them, on the next 7 st.

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TOURISTS of to-day may see in Florence a veritable relic of "ye olden time"—a magnificent reminder of the years when this beautiful city "was a queen among queenly cities." It is a venerable carriage, built more than six hundred years ago. Occasionally it is uncovered and "set forth in state" for the delight



Velvet Bonnet.—[For description see Supplement.]

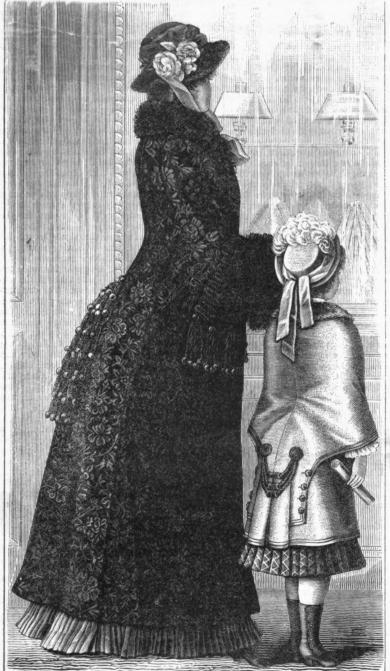


Fig. 1.—Brocaded Velver Cloak. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1°, 1°-4.

Fig. 2.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 40-47.]



Fig. 3.—MATELASSÉ MANTIE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36-39.

Fig. 4.—Overgoat for Boy from 10 to 15 Years old.—Out Pattern, No. 3363: Price, 25 Cents.—[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 30-35.]



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THE COOK'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

FACETIÆ.

A LITTLE boy and girl were playing by the road-side. The boy became angry, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on, and presently said, "I dind't mean to hurt you, Kate; I am sorry."

The little girl's face brightened up instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, "Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me."

Rogers used to relate this story: An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's lite, fired up the chimney—and brought down the Frenchman. "When I tell this story in France," pleasantly added the narrator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

A disobedient little girl, being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said, "Weil, ma, then I suppose I must; but won't you give me chloroform first?"

"My wife lost her purse with fif-teen dellars in it to-day," said a sad-looking man.
"When going into town, or coming home?" asked somebody.
"When? Didn't I tell you she had some money in it?" demanded the sad-looking man. And everybody knew when she lost it.

A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt-water will be fresh.

Moses Schamburg has been annoyed by burglars prowling about his residence. One day he went into a gun shop to buy a revolver. "What kind of a weapon do you

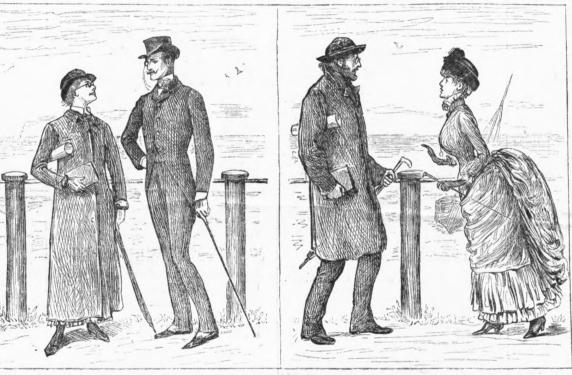
want?"
"I should like one," said Moses,
"mit accommodations for six burg-

They were two little children, and they were painting pictures in their school-books. One youngster finished a cow in blue, and then remembered never to have seen a blue cow. "Never mind," encouragingly said the other, "we'll say the cow is cold."

How to this Fruit-Let a few hungry boys into your orchard just before plucking time.



SMALL Boy (to old fisherman, who has lost an arm). "I say, Mister, did you catch all those Fish with that Hooker?"



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THEY BOTH SECRETLY RESOLVED TO MAKE THEMSELVES WORTHY OF EACH OTHER IN EVERY RESPECT. THEIR NEXT MEETING.

"Do you think my daughter is a flirtationist?" asked a lady of a gen-tleman at a watering-place. "I am sure I do not know, mad-am," was his answer; "I am not an observationist."

"Ain't that a lovely critter, John?' said Jerusha, as they stopped opposite the leopard's cage.
"Wa'al, yes," said John; "but he's dreffully freckled, ain't he?"

An Irishman looking at a thermometer remarks that it is strange that so small a thing could feel the cold so much.

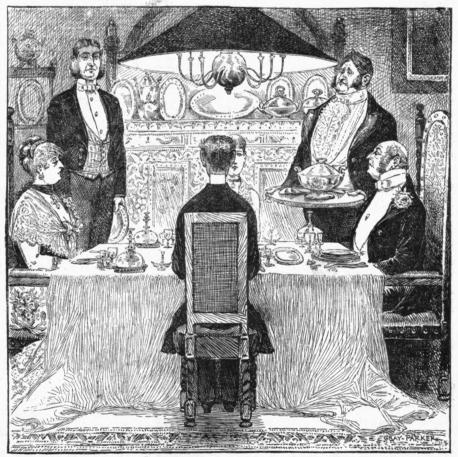
A Parisian visitor asks of a young girl who is about to marry a widower, "Now, my dear, did he make his first wife happy?"

"Did he make her happy?" exclaims the girl. "Why, madam, she has the handsomest monument in the cemetery!"

A popular young actor and a friend were out driving the other day, and put up at a way-side inn. The hoster was away, and an old beating man, in a condition of extreme doubt and perplexity, took the horse in hand. The travellers helped him to remove the harness, and fastened for him what he called "the painter"—the adjustment more commonly known as the halter. He then towed the steed into the stable, and, after pondering deeply for a time, began to bed him down with a boat-hook. After that he got a mop to do the horse over with, and the operation being performed with indifferent success, the quasi-groom next desired information as to the method of "unshipping the rudder, for fear it should get broke." He wanted to take the animal's tail off.



"MAMMA, IS THAT A BOY OR A MAN?" [This is a fact, and rather severe on young Smith, who has just put on his first High Hat, and glories in a Mustache.



CHRISTMAS DINNER-NEW STYLE. [Let it be encouraged, by all means; it is so sociable and jolly.

